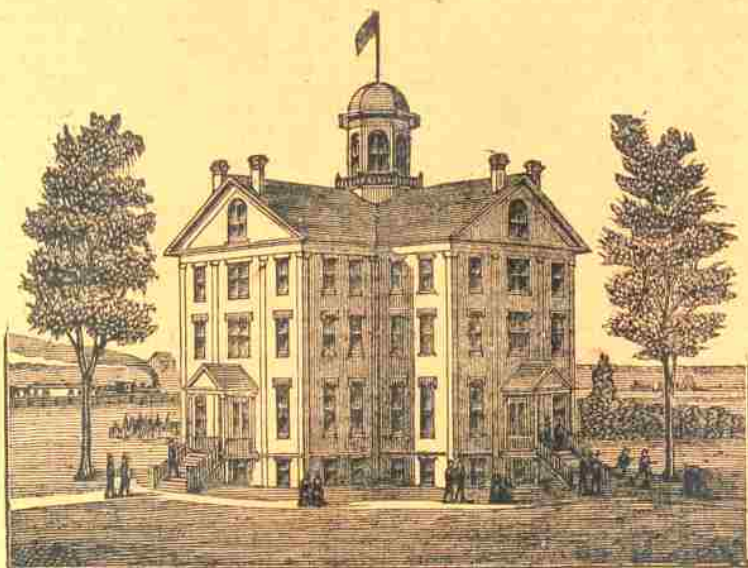


# COLLEGE JOURNAL.



WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

## ANNUAL EDITION.

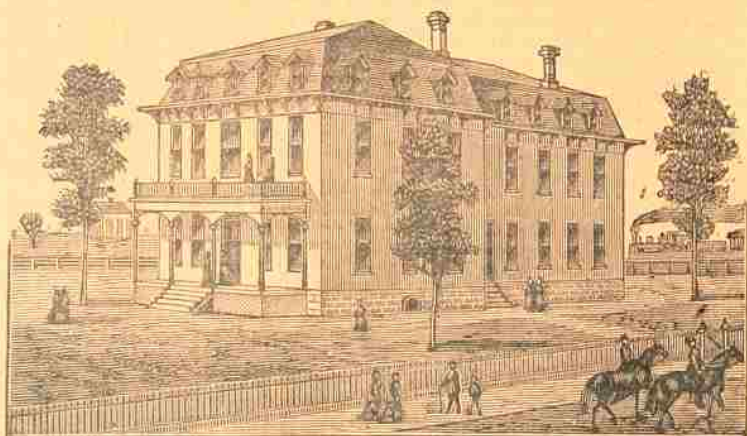
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

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## CALENDAR.

## 1884.

November 11 and 12.—Lectures by Joseph Cook, Boston.

## 1885.

Wednesday, May 20.—Law Department closes.

Tuesday, June 2, 8 p. m.—Annual College Prayer Meeting.

Friday, June 5, 8 p. m.—Reunion of Literary Societies.

Sunday, June 7, 10:30 p. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. G. W. Chandler, of Portland.

Sunday, June 7, 8 p. m.—University Sermon, by Rev. H. K. Hines, D.D., of Portland.

Monday, June 8, 9 to 12 a. m.—Public Examinations.

Monday, June 8, 8 p. m.—Entertainment of Literary Societies.

Tuesday, June 9, 9 to 12 a. m.—Public Examinations.

Tuesday, June 9, 9 a. m.—Annual meeting of Board of Trustees.

Tuesday, June 9, 2:30 p. m.—Popular Concert by Conservatory of Music.

Tuesday, June 9, 8 p. m.—Graduating Exercises of the University Academy.

Wednesday, June 10, 2 p. m.—Annual meeting of the Alumni Association.

Wednesday, June 10, 3 p. m.—Elocutionary Prize Contest.

Wednesday, June 10, 8 p. m.—Literary Entertainment and Reunion of Alumni.

Thursday, June 11, 10 a. m.—Commencement.

Thursday, June 11, 3 p. m.—Commencement concluded and Commencement Address by Rev. J. N. Denison, B. D., of Seattle, W. T.

Thursday, June 11, 8 p. m.—Reunion of Musical Alumni.

Wednesday and Thursday June 10 and 11.—Exhibition of the Art Department.

Visiting Committee.—Rev. S. P. Wilson of East Portland; Rev. G. W. Chandler of Portland; and Rev. W. D. Nichols of Forest Grove.

Vacation of twelve weeks.

Monday, September 7.—First Term begins.

Wednesday, September 16.—Law Department begins.

Monday, November 2.—Medical Department begins.

Monday, November 15.—Second Term begins.

## 1886.

Monday, January 31.—Third Term begins.

Monday, April 12.—Fourth Term begins.

Monday, April 12.—Commencement of Medical Department.

Wednesday, May 19.—Commencement of Law Department.

Thursday, June 17.—Commencement of College of Liberal Arts and Conservatory of Music.

Monday, September 5.—First Term begins.

## HOLIDAYS.

Thanksgiving, one week at Christmas, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, and from Commencement to the first Monday in September.

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A few books well read strengthen and consolidate thought, while superficial reading scatters thought, weakens purposes, and undermines decisions.—*Van Sney*.

JOURNAL.

J. B. HORNER,  
JOHN O. GOLTRA.

EDITOR.  
PUBLISHER.

Vol. V. WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, JUNE, 1885.

{ Annual  
Edition.

**EDITORIAL PREFACE.**—This number of the COLLEGE JOURNAL, annual edition, is published in the interest of Willamette University. We desire, in this place, to thank the business and professional men who have so liberally advertised with us. Our readers will confer a great favor upon us by carefully noticing each advertisement, and giving our advertisers a fair share of business. The COLLEGE JOURNAL has brought many families into Salem for school purposes, and we sincerely hope that the University and the business men of this city will see it to their advantage to continue its publication as a monthly. However, if this is not found to be practicable, we certainly hope the annual edition will again appear at the close of the great work of the coming year.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

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FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY—  
BACCALAUREATE AND UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

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Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.—*Coleridge*.

