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THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY JOURNAL is published each month during the session by the Washington Irving and Stewart Literary Societies of the University. Its aim is to encourage literary work in the University, and to this end contributions from all students are earnestly solicited. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the author; but, should he so desire, his name will not be known except to the Editors-in-charge.

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New Year Meditation.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

In a skull shaped cave there sits enthroned
The mightiest king 'neath the burning sun,
Ordering forth the fast fleeting years
And calling them back when their course in run.

In the stillness of night there comes command
To the hoary year: "Stand aside!
That the new born child forth may go
To its mission yet untried."

The king who with power rules time as it rolls,
Who bids it speed on, stop not on its way,
Is the Mind of man. He creates these forms,
Year, month, week, day.

But behind the shadows of fleeting time
Wrapp'd life is an Eternal Now,
And before the God of the timeless world
Humbly man's mind must ever bow.

—X.

COMPETITIVE ESSAY NO. I.

The Significance of Senlac.

The most eventful day in the history of England was October the fourteenth, 1066, when William of Normandy led his victorious forces across the hard-fought battle field of Senlac, to take possession of English soil. We are too much accustomed to regard this event merely as a story of the conflict between contending nations. But it was more. It was the bridge across which passed the learning of the Continent, borne by the peculiar mental traits of the conqueror. It was the admission of a new force that reanimated and fructified the mental traits of the conquered. It made possible the union of three races of diverse characteristics, "dove-tailing" them, so to speak, into each other; and in this union consists the strength and sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Much is written upon the destiny and triumphs of this people, but we fail to take a step farther back to see, in the light of history, the causes for these effects. To do this, we must determine carefully the mental differences of the Saxon, the Celt, and the Norman, and then notice the effect of their union after the conquest by the latter. Nations and individuals are alike in the laws of heredity.

The early home of the Saxon, with its harshness, gloom and privations, was a land to beget the sterling qualities of manhood. Its miles of tangled forests were constantly dripping with dense fogs. Storm-beaten, and tempest-tossed amid the dangers of a sea-faring life, they become pre-eminently adapted for conquest, and trained for long endurance. The gloomy condition of their home left room for naught else but gloomy and melan-

choly thoughts. There was no beauty to love, and hence the lack of poetry and song in their literature.

But they possessed two traits that were of infinite value in the formation of the race. Their instinct for law and freedom become later their ruling passion. It is this that, in these centuries of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, builds republics, establishes parliaments and houses of congress, and organizes force in every place of weakness. It was the same love of liberty that prevented the great "Spanish Inquisition" from gaining a foothold in any but Latin lands. The same Saxon spirit won for England the "Magna Charta," and for America the "Declaration of Independence."

They possessed in the second place a deep seriousness and reverence for life. Their constant reflection upon the sterner aspects of life gave them an adherence to duty, that made of the union a race of indefatigable and unconquerable warriors. It was this spirit that drove the famous Light Brigade into the jaws of death. Carlyle said that in the sombre obstinacy of an English laborer still survives the tacit rage of the Saxon warrior. With what sadness, madness and waste such a disposition could break its bonds, we shall see in the case of Shakespeare and Byron; with what completeness it can entrench itself in the moral idea of duty we shall see in the case of the Puritans.

Their seriousness and reverence inclined them to a religious life. Thrown back upon themselves by the gloom and severity of their climate, they found a moral beauty where other races found a sensuous beauty. They caught glimpses of the sublime in their troubled dreams. Their religion was subjective and individualistic. It was this characteristic that later rejected the sensuous worship of Rome, and made the Anglo-Saxon the supporter of Protestantism.

On the other hand, the Celt, who was the original inhabitant of Britain, possessed an entirely different disposition. Imagination and humor were his prominent characteristics. There was a

natural vein of poetry in him, more delicate and pathetic than the stolid Saxon. He was quick-witted, easily depressed and easily exalted, sensitive to romance and beauty. But he lacked the Saxon's capacity for persistent effort. James Furgerson sums him up well, when he says: "The true glory of the Celt was his artistic eminence."

Before the conquest, the two had almost blended under Saxon supremacy, and now the Norman entered to perfect the combination. Just as the introduction of a chemical sometimes serves to precipitate another held in solution, so the Norman served to recast the mental life of Celt and Saxon, and by the combination of his own life with theirs, to make the Anglo-Saxon of to-day.

This process began on the famous day of Senlac, and though there was a constant warfare for more than two hundred years, the amalgamation was at last complete. The Saxon stock though was not uprooted, but remained fixed in its own soil. It suffered only in having its branches trimmed off to make way for a foreign graft. The sap of the two mingled, and after the wound healed, the tree as one has since been bearing the fruit of Anglo-Saxon thought and action.

But what was the character of the Norman graft? Its chief traits may be said to be progressiveness and love of display. Coming as a band of pillagers from the coasts of Scandinavia, this euterprising people did more than conquer the lands of Southern Europe. Wherever they went they appropriated whatever was best among those they conquered. Their extraordinary adaptability and readiness to receive new impressions easily fitted them for leadership among their subjects. They conquered no people without uplifting them; they seized no territory without leaving it richer by their thrift and energy. Though the English may be censured for their governmental policy, yet, like their ancestors, they give every land under their rule a rich heritage.

The Norman touched nothing without finding in it some utility. This trait, united with the Saxon's persistency, produced in the union the most wonderful inventive genius the world has ever known. Under its force the most arid regions became fruitful, and the most desolate places habitable. Witness the adaptation of means to ends by the race as a whole, where new territory is opened, or where new conditions arise in an old.

To their second trait—the love of display—may be attributed all the accomplishments of the race in the sphere of art and letters. They began at once to build monasteries and castles, enriched by their taste for the beautiful. It was their desire to please the eye—to express a thought by outward representation. The effect is seen in the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the race now. But unsatisfied with a surface show, they sought also the hidden meaning, and the result is that the race stands pre-eminent as scientific investigators.

Their refined tastes soon gave a new impulse to the rude forms of literature. The coarse, blunt Saxon mode of expression was cast into a new mould, and began to glow in exquisite colors. The tragical story of the Saxon warrior was softened by the beautiful romance of the Norman. The wild imagination of the Celt was toned by the Norman's regard for the possible and practical. This effect began in Chaucer and had its culmination in Shakespeare. And it is worthy of notice that the latter was born in a section of country where the blending of these traits was peculiarly marked. The mixed blood in Milton's veins on the one hand, nourished an imagination capable of reaching the loftiest heights; on the other, a cold reflective intellect, that could comprehend the profoundest problems. The combination of Saxon seriousness, Celtic imagination and Norman love for beauty is strikingly seen in Tennyson.

It requires no prophetic vision to see the hand of God in the past. What then must be our conclusion as to the meaning of the Norman Conquest? There can be but one. God in His

Providence was preparing a people to whom He was to give a destiny possessed by no other, and a duty none other could perform. This process is unique in the formation of races. History presents no like example. The strong qualities of three were moulded into one. Where one was deficient the other was proficient. What grand possibilities are bound up in the Anglo-Saxon race! This stream of contributed forces which has wended its way down through the centuries is prepared now by the fullness of its power, by the vastness of its breadth and depth, and by the symmetry of its form, to accomplish the duty assigned it.

—PELLEAS.

Thoughts of Ocean.

I love the throbbing ocean,
 I love its dashing spray;
 To see and feel its motion,
 To see it day by day.

I love its surging billows,
 I love its seething foam;
 To hear its everlasting song,
 Which sings and breathes of home.

I love its emerald bosom,
 I love its depths serene;
 I love each measured wave beat,
 I love its beautiful green.

