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*J. A. Atkins*



# The Journal

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*U. S. Gordon  
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## Table of Contents

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Reveries, PHILIP MICHEL.....	5
When Atropos Is Cruel, J. B. MARTIN.....	7
Some Thots on Character, A. BOSCH.....	13
The History of "Filioque," U. S. GORDON.....	17
Augustine, BY "BLUE STOCKING".....	21
Editorial.....	25
Alumni Notes.....	29
Y. M. C. A.....	30
Exchanges.....	31
Locals.....	35
Daffydilis.....	37
Athletics.....	53
Book Review.....	39



# The Journal

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## Reveries

PHILIP MICHEL.

When clear skies by clouds are darkened  
    When the sun is lost to sight;  
Then the ear that once has hearkened  
    To the beautiful and the bright.  
Strains to catch the wail of weeping  
    In the air November brings;  
And my mind harmonious keeping  
    Turns to thoughts of deeper things.

Round the heart is draped a curtain  
    Solitude must reign supreme  
For the pondering uncertain  
    On the sorrow of the theme  
Thoughts like phantoms pass me slowly  
    And my eyes with passion burn  
For within the self that's holy,  
    I must truer natures learn.

Thus I stand, by Heaven chastened  
    Till my penance be fulfilled,  
Yet by mercy that has hastened  
    Thru the love that God has willed,  
Thrown aside the earthly treasure  
    Purged of all the world I stand,  
And await His goodly pleasure  
    Till at last comes His command:

“Trust thou not Earth’s consolation  
Put thy faith and hope in me,”  
And with loving adoration  
I, His princely glory see;  
Till the revery is broken,  
I with God shall have communed,  
And His love so sweetly spoken,  
Has my weary heart attuned.

Sweet communion now is ended  
But I may, my praise prolong  
For my love with God’s is blended,  
And my hope’s a joyous song  
Turned to bliss is silent sorrow  
Fled are all my doubts and fears,  
And my eyes turn to the morrow  
That awaits in future years.



## When Atropos Is Cruel

Never in the evening, in the quiet Park we walked together,  
After so many years, and after so many years,  
We walked again in the evening in the soft spring weather  
After the parting and tears.

And under the heavens, under the starry skies,  
We walked without sound or sigh in a calm unbroken,  
But as the dead walked together in a long-lost Paradise,  
Silent, with no word spoken.



**I**T was noon in the northern Rockies on a clear, cold day, with Coretopa, the giant peak which commands the railroad pass to the Pacific raising its dazzling, snow sheathed summit into a glaring and azure sky. From below the great glazier, surrounding the bare flanks of the mountains, spurted a blue torrent of melted snow which sprayed down the wild, rocky gully past the chalet in the valley; the bright yellow greens of budding leaves shone on the bushes below the dark boughs of the jackpines; so there was warmth in the sun, but there was bit and frost in the wind. Though it was late in the month of May, and the chalet above the railroad had been open for more than a week, it was too crisp out-door for most of the guests. However there was no weather prophets who could phaze one young lady among the guests. It was Polly Page. Polly and her maid had arrived just the evening before, and this was the misses first chance to view her territory. As she stood on the top step of the stairs, gazing off into the snowy-summits, how well did she represent the poet's picture—"A daughter of the gods—divinely tall and most divinely fair." What a picture she conveyed to her only beholder, Nature, as she stood enraptured by the grandeur of the hills, hearing the downward stream with half-shut eyes seemingly falling to sleep in a half dream. Polly Page was an energetic and ambitious New York artist. She had been selected by the New York society of Fine Arts to paint for them several



settings of the Rockies. To accomplish this purpose she had thus arrived at the foot of Coretopa. Unlike most who must feel and grope and listen to and contact with the world about them, Polly was apparently free. She was exultantly happy. The tint of her cheeks was tenderly young, and her eyes, looking down the little archipelago of freckles just under them, were little rims of violets. Her hat was lined with rose, and the color gave to her face a blow of sweetness which matched her thoughts.

Though enthused over her recent success and wrapped up in her work, Polly was again dreaming of the man she loved, the man whom she never saw save through a veil of emotion. Books and philosophers had told her that there was no such thing as happiness, that it was an illusion of fools to be shattered by wisdom. Poets had called it a Blue Bird to be seen but once and that by foolish children. There was happiness for she was perfectly sure of the man she loved. She awoke from her dream to find herself leisurely, unpremeditatedly strolling towards the snowy peaks. As by magic the whole vision passed from her and she came back to her true senses. Unmistakably she was still Polly Page, and upon such a thought she dropped to the ground in a little bundle of silks and ruffles and began to sob. She wept as though her dear little heart would break. And why did Polly weep—well the whole thing in a nutshell was this. Atwood, a young and prosperous lawyer of New York was Polly's would-be fiance. He had first fallen in love with her paintings and later meeting Polly he had proposed. In the natural order of sequence at once Polly promptly refused. After three years of unflinched attention Wayland Atwood became a little careless. He actually took a millionaire's daughter to a New Year's banquet and had never mentioned it or asked Polly's consent. There had been a short period of misunderstandings, jealousies and exactions in which he had felt the imposition of a yoke which forced him into ways against his inclination. He had never exactly understood Polly, so he thought her indifference might be remedied by such a play on his part. However it made things considerably worse. He thought the reason Polly had closed a deal for the N. Y. S. of F. A. to go West and not become

his June bride was due to their little quarrel, but he was mistaken; Polly still held one secret which Wayland nor anyone else ever dreamed.