ON Sabbath morning, promptly at ten o'clock, the annual closing exercises of Willamette University were begun. Through the courtesy of the other churches no services were held elsewhere, and the M. E. Church was crowded to overflowing. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with the many varieties of evergreens for which Oregon has so long been famous.

"Hark, the Song of Jubilee," was rendered by the choir. Invocation by Rev. E. J. Thompson. After singing by the congregation, Rev. G. W. Chandler, pastor of the Taylor Street church, Portland, was introduced, and without further ceremony began the baccalaureate sermon, which proved to be, from beginning to end, a fine literary effort. His theme was the divine method in the problem of life, and the text was Prov. iv. 23. While his subject was a broad one, he succeeded happily in giving it a local application throughout the entire discourse. We append the close of Mr. Chandler's sermon, which was made to the graduates, who remained standing:

"Members of the graduating class, young ladies and gentlemen: At the close of this sermon, I would address to you a brief personal word. I congratulate you this morning on the elevation to which you have come, for to stand at the end of a college course is an elevation indeed. You have been specially favored in this, that your training has proceeded from day to day and year to year under the care of faithful, earnest and Christian instructors. The instruction and the counsel which you have received may not at all times have been fully heeded



by you, but it is not lost, for under the varied experiences of life it will come back to you with living power. The fellowships and associations and experiences of a college life are a rich inheritance into which you have come. But you have reached the parting of the ways. The school life is behind you, and you are now entering upon a life which you can shape as the sculptor shapes his marble or the potter his clay. Before you are two paths, and you can follow either to victory or defeat. I trust that the skepticism of the time will have no power upon you, and that you will be carried away by no new or strange doctrine. It will not hinder your intellectual progress that you enter upon busy life with an undoubting faith in Christ and His gospel. Your college life has not been so narrow that you have been kept in ignorance of the new theories that in these last years have spread themselves abroad in the earth and floated in the air. A Christian is at liberty to give patient hearing to anything which the atheist or the agnostic can urge against our faith. The religion of Christ puts no shackles upon you, but it does not fear the results of your investigations. I declare to you as you look hopefully toward the future, that if you make your life worth the living it will only be because it is controlled and cheered and hallowed by the presence of God. These are the traditions and this the teaching of this place, and under these influences have other classes gone out before you. May the morning of your life, which is so full of promise, lengthen and brighten into fullness of noon, and may the time be long before the end shall be. The world is waiting for the ministry of your lives, and for each shoulder there is a burden. May you be brave in the day of battle, strong in the hour of temptation, and may you come at last into the everlasting kingdom, bringing your sheaves with you."

At 8 o'clock in the evening a large audience greeted Dr. Hines, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, who delivered an able University sermon. His text was, "Give, and it shall be given

unto you."—Luke vi. 38. The discourse was listened to with undiminished attention throughout.

God's spirit is not only a person approaching. He is an atmosphere—a life infusing and quickening.

He gives Himself, too, in His manifested moral life, in His Son.

We want to know what God is, morally and spiritually, as well as what He is intellectually and potentially. What lies back of this power. What I may find God to be when I walk the shadowed, rugged paths of life. To know about His heart, I look into creation; and I see power streaming from His fingers everywhere, and "I am afraid of Him." I look down the map of history and I find it blood-tinctured all the way. So, at the end of all my searchings I go and stand by the cradle of Bethlehem. I go into the wilderness of Jordan, to the Garden of Gethsemane, to the Cross of Calvary, and I find out, in that life, and in that death, what God is morally and spiritually; God manifesting Himself:—giving Himself, in His Son, to me.

Religion is a theory and an experience; and as such it is a science. It is the most profound of the sciences. On its metaphysical side it opens field for widest thought; on its doctrinal side, for deepest research; on its experimental side, for most ecstatic realizations up to "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The Bible is the text-book of its science. Unlike the text-books of the schools, this has never yielded up its last truth to the inquisition of the student. It never will. Let me caution you against supposing the Bible exhausted, and henceforth to be laid away with spelling books and readers and grammars because it has already yielded up its treasures:—served the purpose of a scaffolding to lift you to higher acquisitions. No, you will reach one summit only to see a higher. Thus it will be forever. It is the true light, the true fire, the true sanctification on the altar of the temple of science as well as on the altar of the temple of God.

## MONDAY.

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We need power to stand when great forces roll against us; this power God's method supplies.—*Chandler.*

**M**ONDAY from 9 to 12 A. M. was given to the examination of classes in Greek, French, Astronomy, English Literature, Latin, and English Grammar. These examinations were oral and public, were attended by a number of visitors, and were very satisfactory to all concerned. At 2 P. M. pupils of the conservatory were examined in Counterpoint, and at 3:30 in Harmony, with like results.

In the evening a fair audience assembled in the chapel of the university, which had been neatly decorated for the occasion, to enjoy the second annual literary entertainment of the Philodorian and Philodosian societies. Although these societies have been organized for a little more than two years, they have a good, strong, working membership, including a majority of the best students of the university. The entire programme was rendered in a very creditable manner, showing careful training, and was duly appreciated by the audience. The singing of Miss Hallie Parrish and Mrs. E. W. Langdon, and the reading by Miss Binnie De Forest, were heartily encored. Miss De Forest has made a fine reputation both as a teacher and an elocutionist during the past year.

THE programme of the annual Literary Entertainment, by the Philodorian and Philodosian societies, was as follows and was well carried out.