I love to hear the story,
 It chants in solemn lay;
 "That life's mysterious purpose
 Is changing day by day.

Yet far beneath the breakers
 In depths so calm—serene,
 There dwells a truer pulse beat
 Than outward eye hath seen.

That far below the tempest,
 Beyond a seeing world,
 There lives another purpose,
 A purpose known to God." —PROTEUS.

The Whole Story.

The moral character of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* cannot be fully estimated until the very last chapter has been read. When you have read only half the book, you feel that the moral lessons can scarcely be good; completing the story, you have quite a contrary opinion.

I said the moral character cannot be determined in the body of the book. This statement may be partially retracted. The story does not detail the sowing of the evil seed, but only the growing grain and the harvest. As the story of the fruitage of an awful crime of human weakness advances, you are impressed with the delicate hints from which the history of the crime itself is readily supplied. Many inferior authors gloat in detailing wickedness. In this the morality of our author is contrasted with theirs.

In the unique character of little Pearl we have pictured a "gross materialism." The hand of Providence seems excluded by an invincible fate. The child cannot but choose to follow in the path of its mother's sin. All that is evil in her seems personified in it. Its inalienable inheritance is ruin. But for infrequent exhibitions of tenderness toward its mother and the minister, we might be sure it were the elfchild it was reported

to be. But when the imagination unerringly supplies the story of Pearl's womanly career, as hinted at in the closing chapter, we are grateful to see God's hand overruling all. We feel that the author has redeemed himself from the charge of fatalism which we were wont to bring against him, and that no amount of inherited evil can shut us off from the reign of Providence. We see how easily the author might have taken the darker alternative. It seemed the fitting conclusion of such a story; but it is said that Hawthorne inclines habitually toward the happier alternative.

The maxim, "An honest confession is good for the soul," is vividly illustrated by a comparison of Hester's and the minister's subsequent careers. Though she was forced to constant confession by wearing exposed to public gaze the badge of her sin, the scarlet letter, what she retained of self-respect was made buoyant by that confession. She became a model in many things, and regained the esteem of the community. So true is this that even her scarlet letter became the badge of her charity. She was full of good work. The minister, on the contrary, with her scarlet crime hidden deep in the recesses of his own heart, could have no self-respect, though idolized by his people as the very personification of chastity and sanctity. With his hidden sin gnawing at his heart for confession, he died under the lashes of a remorseful conscience, while she bore up well physically as well as morally.

In the progress of the story we lose entirely the feeling that perhaps sin is going to appear less sinful on account of its saintly perpetrator. On the contrary its heinousness is enhanced as we see the minister's ever increasing agony under what we appreciate as the just condemnation of conscience. We may pity, but we cannot but condemn him.

Thus we lay aside the little volume with a sense of having spent a part of the Christmas holidays in a wholesome moral atmosphere.

—J. A. P.

The One Thing Needful.

The thought of the age is optimistic. The race, as never before, is conscious of its possibilities. Everyone can see in the constitution and environment of man that which if more fully developed is to eclipse his past achievements. This development seems inevitable. Progress is the keynote of history; advance and improvement must characterize the future. Yet, let us not think that this onward movement is a mere matter of course sort of thing, that the individual and society are ever tending to higher and better conditions, irrespective of principle and controlling causes. Past events do not justify the supposition, and the future would be gloomy indeed if all believed it; a belief nothing different in its effects from a blind fatalism. Thus the supremacy of law must be recognized, a supremacy no less powerful in social changes than in the realm of nature in its physical aspect. But more than this is true. The voice of God is in the events of the race, and history is unscientific and unphilosophic unless it recognize that fact. And still further, it is not sufficient to assert that God is in history as the source and sustainer of law and order; we must, if we be true to fact, admit His presence in a more real sense and take account of the supernatural. Christianity, as a force for elevating society, must thus be acknowledged, and we affirm that this agency is the one thing needful in removing the evils of our civilization and furnishes the only surety for progress in the future.

Now, it must be admitted that the religion of Jesus has been the occasion, though not the cause, of much that, seemingly, has retarded the race's advance. In connection with it have occurred much war and bloodshed, many jealousies, contentions and divisions. It has propagated the notion of individual liberty, and this idea, as carried to an extreme by many, has brought about innumerable reverses in the fortunes of the

nations. But Christianity is not responsible for the abuse of the principles which she implants; and happily, she contains, as we shall see, her own remedy for these things.

There are, indeed, mighty problems before us, which are said to constitute the Sphinx riddles of our day, and which, if not soon solved, the beast-human combination element of our civilization will prove as destructive as the monster of Œdipus's time; but Christianity accepts the challenge to a contest with the twentieth century Sphinx. Is an extreme selfishness the bane of our public and private life? We shall see that the ethics of the lowly Nazarene is the only antidote for this venomous curse. Is not the fight still on between labor and capital, though legislation has had the matter in hand for ages? Have corruption of officials and demagogism been removed by law and the inherent force of public opinion? If there is anything of beneficence in public morals it is due to religious influences. Does anarchy now and then assert itself? And is communism prevalent in certain quarters? This warning is to be heeded: the Book of the Christian gives the only rational and firm foundation for the civil order, and, unless our democracy is hedged in by this bulwark, danger is ahead.

Christianity is the only safeguard to our institutions. Here is a nation educated to the idea that government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. But suppose the governed consent to recognize no authority—that would be legitimate in any view that leaves out the true source of civil power, even He whose throne is in the heavens. Anarchy is truly said to be next door to democracy. Freedom is a dangerous thing when possessed by a spirit that recognizes no power above man. More than once, when God has been removed from the thoughts of men, has the exclamation of Madame Roland been justified—"Liberty, O what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Consider this fact, the strength of our nation lies in public sentiment. The bayonet is not the force that gives stability to

our republic. Witness the size of the standing army for our population of seventy millions. Nor has legislation the power in itself to prevent crime and reform the vicious. Immorality is not dependent on government for its suppression, nor virtue on law for its development. The best men have lived under the worst governments, and the worst men under the best laws. Moral sentiment lies back of constitutions, back of legislation, back of political effects. Conscience made by education in Christian principles, will thwart the enemies' purpose. Without such principles, the destroying angels, such as selfishness, greed and the love of power, that have laid waste the republics of the earth, may likewise invade our fair domains; yea, they have already begun a deadly work, and the cry comes from many quarters for help.

Let history speak a word. If God is not the supreme reason of virtue, please explain its absence when He has been dethroned. In France, more than a century ago, men were spending millions in printing and distributing infidel literature. The Bible was suppressed. Unbelief was elevated to the dignity of a virtue. Atheists made a public profession of their belief in the venerable cathedral of Notre Dame, and commemorated the act by the coronation of an indescribable image as the Goddess of Reason. Note, too, that at this time learning, philosophy and art boasted of an approximation to perfection. Yet, what was the result of this experiment of infidelity's achieving popularity? It was at this time that France passed through those varied phases of centralization, despotism, revolution, anarchy and crime that are the greatest blot on the history of civilized nations. Were Bibles destroyed? Was God denied? The rest of the story is written in characters of blood. "Whatever is most obscene in vice and most dreadful in ferocity" may be seen pictured in the history of those times. More than a million of persons were "beheaded, shot, drowned, outraged and done to death" in three years' time. There was no rule unless a wild

anarchy be called rule. Learning was discredited and scholars were banished. The happiness of home life was destroyed and lovely womanhood despised. But those times are too well and sadly known to need further comment. The lesson is plain. Our safety is in clinging to Christianity.

