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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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COMPETITIVE STORY NO. II.

Was It Best?

The gray dawn of morning had just begun to streak the eastern horizon as two travelers, Percy Arlington and Harold Clemens, emerged from a strip of dark wood that stretched for several miles along the road between the flourishing little city of Oreauville and the small town of Villiere. The two young men were going on a visit to friends in Grandpre, a quiet neighborhood a few miles beyond Villiere, and to avoid the heat of a July sun had set out from Oreauville while the moon was yet high in the heavens, as it would require fully four hours drive ere they reached their destination.

The dim light of morning was now breaking forth into full day. It was one of those still, pleasant mornings so common to

the climate of the Gulf States, particularly at that season of the year. The cool breezes laden with the breath of the young corn and the fragrance of a thousand wild flowers blooming in field and meadow, fanned their cheeks and refreshed their drowsy minds. Here and there smoke could be seen curling up from the rude little cottage chimneys, indicating that the frugal housewife was busy preparing the early meal for husband and son ere they went to their labors. The tinkling of the cow bells could be heard at the nearest farm house as the milkmaid drove her charge out to pasture; the song of the lark could be heard on every hand, and all nature seemed to be awakening from its slumbers and putting on life anew.

Just as the sun began to peep over the distant tree-tops the young men had their attention drawn from the beautiful scenes that greeted them to the long row of village stores and shops scattered along the single street of Villiere.

"We are now only three miles from Grandpre," said Harold, "and how glad we will be to see our old friends, Mr. Goodman and his family."

"Yes," replied Percy, "and the girls especially. You know my natural fondness for the fairer sex, and not having seen Misses Pearl and Flossy for ten long months, I feel like I can scarcely wait until I get there. Miss Pearl and I—I have always—we are such good friends and I shall be delighted to be with her again after so long an absence."

Harold well knew the import of this last sentence. Tho' his senior by several years, he was Percy's most intimate friend and confidant, and so was aware of the strong feelings of devotion that Percy entertained for Miss Pearl, who by no means treated them lightly. Their friendship through years had been strengthened by a tie far stronger, that of love.

Having passed through the lonely village, they drove on for some little time in silence. Raising his hand and pointing to the right, Harold said:

"Do you see that cottage peeping above those tree-tops just to the right of the little church? Well, that is where Mr. Goodman now lives."

"I wonder," rejoined Percy, "whatever possessed him to give up his beautiful old home near Oreauville and come away out here so far from the city to live in this lonely place?"

"He lost his home by some financial misfortune. He tried hard to save it, but had to give it up to pay off debts. He is such a good man 'twas a pity he had to lose it."

In a few minutes more they drew up in front of the cottage, which looked so neat and cosy, half hidden behind honeysuckle and Marechalneil-rose vines.

"Good morning," rang out Flossy's clear sweet voice. "I am so glad to see you both. How did you get here so early? You must have traveled all night. Come in and—sister!" she called with evident joy, "come here, I've a surprise for you."

Before the young men could say scarcely a word, Pearl came tripping in from the back porch, where she had been arranging some flowers in a vase to adorn the breakfast table. Her cheeks were all aglow, her large black eyes dancing shyly behind their long dark lashes, as if they were afraid some one might espy them in their glee, and with her pretty little mouth wreathed in smiles she extended a most cordial welcome to both her old friends. As he pressed the hand and looked once more into the face of her whom he loved, Percy's heart beat wildly, and with no little effort he suppressed the emotions that surged in his breast. She had grown even more beautiful in the ten months he had been separated from her. He remembered the past, and how from a lithesome little girl with dark curls and cherry face, she had grown to a tall graceful woman of perfect brunette type, the very ideal he had long wished to see.

He himself had become a strong handsome young man and had just entered upon his twenty-first year. Only a few weeks ago he had returned from college, where he had won not only

distinction as a student, but the love and esteem of his fellows.

That day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, as well as the young ladies, for Harold and Percy were both favorites of the family, and it had been such a long time since they had all met together.

On the following evening as the sun was slowly descending its westerly course, tinging the fleecy clouds with a lining of gold and casting a mellow light over the rolling landscape, a buggy was drawn up before the gate, into which Percy and Miss Pearl seated themselves and started for a drive. The evening was calm and serene, the breezes gently swayed the tree-tops and flowing grain as if nodding a welcome to the passers-by. Driving along a strip of woodland that lined the banks of a murmuring stream, the voice of the mocking bird could be heard as it warbled its twilight song of love to its mate. As the low sweet notes floated out upon the air and fell upon the ear of the two young persons, it simultaneously awoke in their minds and hearts the thoughts and emotions of the love that had long existed between them. For a few moments the conversation ceased and each seemed to be lost in some sweet reverie. Percy was the first to break the silence. Slowly turning to her, his eyes fell upon that pure sweet face so full of beauty and modesty, his heart grew warm within him; he gently took her hand in his and as her eyes turned from his gaze he said in a voice of tenderness and emotion:

“Miss Pearl, for long years there has been growing in my heart a deep admiration for you; under the sweet influences of your winning manners, loving disposition, pure and noble life with its kindly feelings toward me, that admiration has ripened into love, pure and tender. My mission in life is a sacred one, the responsibilities are great, and I feel that only with such a life as yours to bless and sweeten my own, can I fulfill my calling to the greatest good. I have never loved another, there is none other that can fill the place in my heart occupied by you. And

now I come and offer you all the affection, all the love soul can give. Will you not accept it and help me fulfill my highest ambition—the good of mankind and the glory of God?”

Her face colored a deeper hue, her eyes turned from their gaze upon the scenes around them and fell at her feet, and for a few moments there was an unbroken silence. She seemed to be deeply troubled, as if struggling with some mighty foe. Slowly she raised her soft dreamy eyes to his, a single tear trickled down her blushing cheek, and in a tremulous voice she replied:

“Percy, you can never know the joy that thrills the heart of a woman when a true noble man makes such a declaration of love to her, as you have done, and the honor you have thus bestowed upon me is one any woman would be proud of. I have never known what it was to love another, and had many times looked forward to the days, the happiest days of a woman’s life, when we should be supremely happy in our little home. I have for a long time known that you loved me, but the day I received your letter telling me that you had been received as a candidate for the ministry and that you would soon enter upon the work of preparation for your sacred calling, ’twas then I saw my faint hopes vanish. I felt that my life was not worthy of the position it should occupy as your help-meet, and greater than this my religious convictions would never permit me to change my church relations, which I must do to worthily and better help you in your labors. Oh, it was a severe trial to reconcile myself to my lot, but I have well considered it, have earnestly prayed over it, and at last I am resigned to the will of an All-wise Providence. It pained me so, Percy, to”—but the sentence was left unfinished.

She gently withdrew her hand from his, turned her gaze into the distance as if watching the flight of something very dear to her that she knew was gone forever.