It was the day that Polly had accepted the offer that Wayland Atwood called. "Polly," he begged softly, "Polly look at me. What is there different in me from what there was—yesterday? I'm the same bone and body and mind that has held you and loved you, and that you've understood so thoroughly these years. Do you think you could bear to turn from me now—for an imaginary thing?"

There was nothing more that Wayland Atwood more disliked than opposing Polly. Now, as he studied her from beneath his half-closed lids, his head tipped back, it seemed doubly hard that sense of freshness and youth which she so strongly gave to him; that eagerness and enthusiasm which she expressed in every turn of her head and in every look, possibly except in matrimony; that tender innocence in her eye; that intensity which became, according to success or failure, either exultant triumph or the most heart-broken, bitter tears—all made appeal to his imagination and he realized what a part this spiritualized young creature played in the somewhat gray existence of a mediocre New York lawyer. The latter thought quieted him. He came to the definite conclusion that Polly loved her work more than she did him. It was the morning after Polly had left the city when Wayland Atwood arrived at his office. It was well past nine when he threw his customary nod to the telephone girl in the outer office and passed into his private room. He was unconscious, as he did so that the nod was curt just as he had been aware of the tremor in his hand when he had bought his subway ticket and of the asperity of his look when the elevator boy had turned to him with a friendly grin. Beside the huge desk with the spacious bare walls surrounding him, Wayland looked small. His black, wire-like hair was close-cropped, and from the corners of his nose shadows of strained lines came down across his cheeks. There was no definite color to his eyes, the pupils seemed washed out and faded, and the whites were brown and blurred. As he turned to his mail there was a heavy frown upon his face, and it was obvious that he was not in a propitious mood. He thoughtlessly

sorted the letters until his gaze fell upon one which stood out from all the others. It was a little blue-note paper sort with "PP" neatly embossed in the upper corner. "The devil," he said, indeed it was from Polly. Polly Page had her own tactics and just before she left for the West she had written him. Wayland opened the letter and read:

My Dearest Wayland:

Suppose I estrange myself, my pride and any other obstacle and place conditions before you as I see them.

The death of your love might have been caused from many things. You might not have ever loved me and just now are beginning to realize it. Tho' you say the island holds you and me alone, perhaps if you look further inland, in the subconscious realm, you'll find the cause. If so turn and face it because I now face it myself. I, too, am sorry you ever took the first kiss, but it was sweet, so burningly sweet. I have understood the loss of your love to me and am acting accordingly. This winter when you were away some of your letters stabbed me and wounded until I thought my heart would break. Pride you see. I always despised a girl who would pine away and manifest her feelings. Well after a fight I manage to collect my love for you in a dream box and seal it up, storing it in the sub-celler of my heart. Maybe I was never made to love or be loved. I often think I was placed here only to experience the throb and sound of every wind—thus composing a balm that some one some day will need. Oh! my dear Wayland, I am sorry, sorry if in any way I have wrecked your vision of love.

I am now on my way West. Tho' I never mentioned it to you before, Wayland, you must know that I am supporting my old parents in Virginia and sending a young sister through college. I could have never married you under these circumstances and asked you to plunge yourself in debt for me.

May the remembrance of our love be to you as it will to me. I am, lovingly, POLLY.

Wayland relaxed his nerves somewhat limply. His hysteric violence had gone as quickly as it had come when he began to read the letter. "I can't give her up," he burst out—"I can't! She's the—she's the only woman that I ever knew that I really thought was a real woman—that wanted just—kindness—and that appreciated little things I did for her—and that—that seemed really to think anything of me." Wayland Atwood pulled himself together

with a visable effort. A young man who doesn't have his first attack of love till five and twenty takes it a thousand times harder than the lad who has gone blithely sweet-hearting ever since his middle teens. Wayland Atwood had put the whole stress of his nature into a genuine and touching love for Polly. And Polly knew it. But she was unreligiously independent. She did not expect the man to whom she was to marry to be burdened with debt either on his part or hers. Polly's idea of married life was a new life—and it was certain no life could be happy shadowed by debt. Polly was among those people who think love is the greatest thing on earth but thinks there is something greater and that is loyalty.

Wayland Atwood lost no time in mourning. He took a chance for the woman he loved. For one week he for the first time in his life played the markets heavily. He won—he lost—he lost—he won, the end of the week found him in about the same circumstances. In the meantime poor Polly—sobbed and painted. She had had no word from Wayland. But he was playing the game of life and death for her. His friends said that he was insane. He borrowed money and lost it. He had closed up his little law office and dismissed his several employees. He had given up club life and everything. His home was now in the stock exchange.