Infidelity is likewise destructive in the commercial world. What has it to offer in the place of the restraints of religion. For the Divine command, "Thou shalt," there is substituted that which in itself is unmeaning jargon—"The interests of self and society demand virtue;" "Honesty is the best policy," is the half-truth that is to give stability to business relations. Suppose banks and stores should have written over their doors, "There is no God," and "Death is an eternal sleep," what would follow? Who, then, could "restore confidence?" Who could prescribe an antidote to the love of gain? Whose property would be safe? Confidence, honesty, and truth are essential in the business world. Christianity alone secures these.

Infidelity is criminal. The atheist is an enemy of the race. That which tends to develop conscience is to be hailed as a good; that which does not so tend is to be resisted. Infidelity is more than passive as to the education of conscience. It would annihilate conscience. To assert that there is no God is to deny conscience, and virtue is then impossible. No God, no authority for obeying conscience; no God, no standard for virtue; no God, no virtue and conscience is an invention of priestcraft. Infidelity weakens man's moral power to resist evil; its teachings produce vice and destroy life and property; it cares nothing for chastity, patriotism or the public good. Hence it is a crime against society.

Infidelity has proven a failure. What really noble character has it produced? Who in its ranks compares with the "glorious company of the apostles," the "goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the "noble army of martyrs?" "What," asks Dr. John P. Newman, "has infidelity accomplished for man-

kind? What public virtue has it promoted? What science or art has it originated? What great charity has it established? What war has it averted? What system of idolatry has it subverted? How many slaves has it liberated? How many inebriates has it reclaimed? How many fallen women has it restored? How many souls has it redeemed? Whose death bed has it cheered? Whose broken heart has it consoled?" Infidelity is a failure because it is a negation and cannot ground a philosophy or an ethics; it is a failure because its every attack on Christianity has been repelled; it is a failure because of the characters it has produced, the very name being synonymous with vice and immorality; it is a failure because it does not satisfy the innate notions of the mind and the deep seated longings of an immortal soul. We protest against infidelity by the innocence of childhood, the purity of womanhood, and the aspirations of manhood; we protest against it in the name of the government, the common interests of humanity, and all that is good and true both in this life and in that which is to come.

Yet, we are told that the age has outgrown the gospel. In the face of the fact which even Napoleon Bonaparte admitted, that "the mightiest intellects since the advent of Christ have had a practical faith in the mysteries of the Bible;" in the face of the fact that England's Queen had authority for declaring, "The Bible is the secret of my country's greatness;" in the face of the fact that it is only where the Bible is studied that civilization is at its best and science and art make rapid progress; in the face of the fact that it can be demonstrated that religion gives stability to government and tone to society, without which both would be in a precarious condition; in the face of the fact that unbelief means, practically, immorality; in the face of history and reason, and with utter disregard for truth, Christianity is denounced as the "arch-adversary of civilization." It is further asserted by enemies of truth and goodness that "a general collapse of religious faith is at hand;" and that "Christianity is

outgrown by the population." But are these statements confirmed by facts? They are mere brazen assertion. Research has discovered no instrument nor method by which Moses has been proven "unscientific," but like the author of the "Novum Organum," the best and conservative thinkers, even those of fame in the scientific world, cling to Moses as having given the most plausible account of "the beginning;" nor has the old Prophet been brought down from his pre-eminence as law-giver; the people have not "out grown" the evidence of fulfilled prophecy; the latest arguments (?) against miracles have no more force than the reasoning of Hume, which was exploded no sooner than uttered. Consider, too, the personal testimony from the experience of thousands to-day that Christianity is still a living power, and in the light of the facts which we have attempted to indicate briefly in this essay, can any one assert with reason and good purpose that Christianity is not what it claims to be, a supernatural agency for accomplishing that which men in their own strength cannot accomplish? Is it not the one thing needful in whatever direction we look, whether to the individual or to society at large, to the government, or to the fireside?

—J. F. E.

Twilight Musings.

AT LAKE OTSEGO; HOME OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

By the waters of Otsego
 Where the scented zepthers blow,
 And the gentle voice of nature
 Croons in melody so low,
 There I love to muse and linger
 While the fleeting summer day,

Fades behind the western mountain
 And the song-bird stills his lay.
 There I watch the golden twilight,
 In a veil of burnished sheen,
 Wrap the Susquehanna gliding
 In a calm unwaking dream;
 And a restful peace steals o'er me,
 While my heart o'erflows with love,
 For the ever watchful Spirit
 Hovering o'er me from above.

Deeper falls the purple shadow
 O'er the lake and silent glen;
 And the slowly ebbing river
 Sobs a tender, sweet amen.
 Then as distant organs swelling,
 Tunes the rythm of the breeze;
 On a thousand harp strings dwelling
 Mid the swaying hemlock trees.
 Far beyond the dim horizon,
 One by one the stars appear,
 Through the sombre veil of darkness,
 Gathering o'er the woodland sear;
 And the shroud of murky blackness
 Bursts in showers of silvery light,
 As the shafts of Luna's brightness,
 Pierce the canopy of night.

Then amid the waving cresses
 Bending to the verdant shore,
 Myriad aureolas linger,
 Mirrored as in days of yore.
 While the flashing crystal pebbles,
 Bathed in phosphorescent light,
 Glow like gems that deck the corselet

Of fair Dian's armor bright,
 Silver beams of mellow moonlight,
 Pierce unfathomed depths of blue;
 And array in garbs of beauty,
 Countless treasures hid from view.
 Weirdly notes of gutt'ral welcome,
 Smothered thrills within the reeds,
 Send harmonious echoes dancing,
 O'er the mountain and the meads.

And all nature bows in rapture,
 Bows before her liquid shrine,
 Forming thus a wonderous picture,
 Of contentment most divine;
 Such a weird enchanted picture,
 In the calm and stilly night,
 At Otsego's crystal fountain,
 Bathed in God's celestial light.
 In the realm beyond the judgment,
 Fettered not by earthly care,
 Bring, O Lord, my bark to anchor
 In a heaven half so fair.
 Grant that, piercing through the shadows,
 O'er my path a cheering ray
 Of thy mercy still may guide me
 Unto thy most perfect day. —E. J. D.

Tongue's Saddest Words.

It was in the early part of June. The sun, concealed by a thin cloud, still rendered the day bright but not disagreeable. The birds were singing as if they would "split their throats;" the tall oaks were swaying to and fro with a majestic bearing. Everything seemed to be striving to gladden the heart of the

lonely man riding down the road. He could at leisure pluck the wild flowers on either side; now and then a rabbit, stirred from his place of repose by the heavy tread of the rider's horse, would leap across the path and conceal himself in some briar thicket, or a squirrel could be seen jumping from branch to branch of some old tree. How could Charles Sharp be sad when all nature strove to cheer him?

He rode on attracted by none of these beauties. He had a look of disappointment on his brow. Prince Hal, his faithful steed, attracted not so much by the flowers as the green grass, would at intervals satisfy his appetite. Lost to the world, Charles was aroused by his horse's suddenly coming to a stand still. He lashed him fiercely with his whip, but looking about recognized the spot.