“Miss Pearl,” said Percy, in a voice of deepest sadness,

“this day I have laid away in the tomb that which was dearer to me than life, the happiness that you only can give. I go out into the world to seek and save the lost, to comfort the broken-hearted, and to lead the wandering sons of earth to a haven of eternal rest. Without your presence to brighten and bless my life, I shall never obtain so high a degree of usefulness, nor will this broken, bleeding heart find perfect rest, till we are reunited in that land where the weary are at rest.”

* * * * * * *

In a distant land beyond the seas, amid a people groping in the darkness of sin and superstition, there labored for many years a faithful, consecrated minister of the gospel, who by his sympathy and love and Christian zeal won precious souls for the Master, and pointed many poor, benighted, footsore wanderers of earth to a blissful eternity.

On the banks of a placid little stream in a lonely spot there is a rude monument of stones made by rough though loving hands, and chiseled in a large stone at its summit these words:

“REV. PERCY ARLINGTON, D. D.

“‘We Love Him because He First Loved Us.’”

—VILAN.

COMPETITIVE ESSAY NO. III.

Higher Co-Education.

Foremost among the problems of to-day are educational problems. They demand and are enlisting for their solution the most keen and alert thinkers of the time. Their bearing on questions of a social and political nature is being seen as never before. And this is rightly so; for they are most vitally related to all true national progress and to all real advancement in civilization. They affect the well-being of individuals and deter-

mine to a great extent their mutual relations. Of these higher education claims its share of thoughtful attention. Co-education in the higher branches, though a fact more and more forcing itself upon the thinking and intelligent world, is still regarded by some as of doubtful propriety and questionable advantages. To examine its grounds and exhibit its advantages is the purpose of this paper.

Before proceeding directly to establish the expediency of Higher Co-education, let us lay down two general principles respecting the mutual relation of the sexes, in the light of which the question may be discussed. First, they are complementary in character, nature and disposition. Each has what the other has not. They are not the same but diverse. There is intellectual and moral, as well as physical, sex. Not only is woman frailer and her nervous organization more delicate, but her mind is more sprightly, more imaginative, more sentimental ; not fitted like man's for dry abstraction and patient, careful analysis. Her moral and spiritual nature is also of finer fibre than his. Her affection is purer, her sympathy quicker and more tender, her moral intuitions clearer and more unerring than man's. The happiness of both depends on each asking and receiving what the other alone can give. How inexcusable, then, to speak of the superiority of one sex over the other as if they could be compared in similar things. Each completes, and is completed, by the other.

The second principle in whose light the question of Higher Co-education should be examined for a right conclusion is in regard to the respective positions of man and woman in the homes, in society and in the state. Their functions in society and in the state will be determined by those in the home, for these are but family relation expanded. The duties of each in the home-circle are the natural outcome of their diversity in character and nature. Man is naturally the head, the leader. His power is pre-eminently for action, progress and defense ; his energy for

adventure, discovery and conquest. Woman's power is not suited for meeting the rough conflicts, the perils and trials of life, but for quiet sympathy and sweet counsel. She was ordained to be a true companion and effective help-meet of man. She is not the shadow of his will or the blind slave of his caprice, but created for his comfort, his cheer and encouragement. Again, it is not altogether true that man's duty is public and woman's private. Each has a public duty to society and the state, the expansion of that in the home. Here as before woman's work is to comfort, to cheer, to train young life, by her quiet example and noble influence. Man's duty toward the state is to defend, advance and maintain its integrity. The mission and rights of each can never with safety or propriety be separated, but rightly understood they aid and increase the vigor, honor and authority of both.

We need scarcely do more than take for granted that higher education is desirable for woman, especially in view of a right conception of her relations to man. Facts bear witness that she is both capable and desirous of utilizing the opportunities for such education already within her reach, and we have only to consider her functions in the home and her relation to society to see her need of it. She needs it to fulfill her highest and holiest earthly duty as the guide and example of her children. She needs it because of her relations to social life and civil well-being. The scope and depth of her knowledge is not essentially different from man's, but her mode of knowing is not the same. "A woman in any rank of life ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way." It is of the highest importance that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought, educated to high ideals of life, and led to appreciate the meaning and the beauty of natural laws.

Having thus seen the need of higher education for woman as well as man, in the light of their mutual dependence and relation in the family and in society, we come to the expediency of

Higher Co-education. In verifying this position, let us note the intimate association of the sexes in the home and in early life. The fact that members of both sexes are born into the same family and united in the closest intimacy for a number of years offers ground for the inference that they should remain so, not only during their early training, but throughout the whole period of education. What picture is more beautiful or sacred than that of a home where brother and sister share their work and loving sympathy with each other, and where father and mother are loved and honored by their children? What more innocent or happy scene can be imagined than the joyous mingling of the sexes in childhood? Why then destroy this association when the unconscious intimacy of men and women is most essential? Why interrupt it at the time when childhood is just beginning to ripen into maturity?

Again, whenever members of either sex are massed together for a considerable time and debarred from habitual intercourse with the other, they naturally lose refinement of manners and degenerate in morals. The monastic type of life, wherever found, is always productive of evil and abnormal conditions. Individuals of each sex are naturally more interested in those of the other than of their own, and when this check is removed they soon drift away from safety and self-respect. What is bad policy at any time of life is especially so at the period when passion is strongest and most uncontrolled, when will-power is weakest, and judgment least cautious. Is it any wonder that habits and tastes are sometimes acquired that unfit for happiness and usefulness in life?

Moreover, when we examine the effects of associating the sexes while in college, we find them far more beneficial than otherwise. All unconsciously perhaps, it tends to the betterment of each. The natural desire for the respect of individuals of the other sex, dwelling alike in both, is the chief regulative principle of their conduct toward each other. A properly regu-

lated intercourse of the sexes tends, in any rank of society, to develop genial manners and promote good morals. Under these conditions, gallantry and grace are called forth and with common intellectual ideals, informal association, equal treatment, and hard work, the sexes are stimulated to do and be their best. The incentive to be true to the highest and noblest instincts of their nature here has full sway. Here the sexes mingle without undue self-consciousness. Frankness supplants affectation and encourages good comradeship. Here opportunity is afforded each sex for an intimate and most desirable acquaintance with the inner life and character of the other. Friendship rests upon mutual knowledge and affection is tempered with soberness and judgment. The steady glow of friendship outshines the feeble flickerings of a sentimental love. The daily helpful intercourse, made necessary by the similarity of work, cultivates an altruistic spirit in contrast with the selfish, self-centered life of those college students isolated from the opposite sex. Such association makes possible that interchange of personal experience between sexes which is the best foundation for life's duties and happiness.

The beneficial effects of Higher Co-education are felt all through life. Happy and congenial marriage is often the result of this close intimacy. Though not necessarily the outcome, it is natural and proper that it should be so. That it is nevertheless of a most desirable kind is almost self-evident. Here we find opportunity for acquaintance among those most congenial in social position, education and ideals, and an intimate knowledge of the character and tastes of kindred minds. The road to matrimony here is not by the uncertain path of flirtation, but by the safe footway of tried friendship. Even when young men and women emerge from college walls never to meet again, they have yet been better prepared by the influence they have exerted on each other for making a happy and suitable choice elsewhere. All speed to such noble influences as these.