There was never a braver man than Wayland Atwood when he handed over his last thousand dollars to the broker. It was life and death to him—to Polly. I never knew a man who more decisively changed in a little less than two weeks. An active, enterprising, vigorous creature with many interests, literary and artistic, and a very clearly marked and amiable personality, was suddenly transformed into a moody, solitary figure, looking straight before him with vacant eyes, his hands trembling over the sensitive net-work of nerves of mouth and nose. He was vigorously alive up to a certain point. Maybe if his last investment had proved a success it would have changed him, but he had created the lust for gambling and he undoubtedly had taken the downward path. Then the stroke fell and for all the use he was in the world afterward he might just as well have been an ineffectual, impotent phantom.

Polly Page's name had become foreign upon the lips of her New York friends. Several years had now elapsed. It was a bleak and cold day in December that a small party of people wended slowly down the slope of Coretopa. They turned and in small, low voiced, groups of twos and threes made their dusty way homeward to their mountain cabins, leaving to the old grave digger the last rites. And each bore with him the resolve that one name would never be forgotten upon their lips.

But meanwhile—in truth even when the old parson's quivering tones were floating across the bowed heads—carriage white with dust and drawn by a pair of black horses, streaked with lather and foam from the burning heat of the day, rumbled quietly into the little cemetery and stopped just before the grave. A man in black clothes and stiff hat, a tall man with a stern, thin face and deep blue eyes that were young and old at once, got out of the carriage. It was one of life's unexplainable episodes—he had arrived too late. As he wept he was heard to say:  
Poor Polly



## Some Thoughts on Character

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A. BOSCH.

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**E**VERY man is the architect of his own character, and the sculptor of his own fortune. Each man must draft his own design, make his own blue-print, and select his own material. He must be his own contractor, his own mason, his own carpenter. The style of building he erects depends upon his artistic sense, his knowledge, and his skill. The strength and the character of the structure depends upon his faith, his ideals, and his courage. The style of building depends entirely upon the man.

If man has artistic sense in his soul, then he will reflect into the building the truths and the beauties which are in the world, for this is the essential duty of art. The artist dreams, the artisan executes. The architect conceives ideas in wood and stone which suggest truth and beauty to the human senses, the builder constructs the idea; however, every work must be first conceived in the soul of the worker, and wrought out first in his dreams. The dream must be first. What our dream is, depends on our art and ideal.

If he has knowledge, then around it he will weave his ideals of beauty. Knowledge is power, which if rightly used will increase the strength of virtue, but the value of it relies upon the use made of it. Knowledge ill-used may render baseness more base, depravity more depraved, but knowledge wisely used leads to manhood which acts. Without knowledge our building is incomplete.

If he has skill, then he will be putting his dream and his wisdom into effect, for what a man thinks and knows should find expression in what he does. Planning indicates what a man thinks. Doing things asserts what he knows. Skill shows what he thinks, knows and is capable of doing.

Skill requires a two-fold process—thinking and doing. Both are essential. To think without doing is to build air-castles. One who does without thinking may be compared to a rudderless ship in mid-ocean; he moves, but aimlessly. The skilfull man, is a careful thinker, and a diligent worker; it is he who can convert his dreams into realities. It is he who turns air-castles into stone structures. Every man needs skill to build the structure character. The nobler his thots, the greater will be his skill. The higher the thots, the stronger the structure. If a man therefore has artistic sense, knowledge and skill he will erect a building which will be a pattern to others.

If man's faith be sure—that is, grounded on the belief of the everlasting Redeemer, then his structure is builded on rock foundation, free from the advances of the storms.

If man's ideals be lofty, the Grecian art and beauty, with its symmetry and proportion, will be the style of the superstructure. The joys, the hopes, the love, and the ambitions will be columns towering towards heaven, and supporting a crown of wisdom, learning, and intellect. The tears, the sorrows, and the disappointments will be obscure porticoes. Happiness will be a shrine on which the weary pilgrim will cast his soul.

If his courage be strong, then into his temple he will graft the strength and the sturdiness of the ancient Roman temple. The pillars of joy, hope, love and ambition will be linked together with the Roman arch of duty, and just as the Roman builders were capable to vault the roofs of the largest buildings, carry stupenduous aqueducts across the deepest valleys, and span the broadest streams with bridges, that have resisted all the assaults of time and flood, so man can with the call of duty vault the highest difficulties, overcome the deepest valleys of despair, and span the broadest rivers of opposition. If a man has true faith, lofty ideals, and true courage his building will be imperishable.

What our building is depends upon the quality of the material we put into it. There are three grades to everything—the best, the medium, and the worst. There are three grades of rock—hard, medium, and soft. The hardest and the best rock is the diamond rock, the next best, or the medium is the lime-stone, and the worst is the talc. Foun-

dation of man's character should be the best. It ought to be built on diamond rock. Of course we cannot build on such rock since it is physically and financially out of our reach, but figuratively speaking, we can determine to build on a foundation equal to the strength and durability of the diamond rock. Too many men build on mud and before the ravages of the winds and storms of life, the earth quakes, the foundation trembles, and the house falls. A seed planted on shallow ground may spring up and assert that there is life engendered in it, but the assertion and the evidences will not stand against the combating rays of the noon-day sun. The plant sown on the good ground stands the test, but the plant sown on the shallow ground withers and fades away with the waning rays of the sun. Build on solid rock, sow on good soil.