Pacifying Prince Hal he threw himself to the earth and sat down near a spring gushing from the hillside. It was not long until he was lost in reverie again. There was the vision of his youth before him. He recollected that memorable day when he, a lad of twenty, sat there. By his side sat Clyde Miller. He rehearsed the whole scene. How he had forgotten all that he had intended to say, how he finally stammered in her ear, "Clyde, I love you;" how she looked away and then arose, saying, "Charles, I'm sorry, but I do not love you. Let us still be friends." He saw her leave him when he was not able to call her back. He saw it all as vividly as if occurring then, and sighed so loud that Prince Hal was disturbed in his grazing. Six years had passed. Charles had finished his university course and had taken his degree in law. He was now practicing in Fayetteville, ten miles distant. That love that he had expressed six years before still lingered, and he in order to find some rest for his sore heart, had sought this old familiar spot. He did not know whether he would see Clyde or not. He hadn't thought what would happen if he should see her. But to alleviate his troubled mind he had sought this old spot,

where he had spent some of the most pleasant hours and one of the most unpleasant hours of his life.

A neigh from his ever-watchful horse made him realize where he was. Prince Hal had a pleasant greeting for all of his fellow-animals. Charles, looking up, saw a buggy stopped in ten feet of where he was seated. A lady was stepping out with a cup in her hand. Quick as lightning Charles was at her side, offering to fill her cup with the water from the spring. He took the cup, filled it with water, and returned to the buggy. Holding it out to the lady, he caught a glimpse of her face, and before she could catch it the cup had fallen. She did not recognize him, probably because he had allowed his mustache to grow, probably because she had utterly forgotten him. With an apology Charles quickly refilled the cup and handed it to her. She drained it, and thanking him added with a pleasant smile, "You are a stranger here, aren't you?"

"I am a stranger, though I used to come here frequently."

"You are here on some business?" she asked in that characteristic frankness that is so common to the Mississippi rustics.

"Well—er—yes," Charles replied. There was a pause. Charles had again gone off in a trance.

"Clyde was taking her lines to start when he asked abruptly, "Do you live near here?"

"Do you see that house across yonder?" And Clyde pointed to a large new house some distance away, but still in view. "That's where I live. I used to live right up there," she continued, showing him a house near them.

Charles stood gazing at the house. He wondered he had not thought of it before. There was where he had spent so many pleasant hours. He could resist the temptation no longer. So with a sudden impulse he said in a low voice, "Clyde, don't you remember me? I still love you as much as I did six years ago."

She looked bewildered at first. Then recognizing him she sank into silence. This encouraged Charles, and he was about to speak again when he was warned by Prince Hal that a horse was coming. Looking up he perceived a man riding rapidly toward them. He was a young, handsome man. His countenance showed that he was happy. He pulled in his horse and recognizing the occupant of the buggy said pleasantly, "Clyde, you were so late in returning that I came to meet you."

"You needn't trouble about me," she answered playfully. Then seeming to recollect that there was some one else near she said in a somewhat embarrassed tone, "Mr. Sharp, let me introduce you to my—my—husband."

Charles was dumb. Clyde, seeing his anguish, knew of nothing better to do than invite him to spend the night. Her husband urged the invitation. But Charles walked away without a word, mounted his horse, and possibly Prince Hal best remembers how long it was before they reached Fayetteville.

—A. W. BARNES.

Tales of the Gulf Coast.

III. The Schoolmaster of Bayou Nezpique.

We had been riding all day, Ettienne and I, over the broad prairies, through strips of woodland bordering the bayous, and now, as it was getting late, we began to look for a place to pass the night. Before us stretched the dark woods of the Nezpique, the sameness of the pines being broken by some tall cypress or grove of swamp oak. As we turned a point of the timber, we saw lying before us a cluster of buildings which marked the seat of an Arcadian home. The sun was setting as we drew near, and at our call the man of the house came out and hospi-

tably invited us to stop there for the night, an invitation which we were not slow to accept. After seeing our horses cared for we turned towards the house where the family were waiting to receive us. It was a typical "cagen" dwelling—several large rooms and an attic above, where the children might be stowed away when the people were called upon to entertain wayfarers like ourselves. The furnishings were simple and comfortable, the only work of art of which the house could boast being a cross of paper flowers, of a species which a botanist would have found difficult to name, placed over the adobe fire place. From the ceiling hung suspended great bundles of herbs of various kinds, and in a corner stood the old "44" Winchester which is invariably present in every house where a "cagen" lives.

Onyzeme Fruge was accounted rich among his neighbors, and he played the part of an hospitable host at the supper which Madame Fruge soon put before us. After supper we sat down before the fire and began to talk of the incidents of the day, and I happened to remark upon the ruins of what seemed to have once been a school-house, which I had seen some distance down the bayou. At this old Grandmere Fruge, who had been sitting silently in a corner puffing at a very villainous looking old clay pipe, took it from her mouth, and speaking in that quaint "cagen" dialect, which it is impossible to correctly reproduce, said :

"You never heard of Armand Dupre, who used to teach out here long ago?" and then she went on to tell the story of the schoolmaster and his work.

When Armand was a boy he did very much as the other "cagen" youngsters did. Hunting, fishing and riding the half-tamed ponies were his chief delights, and in all those range sports with which the boys of that time amused themselves Armand was looked upon as a leader. So, he might have grown up and settled down as a simple prairie farmer, like his father, had not an "American" family moved into the country

and established themselves just across the bayou from Armand's home.

The history of the family had been like that of so many of that time. Mr. Walker had been a wealthy merchant in one of the Mississippi towns, but when the business panic of the thirties came he had seen his business ruined and himself reduced almost to poverty. Not wishing to remain among scenes which saddened him by memories of more prosperous days, and hearing of the rich lands in the western part of the State, he determined to move there and begin life anew. So he came and settled by the banks of the Nezpique. Viewed at first with suspicion and regarded as an interloper by his near neighbors, yet, he and his wife, by their pleasant ways, soon won over the hearts of the French people around.

Between Armand and their little girl, Celeste, there sprang up a warm friendship, and now he spent most of his time at the Walker's. As she grew up her parents endeavored to make up for the advantages which were wanting by teaching her as best they could at home, and Armand, not to let Celeste get ahead of him, began to try to pick up what little learning he could, and studied with her. So the years passed pleasantly enough to both, until there came a great sorrow into Celeste's life, and the one on whom she looked for guidance and advice was taken from her. To Armand also the death of Mrs. Walker was a severe blow for he had come to look upon her almost as a mother, his own having died when he was yet an infant.

When some days had passed and the first bitter grief had in some measure abated, Armand betook himself over the bayou as usual to see Celeste. Not finding her about the house, he turned towards a little clump of pines near by and saw her there, kneeling by a new made grave. Dropping on his knees beside her he tried to comfort her as best he could, and then overcome by the feelings that he had so long suppressed, in faltering words he spoke the story of his love. Rude and uncultured the words

may have been, but under them lay a simple honesty and heartfelt devotion which acted as a healing balm on the sorely torn heart of Celeste, and there by the grave of one whom they both loved, under the whispering trees and the great sky above, they gave their all to each other. But suddenly Celeste said :

"I promised mother long ago that I would never marry anyone with whom I would have to settle down and live as the people do here. We are very young yet; so you go to the city and stay there for three or four years, and learn the customs and manners of the Americans; get some education and then come back, and rest assured that I will wait for you here."

Armand did not say anything for several minutes, but then in a decided way said : "I will."

The next few days were busy ones for Armand. But at last everything was ready and he said good bye and set his face towards what to him seemed a new world. And a hard time he had at first. Everything appeared very strange; the roar of the city seemed loud in comparison to the quiet of his native prairies. Moreover, it was hard for him to make himself understood, for the language he spoke was very different from that in use among the people with whom he was now thrown. He was homesick—sick at heart for the broad prairie, the pine woods, the wild, free life he had led; and above all, for the girl who had stood on the front porch and bidden him farewell the morning of his departure.