—AVOGADRO.

To My Love.

What if the way of life be steep
And strewn with many a boulder,
Since you and I together keep,
With shoulder touching shoulder.

The roughest path on the mountain drear
Grows smooth with you to share it;
The heaviest burden of life, my dear,
Is light if you help me bear it.

Yes, life is sweet, since, side by side
We travel, with Love to guide us.
Though the way be long, and the world be wide,
There's naught but death can divide us.

And if, as we walk together, one day,
The one or the other be taken,
Together soon, at the end of the way,
In a new life of love we'll awaken.

—ROMEO.

In Montezuma's Treasure-House.

We were sitting before the fire one winter's night, telling our experiences since leaving school three years before. It was the first time that we had all been together, and each one was eyeing the others curiously, noting the changes that the years had made. There was Bob Durmund, humorously styled at college "The Young Man Four Square," on account of the remarkable symmetry of his figure. Beside him sat little Tommy Perkins, who gloried in the name of "The Mastodon." On the other side of the fireplace sat Harry Smyth, called "Whiskers," probable because no one had ever been able to discover the

slightest trace of such ornaments on his jocund visage. As for myself, I am a nondescript, who has never had a nick-name whereof to boast, very likely because even my best friends have declared that I have so many oddities that it is impossible to say which is the most striking.

We four had been chums at the "Teck," and had parted on our graduation day with the most solemn vows not to let a year go by without meeting together and giving some account of our doings—a vow which, I am sorry to say, was immediately broken through, not without effort on the part of the four to keep it. But at last things had happened which had brought us together again, and we were talking away at a rate which showed that we were trying to make up for lost time.

Each had given an account of himself save Bob, and now we all demanded to know what he had been doing to kill time since we had last seen him. Bob slowly knocked the ashes out of his pipe and reached out, as of old, after the "Mastodon's" refilled, lighted up and began:

"You know that after I left school I went out to New Mexico and got a job on a railroad that was being put through that country. I stayed out there about a year and heard a lot of stories about some old Aztec mines which, it was said, were hidden somewhere up in the mountains.

"One day I was out on a little trip into the foot-hills, and as I was riding along the bed of a dried-up stream I came upon an old Indian, who was apparently about at the end of his row. He was lying in the shade of a big rock, and seemed to be in great pain. I went up to him and saw that he had been struck just above the ankle by a rattler, the body of which lay near by. I had made it a rule never to go out on any trip without some medicine with me in case of an accident, for that country is full of 'diamond bucks' and you are liable to be touched before you know it. So I pulled a bottle of 'red-eye' out of my saddle-bags and poured some of the liquor down the old fellow's throat.

Then I dressed his leg as well as I could and went my way.

“Two or three months passed and I had almost forgotten my Indian, when one day he walked into my office and without a word laid a heavy gold nugget on my desk and then stalked out again. Where the old fellow had gotten the gold puzzled me not a little, and I began to think that there might be something in the stories of the Aztec mines, after all. Some time after this I got a month off and accepted the invitation of a young friend to go up among the mountains on a hunting trip, and incidentally to look for the hidden mines.

“Nothing rewarded our search for some time, but one day as I was out on the side of a hill, about ten miles from camp. something happened which no doubt will surprise you. I had grown tired and had sat down to rest on the side of one of those small gullies which cut deep into the hills in that country, when who should appear but my old Indian himself. He grunted to me by way of recognition, and then turned and beckoned me to follow him. He led the way up the gully for some distance, then turned and walked rapidly in the direction of one of the tallest peaks of the range. For some time we walked straight on and then turned to the right, and finally reached the base of an high cliff, which at first sight looked insurmountable. However, my guide knew his way, for after following the base of the cliff for a hundred yards we came upon a wild goat-path which zigzagged up the bluff. Up this we scrambled and, then feeling our way for some distance along a narrow ledge, came to the mouth of a small cave.

“My guide entered and I followed, though to tell the truth, I felt considerably shaky. The cave remained low and narrow for some distance, but at last it opened out into a great room, on the walls of which the marks of human hands were plainly discernable. The Indian did not stop, but led the way through a series of smaller rooms, from which side corridors branched out

in every direction, until we arrived at a room whose ceiling was so low that I could touch it with my hand.

"But little attention did I pay to the place, for, when my eyes became accustomed to the dim twilight, I could see great golden and silver vessels stacked against the walls, bars of gold and silver were piled in great heaps here and there, and there could be seen chests filled with precious stones and jewelry made after the old Aztec fashions. I was amazed, and turned to my guide, but he was gone. How he had gotten away without my knowing it I could not for the life of me imagine; but he was not to be seen, nor did any answer come to my repeated calls.

"And now, at the farthest end of the chamber, I spied an old suit of Spanish armor, richly inlaid, and the truth flashed upon me that I was in the hidden treasure-house of Montezuma, the last ill-fated lord of the Aztecs.

"Yes, there I was gazing at such treasures as even Cortez and his band of vandal countrymen had never dreamed of; there with enough wealth about me to pay the national debt, but how to get away from there was the question of supreme importance. I had taken no heed of the number of rooms we had traversed, nor to the winding corridors, and I realized that I was in a fair way to add my bones to the treasures already contained in the chamber. I did not care to burden myself with much of the treasure, so, collecting one or two of the handsomest ornaments and some fine emeralds, I began to grope my way along the corridors which led away from the Aztec strong box.

"How long I remained I cannot tell, but at last I became so weary that I stumbled and fell. I must have been on the brink of some vast chasm, for I felt myself falling—falling—until I felt sure that I must have taken the air-line for China. I still clutched the jewelry in my hand, and, strange as it may seem, the thought struck me that perhaps they would never be of any use to me.

“However, everything—even falls—must have an end, so finally I hit the bottom of the gully on the side of which I had sat down to rest a few minutes before.”

Bob reached out his hand for the “Mastodon’s” sack, and in a plaintive tone remarked:

“And the worst thing about it was that these plagued jewels that I had been clutching so hard was really my lunch, and it was so mashed I could hardly eat it.” —H.

Ashes of a Dream.

Oh me! that I a poet were
Like sweet-toned Wordsworth in his day,
The lover’s muse I’d so invoke,
That she could not but heed my lay.

But of all the muses men invoke
What one could so inspire as she,
Whose charms these hasty lines invoke,
Whose eye in fancy beams on me?

Oh! do you ask if I remember
That San Jacinto day so bright?
As well ask one in late December
If he recalls last spring’s sunlight!

A party we of twenty were,
A merry group as e’er was seen;
But thoughts are mine of only her,
Of young delight so wondrous keen.

My friend, young Rogers, was to go
As escort to this maid so fair,
But I was quicker here, and so
This nymph and I made up one pair.