Piano Quartet,—“Jeunesse Doree,” Misses Akers and Freeland, Reynolds and Calef; Recitation,—“Bay Billy,” Lottie Allen; Oration,—“Old Things Pass Away,” S. W. Holmes; Vocal Solo,—“Sergeant Buzfuz in the case of Bardell against Pickwick,” H. S. Goddard; Vocal Trio,—“Distant Chimes,” Mrs. Bingham and Misses Goltra and Akers; Orchestra,—“Locomotive Gallop,” Recitation,—“Ticket o' Leave,” Abbie Wadsworth;



Piano Duet,—“Overture to La Dame Blanche,” Misses Goltra and Akers; Reading,—“McLaine’s Child” Miss DeForest; Vocal Solo, Mrs. E. W. Langdon; Paper, Editor L. F. Belknap; Vocal Quartet,—“What Phrase, Sad and Soft,” Misses Goltra and Akers, and Messrs. Deweese and Belknap.

The graduating exercises of the University Academy, at the college chapel, took place in the evening at 8 o’clock. The exercises were as follows:

Eight Hands, two pianos, Misses Earhart, Calef, Hughes and Adair, “Dance of the Fairies”—Fowler; Prayer; Anthem, Philharmonic Society, “Thou Wilt Keep Him;” Essay, Sowing and Reaping, Clara Earhart; Oration, Influence of Home, L. F. Belknap; Vocal Duet, Misses Hall and Hatch; Oration, Wealth and Capital, E. A. Bennett; Essay, Science, Oattie Clark; Duet, Misses Riggs and Dearborn, “Jolly Blacksmith”—Paul; Essay, Foundations, Bertha Cunningham; Essay, Whither, Minnie Frickey; Oration, Oliver Cromwell, W. C. Alderson; Vocal Solo, Miss Parrish, “The Return”—Millard; Essay, Clara Haines, The Sea Hath Its Pearls; Oration, R. E. Moody, The World’s Forgetfulness; Presentation of Diplomas; Class Song; Solo, Grace Scriber; Chorus, by the class; At the Threshold, Lulu Smith.

Names of graduates are: W. C. Alderson, C; J. A. Demick, C; B. F. Meredith, C; Bertha Cunningham, S; R. E. Moody, S; C. E. Scriber, S; Clara Earhart, M L A; Nellie Boise, L S; L. F. Belknap, L S; Oattie Clark, L S; Katherine Dearborn, L S; Lillie Litchfield, L S; Minnie Frickey, L S; Charles Litchfield, L S; Grace Scriber, L S; Florence Cunningham, T; Clara Haines, T; John Jenson, T; E. A. Bennett, B; R. E. Downing, B; Chas. E. Du Boise, B; Rebecca Gesner, B; N. M. Newport, B; J. Foley, B; Eda Smith, B; O. Teal, B; Chas. Tharpp, B; O. J. Wilson, B.

After these exercises the graduating classes were invited to a banquet, which was afforded by President Van Scoy. The repast was in every respect all that heart could wish for, and everybody enjoyed the occasion.



## TUESDAY.

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Our God-likeness is developed in a natural order along the lines of our imitations of God.—*Hines*.

THE popular concert by the Conservatory of Music and Philharmonic Society, assisted by the University orchestra, took place at 2:30 p. m. Although much of the music, including selections from the "Oratorio of the Creation," was the most difficult ever rendered by the societies, all the exercises reflected great credit on teachers and students.

The concert was well attended. The programme was given as published. Without going into detail on each member, in the instrumental part of the programme we will speak of the most deserving. All the performers were well up to the standard, a few showing slight nervousness over their first appearance.

The "Overture to Martha," by Misses Willis, Goltra, Smith and Breyman. The "Overture to Il Turko in Italia," by Palmyra and Al. Levy. The "Flower Song," by Misses Hartmus and Wadsworth. The "Knolls Ballklang Waltz," by Misses Gilbert and Lindsey. "I Puritani," by Grace Parrish. All were highly enjoyed by the audience. The vocal part of the programme consisted of selections from the "Oratorio of the Creation." This fact alone shows a very high order of musical culture; reflects credit upon our capital city. The choruses were finely rendered, showing no break either in time or tune. Mr. De-weese sang "Now Vanish the Holy Beams," in good style; Miss Willis, in "The Marvelous Work" and "With Verdure Clad," showed herself equal to the task of rendering these difficult parts both as to breadth and compass of voice, to the thorough enjoyment of the audience. Prof. Parvin sang "Roaming and Foaming Billows" and "Softly Purling," in an artistic manner. Miss Parrish did well on the solo, "On Mighty Pens;" her distinct articulation of the words heightening the effect. The violin solo by Mr. Lute Savage, was encored. Miss Scriber and

Messrs. Belknap and Goddard, in the Grand Chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," successfully sang their parts. The accompanists, Misses Goltra and Smith, in their difficult task, were a great help to the singers. The Orchestra also rendered valuable assistance.

The officers and teachers of this department are, Musical Director, Z. M. Parvin; Assistant Teachers, Miss Frankie Jones and Miss Cox; Instructor, Amelia Savage; Accompanist, Misses Lulu Smith and Laura Goltra.

This department of the University has had continued prosperity during the past year. One hundred and five pupils have been taught during the past year—an increase over the last school year of thirty. Interesting musical exercises were given twice each term. Besides this interesting feature the Harmony Class resolves itself into a musical and literary society, and the life of some noted author has been studied at each semi-monthly meeting. Besides this, at each meeting an interesting musical programme has been given.

The Graduating Class—consisting of Misses Akers, Cosper, Goltra, Smith and Willis—have made fine attainment, as shown on commencement day. The subject of Counterpoint has been introduced this year, with Miss Lulu M. Smith as a candidate for the highest degree in the musical course.

Others in the Conservatory have made rapid progress, and in due time will show good results.

The Conservatory, under its present teachers, is making this department very successful.

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### WEDNESDAY.

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Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.—*Bible.*

**L**ONG before 3 o'clock the college chapel was filled to overflowing. The University orchestra opened the exercises by selections from the Gospel Songs by P. P. Bliss.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Doane, D. D. Misses Akers and Smith played a piano duet on two pianos "Marche Triumphale" in good style. The "Blacksmith's Story" by H. S. Goddard was so effectively given that many in the audience were perceptibly affected. "The Brides of Enderby" by Miss Grace Scriber was given in fine voice and excellent descriptive effect.