Sometimes he would go down on the river bank, and looking over to the green swamps which stretched away towards his old home, would feel that intense longing for his own people and land which only one who is in a strange country, with no familiar face from which to get comfort, can ever experience. But then would come the thought of his promise, and he would turn back to his new life with a still firmer resolve to make himself worthy of her whom he knew waited for him beneath the pines on the bank of far away Nezpique.

But it is needless to follow Armand through the years which he spent in the city. Suffice it to say that by dint of hard work, and a brave heart, he succeeded. But one day the fever broke out in the city, and for weeks it seemed like a city of the dead. Armand was taken down among the first and lingered for days almost as one dead, but he rallied and was soon out of danger. Weeks must pass ere he could be strong enough to leave, and daily there came rumors of the way in which the plague was sweeping the parishes. There came a day at last when he set his face towards home. As he traveled westward he passed villages almost depopulated by the scourge, and ever he heard reports of the havoc it was making farther on. At last he reached his old home, but how changed! The old home was still there to be sure, but there were only a few left to tell him the sad story of those that were gone. He walked down to the bayou, and getting into a canoe pulled swiftly across, then made his way along the path which led to the home of Celeste. As he came within sight of the house, everything seemed just as he had left it four long years before. It seemed but yesterday when she had stood on the porch and waved at him as he started on his journey. The father met him at the door and looked pale and anxious as he said :

“Celeste has the fever, perhaps you had better not come too near.” But when Armand said that he had already had it, the father led the way to where Celeste lay moaning in her delirium.

For three days and nights Armand stayed, doing what he could, but to no avail. The fever claimed yet another victim. One evening as he stood by the bedside, Celeste opened her eyes and knew him. Her look told him that the end was near, and kneeling beside the bed he said in a broken voice :

“O, Celeste! I have worked for years, and now what is left? You are going, and what good is my work going to do?”

With the strength that death sometimes gives, Celeste raised herself, and pointing with her hand out through the windows to where the woods were growing dark in the gathering twilight, said :

“Armand, there is your people, work for them. That is your mission.”

So Armand devoted his life to the betterment of those among whom he had been raised. He built the little school-house on the bayou and there he spent his life teaching the children the “three R’s,” and more than that, those qualities which they should cultivate in order to live lives of usefulness, and from that little school-house there went forth many who in after life showed reflected in their lives the life and teachings of the schoolmaster. As the country was opened up and the arts of a more civilized life were introduced, it was Armand who advised the people to receive the newcomers with kindness and to show them that gentle courtesy for which the dwellers on the Nezpique are still so noted. Years passed and there came a day when the little schoolhouse was not opened ; the children cried for their master, and their elders went about with saddened faces, for the schoolmaster had left the banks of the Nezpique and had gone to claim his bride, promised to him so many years before, beside the grave beneath the pines.

Grandmere was silent and resumed here pipe, and we got up and went to our room, and as I stood at the window and looked out over the moonlit landscape, I could see the trees under which Armand and Celeste lie side by side, and I felt that Armand Dupre had fulfilled his mission. —H.

History Versus a Contemporaneous Press.

It is fortunate for the truth of history that the fame of public men does not depend upon the estimate placed upon them by

the contemporaneous press. It is well that opinions formed of prominent leaders in the heat of excited and often bitter political struggles are robbed of their bias and prejudice by the pen of the faithful historian. Men deeply convinced of the right and justice of their own position and earnestly striving for the good of their country, as they see it, misjudge those who differ with them and as patriotically struggle to maintain the opposite position. This leads to crimination and recrimination between those equally honest, equally able and equally high-minded ; to bitterness, and too often to slander. We are ready to believe all that is good of those who stand for the cause in which we believe. We are too willing to credit all that questions the honesty or damages the character of those whose policies we oppose. We magnify the virtues of one great leader and the faults of another.

The result is that the press, divided on political issues, divides public men into statesmen and demagogues. Those upon whom one class of newspapers showers an undue measure of encomium receive from the other class as unmerited a measure of abuse. Adulation on the one hand and detraction on the other are the order of the day. Hence, any estimate based on either portion of a contemporaneous press, is unreliable. If this was not true, scarcely a brilliant name could be found in American history free from the smirch of dishonor. Only mediocre statesmen have escaped the pen and tongue of slander. We are inclined to think either that our statesmen are less worthy or the press more bitter than formerly. But these conditions are much as they have been throughout American history. Washington himself, both as commander-in-chief and as chief magistrate was subjected to the bitterest attacks ; to slander, ridicule and abuse. He was denounced as an incompetent general, as a proud and ambitious aristocrat, as a careless and even a corrupt president. The political differences between Jefferson and Hamilton and Jefferson and Marshall, led to the bitter, and at the time, honest though unjust charges that Jefferson was a time-

serving politician and dangerous demagogue; that Hamilton was a monarchist and a hater of republican institutions, and that Marshall was a tyrannical and power-usurping judge and an enemy to the liberties of the people. From the long continued struggle between Jackson and Clay and the personal controversy and ill feeling between Jackson and Calhoun, Jackson came to be denounced as selfish, bigoted, ignorant, a man swayed and controlled alone by violent passions; a tyrant who disregarded all law, and the most unsafe man ever clothed with authority. Clay was denounced as having made a corrupt bargain, involving the presidency itself. The moral and personal shortcomings of both were paraded and magnified to the exclusion of their great abilities and patriotism. And Calhoun did not escape the charge of double dealing and treachery. Webster also felt the sting of unjust criticism and even ridicule. Lincoln and Davis, in the dark days in which they led men, had heaped upon them all the obloquy which their infuriated countrymen could imagine. The former was a backwoods lawyer, an ignoramous and a vulgar clown, the latter a traitor.

Grant was said to be a drunkard, a successful general only by accident, an incompetent, if not a corrupt president.

Even Lee was denounced as an ingrate to his government and a deserter from its army.

Blaine was freely charged, not only with political sins, but even with personal corruption. And he, in turn, when he came to write his "Thirty Years of Congress," belittles the ability and denies the sincerity and patriotism of Mr. Bayard.

But these men have all passed away. And, after the excitement of the contests in which they engaged has subsided, impartial history has written their records and fixed the estimate in which they are to be held. In fixing this estimate the undue laudation of over zealous partizans has been eliminated, slander has been refuted, and criticism moderated in the interest of justice. Treated in this way, the men I have mentioned appear

neither so fair as painted by their fellows, nor so black as pictured by their enemies. They were none of them perfect; they all had their faults; they all made their mistakes; perhaps something can be pointed to in the lives of most of them which was wrong, but easily excused by the circumstances. But all of them were great and good and patriotic men and an honor to their country.

Washington, as the successful leader and hero of a great revolution and the first and most beloved president of the greatest republic of the ages, holds securely the most enviable place in all human history.

Jefferson and Hamilton, both preeminent for patriotism, are also prominent as the fathers of the two great lines of political thought which have since contended for mastery and from the blending of which our form of government owes its near approach to perfection.

Marshall's name is the synonym of judicial purity and acumen. To him more than to any other one man is due the credit of making the Supreme Court of the United States the greatest judicial tribunal in the world.

Jackson stands out in bold relief, the embodiment of moral and physical courage, strong will and devotion to the right.

Webster, Clay and Calhoun are, by common consent, held to be the three most brilliant statesmen the nation has produced—Webster, the unequalled expounder of the constitution; Clay, the matchless leader of men, and Calhoun, the learned philosophical statesman and fearless exemplar of purity in private and public life.

Lincoln, the head of the government in the hours of its greatest trials, has passed beyond the reach of hatred, and there are none who do not honor his memory.