I dreamed not then there was the dart,
 Well hidden 'neath her artless charm,
 With which she'd pierce that day my heart ;
 But this I learned to my own harm.
 To harm? To harm. For she was quite
 Too young to know or care that I
 E'en then, with ardor of a knight,
 For her would almost dare to die.
 When two years older she became,
 Though I'd not seen her all that while,
 Surprising her my letter came
 To woo my Love and seek her smile.
 An honest girl, she'd give her heart
 In full or not her hand. She did
 Not love ; but hope she did impart—
 She did not all my love forbid.
 She said to love me she might learn—
 That I might love her, if I chose.
 Meantime the fire would fiercely burn—
 But thus with man it often goes!
 Another year thus passed away—
 Another—still she stood aloof!
 But coming nearer, seemed, each day ;
 She'd almost deign of this the proof.
 O happy day, of which I dream,
 Draw near—I see her ne'er so bright !
 Her eyes with joy do fairly beam ;
 She's won no more true love to slight.
 Alas ! 'tis but a vexing dream !
 Farewell, sweet face ! farewell, fond hopes !
 Farewell, what might have been. Ye seem
 To have come to tantalize my soul. —J. A. P.

Where Place Erasmus?

Erasmus lived in those interesting times when

“Other futures stir the world’s great heart,
Europe is come to her majority,
And enters on the vast inheritance
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors,
The seeds, the germs, the silent harps
That lay deep buried with the memories of old renown.”

Now this renewed interest in the classics, to which George Eliot here refers, or more generally speaking, the Revival of Learning, was only one of several more or less distinct, yet mutually dependent, movements which created a new world. The Literary Revival, the rise of European Nationalism, on the ruins of Feudalism, the awakening of the masses to a sense of their rights, the Protestant Reformation; historians have often given a false coloring to the beginnings of modern times according as they have been prejudiced in favor of one or another of these movements. Even in their origin they were not entirely independent, much less in their influence. The career of Erasmus very happily illustrates this fact.

The statement of a French writer that man alone is perennially interesting to man is more applicable to one’s attitude towards others than as to himself in many respects. Hence the interest on the part of most men in biography and fiction is greater than that in the studies of the mind. But Macaulay declares that that biography is the most interesting which makes the reader enter into the spirit of his hero, think his thoughts, experience his feelings, act his acts, be for the time being the man himself. Obviously, we cannot maintain this attitude toward a bad character. His biography, if it is readable, must make us not catch his spirit but resist it; we cannot become for

the time being the man himself, but are delighted with his reverses, his thoughts, feelings, and acts we cannot make our own, being thoroughly opposed to them.

Erasmus is one of those characters seldom met with among the influential with whom we cannot thoroughly identify ourselves in spirit, yet he is not altogether repellent; his opinions, motives, and deeds, if we cannot make them our very own, yet are we moved powerfully to enter into them to a great extent. If he had been characterized by the heroic, as was his contemporary, Martin Luther, our sympathy for him and his work would be unbounded; he would, in that case be Desiderius, indeed, "dearly loved" of all men. If his prudence and moderation had degenerated into the laxity of principle not unknown in his admirer, Henry VIII., he would be thoroughly detestable.

His biography in the latter case, because it would show the weakness of man in opposing truth and right, would be interesting; profitable, because it would strengthen the moral nature by an exercise of resentment as to a worthless creature.

First of all we must understand Erasmus' religion and general moral character, for these elements determine one's connection in many important directions. For, surely, if history is the biography of great men, as Carlyle says, the causes of events are not much understood until we explore beneath their surface and discover the inner, the spiritual, life of men. In his early days, though not with his hearty consent, Erasmus tasted something of the "religion" of his time. Monasticism soon disgusted him. But, not as was the case with Luther, that out of which the system grew, particularly, a feeling for the necessity of deep religious experience, did not entertain the literary enthusiast. He shunned theology not only lest he should be found a heretic, but also because he had no taste for that line of study. He is said to be at his worst in his disputes on the freedom of the will. Referring difficulties in theology to

"original sin," he declared to be no better than relying on astrology.

Erasmus lacked seriousness, and the faith that makes heroes. Yet, if there is any truth in the saying that man is a bundle of contradictions, surely, there is some application thereof to Erasmus; and we must make paradoxical statements in describing him. He was serious. The very fact that he saw the meaninglessness of the religion of his time indicates a deeper insight and feeling than many of his day possessed. "It is my desire," he said, on publishing his New Testament, "to lead back that cold disputer of words, styled theology, to its real fountain." He did not regard his Greek Testament a mere contribution to learning, but expressed his wish that it might be very serviceable to Christianity. There is not concealed beneath his saying, "I fear that with the study of ancient literature, the old paganism will reappear," a sarcasm implying that he desired that result. And so the frequent comparison of the scholar of Rotterdam with Voltaire may be misleading. They had much in common, but the Dutchman was not the free-thinker that France produced; comparatively, he clung very closely to Christianity. He contended for freedom of thought, but for nothing that would eliminate the truly religious. This liking for liberty grew out of his very nature; it grew out of his appreciation of the difficulties and unsettled state of religious doctrine; but more than this, he had great interest in his personal safety. It was to his interest that there be a pretty wide toleration as to belief, for he consciously held many views not "orthodox."

Though thus concerned for Christianity, the times demanded a very decided stand on one side or the other. Should the book writer become Protestant or remain on the side of the Papacy?

At first he seemed very much Protestant. The Reformation was the embodiment of a principle for which he, himself, was a champion, opposition to superstition. Wittenberg, the center of the reform movement in Germany, was diligent in upholding

learning. The evangelical preachers were seeking to emancipate human reason from the fetters imposed by the church. For a while, the leader of the humanists was on the best of terms with the monk of Wittenberg, Luther, and for a longer period with Melanethon and others of the reformers.

Without going into detail as to the disputes which led to the complete rupture between Luther and Erasmus, and which caused the latter to set himself quite firmly against the Reformation, let it be said that the personal element had its influence. The scholar saw, too, that the Reformation did not mean a renewed interest in letters, but only a new type of dogma, and we have noticed the literary gentleman's aversion for doctrine. But the essential fact is of more importance, Erasmus had not the character of a true reformer. Luther saw through his time-serving spirit, and invited him to be a spectator of the great tragedy in which he was not fit to be an actor. He was deficient in courage, timid. Trembling at the name of death, he was over-cautious as to his health, more than once running from a contagious malady. Hear him speak thus, "If the corrupted morals of the court of Rome call for a more prompt and vigorous treatment, that is no business of mine, nor of those like me." Elsewhere he intimates that men of the type of Luther were effecting the greatest results. "Let others aspire to martyrdom," he said, "as for me I do not think myself worthy of such an honor." A disadvantageous peace, he is quoted as saying, is better than the most righteous war; yea he would sacrifice a part of the truth for the sake of peace. "Let troubles be everywhere avoided," was his motto. "Wretch that I am; who could have foreseen this horrible tempest," was his declaration when he saw the result of sending forth his Greek Testament. The longings for the comforts of life, a selfish vanity, and a great desire for reputation, a disposition too much in love with peace disqualified the man whose controlling passion was a zeal for letters for the work of a reformer. Yet we must believe him at heart very

much in sympathy with the Protestant cause, and that his efforts in defending the Papacy did not grow out of a love for the hierarchical system of his day. A writer has described two heavens—the Papal and the Christian. Erasmus is found in neither, but may be seen revolving in never ceasing orbs between both.