"The Death-bed of Benedict Arnold" by H. S. Strange was well given and will be remembered by those who know the history of this arch traitor of the revolution. Miss Hallie Parish sang a difficult solo "I'll Follow Thee," sustaining the high reputation she has gained this week's exercises. "An order for a picture" by Miss Nellie Boise, was given with fine gesticulation, soft musical and modulated voice. "The first settler's story" by J. M. Peebles, was rendered in good narrative as well as dramatic effect. The story of "Tobe's Monument" by Miss Mamie Parvin, was so effectively given as to draw the sympathetic tear from many in the audience. The piano duet, "The Pearl of the Morning" was prettily played by Misses Grace and Josie Parrish. Mr. Stryker showed much dramatic talent in the effective way he gave the "Life Beat." "Only a Brakesman," by Miss Caples was very fine, showing excellent training and a high order of talent. Miss Lottie Alyn in selections from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had good conceptions of the characters of this popular book by Mrs. Stowe. The piano solo by Miss Dearbon, was artistically played. As a whole, the exercises were a great credit to all concerned in their preparation.

The Alumni were greeted with a large and appreciative audience. The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Caswell, of Portland. Piano quartett by Misses Cosper, Akers, Smith and Cline, "Overture to Fra Diavolo," was good. The class of '85 was then formally introduced. Mrs. Francis Moreland of the class of '66 read an essay on "The Minority," many good hits in behalf of women were made. Miss Bertha Moore declaimed "John's revenge" with fine effect. The poem by Rob-



ert A. Miller, of '78, was well read, and was excellent. Memorial resolutions on the death of Mrs. Henrietta Downing were read by Miss Addie Scriber. Piano solo by Miss Jones "German Marche Triumphale" was highly appreciated and received a just encore. The Annals by Mrs. Strong Kinney was very complete. Miss Willis sang Schulbert's Serenade in pleasing voice and manner.

The Alumni and invited guests repaired to the Woman's College where a complete banquet was spread. This re-union will long be remembered as one of the enjoyable occasions of the Alumni of the Willamette University.

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### THURSDAY.

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Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.—*Pope.*

COMMENCEMENT day exercises began at 10 o'clock A. M., with the chorus, "All Glory to Our God We Give," Philharmonic Society and University Orchestra; Duets by Misses Goltra and Willis, Akers and Scriber; Prayer; Piano Quartett, "Overture to William Tell," Misses Willis, Goltra, Smith and Breyman.

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THE following oration on Reading was delivered by Mr. Abe L. Clark:

Reading is one of the greatest sources to which man has access for the acquirement of knowledge. It is by means of the senses that one becomes acquainted with the material world. By means of observation we may, if we exercise that faculty rightly, become sufficiently acquainted with what falls directly under our cognizance. But by the most diligent employment of his whole life one could not make a start in becoming acquainted with the events transpiring even in his own country, not considering past time and the world out side. Where personal observation is not possible, we are informed by means of



reading. By this means also we are made possessor of the observations and acquired knowledge of the most diligent lives. We are able to know and become acquainted with the whole world; and we acquire the knowledge of all the wise and learned men of all the ages, while we sit in our rooms at home. Man is so constituted that he must sooner or later die; but if he be a man of learning and culture, his wisdom once recorded and his name, stand out in posterity imperishable. They are handed down through the ages, increasing the capacity and depth of every man's thought who is aspiring to true greatness.

A library is said to be a congress of the great men of all the nations of the world. Books render a man an inhabitant of every land.

He lives as in every preceding age; takes part in and is a spectator of all the distinguished events.

The experience of the ante-diluvians is his experience; and the storehouse of wisdom and knowledge of those living since the deluge, are, at his command, opened, and he partakes of the treasures freely. The reader goes to the fountainhead of time; stands in the garden of Eden, and with Noah's dove soars out over that vast waste of water, by which a world is entombed. He accompanies the angels that herald the birth of Christ, and listens to his plaint of sorrow and agony in the depths of Gethsemane; his noble blood is stirred with the spartan self devotion at Thermopolae, and he hangs with equal interest over the crossing of the rubicon and the fate of Waterloo.

In language used by Dr. Wentworth, the reader is a poet, though he may not, like Lycidas, know

Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme,  
Yet within his bosom stirs  
The hidden soul of harmony  
When sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild;

or when he reflects upon nature, stars, earth, and ocean and

bathes his drooping spirits in delight beyond the bliss of dreams, or when

"Above him are the Alps,  
The palaces of nature, where vast walls  
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity."

The reader is a tourist. In a thought he flies with lightning's speed from the glittering icebergs of the north down through the blooming tropics where all is fragrant and lovely. He with Stanley enters the heart of Africa; wanders over those great deserts and through dense jungles, searching for what there may be, which is yet unknown to the world at large. Or, going farther back, he accompanies Columbus on his voyage across the mighty deep, and with Columbus rejoices over the result of that bold adventure, and rejoices yet more than Columbus as he now beholds the great nations of America, of which the founder was Columbus, and of the discovery of which he died ignorant.

It has been said, that to the reader this world is but a stage. He draws aside the curtains, and in their order touches the wires of the ages, and he beholds even the mighty dead to rise from their graves and react before him their parts in the drama of life, just as they acted them in times long past. And he sees and hears and enters into the feeling, as if every thing were really before him.

He is by turns a philosopher, a mathematician, a chemist or an astronomer. He is just now involved in the deepest thought, striving to verify some strange hypothesis; now he is plunged into the depths of some mathematical calculation, never to emerge until he is victorious; and again we find him in his laboratory, discovering by means of chemical operations the laws by which nature is governed. And yet at another moment we see him seated at the end of the magic tube, his whole mind, yes, as it were, his very soul, reaching far out into space in quest

of worlds yet unknown. Cut him off from the associations of living men, and still he is surrounded by kings and philosophers, statesmen, heroes and poets. Shut him up from the world, and he may adopt Cowley's motto.