Davis, who more than any other man, was denounced as a traitor for the part he bore in the "glorious cause" has at last, though tardily, received some mede of justice to his great men-

tality, his brilliant attainments, and his sincere devotion to principle.

Grant, the simple, quiet soldier, the masterly general, the magnanimous conqueror, is honored by the world, and the mistakes he made in civil government are obscured by his military greatness and are no longer remembered against his fame.

Lee's purity of character and military genius long ago silenced all whispers of slander and won for him praise everywhere. He stands today the most lovable character in history.

Blaine's superb abilities and his broad Americanism are now universally recognized to his honor and he is conceded to be the most brilliant leader his party has yet produced.

Bayard will stand as a worthy example of breadth of character, polish, purity and uprightness of life, learning and eloquence, the highest type of American statesmanship.

And yet all these men, in their day, received from the press much the same treatment that public men now receive. Read the newspapers which were contemporaneous with them, and we might doubt whether their fame would be fair or foul. But, happily, this is not to be determined by passion, prejudice, jealousy or self interest, but by truth and justice. These have done well their work in recording American history, and we may challenge the world to produce names to match those of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Jas. G. Blaine and Thos. F. Bayard.

To those who hope to see the high character of our public men perpetuated there is consolation in the thought that the opinions of a partisan press will not determine the place which history will accord to those now in public life. The press is bitter and merciless as it has ever been. But I do not believe that, as a whole, our statesmen are of a lower order than they

have been since the beginning of the government, and history will do them that justice.

A part of the press today proclaims that brilliant figure in our politics, Wm. J. Bryan, the greatest living American; the other part denounces him as a shallow demagogue, a crank, a socialist, and even an anarchist. A part of the same press denounces Grover Cleveland as coarse, brutal, selfish, a traitor to his party and the agent of plutocrats; the other part declares him to be courage itself, the highest type of the sturdy, honest and able public servant.

It is not probable that history will accept either verdict of either man.

Mr. Bryan will have an honorable place in history as a brilliant, earnest and patriotic statesman. His fame will be as fair as that other great westerner, Stephen A. Douglass.

Cleveland, removed from the passions aroused by his career, will rank as a sternly honest and bluntly courageous official, and one of our greatest and ablest chief executives. Contemporaneous laudation and abuse are one thing, history is another.

—WM. L. FRIERSON, '86.

Editorials.

A RECENT article in one of our leading periodicals on the "Decline of Denominational Colleges in the Northwest" has been the occasion of much comment, especially from the religious press. Just after reading the article, we came across the description, in another paper, of the condition of affairs at one of the state universities of the Northwest—"As it is now conducted, it is an expensive disgrace to the state, a place where young men are allowed the utmost license in drinking and gambling, and there is none to interfere. All excesses on the part of the students pass unnoticed," etc. Now, this indicates that if denominational colleges are declining as to attendance in the section referred to, there is possibility of a more sad decline in the great work of education, when carried on without direct religious influences. Of course, the University referred to is an extreme case, but extreme cases test theories, and we are persuaded that the safe thing is to have the authority and moral influence of the Church in close connection with institutions of learning. In fact, the State can neither theoretically nor practically take charge in a direct sense of the moral and religious education of its subjects; the Church, in certain important aspects, can. So that, if the authority of the State for establishing institutions of learning is well grounded, is it not a serious objection to the expediency of the system that provision cannot be made legitimately for education along lines of far more importance, namely, the moral and religious? Now, we are not reflecting on our state schools as a whole, but we are sure that the defect in their organization must manifest itself now and then, and facts warrant the opinion. We believe there is a general awakening to the value of denomination schools. Their "decline" is not claimed except in one part of our land, and the writer of the article referred to fails to indicate any considerable falling off as to patronage in that section, and does not prove conclusively that there is any decline at all.

UGHT theological seminaries to be connected with universities? This is the historic method. The great medieval universities which are perpetuated today have always included schools of theology with those of law, medicine, science and art. Of course, theology has been excluded from the state schools of America, but others of our great universities have incorporated the divinity school. This seems perfectly natural, that all branches of learning should be centered in one place, their being unity of aim, of methods, and of spirit, in the several departments. Economy of means is certainly thus secured, and a better impression made on the world; the university may be made more efficient in many respects than the disconnected organizations. Again, the separate seminary in its seclusion is a poor place for preparing men for a calling in which knowledge of human nature and adaptability to men of all classes are prime requisites. In fact, for the reasons given, and many others, no one doubts the propriety of our position; indeed, the historic method has been abandoned in some cases in spite of its naturalness because of mere force of circumstances and not because of a change of opinion as to its merits. No one who has received his theological education in a university doubts the value of the system. As to our own Institution, there have been a few students who have taken an academic course in the University, and for one reason or another, have made a change to study divinity, but we have to hear of the first one whose reason for leaving was that our plan is not a good one. In fact, we are satisfied that the reasons given in most cases are puerile. Some are so peculiarly constituted that they can readily give up the happy associations of their Alma Mater just "for a change." One who left us gave as one of his reasons the fact that he had not made a reputation here for hard study and wished to perform the strange feat of "redeeming" himself among a new people. However it may be as to the force of these reasons, one and all agree that the University's plan is in reality the most natural and must bring about good results.

WE admire the zeal with which the members of the Sou'-wester' staff are pushing the interests of our Annual. They are sparing no pains as to work and investigation in order that the

volume may be as perfect as possible in every respect. Under such supervision and with the hearty co-operation which, no doubt, every club and organization in the University is giving, the work will be a pronounced success.

DURING last year, eighty three million dollars were given to the great work of education. This is a magnificent sum and invested in a good cause.

MEN often labor better than they know, and the history which they are making assumes its true significance only after the lapse of many years. So it may be with the Peace Conference at the Hague, and the International Argeement drawn up and signed by that body may prove an epoch-making document. All momentous transactions meet opposition, often ridicule, yet the event proves the wisdom of the course; so in this case the world has been skeptical, in some quarters scoffing. We doubted the sincerity of the Czar, questioned the feasibility of the project, raised ten thousand objections, but the conference is a part of history and the agreement awaits the ratification of the United States Senate. The cause of this skeptical public sentiment is a misconception of the purpose held in mind by the delegates to that conference and has come from studying the points named in the Czar's invitation rather than the issues debated in the conference itself. Again, the tendency has been to expect everything or nothing as a result. Some hoped for immediate and radical changes, and, seeing the existing state of affairs in England and the United States, judge that the Peace Conference was an international farce. But it is true that the most potent factors in history have not been sudden and radical in their effects, they have opened the way for a growth which after many years, has borne the fruit of success. Those who expected nothing, think that nothing has been accomplished and so are flattering themselves that they were not deceived.

We would call attention to the text of this International Agreement which is published in the January Review of Reviews. It is worthy of most careful study. There are four great divisions:

1. Agreement to employ every means for peaceful adjustment of international differences.

2. Regulations regarding the mediation of neutral powers in case of difference between two nations. This provides for seeking and acceptance of such mediation on part of dissenting powers, and the voluntary offer on the part of neutral powers.

3. Establishment of international commissions of inquiry to aid in the settlement of all questions which do not involve the honor or essential interest of either party, but which they are unable to settle by ordinary methods of diplomacy.

4. Provision for international arbitration. This lays down the principle to be followed, provides for a permanent board from which arbiters may be chosen, and names procedure in the arbitral cases.

No nation is forced to accept arbitration, but by this agreement must submit to the decision, if accepted, and is pledged to use this method as far as circumstances will permit. These are the leading features. The document is intensely interesting, even to the most detailed provisions.