While Erasmus, himself, somewhat tacitly admitted this weakness of his character and his methods, he heartily adopted that middle course of prudence so useful in its effects, but reflecting little honor upon the personal character of its author. He belonged to the whole world. Born at Rotterdam, he spoke and wrote for the most part in Latin, and every State of Europe was more or less acquainted with the Dutchman. Partaking in general of the growing spirit of advance of his day, having the complete sympathy of the increasing body of Humanists, possessing attainments seldom reached by men, being an indefatigable worker, by his skill warding off the blows of the State and Church which would have crushed most persons attempting his boldness, the satirist has been pronounced the most influential man of his age.

But it is as to the character of Erasmus rather than his influence, that writers are not agreed. That the latter was in various and even opposite directions, all admit, but how explain it as taking its rise, more or less consciously, in a single individual? The different estimates along this line, may, in the main, be reduced to two. Either Erasmus was extremely "reasonable" say some; and this highly impressible nature which he possessed, this ready response to every vibration of the environment, explain the varied and somewhat contradictory character of his acts; as others have it, he lacked courage. Now "conformity to environment" may, in minds of a certain type, be all that there is in that mysterious thing, life; but certainly there is often more and greater life, morally speaking, in opposition to environment. And so Erasmus can hardly be described except as possessing traits close akin to fickleness. Yet there is an element in this

many sidedness of his nature which all admire. In a word the two estimates of his character may be united. Erasmus had convictions but was not the man to carry them out; yet he was of that disposition that makes that trait less blameworthy.

—J. F. EDDINS.

Antony and Cleopatra.

The subject of Antony's and Cleopatra's career is by no means an unusual one in literature, neither this particular subject nor the general kind to which it belongs. The loves of Lancelot and Guenevere, of Tristram and Iscult, of Paris and Helen, of Antony and Cleopatra, and other interesting if not very innocent lovers, have been in all times among the favorite subjects for imaginative treatment. At first sight this might not argue for the morality of our literature, nevertheless the spirit of the treatment counts more than the subject. But leaving generalizations "turn we now" to a particular example of such a subject treated imaginatively by the king of poets, the "Antony and Cleopatra" of Shakspeare.

The curtain rises for the First Act in Cleopatra's palace at Alexandria, where Antony appears to be tied fast by the charms of Queen Cleopatra. This forms technically the "introduction" of the drama, and the natural course of things which in the drama is to be complicated and resolved, may be taken as the smooth course of love between Antony and Cleopatra.

The first interruption of this "course of true love," if it deserve so dignified a name, comes very early in the play, when "a Roman thought" strikes Antony, and the messenger from Rome, formerly denied entrance to him, is received. The message, which tells him that affairs at Rome demand his presence, and that his wronged wife is dead, makes him leave Alexandria, and sunder his connection with Cleopatra.

And so he goes to Rome, where this first complication of the story is still further heightened. For he once more becomes closely involved in Roman affairs, and is married again, this time to the admirable Octavia, sister of Octavius Cæsar. This carries the complication of the story to its greatest height.

Meanwhile there is trouble in the palace at Alexandria, where time is going by on leaden wings. Then comes the news that Antony has married Octavia, whereupon this very charming queen gives the messenger a beating with her own fair hands. But soon there appears a rift in the cloud which obscures the fortunes of Antony and Cleopatra. For she learns from the messenger who has brought the news of Antony's marriage what is the sum of Octavia's beauty; and is so well satisfied that her own will conquer that we who see the play are satisfied too.

This is not the only hint that Antony's and Cleopatra's old relations are to be renewed. There has been a correspondence between them ever since he has left Alexandria, while on the very day that he makes his promises to his bride Octavia, he sees the soothsayer from Cleopatra's court and is positively decided to return to Alexandria. The famous description by Enobarbus, the "chorus" of the play, of Cleopatra on the river Cydnus, gives one such an impression of her beauty and charm that Antony's return to her seems to be inevitable.

From the scene where Cleopatra indulges this hope of regaining Antony, the dramatist carries us over seas to Athens. A change in the aspect of affairs is evident. Cæsar and Antony are at swords' points again, and Octavia is about to set out for Rome to intercede for her husband. When she arrives there, she is greeted with the news that Antony has broken faith and returned to his Cleopatra. From this point Antony's destruction, and Cleopatra's too, begins to hasten on. The infatuation which is the prelude to his destruction is settled firmly on him. This "strong delusion" makes him wage a sea-battle at Actium, though every man from general to common soldier urges the

safer course of a battle by land. The Egyptian fleet turns rudder, and the beginning of the end is come. Events go on in like manner till the second desertion on the Egyptians' part at Alexandria seals his fate.

During this time the course of love between these royal lovers has not been altogether smooth. The Egyptian desertion at Athens has caused one separation, which on account of Antony's generous temper is quickly healed; but the second desertion of her fleet at Alexandria is a more serious matter. In fact it brings on the catastrophe. For his anger is so violent—he holds Cleopatra responsible for the fleet's destruction—that in fear she locks herself in her monument and makes her servant report to Antony that she is dead. And so by this lie she causes him to take his life, and her own death soon follows.

With the beginning of this catastrophe the beauty and force of the whole play begins to crystallize in some of the most perfect scenes that Shakspeare or anybody has ever written, while all that is to be admired either in Antony or Cleopatra comes now into evidence. All the greatness of Antony's heart, so great by nature, all his courtesy toward friend or servant, all his great love for this Egyptian queen, are crystalized and concentrated in proportion as his approaching end quickens his perceptions. With Cleopatra it is the same way. Antony's death before her eyes has marshalled all her faculties and tuned them to their highest pitch. Her love for Antony, dead on her account, and her fear of playing a base part in Cæsar's Roman triumph, bring her to the final resolution which puts the asps to her arm. What beauty there is in her comes out in this scene in its strongest colors. Her death is the noblest part of her career, while Antony goes out in a sort of glimmer of his former glory.

With this outline of the play, it may be worth while to consider Shakspeare's characterization in this play. And to avoid complexity, it will be enough to consider the characterization of

Antony, for with him the other characters are very closely involved. It has been noted that the Antony of the play is an idealized and much softened copy of the Historical Antony. Some hints have been given already of his magnanimity. This seems to be his constant and most prominent trait. Even in his deepest despair he is the soul of gentleness, not to friends alone, but even to the meanest of his attendants. Enobarbus turned traitor receives his goods sent to Cæsar's camp by Antony, and his remorse makes him weary of life. When Antony's fortunes are ebbing he bids his soldiers seek their own safety and leave him to his fate. There is no trace of any ungenerousness, any rudeness, or any suspiciousness, save only the suspicion of Cleopatra which he could not help, since the guilty atmosphere they breathed was full of doubt and suspicion.