"Come my best friends, my books,"

and by associating with the dead, enjoy the pleasures which the living refuse him.

Reading is beneficial; it awakens us to our duties in this life and teaches us the best means by which we may discharge them; it gives us enlightenment and knowledge and farther than these it gives us understanding, one of the most efficient objects for which we live. Then our motto should be: Read much and read the best; improve well the moments as they fly, for once gone they never return; and a wasted opportunity is a plague through our whole life.

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Piano Solo, "Sonata No. 14, Opus 27, No. 2," by Miss Laura Goltra.

THE oration, entitled "Province of History," was delivered by Miss Jessie Eastham.

Providence conceals itself in the detail of human events, but is unveiled in the generalities of history. In all things there is a plan and purpose; but the design of each separate event is often hidden from the mind of man. A knowledge of existing conditions and relative circumstances is always essential to a fair judgment.

There was once a man who was born blind, and by a strange conceit, lived in a dungeon. One day, without premonition, he received the lacking sense, the great boon of sight. Through a tiny crevice in the dungeon wall had crept a sickly ray of light. It had lost its vitality by traversing dim corridors. It was green with passing through miasmatic vapors. And when, at last, it came struggling into that gloomy cell, it had only strength enough to reveal the slimy walls, and the creeping



things that thrived there. The man looked about him, and measuring all the world by his dungeon, and the great universe of light by that miserable ray, exclaimed, "This, then, is the boasted beauty of the earth, and the glory of the sun! Darkness is better than light, and blindness better than sight."

The story is not new, yet it illustrates a general tendency. Man's own conceptions, formed from an imperfect knowledge, often stand to him in the stead of truth. The mistake is evident. An age can not be rightly judged by an event, a nation by an individual, nor an individual by an act. Herein is implied the true province of the historian. It is his to collect, to arrange, and to present to view all those facts, principles, and ideas which have an influence upon men or nations.

The events of a life are linked together, forming a continuous chain. The present only seems to be detached. But when it also becomes past and is added to the links already formed, then is manifest the connection between the existence of yesterday and the existence of to-day. The power which unites the links and forms the chain of life is called memory. What memory is to the individual, history is to a nation. It presents at one view an unbroken line of events, each depending upon the other. It is a complete picture of human destiny, diversified by time, country, profession, yet comprehending the life of ages. The past is the world's own, it is the book of life, wherein is written a lesson and an example for the future. Even the present is not so completely within our comprehension. For who, swayed by the passions and conflicting emotions of the human soul, can consider, revolve, and decide with unbiased judgment? Hatred repels. Personal interest corrupts. Fanaticism blinds. When the dread hurricane of war once swept over our land, drenching with blood the sunny vales, and wreathing the hills with the smoke of battle, to the dwellers in those hitherto quiet and happy homes, soldiers seemed hated murderers, and opposing men were demons. What though theirs was the justest, noblest cause on earth? The hearts, crushed and bleeding beneath the marching feet of armies, consider not their standards. Individual suffering is not relieved by great principles; and the engines of war hurl not their messages of death more surely in behalf of the opposer, than in the cause of freedom.



But at last the white winged goddess, unveiling her sad and averted eyes, descends upon the scene of carnage. The hands, long accustomed to conflict, resume the implements of peace; again the meadows blossom, and the fields become golden with the ripening harvest. In the calm that succeeds the mighty struggle, men's warped and biased judgments give place to the impartial decisions of history. He who bravely fought, sacrificing his all to his conception of right and duty, has earned the laurels of a hero; and to him let none refuse the tribute of praise.

The nineteenth century is yet to be added to the chain of history. And who shall say that this will not be the brightest link of all? Many evils that tarnished its golden beauty have disappeared under the friction of mind upon mind, following the universal diffusion of knowledge. Much that was founded upon the rotten fabric of error has decayed. Unto us has dawned a brighter civilization, from whose effulgence many a dark and evil superstition has shrunk away. Those rank and noisome weeds, which flourish in the sin-brooding depths of moral darkness, are withering away under the warm sunlight of beneficence. The spirit of philanthropy is sending its penetrating rays even into the darkest cellars, where lurk want, and woe, and crime.

Our age has seen the advancement of science, art, and religion. It has seen the world united into one great, living, palpitating being, "railroads its arteries, and telegraphs its nerves." It has seen the emancipation of the slave, the ennoblement of woman, and the sovereignty of the people.

Yet many a germ has been planted, whose blossom and full fruition must be matured by the yet warmer sun of another era. And because their development must be the work of time, they will but bloom the brighter.

In the strength of this hope join we the ranks that are struggling with the legions of wrong. Already their armor catches the gleam of the dawning morn. The curtain, half lifted, reveals whitening harvests in the wide fields of progress and reform. What though some convictions we have held be shaken, some truths that we have cherished become the errors of the future? So be it. "Perish Babel, rise Babylon! On ruins like these rise the fames that shall last."

Following the piano solo, "Capriccio in F Sharp Minor," by Miss Ida Smith, was an oration on "Reform," by Percy Willis:

**R**EFORM began with the creation of the world. When the earth was completed and the various departments of its constitution were fully perfected, and God's most enlightened creature, man, assumed the position which had been assigned him as lord of the earth, reform commenced. Human societies of course were instituted, and certain individuals obtained the lead in their government; abuses crept in with silent footsteps, at first unseen, but afterwards recognized as soon as they became of sufficient size. These and all other abuses and inconsistencies were rectified then as truly as now, but often in a far different manner. The relation of the progress of man through the redressing of grievances and the reformation of corrupt systems of government, civil and religious, forms a large part of the most interesting matter of history, and will probably continue to afford food for valuable reflection till the end of time, for reforms will never cease.