What we build here on earth is for eternity. Building character is not for a day, or tomorrow, or some other day, but it is for the endless and everlasting days, therefore we must build a structure that will stand the test of time as well as of eternity. We must build a character that will be enrolled with the names of those whose history causes our hearts to swell, and our eyes to overflow with admiration and delight, and reverence. Let your inspiration and your design come from God, let your blue-print come from the model men of the ages who form a galaxy resplendent with their lustre, and let your material come from strenuous, unremitting work—work which occupies mind, body, hear and soul. Honest work is a test of manhood, it is a builder of character, it is a high-calling of God.

Learn to acquire modesty, disinterestedness in strife, singleness of heart, determined devotion to country, accuracy of judgment, candor in deliberation, invincible firmness in resolve, then you will have generated into your temple the highest ideals. Learn modesty, learn interestedness in strife, and singleness of heart, but also practice them, for character is made up of small duties faithfully performed. When you have done these things you will be building a character which will be as steady and as sure as the needle which points to the pole of the icy North. Your ambition will always be virtuous, your means noble and uplifting. Your life will be a page of history illustrating the age in



which you lived. Your example will shake like a tempest the pestilent pools of wickedness, sin and uprighteousness, it will move with fear those who throw themselves into the stagnant waters of vice and immorality, and lastly it will be erecting for you an everlasting memorial, for a "good character is the best tombstone." Those who were helped by you, those to whom you ministered, those who love you will remember you when forget-me-nots wither and fade, they will remember you when all the monuments will have crumbled to earth.

Strive hard, work faithfully and carve your name on the hearts of men and not on stone and marble. Then your life will have the approbation of God as well as men.

**"BE STRONG!**

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;  
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

**BE STRONG!**

Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

**BE STRONG!**

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battles goes, the day how long;  
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song."

Be strong and fight on! What does it matter if you are thrown from your feet, or defeated in your ambition? The glory is not in staying down, but in rising again. Defeats make good men. Opposition, strong men. Losses, powerful men. Don't look for the dark side of life—be optomistic—be happy. If you feel blue, whistle a tune, or sing a song. The blues cannot stand against the invading forces of music, and fight for the right my brother, fight!

BE Strong, and fight on! Then your character will be a benediction to mankind living, and a priceless heritage to those yet unborn.

Be strong, and fight on!

# Theological Department

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## The History of "Filioque"

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U. S. GORDON.

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Jno. 14: 16.—And I will pray the father, and he will give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.

Jno. 14: 26.—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Jno. 2:; 22.—And when he had said this he breathed on them, and saith unto them receive ye the Holy Ghost.

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**M**EN have striven for centuries on the matter of the correct interpretation of such passages and others like them. Bloody wars have been fought, angry disputes aroused, and thousands of lives lost on smaller propositions than this one concerning the Trinity. The little word "filioque" ("and from the son") has caused the split of a great church and the world beholds the remarkable spectacle of the Pope of Rome excommunicating the Patriarch of Constantinople, while the latter hurls one anathema after the other at the Head of the Western Church, each solemnly affirming that he is the vicar of Christ's infallible church on earth.

In 325 the church council of Nicaea in framing a vital creed for the church incorporated this passage, "And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of Life; who proceedeth FROM THE FATHER; who with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the prophets."

Now, the western church had clung tenaciously to the unity of the divine essence. The theology in the West was

influenced by the pronounced character of the great theologian Augustine and was of a decidedly more progressive and constructive character than that of the Eastern church, which clung zealously to old ideals and dogmas. Let us examine Augustine's view.

Augustine taught the procession of the Holy Spirit from the son as well as from the Father, though from the father mainly. He represented the Holy Spirit as the bond of love and fellowship between the Father and the Son, and which unites believers with God. The spirit is not created by the Son but eternally proceeds directly from the Father, as the Son is from eternity begotten of the Father. Everything proceeds from the Father, is mediated by the Son, and completed by the Holy Spirit. Athanasius, Basil, and the Gregories give this view, while some of the Greek fathers, Epiphanius, Marcellus of Ancyra, and Cyril of Alexandria, derived the Spirit from the Father and the Son.