It has often been remarked of "Julius Cæsar" that the character from whom it takes its name is treated for the most part epically, that is by the words and actions of others rather than by his own. There is something of the same thing in the treatment of Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," namely that a considerable part of one's impression of him is obtained in the same way. For example the very first words of the play, spoken by a friend of Antony, give us the picture of Antony, which the whole play demonstrates and impresses, of a man great by nature making himself little by his practices. Then Enobarbus, who has been called the "chorus of the play," impresses constantly this same idea. These are but examples. The expressions of the other characters, both friends and enemies, are very frequent and full, and to the same purpose, to such an extent that this impression of Antony is inevitable.

The characterization of Antony is a good example of development in character. Antony's development is of course downward. "The great Roman soldier," says Dowden, "gradually loses his energy, his judgment, and even his joy in life; at last the despair of spent forces settles down upon him, and it is only

out of despair that he snatches strength enough to fight fiercely when driven to bay. He is the ruin of Cleopatra's magic."

If there should be a doubt in anybody's mind as to the morality or wholesomeness of this play, this fact of Antony's downward development, like that of Lucifer in "Paradise Lost," ought to settle it effectually. Shakspeare is pre-eminently moral, and if he were not so here it would be against his use. Not that he preaches, for he is first and last an artist, but he draws true pictures of life, and leaves the rest to us who see the play. He does not set a text and preach a sermon on the evils of an unlawful passion, but draws with bold true strokes a man whom nature had made a great soldier and statesman, whom she had given generous impulses and the traits that win friends, but who has weakened himself by indulgence, and mutilated the image of God within him. Here as everywhere else our Shakspeare is the truest of all poets, and as the truest, the greatest.

—GEORGE SUMMEY, Jr.

Editorials.

A MOST interesting table of statistics has been posted in the Y. M. C. A. assembly hall for some weeks. It is a sheet called *Statistics for Day of Prayer for Colleges*, the data for which has been gathered by the Theological Seminary of Princeton. In this form we have presented figures showing the spiritual standing of thirty-seven of the leading universities and colleges of the United States. There is no indication as to the basis of selection, but the names show it to be a fairly representative gathering, and it forms the basis of a reasonable judgment as to the condition of our institutions of higher learning. Twelve add the remark "very encouraging" to their report, but in some cases the figures would scarcely seem to warrant the verdict. Nineteen write "encouraging" after the report. Six add "not very encouraging" or "quiet" to their figures. We must give large margin for personal differences of judgment in the comments, yet the general view is hopeful. Our own University was reported "not very encouraging" because the judgment was rendered with what we ought to be in view of our special privileges as a standard.

Turning to the definite statistics we find many interesting facts. In these thirty-seven institutions are gathered 24,378 students. Of this number 13,430 are professing Christians. The proportion therefor is more than one Christian to every two students. With this as a basis, or with even a less percentage of Christians, we are made to realize what a vast army of educated men and women are going forth as followers of Christ. In these institutions during the past year there were 177 accessions to the Master's army. When we remember the ten thousand temptations and counter influences of college life these figures indicate a work of Grace. Some colleges have had very marked blessing in this particular, one with 362 students, numbering 56 conversions.

A large number of the students are in Bible classes under control of Y. M. C. A., and very many of the institutions have Bible courses in the curriculum as required or elective. There are 499 students for the ministry and 170 volunteers in these col-

leges. The contribution for missions amounted to \$3,210. In this matter of giving we find some strange contrasts. Harvard, with 4,000 students, gave \$25; Yale, with 1,179 students, gave \$1,383. We refrain from comment upon many striking facts. Our own institution contributed nothing because no movement was set on foot. We have this year already begun a good work in this line.

A view of these facts ought to encourage, and yet warn us. A large work is being done among the young men, whose post will be that of leadership in the coming years, but are we adding our part to the great work; are we proving true to the abundant privileges we enjoy?

CENTURIES, like magazines (not colleges papers, however), some one has said, come out before their dates. Certainly, events are no respecters of years. Looking at history mainly from the point of view of artificial periods of time is not at all satisfactory, yet the point of juncture between the centuries is naturally made the occasion of retrospect and prophesy. This is true as to the past and future of the work of the press. Now, though not a master of literature, nor a prophet as to its future one may appreciate the views of authorities on the subject. As far as we have been able to observe, there is no authority who seems to find reason to expect an era of originality in literature during the coming decades. There may be an abundance of new material for writing, by reason of discoveries and events, as well as through the inventive genius of man's imagination, but recording new facts, or known facts in a new way, is not the essence of originality from a literary and artistic point of view. Now, it is true that literature in general is not classed as one of the fine arts, as is poetry, but there may be much of art in the former. It is in this sense especially, when we speak of the art in literature, when we speak of literature as the work of the "spirit of man," that we speak of the decline of originality. Remembering this, then, that by originality we mean the transference of self, the breathing forth of personality into the printed page, we may see some hindrances in our modern modes of thought and activity which militate against that element. Mention can be made here of only one or two of these hindrances.

This is an age of science rather than of art. Accordingly,

a scientific treatment of a subject is becoming our ideal. It is sought after, not only in text-books and works of the learned, but even in popular writings. Now a writing, of course, may be both scientific and artistic (i. e. original, in the sense explained) but conscious efforts at the former tend to eliminate the latter element in the case of many. So we may rest assured that while our coming books will have the advantages (and these are superlative) of scientific treatment, it will often be at the expense of another much prized element, the personal element, the expression of character. Again, it is most true that our literature is becoming more and more but the reflex of its readers. The press is a huge machine for catering to the masses. Demand regulates the character of supply. And this means a very "Slaughter house of mind," death to the expression of personality. Circulation is the measure of the success of a journal or a book, but this necessity of circulation is death to progress of thought and intensity of emotion, essential elements in a live literature.

OF course the press is influential. There is much truth in the statement that the press is responsible for the sentiment of the populace, but mainly from a negative point of view. That is, if the press would oppose, resolutely or otherwise, that sentiment, it would often change it. But as the matter now stands the papers and books most read are but the expression, rather than the creation of the opinions of their readers; of course, they are to a great extent influential, in that they encourage tendencies already begun, in our popular thought, and in that they somewhat direct those tendencies. But the supreme fact remains, that as long as the mercenary, the professional spirit, the effort at popularity is the dominating influences in our literature it must be not of a creative, a highly influential kind.

FICTION! Fiction! Fiction! Such a demand, such a supply. Novels historical, and novels non-historical and novels unhistorical. Good novels and bad novels. Political, sentimental, problematical novels. Novels religious, and irreligious. And there are novels philosophical and philosophistical. Surely, if we go by the puffs of the reviewers, the record of sales of publishers and the estimate of the majority of readers, this is emphatically the era of fiction in literature.

The Monthly Mail.

The fiction in this month's *University of Virginia Magazine* is below the standard which that excellent journal usually maintains. The first story, "Jekiel," a long piece written for the most part in the dialect of the Carolina negro does tolerably well, but could be improved, while the other, "It's an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good," is not well written at all, and is utterly devoid of interest. The little play, "'97-98," is a very good thing of its kind, and is the more welcome because of the lack of that sort of work in the average college publication. But what this issue lacks in other ways it fully makes up in the quality of the verse with which its pages are replete. Of the poems, "A Vision" is the longest, and perhaps the best. We beg leave to insert one verse, which we consider particularly fine:

"And then I felt a thrill of purest joy;
I looked again upon the life of Him
And found therein the cure for human sin,
That powers of hell can never more destroy
His cup of suffering filled to the brim;
He drank for every soul that e'er hath been."