The most important ancient reform was introduced by Jesus Christ. His mission was to expel prejudice and superstition from the world, and to found a new government, conducted on the basis of love and good will to men. Ignorance and sin enveloped the earth in a dark cloud, and fanaticism reigned supreme. Christ opened the hearts and understanding of men to receive new light, and directed them to the path of life and happiness through obedience to his gospel. His authority could not be doubted, since it was sustained by the testimony of miracles. Besides, His manners were sympathetic and kind; His demeanor, modest; He wished no man harm, but desired only to do good. The conversion of the people was rapid. They could not withstand the logic of His teachings, nor the eloquence of His appeals. His fame spread. The disciples carried the news of the gospel's salvation throughout the then known world, and its beneficent effects followed in generous proportion.

The next great reform was the religious uprising, called by Protestant writers the reformation, which took place in Western Europe in the sixteenth century. After the death of

Christ's disciples, his doctrines were embodied in a substantive form, and a visible church was established. The head of the church was at Rome. From here went forth its ministers to all parts of Europe, giving religious instruction, and establishing branch churches wherever practicable. These ministers or priests penetrated everywhere and acquired great power over the minds of the people. As time passed on the spirituality of the church declined. The priests became corrupt, indulgences were sold, and many licentious deeds were perpetrated under the screen of the priestly faith. At last public sentiment was awakened. Luther and Calvin and other brave hearts took up the cry of reform, and manfully urged it. The priests, backed by the powerful arm of Rome, opposed them at every step; wars and intestinal struggles followed, but the Protestants finally triumphed, and the liberation of Christianity from the rule of an imperial church was completely established.

The most modern reform is one that is now just coming into popular favor. It is the reform of the civil service, and sprung from the outspoken desire of many patriotic citizens to free the minor places in the public service from the dominion of party politics. A long established custom originating with the time of Andrew Jackson, that to the victors belong the spoils, has been put in operation at every party change in the administration since that time, and the advent of a new party to power has meant nothing less than a clean sweep of all the offices to make room for others of the prevailing party faith. Civil service reform proposes to check this by making personal fitness the qualification to hold office instead of partisan service, and by continuing the tenure of office during good behavior. At the same time the world is making preparations for other reforms, which when they come will probably be a source of wonder and admiration to the living generation of men. It is the duty of every individual to keep himself in readiness for these reforms, and give them all the assistance in his power.



Piano Solo, "Rigoletto de Verdi," by Miss Leona Willis.

THE following oration, entitled "Life's Record," was delivered by Miss Kate Reynolds:

There is in man an innate desire to make progress, and, as the world advances in civilization and art, he comes more and more to realize, that there is no such thing as standing still, for the world, society, and we ourselves, are in a state of continual change, and if we do not move forward, we will surely slide backward. If we go for a lesson to Nature, our great teacher, we see this illustrated in even the simplest and smallest things.

The seed is planted and with the proper heat and moisture in time is developed into the plant; at first there peeps up out of the ground, only a tiny stem with two leaves; as its growth continues above, the stem becomes a stalk with more leaves added from below, and so on until at last it attains its full stature; but does it stop here? No. First the blossom is put forth, then the fruit, and after the fruit comes again the seed, which is to drop into the ground and in turn yield its blessing. So should the life of the individual be; its growth, regular, steady and constant; its flowers the happiness which it brings to others, through its beauty and purity; and the fruit good works. His influence is the seed, which falls into the hearts of those with whom he comes in contact; and if it is pure, although some may fall upon stony ground, and among thorns, yet other will surely fall upon good ground and bring forth its fruit, even after his work is done.

"Our sheaves should be golden grain  
From the harvests of many lands;  
And our ermined robes should be kept from stain,  
By Charity's gentle hands.

"Like the light of a calm, sweet star,  
Our beacon, serene and high,  
Should shine to the dwellers of earth, afar,  
And beckon them to the sky."

Could we but realize what an influence every book we read, every thought which occupies our mind, and every conversation in which we engage, has, in moulding and shaping our



character into a permanent form, how forcibly would we be reminded of the exhortation, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Our minds sometimes run over the lives of those who appear great to us, although their greatness may be in very different lines; and when we think of the discovery of Columbus, the battles of George Washington, the life record of James A. Garfield, also the lives of such persons as Florence Nightingale, whose time is spent in relieving the afflicted, and whose names are known and loved by all, we feel that could we but accomplish something grand and noble and leave behind us such records, then, indeed, would we not have lived in vain. We forget that God is no respecter of persons; that what he requires of us is only in proportion to our talents and the opportunities he gives; and above all, that he watches just as earnestly the record which we are daily writing, no matter how humble our station, as that of those whom the world deems great. Also, though our names are not known outside the little circle of our own friends and acquaintances, yet by them our lives are not only read, but studied in even their details with far more interest to them, and influence on them, than if we were great, but distant.

"A little thing how oft imparts  
Suggestive trains of thought  
That lengthen into happy dreams,  
With holy meanings wrought;  
Bright ladders whereon Faith may climb  
Almost to touch the stars,  
And catch pure gleams of heaven's own light  
Through gates that stand ajar."

Not only are we now developing our intellects, and forming our characters, but we are also writing the records of our only lives, which we are to leave to the world behind us, and which are to be read on the great day of judgment.

We imagine we see before us a blank book, with fair and spotless pages, which is to contain the life record of an immortal being, who is just beginning his preparation for eternity. Would not the angels look down upon this with the silent prayer that, when that life has ended, and the last line has been written, the pages may appear as beautiful and pure as now, with no blot of sin or dishonor marring their loveliness? Our thoughts, words, and deeds make up the letters and sentences with which the books of our lives are filled. And does the

thought come to us as a sad one, that we cannot leave out those things which we so long to forget? A cross word it may be, a selfish act, an idle moment; but that each thing is recorded with indelible ink—just as it is—thus to stand forever. But have we made many mistakes, and are many things not as we would have them, let us not sit down to mourn and with our tears blot other pages, but looking to our copy above, let us strive to make each page more perfect than the last. And may God forgive us wherein we have erred, and help us each to write such a record that when it is finished we may hear,—“Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.”