Our delegates to the Hague have signed this agreement, but it becomes binding upon us only when ratified by the Senate. The attitude of our nation will largely determine the success or failure of the Peace Conference. If ratified, it will stand as the beginning of a new era in the thought and history of the world, for while not radical in its nature, it is strong enough to mould a world sentiment, which in turn will control the action of nations.

The Monthly Mail.

We were surprised, on looking through the *Sewanee Literary Magazine*, at not finding on its pages a single bit of poetry. Has the muse forsaken the "mountain," or is it possible that no poets are at present abiding there? However, in all other ways, this number sustains the reputation of *Sewanee*. An investigation of Chaucer, with a view of estimating the historical value of his work, justly demands a word of commendation. The author is right in saying that the chief aim of the *Canterbury Tales* was not to set forth the political events and issues of the

day, but rather to delineate the manners and characteristics of the lower classes of society at that time. And this makes Chaucer's work invaluable to the student who wishes to make investigations along these lines. "My Astral Witness" is well written, but its chief charm lies in its unique plot. While reminding one strongly of some of Doyle's work, yet it retains enough originality to be interesting. "The Woman Who Did Not Know" is comical, while "Re-united" is a story of the heart, and the chasteness of its style and diction proves the writer to be a person of some talent. As stated above, the lack of poetry is the main fault to be found with this issue, and we hope that some disciple of Sappho or of Pindar may arise to help along the *Magazine* in this respect. We wish that this publication was issued monthly instead of quarterly, as it always contains pieces of interest, and should serve as an example to other college journals.

The *Red and Blue* comes to us this month arrayed in all the glory of its Christmas dress. The illustrators add an artistic effect which literary excellence can not do. The finest thing in it is "The Triumph of Winter," its longest and best poem. "Master Mate On the Independence" is a well written story with a very unlikely plot. "The Engineer Who Lost His Train," is a gentle bit of sarcasm indulged in at the expense of our English kinsmen. Taken as a whole, the Christmas number of *Red and Blue* is a decided success.

If we had no other way of finding out the state from which hails the *Wofford College Journal*, yet we might very easily tell that it emanates from South Carolina, for with the exception of a negro dialect story and one or two short pieces of poetry, every thing in it has something to do with the Palmetto State. Now we admit that South Carolina is a noble state, famous for having produced the erratic Tillman and for holding a state monopoly of the liquor trade, but we do think that there are other sources from which these things may be derived, and thus the necessity of making the *Journal* of Wofford College an encyclopedia of information in regard to South Carolina may be obviated. In the name of all that is right and proper in college journalism, do get a variety, O Wofford!

The Eatonian for this month contains a weird piece entitled "The Spirit of St. Francis' Pool." While professing to be a metaphysical study, yet we deem it most remarkable for the strangeness of its conceptions and the elegance of the language employed. The rest of the issue, while fairly good, does not merit any special notice. We remark in passing that the number would be greatly improved by the introduction of some samples of verse.

From Bethel College comes the *Blue and Gold*, containing a funny little tale of "How the Joke Was Turned." The greater part of the literary department is taken up with a long chapter of a continued story, so there is very little room for anything which it is possible to review.

Clippings.

A HUNTING SONG.

Ho! Ho! Ho! November's here,
 Brightest time of all the year;
 Gird a belt about your waist,
 Seize your gun and shells in haste,
 Seek the forest grim and gray,
 Join us in the hunt to-day!

Let not age keep you behind,
 Youth to-day for all mankind!
 Sportive fires shall in you burn,
 As this way your footsteps turn,
 Old and young shall all be gay,
 Join us in the hunt to-day!

Tramping on with boyish glee,
 Past the brooklet, o'er the lea,
 Stop not on the marshy fen,
 There is game within the glen,
 It shall fall, the marksman's prey.
 Join us in the hunt to-day!

Let no sportsman miss his aim,
 Who would fill his bag with game;
 Shoot the bird upon the wing,
 Shoot till all the forests ring
 From the hilltop to the bay.
 Join us in the hunt to-day!

Songs and shouts together rise
 'Neath the clear November skies,
 Joy and mirth shall have no end
 Till the coming night shall send
 All upon their homeward way—
 Join us in the hunt to-day.

—Bowdoin Quill, '00.

A PLEA FOR A SONG.

Avaunt! Ye tiresome bards who sing
 Of the budding flowers and breath of spring,
 Of the hackneyed, threadbare themes of love,
 Your lady's wavy locks of gold,
 Or dainty fan, or shapely glove—
 Avaunt! The tale is trite and old.

Be ye men, and waste your fancies rare
 On the tangled tufts of a woman's hair?
 Be ye sons of Eve, and spend your brain
 Singing the light of a woman's eyes?
 Ere the wind has snatched the loving strain,
 Ere the song is hushed, the lovelight dies.

Sing me a song of work and strife,
 Of the man who shouldered his way thro' life,
 Leaving the primrose path to fools;
 Who gained the skies from the vulgar sod
 With naught save nature's study fools,
 Ah, there's a man for the smile of God!

—Georgetown College Monthly.

EVENTIDE.

Aweary with the joys of morning light,
 The restless children, at the close of day,
 Half longingly abandon eager play;
 And as the shadows, to their childish sight,
 Assume fantastic shapes, in sorry plight,
 They pause, reluctant, on the well-known way,—
 Full anxious for their rest, they yet delay
 To face the unknown dangers of the night.

So, when the eventide comes on apace,
 And softly falls Thy summons on our ear,
 Some touch of aspiration fills our breast,
 Some faintest longing for eternal rest,
 And yet we shudder at the angel near,
 And hide us, shrinking, from his dreaded face!

THE AUTUMN CALL.

I.

There's a sobbing in the valley,
 There's a moaning on the peak,
 And the myriad winds still dally,
 Summoning the heart they seek.
 Still the myriad winds are calling
 Out from all the quarters round,
 And the russet leaves are falling
 Broken-hearted, to the ground.

2.

Then open the places of heaven's last bounding,
 And let the wild river's run down to the sea;
 Stretch open your ears to the trumpet peal sounding,
 Give heed to the ever eternal "to be."
 The hill gates are open, the bronzed leaves are falling,
 The season is nearing that bids us away;
 Farewell to the, home-haunts, the mad world is calling,
 And stern is the mandate and brooks no delay.

3.

Then hark to the wind songs,
 The myriad wind songs,
 Give heed to their call, and throw open the gate;
 Farewell to thee, river,
 And haste thee, a-quiver,
 Far down to the sea, for the hour grows late.

The wind songs are humming,
 Their voices are summing
 The clans of the Faithful from mountain to plain;
 Then heed ye the wind songs,
 The myriad wind songs,
 And haste ye away to the mad world again.

—Williams Literary Monthly.

The Greek Professor sat in his chair
 His brow was knit with dire despair,
 "When," quoth he, "in this horseless age,
 Will the horseless student come on the stage?"

Alumni Notes.

In the elections of Jan. 13, Mr. W. B. Young, '80, was elected mayor of the city of Clarksville.

During the holidays the Rev. U. D. Mooney, '96, of Birmingham, spent several days in Clarksville.

Prof. J. F. Frierson, '99, principal of French Camp Academy, has been installed an elder in the church of Rev. A. H. Mecklin.

The Church of Lewisburg, Tenn., refused to accept the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. J. L. Alsworth, '96, who was called to the church of Smyrna.

The Hon. W. M. Cox, '80, of Mississippi, made a most notable speech in the Legislature a short time ago, nominating Mr. Lowry for United States Senator. New Orleans papers praised the eloquence and strength of the speech.