We have seen the action of the Nicene Council in regard to the statement declaring the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Godhead as "Spiritum a patre." The Council of Constantinople enlarged the form of the declaration and substantiated the deliverance of the Nicene Council by the addition "The Lord and Giver of Life, who proceeds from the Father." This form was quite generally adopted by the Eastern churches especially since the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A. D., and prevails unaltered in the Greek Church to this day. The Greek Church, in other words, understood the clause in an exclusive sense, while the Latins held it only as an incomplete idea which might be added to as the occasion justified. The fact that the clause was adopted at the Nicene Council with no appreciable opposition may be explained by the fact that the Western Church was represented by only one bishop, Hosius of Spain, and in the second council she was not represented at all. The representatives of Pope Leo I subscribed to the enlarged Greek form of the Nicene creed, that is, without filioque, at the Council of Chalcedon (451) although the doctrine of double procession was at that time current in the West. It remained for a council held in one of the extreme Western ends of the church to take official action on the point. The Spaniards, having been converted to

Orthodox Christianity proved zealous champions for the faith as opposed to Arian heresy. At the third National Synod of Toledo, A. D. 589, without consciously intending to offend Eastern theologians, but in order to prove its devotion to the deity of Christ, they inserted the *FILIOQUE* clause in the Latin version of the Nicene creed. Other Spanish Synods did the same, and thence it passed into the Frankish Church and was discussed, tho we are not familiar with the result, at the Synod of Gentilly in 767. It was expressed in the so-called Athanasian creed, which made its appearance in France during the reign of Charlemagne who sanctioned it and had it sung in his chapel. Charlemagne's attention was sharply drawn to the difference of opinion on the subject by the treatment accorded two Western monks during a pilgrimage they were making in the Holyland. Because of their belief on the double procession they were persecuted by officials of the Eastern Church who pronounced them heretics. Charlemagne assembled the Council of Aix-La-Chapelle in 809, and the council went on record as favoring the double procession. Not satisfied with this action the king sent messengers to Pope Leo III with the request that he authorize the insertion of the *FILIOQUE* clause as a part of the original creed. While admitting the doctrine of the double procession, the Pope not only refused to alter the creed, but caused the whole in its original Greek form, with Latin version, to be engraved on two tablets and suspended in the Basilica of St. Peter, as a perpetual testimony against the innovation.

In 858 Photius, one of the greatest of the Patriarchs was elected, a mere layman, to fill the place of Ignatius the deposed Patriarch of Constantinople. Both Ignatius and Photius applied to Nicolas of Rome to act as mediator, and in a Roman Synod Nicolas decided in favor of Ignatius. Photius, enraged by the high-handed proceedings of Nicolas assembled a counter Synod and deposed in 867 the Pope of Rome. In his famous encyclical letter to Eastern prelates, Photius charged the Western Church with schism and heresy for interfering with his authority over the Bulgarians, for enforcing clerical celibacy, and despising priests living in lawful matrimony, and most of all for corrupting the Nicene creed by the addition of the *Filioque*.

Altho Photius himself was deposed and Ignatius was restored most of the Eastern bishops remained faithful to him and when finally restored in 879 he began to wipe out all traces of papal authority and to farther substantiate the Nicene creed in its original form. From this time on the world has witnessed the continuation as two bodies of what had formerly been a unified church, at least in name.

It is an interesting point to note to those questioning the infallibility of the Romish church that while the infallible Leo III pronounced against the insertion of the Filioque clause, his equally infallible successors have admitted it as part and parcel of an infallible creed.

What position has influenced us and what effect has the Filioque clause had on religious life of later centuries. As Calvinists we take the position of Augustine and in the words of Dr. E. D. Yeomans the Filioque means this to us: "The Filioque puts the church which is the temple and organ of the Holy Spirit in the work of redemption, rather between the Father and the Son, partaking of their own fellowship, according to the great intercessory prayer of Christ himself. It places the church in the meeting point, or the living circuit of the interplay, of grace and nature, of the divine and the human, thus giving scope for a strong doctrine of both nature and grace, and to a strong doctrine also of the church itself."

Animated by the spirit of Augustine, of Paul, of Christ, the Westminster Assembly has given this declaration: "There are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory."

## Augustine

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“BLUE STOCKING.”

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**T**HE birth place of Augustine (in 354 A. D., was the small village of Tagaste in the fertile province of Numidia in North Africa. In no character is the influence of heredity more strongly displayed. Patricius the father was of common heathen origin, a man of low ideals and a passionate, sensual disposition. It was to Monica that Augustine owed all that he ever became as a disciple of Christ inasfar as a human agency may become effective in God's plan of grace. His mother was a woman of pure and lofty mind who lived the life and did the deeds of God her Saviour. The affection and undying love for her son were displayed in the constant life of prayer that she lived even while he was engaged in the most riotous living, separated from her by the expanses of desert and wave.

The early education of Monica's son was gotten in the common schools of Tagaste and Carthage. Here he read grammar and rhetoric and entered into a study of the Latin writers with interested zeal. He never became proficient in the Greek. Augustine plunged into the gay life of pleasure in Carthage and being a youth passionate and unrestrained he became the natural father of an unlawful son. Having chosen the profession of teacher of rhetoric he embarked for Rome. It was at this time that the beginning of a struggle is seen in the life of the man who was the son of a mother who prayed. His search for truth led him into an acceptance of the Manichean doctrines, then Neo-Platonism, and finally he began to listen to the preaching of Ambrose of Milan largely through curiosity. Here his mother joined him and here he had another meeting when God's spirit changed his heart and brought him into a fellowship with that which he had sought and looked for

so long. This sentence, "Thou hast made us for Thee, and our heart is restless till it rests in Thee." This is the sentiment of a heart that had grown weary with the pleasures of sin and the false allurements of speculative philosophy.