"The Ballad of Red O'Roure" is a weird, ghastly sort of thing; with nevertheless a certain rythm about it that gives it a charm and leaves an impression on the reader. We wish to compliment the magazine on the success of "Aftermath," a department given up to short sketches and pieces of verse, which do not find a place in the regular literary department. The idea is a good one and could be copied with profit by the college papers.

We observe quite an improvement in the *Emory Phoenix* for this month over some of the earlier issues of the year. This number contains two very good articles, the one being a short sketch of the poet, Henry Timrod; the other a brief account of the founding and subsequent career of the John Hopkins Uni-

versity. We wish especially to commend the first one of these articles, because of its subject. Timrod, though his work was rather limited in extent, has left some poems that deserve recognition from his countrymen. "Re-awakening of Japan" is an interesting little account of the progress of that country in the last few years. The *Phoenix* also contains one or two stories, but these are hardly as good as the other pieces in the magazine. There are many short pieces of verse in this number, which add to its attractiveness. This magazine on the whole is good, and we hope to see the *Phoenix* keep up to the standard in the future.

The *University Unit* contains one fairly good article on Gustavus Adolphus and his relation to European history. As the avowed purpose of this paper is to be strictly local we, of course, could find little of interest in it. We advise that more attention be paid to the literary department work, as this, to say the least, is of no less importance than the local work.

The *College Reflector* leads us far from the busy haunts of the city, with its endless bustle and turmoil out into the secluded homes and sequestered nooks of the country. Its literary department is almost entirely taken up with a dissertation on "country life," and some points of advice on being a good farmer. Now we feel that rural life is grand, even sublime, but have not its praises been sung sufficiently by the poets? Is it necessary for the *Reflector*, feeling the springtime coming, to lift up its voice and pour out its whole soul in praise of the worthy farmer and his vocations? Verily, the *Reflector* is rural in all its ways.

Clippings.

REQUIESCAT.

A stately maid of long ago,
 Half clad in shadow, half in sheen,
 She watched the winding river flow,
 To blend its silver in the green;
 And golden-tipped the sunlight lay
 In level bars across her hair,
 Or resting lightly in her eyes,
 Half mad with joy it trembled there.

Had some old master painter caught
 The picture ere the light had fled,
 And thrilled with more than art had wrought
 The wondrous glory of her head;
 Then you could share with me the flood
 Of changing memories, that rise
 To stir the heart and spur the blood
 And send a mist across the eyes.

From dark to dark! and I, whose life
 Leaped into music at a glance,
 See but the empty phantoms rife
 Of what was once a glad romance;
 And this alone is left to me,
 And this alone is yet to come,
 To pass beyond the things that be,
 And dare to face the setting sun.

TO A GOOD WOMAN.

Thy voice in the night-time of grief
 Comes sweetly, like music, at prayer,
 Thy pity, the bright star that shines
 Through the darkness of human despair.

And at the bed of death thou art
 An angel in disguise,
 Thy prayers on wings of mercy lift
 The sinners to the skies.

Of thee, ambition, hope is born,
 By thee, fame's seeds are sown;
 Thou art the purest, greatest joy
 Mankind has ever known.

MAN IS BUT A CAPTURED THOUGHT OF GOD.

Time was when form and being I had not,
 While empires formed and swayed and were no more,
 And yet that struggling mass in eons gone
 Gave parts of this poor weight of clay and soul.
 I am in substance all that ever was.
 Upon the tree the ape, the sun-clad man
 Beside his cave, the king upon his throne—
 All they that were are parts of that which is;
 The monkey, man and king exist for aye.
 They made their impress on a waxen world;
 That impress formed a frame and soul for me.
 The ages past achieved this life of mine,

The ages yet to come will know it still.
 I write this life in brazen figures clear
 Upon a world that knows no hand of time,
 The countless multitudes as yet unborn
 Shall stand before the record, gaze and read
 And as they read, transmit to worlds to come
 New records born of past and present toil;
 And thus impart impressions on and on.
 The world is but the thoughts of mortal man;
 And man is but a captured thought of God.

LULLABY.

The cool, quiet pool is dark and deep
 Around it are rushes, fast asleep.
 At the end of day
 The brown cat-tails sway,
 And, murmuring, say,
 Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

The white lily rocks as a fairy boat,
 Two wee dainty fays are in it afloat;
 And the bluebell rings,
 While the green cradle swings,
 And the oriole sings,
 Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

The drowsy buttercups nod to the moon,
 "O Night, you put us to bed too soon!"
 Yet the buttercups sleep
 As the shadows creep,
 While I watch o'er you keep.
 Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.
 —Wellesley Magazine.

HEAVEN'S LITANY.

Deep on the mountains the shadows lie,
 Cool the air, like a breath of sea;
 The day burns out in the western sky,
 While the evening star sings the litany—
 "God have mercy on us, we pray,
 Guard us now in the dying day."

Silent the trees, and the wind sighs low,
 "Keep us, God, from all passions free,

From the vague unrest that all cherish so,
 From ourselves." And the star sings the litany—
 "God have mercy! Thy children we,
 Spare us, Lord, for we trust in Thee."

Darkens the blue in the depth of the sky,
 Shrouded the earth in night's mystery,
 In the hush, the heavens to earth draw nigh,
 And the clear stars, singing the litany—
 "God, thou God of the darkness deep,
 Guard thy world as it lies asleep."
 —Vassar Miscellany.

SERVICE.

As I beheld the moon one cloudless night,
 And as full-blown she swept her starry belt,
 And mellow, silvery light on earth did melt,
 The scene with rapture filled my soul, I plight,
 As roof and dale did seem a frosty glow.
 It touched my heart and pierced my soul so deep,
 That from this view so grand, while earth did sleep,
 'Twas thought some truth to mortals it should show.
 The moon doth give to all by night who need
 A guide to lead them o'er the firmest sod;
 So we to men should lend a helping hand.
 The sun thus, through obedient moon, doth lead
 The pilgrim on, and we, if God we serve,
 Shall give the light that helps our brother stand.
 —Exchange.

A WINTER NIGHT.

The hills are sleeping. Scarcely I discern
 Their hazy margin through the dreaming trees;
 They sleep, but listen! Here a little breeze,
 A tell-tale breeze, showeth a goblin turn
 To publish how the far frost still and stern
 Fetters the night; the twigs crack as the freeze!
 Save that the wakeful airs tiptoeing tease
 The slumbrous boughs, all sleep; nor any yearn
 Toward the sweet brooding moon, but she must shed
 Her general benediction on forever,
 Being unthanked forever; the stars shiver
 At their eternal watch; sleepless o'erhead,
 The still, pellucid heavens, while east and west
 The earth still sleepeth and the hills have rest.