At the home of Dr. Wilson, on Madison street, there occurred a few afternoons ago the marriage of Miss Imogene Wilson to the Rev. W. Moore Scott, '98. The JOURNAL wishes to extend congratulations and good wishes.

The number of references in all the leading papers and journals to the call of the Rev. Thoren H. Rice, '89, to the Franklin street church of Baltimore, showed how widespread was the interest in this strong young leader. His decision to remain in Atlanta gave assurance to the continued growth of our church in that city.

A few evenings ago one of the editors asked if the JOURNAL might make a note of the marriage that rumor says is soon to be—that of Miss Lupton to the Rev. Walter L. Caldwell, '95. The answer was that there could be no objection to such a note, and it was added that the JOURNAL should say the best things possible of this union, for it is between spirits very superior.

Mr. Spencer, the generous friend of the University, who gives each year the Greek medal, asks that all the Greek medalists meet him here next commencement, bringing their medals with them. This commencement of '00 will be made of great interest, as it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the present or-

ganization of the University and a great many of the Alumni are expected.

Campus Catchings.

Miss Benfey, Jan. 26.

Miss Frances Acree has returned home much to the pleasure of her University friends.

We are informed that A. S. Shaw desires it known that he visited Nashville Christmas.

Dr. and Mrs. Summey entertained several of the students at an excellent Christmas dinner.

Mrs. J. F. Wood delightfully entertained a party of students with a dinner during the holidays.

Dr. Lyon and Scott Lyon went to Franklin, Tenn., on a hunting trip during the Christmas vacation.

The commencement orators of W. I. L. S. will be Messrs. McCalla, Eddins, Irwin, in the order named.

Dr. Summey has accepted an invitation to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the University of Georgia.

Prof. Deadrick spent his holidays with his sons at Marianna, Ark. He reports a fine time and some good hunting.

Mr. Carter was called home this week by the illness of his father. We hope that his father's condition is improved.

Not long since a number of students were charmingly entertained by Miss Emery. Delicious refreshments were served.

Sam Tate, who is teaching at French Camp, Miss., spent the holidays with his parents. Teaching seems to agree with Sam.

Dr. and Mrs. Summey entertained the home-sick fellows on Dec. 29 with an old-fashioned party. It was much enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Ramsey was called home last week by the serious illness of his mother. We have since learned of her death, and extend deep sympathy to him.

It is said that a package of Mellin's Food recently arrived addressed to Mrs. K. McDonald. It seems that Turner is not the only one who can get married.

A week of ice gave a splendid opportunity for some good skating, which was very much enjoyed by both faculty and students and also their lady friends.

The next number in Lyceum Course will be Miss Ida Benfey, who will tell the story of "Les Miserables" on Jan. 26. Don't miss this, the best thing in the course.

Stewart Society's preliminary declamation contest resulted as follows: Allen first, Sholl second, J. C. Tate third, Barr fourth. This society recently installed its new officers.

Prof. Wharey spent his vacation in North Carolina, and his classes have noticed that he has been giving special attention to the love passages in the poetry being read. We wonder why?

Miss Susie Reid spent Christmas with Mrs. Lyon. Miss Reid is attending Ward's Seminary in Nashville. She has many S. W. P. U. friends who were delighted to have her visit Clarksville.

They do say that Raynal keeps a cat, but Johnson cannot keep his hat; that a beast's heart was found in Nashville Christmas, and upon investigation was found to be that of a Wolfe.

At a recent meeting of W. I. L. S. the following officers were elected: McFadden, President; G. B. Hall, Vice-President; Braynard, Secretary; Marshall, Supervisor; K. McDonald, Agent.

Booth attended the convention of Province Epsilon of the S. A. E. Fraternity at Knoxville Dec. 28-29. He was elected secretary and treasurer and editor-in-chief of the annual catalogue.

It is said that Turner was married while at home during Christmas, and, although he did not bring Mrs. Turner back with him, we are reliably informed that they will have charge of Calvin Hall next year.

The following pledge, which expressed the sentiments of a number of the boys, was found on one of the examination papers: "I certify that I have neither given nor received aid on this examination, *but goodness knows I need it.*"

FOUND—Near Dr. Nicolassen's, one tortoise shell back-hair comb, supposed to have been lost by an Academy girl during

the stampede caused by a quiet cow. For further information and recovery of property, call at Dr. Lyon's cabinet.

We have had the great pleasure of hearing three lectures at the University and a sermon and lecture at the church by Dr. Jno. W. Davis. Dr. Davis has been twenty-six years a missionary in China, and told us many interesting facts concerning that country.

The contest for representative from the University to the meeting of the Tennessee Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association was held Jan. 2 in the Chapel. Messrs. Melvin and P. H. Hensley, Jr., were the speakers. The judges decided in favor of Mr. Melvin.

Two classes have chosen their officers as follows: 1900—W. A. Ramsey, President; O. S. Albright, Secretary and Treasurer. 1901—W. W. Wolfe, President; A. M. Warner, Vice-President; P. A. Lotterhos, Secretary; R. E. Fulton, Treasurer; A. O. Price, Historian.

The Athletic Association at its last meeting elected McFadden manager and Albright captain of the 1900 baseball team. The recent warm spell of weather gave the boys an opportunity for a few days' practice. The outlook for a fine team is all that could be desired.

We regret that the infirmities of age are pressing upon Ogden so heavily, as the following conversation shows: Ogden—(having heard a piece of music)—“Miss ——, that was the finest music I ever heard.” Miss ——: “Mr. Ogden, I am sorry that you cannot hear better.”

We regret to lose Prof. E. M. Mooney, who has proved an excellent physical director. The Executive committee has recently elected Mr. C. M. Douthitt, of Indianapolis, Ind., to succeed him. Mr. Douthitt comes highly recommended and will doubtless prove an efficient director.

College circle has lost one of its most attractive members by the marriage of Miss Esther Barksdale with Mr. Wootton, of Texas. Messrs. Albright and Planck were among the attendants. The wedding was one of the prettiest ever seen in Clarksville. We wish for Mr. and Mrs. Wootton the most abundant happiness.

The week of prayer of the Y. M. C. A. was observed Jan. 7-14. The preaching was done by Rev. J. S. Foster, of Franklin, Tenn. Mr. Foster is an alumnus of the University. His preaching is vigorous, powerful and searching. The meeting was a good one and was well attended. Dr. Webb preached the closing sermon on Sunday, the 14th.

The following from the Leaf-Chronicle explains itself. We extend congratulations: "This afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Adolphus Wilson, the Rev. J. H. Lacy, pastor of the Presbyterian church, united in marriage Rev. William Moore Scott, of the Cottage-street church, Nashville, and Miss Imogene Wilson. Mr. Scott was a former student of the S. W. P. U."

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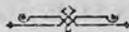
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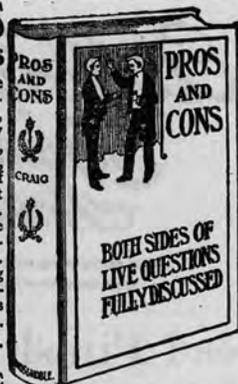
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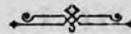
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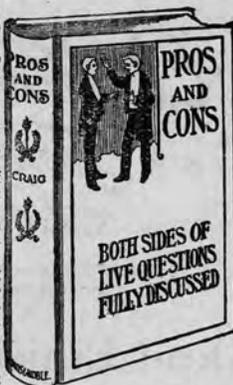
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