Having been baptized by Ambrose of Milan he began the homeward journey and experienced the painful fact of the loss of the devoted woman who had carried him in her heart before God's throne since his birth. His grief for her was deep and sincere. But the loss of his mother perhaps threw the full weight of his affection into a life of devotion for his Lord. Hear his words in this lamentation after more than thirty years spent in a life of dissipation: "I have loved thee late, thou beauty, so old and so new; I have loved thee late! and lo! thou wast within, but I was without and was seeking thee there. And into thy fair creation I plunged myself in my ugliness; for thou wast with me and I was not with thee! Those things kept me away from thee, which had not been, except they had been in thee. Thou didst call, and didst cry aloud, and break through my deafness. Thou didst glimmer, thou didst shine and didst drive away my blindness. Thou didst breathe, and I drew breath and breathed in thee. I tasted thee and I hunger and thirst. Thou didst touch me, and I burn for thy peace. If I, with all that is within me, may once live, in thee, then shall pain and trouble forsake me; entirely filled with thee, all shall be life to me."

Augustine spent several months after the death of his mother at Ostia, in Rome where he wrote books defending Christianity. On his return to North Africa he spent three years in retirement with friends from which he was sought out and elected Presbyter against his will of the maritime city of Hippo. Four years later he was elected Bishop in the same city.

Augustine's life was simple and of a moderate ascetic character. He lived in a community house of clergy which was also a theological seminary from which many emerged to a life of service in the church. He became the founder of a monastic order combining the monastic with the clerical life, and he said that he had nowhere found better men, and nowhere found worse, than in monasteries. He lived his Christian life every day, being a man devoted to the poor

for whom he had the vessels of the church melted down and sold when occasion demanded. He refused legacies by which injustice was done to heirs.

Augustine's influence extended far beyond his own diocese which became the intellectual and spiritual light of Western Christendom. He was the active champion of orthodoxy against Manicheism and Pelagianism and all other heresies.

The later years of Augustine were troubled by the devastation and wretchedness which was carried on by the invasion of the barbarian vandals who spread over the country, laying waste cities and churches, and destroying the lives of inhabitants by cruel and shameful means. At length Hippo was besieged and during the course of its investment the great church father quietly passed into the endless life for which he had so well fitted his soul. The expectancy of his life is voiced in this passage from his meditations: "Here is the wedding feast of all who from this sad pilgrimage have reached their joys. There is the far seeing choir of the prophets; there the number of the twelve apostles; there the triumphant army of innumerable martyrs and holy confessors. Full and perfect love there reigns for God is all in all. They love and praise, they praise and love Him evermore. Blessed, perfectly and forever blessed, shall I too be, if when my poor body shall be dissolved, I may stand before my king and God, and see him and his glory, as he himself hath deigned to promise: 'Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which I had with thee before the world was.'"

Augustine, theologian and philosopher, has enriched the literature of the centuries by his productions. Altho familiar with the Latin classics, he placed them far below the superior excellency of the Holy Scriptures. His style is full of life and vigor but he said that he would rather be blamed by grammarians, than not understood by the people. A great truth which would be appropriate in the pulpits of many today!

His autobiographical works include his "Confessions" and "Retractions." The former is probably one of the most edifying books to be read and its popularity gives it



place with "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas A. Kempis and Bunyon's Pilgrim's Progress. It is the genuine experience of the prodigal who was raised from the ground of repentance to an imperishable life of the spirit and as an experience it establishes a criterion which speculation cannot overcome. The "Retractions" evidence his humility and conscientiousness in the latter years of his life.

Time would fail to make a detailed review of his apologetic works against Pagans and Jews, his Religious, Theological, Ante-Arian, Anti-Pelagian, Exegetical, and Ethical and Practical works. We shall try to summarize them briefly by expressing in a few sentences some of his fundamental ideas.

The centre of Augustine system is the Free Redeeming Grace of God in Christ, operating through the actual, historical church. His doctrine included "The sinful corruption of nature derived from Adam, which is spiritual death, and involves entire inability on the part of the sinner to convert himself or to cooperate in his own regeneration; the necessity of the certain efficacious operation of divine graces; the sovereignty of God in election and reprobation, and the certain preservance of the saints."

A tree must be judged by its fruits and the branches of this tree have responded nobly. In all the world today men are found willing to sacrifice for the principles which he formulated. It has been truly said that "Paul begat Augustine, and Augustine begat Calvin." It was these principles that caused Luther to nail his theses to the church door at Wittenberg, Cromwell's ironsides carried them in their hearts, the covenanters of Scotland fought for them, the Huguenots of France and the Dutch of Holland died for them. The Puritans of England and the Scotch-Irish carried them to the new world, and from a little beginning in the sandy wastes they have spread to all corners of the earth as God save sinners as vile as Augustine and writes them in his book of life, a part of his church that carries the blue banner of our common Presbyterianism.