A DECEMBER PRAYER.

Give me the thoughts of long dead years;
 As into the new I go,
Give me the songs of the old, old past,
 That send me, how, I do not know,
Into the life of the coming days,
 Filled with the joys of thought,
Yet we long for the other times,
 When the deeds themselves were wrought.

Give me these many thoughts and songs,
 Clay in editions rare,
Printed on paper of texture fine,
 And bound with special care—
Give me these as the fire burns dim,
 And the night grows bleak and cold,
For I would read the long night through,
 And live in the days of old.

—Exchange.

Alumni Notes.

The Rev. J. D. Fleming, '93, has accepted the appointment as Evangelist of the Synod of Memphis.

The Rev. J. E. Green, '95, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Merralton, Ark. He will spend several months in South Carolina before taking up regular work again.

Rumor, with her usual faithfulness in such matters, has published the approach of another marriage. The Rev. R. L. Benn, B. Ph., '96, is soon to join the ranks of the Benedicts.

The Rev. J. A. Young, '93, for several years pastor of the church at Gainesville, Ga., died a few weeks ago at Richmond. Mr. Young was taking a post-graduate course at Union Seminary.

On Wednesday, March 14, at Dallas, Tex., the Rev. J. N. Ivy, A. M., B. D., '97, was married to Miss Laura Elizabeth Reed, formerly of Brownsville, Tenn. The JOURNAL, with her blessings, mingles good wishes and long life and great happiness.

The Commencement now approaching will mark the end of our University's first quarter of a century of success and advance. In twenty-five years she has sent forth into the world of work over a thousand men, and now a feast is proclaimed and an invitation sent out that after many years old friends may meet and feel the pulsing of her strong spirit as she keeps pace with the advancing age. All those who watch with interest the University's work and welfare, will find this a season of deepest interest, for it will show to some extent the increase of power and the strength of spirit that seems destined to make her a great stronghold of truth and righteousness.

Campus Catchings.

Examinations.

Katherine Ridgway Concert Company. April 4.

Since our last issue Carter has returned. He left his father much better, which we are glad to know.

Mrs. Drane, of Robb Hall, has been exceedingly ill, but we are glad to say that she is slowly improving.

We understand that "Pot" Hall does not wish to hear any more lectures on "Electricity" in which potassium figures.

Miss Pyles, of Knoxville, is visiting Miss Frances Acree, on Seventh street. She is an addition to the Social Circle.

Prof. Wharey (to Kirker in Jr. Eng.)—"Mr. Kirker, just imagine you were *Satan*." We wonder if Kirker has succeeded in doing so.

The approach of spring will probably bring forth copious poems, and cause the student's fancy lightly to turn to thoughts of base ball. (Apologies to Tennyson).

We are sure that since Bill Jones discovered his mouse-catching ability in Jr. Theology, it will be possible to do away with rat traps and cats at Robb Hall.

Miss Bessie Garth, who has been visiting Miss Lillian Beach for some time, has returned to her home, much to the regret of her many friends and admirers here.

The Chancellor announced the following Commencement appointments recently: Valedictorian, P. H. Hensley; Faculty Speakers, Clark, Frazer, Hensley, F. A. Ramsey, Shaw.

It is a source of pleasure to every student that active work is being done on the back campus. We will soon have a very fine athletic field, thanks to Dr. Summey's untiring efforts.

The British and Boers have contended in two basket ball games recently. The British defeated the Boers both times with scores of 33 to 11 and 17 to 12. One man was wounded in the last battle.

The Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges was observed on February 22. Religious exercises were held in the chapel. Strong and vigorous addresses were made by Dr. Webb and Mr. Lacy. All University classes were suspended for the day.

Work on the "Sou'wester" is progressing nicely. Mr. Taylor, of Calvert Bros. & Taylor, Nashville, came over and made a large number of pictures and is preparing designs to be made into cuts for the Annual. Every student should possess a copy.

We are glad to be able to give the subject and outline of the speech to be delivered by J. J. Moore on the Inter-Society Oratorical Contest. We are informed that it was furnished him by a young lady, and we trust they will be able to prove its practicability. It is as follows:

Subject: Unity.

1. Maid one.
2. Maid won.
3. Made one.

The annual Declaimers' contest was held on February 22 in Waddel Hall. The contestants spoke as follows: Barr, S. L. S.; Marshall, W. I. L. S.; Tate, J. C., S. L. S.; Hill, W. H., W. I. L. S.; Sholl, S. L. S.; Kirker, W. I. L. S.; Allen, S. L. S. K. N. McDonald, of Washington Irving Literary Society, was unable to speak on account of illness. The judges, Rev. J. H. Lacy and Messrs. Daniel, F. and Ponder, awarded the medal to Mr. Allen. The medal was presented by Mr. Daniels in his usual graceful manner.

Dr. Chas. W. Ottley, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, visited the University recently. He addressed the Student Missionary Society on "The Practice of Medicine in Other Lands," showing the need for Christian physicians in heathen lands. He spoke to the Young Men's Christian Association on "The Principles Guiding One in the Choice of One's Life Work." He also led the Westminster League.

Dr. Ottley is an A. B. graduate of Princeton and M. D. of Johns Hopkins. He is a very earnest speaker, and his visit did good.

The following new officers have been installed in Stewart Society: President, Clark; Vice-President, Fulton; Secretary, Sholl; Treasurer, Allen; First Supervisor, Scott Lyon; Second Supervisor, Caldwell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Planck; Librarian, Davis; Chaplain, F. A. Hensley. At their last meeting W. I. L. S. elected the following: President, Berryhill; Vice-President, Johnson; Supervisor, Richardson; Secretary, Marshall; Chaplain, McInnis; Agent, Shaw; Critic, Hardie; Librarian, McDonald; Treasurer, Blackburn.

The last two entertainments in the Lyceum course were very interesting, enjoyable, and instructive. On February 27 Mr. Chas. F. Underhill presented "The Rivals," by Sheridan. His conception of the various characters was good and excellently carried out, showing him to be an artist of superior ability. On March 5 Prof. Louis Favour lectured on "Electricity." The lecture was punctuated with numerous chemical and electrical experiments, affording a great deal of interest and amusement. Mr. Favour showed that he has a full and clear grasp of this intricate subject.

The Young Woman's Christian Association of "The Academy" most delightfully entertained the Young Men's Christian Association of the University on Friday evening, March 2. On reaching the Academy the boys were taken in charge by the joint social committee of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Amelia Graham, Miss Emma Lester and Miss Mary Hyde; from Y. M. C. A., Messrs. Hardie, Bailey and A. O. Price. This committee introduced the young ladies and soon all were enjoying a most pleasant conversation. Games and music added to the evening's pleasure. Frappe and cakes were served. It is hoped that ere long another such gathering will be held. Those present had the pleasure of meeting Miss Cora N. Crosby, of Boston, a graduate of Wellesley and Southern Secretary of Y. W. C. A. Miss Crosby is a most charming young woman and just the person for the position she is filling.

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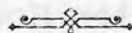
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