Piano Solo, “Sonata No. 1 from Supplement,” by Miss Teresa Akers.

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#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

Music, “Overture to Don Juan,” by Graduating Class from Conservatory.

Oration, “The Vestiges of Destruction,” by Geo. M. Brown.

THE vestiges of remorseless destruction are impressed upon everything.

All nature is rich in suggestions of decay. Vegetation adorning the clods of earth perishes under blazing suns and piercing frosts.

Cutting gales strip the trees of their verdure. The eternal rocks, yonder mountain peaks forming everlasting pyramids of nature, are worn and crumbled by the raging elements.

When the “Childe Harold” had pilgrimaged through the moldering remnants of ancient grandeur, he uttered the sad and solemn truth, “Man marks the earth with ruin.”

Too often has a Cromwell's ambition soared to cloud capped heights of fame over broken oaths and human blood. How often has ambition tempted fortune too far, and unfurled the banners of conquest and plunder. “Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.” Thousands die to garland a single name. The martial myriads of the ancients, boasting of liberty, marched over the earth, burning and plundering cities, slaughtering and enslaving the inhabitants.

The most luxuriant countries, under the path of the sun, became wasted and barren; and civilizations challenging admiration and homage, glimmer amid the wrecks of the past.

Desolation has swept over the earth; floods of agony have been instituted by untold factions, armies and empires clutching at the throats of each other.

Egypt, the source of science; Babylon, the wonder of the world; Greece, with her imperishable chaplet of literary fame; Rome, the universal empire, have been struck from their splendid heights by the legions of destruction.

Those republics, so full of promise, clustering upon the shores of the Mediterranean sea, have long ago been trodden to dust by contending armies.

Northern hordes slid down on their shields, over the snows of the Alps, and by mere human rage, leveled Italy to the earth and drove back civilization unto barbarism and darkness.

The work of destruction advances with wonderful rapidity. Under the Reign of Terror, France, proud and great, sank far down in the dregs of degradation.

The young and aged, ignorant and cultivated pursue the pathway of appetite through the portals of a common ruin. In the republic of Adams and Lincoln human beings are the victims of gambling dens and gilded saloons. Utah is still a vulture preying upon our country's greatest glory. Monopoly, the brazen god of money worshipers and panic breeders, by fraud and avarice bleeds the harmony of labor and capital. This government was not founded for any favored few, but for all, and clouds dripping death dews upon national prosperity and civilization shall be rifted and cleared away, though it may be slowly and painfully accomplished. From time immemorial the weaponed arm of patriotism has forged some of the grandest links in human history. The gleaming saber of a patriotic Washington has always been an ever glittering morning star heralding the dawn of a new era in government and freedom. The age when the gladiators met in the arena to slaughter their fellows for imperial sport and the red laurels of murder; the age when the legions of lawless force and plunder spread desolation over the luxuriant earth; when slavery of body and soul was so prevalent in Europe; when persecution tore the quivering flesh and lighted the firebrands of martyrdom; when human beings were offered as sacrifices upon the altar; the ages when priest and throne were cancers eating upon the heart of intelligence and humanity have been crushed and buried too deep in the chaos of destruction for resurrection. Impediments which darkened the splendor of intellect and strangled the elevation of genius have been ground to dust. Principles, theories and prejudices have been exploded.

It is a privilege to have lived in an age so destructive to old fanaticisms and oppression; an age which sheds light and not blood. We can well afford to congratulate ourselves that we live in this republic enjoying the splendid diversity of candor, intelligence, and liberty.

Piano Solo, "Sonata No. 2, Opus 13," Miss Maggie Cosper.

Oration, "The End is but the Beginning," by J. B. Horner:

**O**LD age best fits a man to die. Earth, well finished, is a beginning of something vastly better. It is indeed pleasant for a time to dwell in elysium and there witness ministering angels—God's civil engineers—building the great



bridge to span the river of Death for us that we may, escorted with his love, pass safely over into another city not made with hands where abide Faith, Hope and Charity, and where Peace reigns supreme forever; but take the poetry out of this thought and you have,—The end of a well spent life is the beginning of a better one.

Every act done, every step taken in the great work of human progress will ever live. Every victory gained is a little rock started from yonder mountain which gathers force on its way downward and starts others at every bound. It is something grand to look at the soul going from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge. That exalted angel, which now appears as a God to a human soul, has mounted to his throne step by step. We know not yet what we shall be. The end is but the beginning.

The end of our college days is the commencement day of active life. Various avocations require different preparations. It has been our province to choose vocations that are best reached by the culture and drill of a leading institution of learning; and to-day, though firmly fixed upon the theories we have imbibed in this honored cradle of letters, our feet are trembling at the approach of the moment when we are to step out on the rough uncertainties of a practical life, \*

But with a firm resolution in the right, following in the footprints of the great, good and true, life and all that's in it will be complete,—a fit beginning for an existence in many mansions, where cubit by cubit we may add to our stature and steadily pass through the various grades from the primary department of one mansion to the senior's honors of a vastly higher one; and on we may go, ever learning, ever growing until on that great Commencement day when countless masses from myriads of mansions meet, and the hosts from all planets unite, and eternal congratulations begin, and we shall bear banners and trophies which the high scholars of that Divine University will delight to honor.

Piano Solo, "Sonata No. 2, Opus 39," by Miss Lulu Smith.

Commencement Address, by Rev. J. N. Denison, B. D.

Owing to the fact that we were unable to obtain the manuscript, we are compelled to omit an extract from this able address.

Vocal Duet, "Hear Me, Norma," by Misses Leona Willis and Laura Goltra.

Degrees were conferred on the following named persons:

#### CLASSICAL COURSE.

Abe. L. Clark, A. B., Kate D. Reynolds, A. B., Percy Willis, A. B., J. B. Horner, A. B.

## LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Jessie Eastham, Ph. B.

## SCIENTIFIC.

George M. Brown, B. S.

## CONSERVATORY. VIRTUOSO COURSE.

Teresa Akers, Maggie Cosper, Laura Goltra, Ida Smith and Leona Willis.

## PAST GRADUATE COURSE.

Lulu Smith.

THE following prizes were awarded: For excellence in Business Course, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, presented by J. K. Gill of Portland, to E. A. Bennett. For excellence in Botany, including herbarium, presented by Prof. Arnold, Parsons' Laws of Business, to S. W. Holmes. For best penmanship, also presented by Prof. Arnold, a suitable prize to Miss Rebecca Gesner. For greatest improvement in writing during first half year, presented by Prof. Arnold, a suitable prize, to Miss Lollie Bennet. For greatest improvement in writing during last half year, presented by Prof. Arnold, to Mr. Odd Teel. For best recitation by lady in prize contest in Elocution, gold medal presented by Miss Binnie DeForest, to Miss Maggie Caples. For best declamation by gentleman, gold medal, presented by the Faculty, to Mr. S. W. Stryker.

Class Song, "Carmen Universitatis," Miss Leona Willis, Words by J. B. Horner. We append the last stanza:

The seven cycles of thy reign  
Have passed in swift succession o'er,  
And showered upon us joys and gain  
To make us wiser evermore;  
O may we, ere earth's scenes shall end,  
And to yon Salem we ascend,  
Full worthy prove ourselves of thee,  
Our dear old University.

THE alumni of the Conservatory of Music, of Willamette University, together with the faculty and a few invited guests, held their first reunion on Thursday evening, at the residence of Wm. England, of this city. The exercises consisted of, first, the introduction of the class of '85, by President VanScoy, in his usual dignified manner, and was responded to in behalf of the alumni, by Mrs. England, the president, who welcomed

them in a graceful and happy manner, after which the following programme was excellently rendered: Piano duet, Misses Smith and Breyman; vocal solo, Prof. Parvin; piano solo, Miss Jones; vocal duet, Misses Goltra and Willis; piano solo, Miss Pearl Scott. At the close of this all were invited to partake of the banquet, which was elegantly served in the spacious dining hall, at which the guests lingered long. Many toasts were proposed and responded to, and wit and repartee reigned supreme until a late hour. As the guests bade the hostess good-night, they voted this, the first meeting, a decided success, giving rise to anticipations of many pleasant reunions in the coming years.

**NOTICE.**—Any person wishing a copy of the JOURNAL can obtain it by enclosing ten cents in stamps to the publisher, Jno. O. Goltra.

As this number contains a brief notice of each department of the school as well as a full report of the exercises of commencement week, it is hoped that the friends of the University will remember to help advertise it by sending copies of the JOURNAL to their acquaintances. Those desiring copies for this purpose can obtain them at half price, provided they purchase at least five.

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### FACTA ACTAQUE.

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The trustees of the University of the Pacific at their last annual meeting conferred the degree of D. D. on President VanScoy of the Willamette University.

Prof. Z. M. Parvin, of the Conservatory of Music will visit Albany, Eugene City and Roseburg between the 15th and 20th inst. Those having pianos to be tuned will do well to hold their work for him. Charges only \$2.50 to \$3.

"The University March," written by Prof. L. F. Parvin, is pronounced by leading critics to be one of the finest productions of the day.

Miss Binnie DeForest is visiting with her friends in California. She is one of the finest elocutionists on the coast.

Pres. VanScoy will spend much of the vacation in visiting various parts of the State in the interest of the University.



The University orchestra has made wonderful progress during the year. We are pleased to note that Mr. Lute Savage and Dr. Parks are taking great interest in this work.

The Students have gone to their respective homes. A larger attendance is anticipated for next year than has been enjoyed during any previous year.

If you know of a friend who ought to attend a high school and does not, send him a copy of the University catalogue.

The beautiful poem, "To Alma Mater," that was read before the alumni by Mr. Robt. A. Miller, of class '78, will appear in the Salem Statesman. It is a fine literary production and should be in the hands of every one who has an interest in Oregon talent. Send 10 cents for one copy of the Statesman, or 25 cents for three copies.

At the regular annual meeting of the board of trustees of Willamette University, Miss Jennie Trigg resigned her position as dean of the Woman's College and teacher, with the intention of returning to the East. Mrs. W. S. Harrington was elected dean in her stead, also to the office of matron. In accordance with the requirements of the new law, the board elected nine trustees: F. R. Smith, E. Strong, and Mrs. Odell, for three years; C. B. Moores, Leo Willis and Mrs. Gray, for two years; L. L. Rowland, John Hughes, and Mrs. Kinney, for one year. The Oregon Conference will in August elect twelve, and the alumni will elect three. According to the old law, there were about thirty members of the board.

Prof. Starr's line of work is Chemistry and Physics, together with the Mental and Moral sciences. The classes in Physics have been large and many interesting experiments have been performed; and new apparatus is being procured. The classes in Astronomy have learned to designate and name the "constellations" visible during the spring of the year together with the planets now visible; and have taken telescopic observation of the planets and various nebular double stars, etc. This feature of the work is the most interesting, and probably as profitable to the student as any other. The work in Chemistry is becoming more elaborate each year—the Professor not satisfied with having the students make oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine and similar gasses, etc., has required them to make various acids, salts and compounds, until they have become quite proficient in chemistry as a science.

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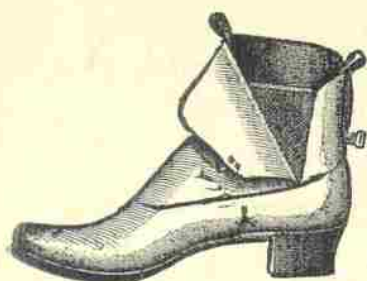
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