# The Journal

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## Editorial

The month of November is usually associated with the national holiday known as Thanksgiving day. Originally this day was celebrated in a two-fold way. Early in the morning the devout Christians would **Thanksgiving** gather in the little country church to sing and to lift their voices in thanksgiving for the blessings of God bestowed upon them during the year. Following this the individual families and their friends would gather, and a feast would be held. This was the original way of celebrating Thanksgiving day, but that was ages ago, and today in this busy twentieth century, we seem to have lost all sight of thanksgiving, and to have laid the emphasis on the feast. To some Thanksgiving day has no other meaning than turkey, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie. To some Thanksgiving day means a day of fun and frolic. Is that all the day means to us? Let the question be personal, is that all the day means to me? Are we so engrossed in the cares of the world, that we can not get

away for a few minutes, to thank the Supreme Being for what he has done for us? We have so many things for which we should be thankful.

Consider the opportunities afforded to those who live in the United States. Is there another nation so blessed? The doors of intellectual opportunity are open wide, the gates of service are flung ajar, the ladders of achievement are crying for men to scale them, and the glad hand is extended to all the oppressed nations of the world, to the poor and the rich, to the plebian and the patrician, to the ignorant and the learned. What a privilege it is to attend school, and think of the thousands in alien lands who are denied even elementary education. We, who are in college, ought to be thankful that we are so fortunate, and we ought to make the best of the opportunities that present themselves.

We ought to be thankful that we live in a Christian land, and many of us live in Christian homes. In this country the life of a man means more than food for greedy, devouring cannon. A man who is a citizen of this country, does not have to fear servitude and oppression; freedom is his pass-port. It is the watch-word of the land, and that freedom is safe-guarded by the religion that underlies it. That religion has made us free, free to think, speak, and act. The strength of America is her religion, and the day that she forgets her God, that day she will be another Rome, another Greece. Her splendid structure will fall and dust and ashes will cover her remains.

We ought to be thankful that we live in a nation whose motto is peace. Look with your mind's eye across the waters and see civilized nations warring and fighting. See the thousands lying in trenches and on battle fields, victims of instruments of destruction. See the magnificent cities lying in ruins and tumbled heaps. See the homes where vacant chairs are numerous and heart wounds many. Now see the inhabitants of this free country safe and secure, enjoying health, freedom, and happiness. Ought we not to be thankful that we are safely preserved under the stars and stripes? We would fight if any one accused us of being anything but loyal Americans, and yet we are not so loyal, after all, for we are not thankful enough for the oppor-

tunities and privileges that are open to us on every hand. Let us get back to the original method of celebrating Thanksgiving. Let us forget the turkey, the cranberry sauce, the pumpkin pie, and let us lift up our voices in prayer and thanksgiving that we are living in a free land, in a peaceful land, in a Christian land, in a land of opportunities.

---

Our two Literary Societies have been organized this year with much zeal and earnestness. The old members of both Stewart and Washington Irving Societies have entered heartily into the work. Many of the new men have enlisted in the ranks, and others are still joining. The programs rendered have been entertaining and instructive, and have evinced much ardent preparation on the part of the performers. In fact our members are greatly reviving the interest which has in the past year or so been on the decline. However, we would not take all the praise to ourselves, for much of our success is due to the active interest of our President and other members of the faculty, two of whom especially, Dr. Fulton and Professor Stafford, are now serving Stewart and Washington Irving Societies respectively as critics and advisors. Heretofore we have elected as critics those of our own number; but this year we thought a departure from this custom would be of much help to the maintainance and success of our work. Consequently we obtained the ready services of the two able professors mentioned. We truly appreciate the time and labor which they are giving for our benefit and development. Indeed a great dymnaic has been added to the general work of the societies.

It has been proposed that a joint meeting of the two societies be held monthly in the capacity of a congress, which is to be modeled after our United States Congress. Plans and laws concerning this congress are now being formulated by a committee consisting of representatives of both societies. Much pleasure and profit is anticipated from these joint meetings, and society spirit is hoped to be stimulated throughout the year by this pleasant diversity in the regular programs.

Besides these joint meetings there will be others of a more public and competitive nature. Likewise other plans will be carried out during the year for the promoting of interest, pleasure and efficiency in society work.

Let us all join heart, hand, and voice in this one of our most important departments of college life, and make it the success it has been in past years and ought always to have been. Can you afford to miss this splendid opportunity of improving yourself in the important ability of appearing forcibly and at ease before men in a public manner? If you are in doubt as to the importance of a literary society training ask any member of the faculty for advice. If you expect to be a progressive business man, doctor, lawyer, minister, or in fact any other vocation which you might select, you had better get busy now while you are young. If this is your first year at college do not put off joining a society. Join now while you have time and when not so much is expected of you. If you have neglected this work in past years, join now and redeem the time. You need this training and the societies need you. Why do you wait? Join now.



# Alumni

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E. Z. Browne, '15, who is attending the Louisville Pres. Theo. Seminary, sent his best regards to all the fellows, saying, "That reminds me"—that S. P. U. has them all "beat."

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J. W. Kennedy, '15, is very successfully using some of the Greek roots of "Dr. Nick" on the youngsters at the Wentworth Military Academy of Lexington, Mo.

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A. H. Bell, '15, who recently turned down a place at Washington, has been promoted by the I. C. R. R. to quite a responsible place at West Miss.

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Geo. Brandau, '15, attending Vanderbilt, has returned home to be present at the marriage of Miss Alberta Brandau to Mr. Thomas Higgins, formerly of S. P. U.

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T. F. Raines, '09, of Memphis, is making a short stay in Clarksville.

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O. W. Wardlaw, '15, and his "Wheenkers" continue to prosper. "Weid" preaches to them three times a week and chases the kiddies around the sacks the rest of the time.

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Wm. Alexander, '15, is teaching school at Henderson, N. C.

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R. W. Hardy, '15, seems to be winning his laurels preaching at Petersburg, Tenn.

---

B. O. Woods, '15, has put one over on all the fellows.

## Y. M. C. A.

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“There is a sort of knowledge essential to thoroughgoing broadmindedness, but not covered in the class-room, the fraternity, or the athletic field.” This organization, the Y. M. C. A., is endeavoring to get at this other knowledge in the best way. It is composed of REAL MEN, students who are interested in the other activities of college life. Like the rest, they have come to college to grasp the things that are worth while before assuming full responsibility in the work day world. This organization also recognizes that there is a power higher than any around us, in comparison with which, “Our strength is weakness,” and so it aims to teach men of the reality of religion. If there is any benefit to be derived from these meetings each Sunday, why is it that more of the students do not attend? If there is nothing in it and you fellows who do not attend know it, why don't you come and help us out from under this delusion? There is no reason for your absence.

---

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Bosch spoke to us on October 24th and 31st, respectively. Mr. Gordon chose “Courage” for his theme and did give us many encouraging remarks. The Christian, of all men, should be courageous. We can't be true disciples of Christ if we are cowards. Mr. Bosch brought us an instructive message from the parable of “The Prodigal Son.”

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The other meetings of the month have been song and  
This is a list of the meetings to meet

## Daffydills

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If a cat can lap at the rate of fifty times a minute, how many times a minute can Dun-lap?

---

If cows low for hay, what does Bar-low for?

---

If I. M. Warren, then who are you?

---

If Fulcher & Mecklin were to print a paper would it be a Daily or a Weekley?

---

If mama should whip little Ben would Archibald.

---

If Kuykendall decided to put down a carpet in his room, do you think his roommate would Tacket?

---

If no one loves a fat man, then who in the world would love a Quarterman?

---

If a little girl loves a china doll, wouldn't a big girl love a Kuykendall?

---

If you call men gents, what would you call a Sargent?

---

If Ashmore can mow fifty acres of hay in five days, how many days will it take Blakemore to mow a hundred acres if he mows one more acre a day than Ashmore mows?

---

Say Ladd what makes you always look so sad, why don't you Foster a little merry laughter?

---

If J. K. is Will'son, whose son is Peterson?

---

If an investment in United States banks pays 3 per cent, what will an investment in Sherley Banks pay.

---

Oh Shaw! what's the use of trying to get all the fresh-men names into print at one time. Let's let the above be a sample of the rest.



# Athletics

## Football Schedule, 1915

October 2	Vanderbilt	47	S. P. U.	0
October 8	Univ. of Miss.	13	S. P. U.	6
October 12	Transylvania	27	S. P. U.	0
October 23	Cumberland	0	S. P. U.	30
October 30	Bethel	0	S. P. U.	66
November 12	Ky. Wesleyan	7	S. P. U.	67
November 19	M. T. Normal		S. P. U.	

Football still remains the chief attraction of our college activities. Our boys have learned much from that hard teacher "Experience." In the Transylvania game, which we lost 27-0, the weakness of our line was shown. So as soon as the team returned to its regular practice, Coach Boykin began at once to perfect the strength of that position. In the game against Cumberland the result of his work was clearly shown. The onslaughts of the husky Cumberland players were met as if by a stone wall. With Archibald, Leach, Lack, and McAtee in the line; with "Doc" and "Big Ben" to back them up it was an impossibility for any gains to be made through the line. But equally good was the work of our back field and ends. Cardwell at quarterback ran plays so swiftly and of such variety that the Lawyers were completely muddled. The game was one of the fastest and cleanest games that has ever been played on Shearer Field. The work of Anderson at end was exceptionally good. By a series of four perfectly executed forward passes a touchdown was made in 45 seconds. At the close of the game the score stood S. P. U. 30; Cumberland 0.

Go to it boys the whole student body is with you to fight or yell as the occasion demands.

On October 30th, the Baptist from Russellville, Ky., invaded Clarksville with a determination to scalp the Presbyterians. But the dogged Scotch spirit was aroused

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