

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., APRIL, 1881.

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ARBUTUS.

Sent to a friend on a mutual birthday.

I send these fair arbutus flowers
In memory of life's morning hours,
Of birthday morns in other May
In homes of girlhood far away.

Of the old woods where scent of pine
Is mingled with this lovely vine,
Whose fragrant blossoms first appear
As harbingers of spring-time cheer.

Our paths that once lay side by side
Are severed now, and far and wide
Our feet have wandered from the scene
We hold in memory fresh and green.

Thy home is where the prairies wide
Unfold in bannered waves of pride,
And wondrous flowers of richest hue
Are flaunting in the sun and dew.

But these fair fragile buds will be
A voice of sweeter things to thee,
And freshly to thy mind will bring
The fragrance of life's earlier spring.

Of youth's dear friends and joyous hours,
In search of wild arbutus flowers.
In the old woodland haunts we knew
When skies of May bent soft and blue.

Oh, friend of mine, the past is past,
Life's sterner duties hold us fast.
We may not lay its burdens down
And wear once more youth's careless crown.

But on this mutual natal shrine
Our hands in fancy we will twine,
And roam like gleeful girls once more
The pleasant paths we trod of yore.

—Emily J. Bugbee.

DANGERS OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

MUCH is said about the advantages of a college course. The young man who has gone through college is supposed to be fully equipped for the battle of life; while he who has not pursued this course must ever work at a disadvantage. This may, and it may not, be true. Theoretically perhaps it is, but practically there is great danger that what is designed to be a benefit will prove to be a detriment. It is of the dangers peculiar to college work I now wish to speak. I will suppose that a new student comes to college from an academy or school

of like grade, and this supposed case will, with some modifications, apply to all.

He has, when he comes, some ideas of his own as to how things ought to be, and he does not find college just what he expected to find it. It does not harmonize at all with his preconceived notions of what a college should be. Nothing is done just as he supposed it would be done. The professors do not teach as they should, and the students themselves are something of a disappointment. He finds, moreover, that students are given to criticism. Students should be critics, and you will agree that they are not slow to exercise their function as such. The new student enters this "department" at once. Of course he has no appreciation of college work, and of course he does not know that he has not.

Now the danger is that his criticism will degenerate into mere fault-finding. Having once commenced this he finds fault with everything—he finds fault with the professors, finds fault with the text books, finds fault with the course, finds fault with everything connected with the college. It is an easy thing to find fault and, once begun, the chances are that he will continue this throughout his course, as many do. The disease becomes chronic. He becomes an incessant grumbler. Now this never makes things any better, and it is most detrimental to the student. He becomes disgusted with his work, regards it as insignificant, looks continually upon the faulty side, and does not at all appreciate the advantages that he does have. The student to be successful must have a high ideal. He must look for the best and not for the worst. He must remember that after all it depends largely upon individual effort. He must determine that whatever the failures of professors or others may be, as for him, he will do his part to the best of his ability. This I undertake to say is the only way he can get the most out of the given conditions. He makes a fatal error who is continually looking down while he should be looking up.

The next danger I mention is that of taking too much work. Students are continually trying to do four years work in three or five in four. This is always done at a sacrifice. There is too much work to do in the course as it is laid down, and when you come to add to this it is monstrous. Half of the students who come to college are incapable of taking the work as it comes and *mastering* it, and when you add more to this one of two results is inevitable: You do it at the sacrifice of your health and of your life, or you do not half do it. It is a dead weight upon you; you drag it along and both know nothing of the subjects studied and have lost all the benefits of study; and while you have the maximum number of studies, you go through with the minimum amount of genuine student work. The next danger into which the student is liable to fall, and which hinges on the one just mentioned, is that of dividing his time and attention among too many different things. A scattered shot is not effective. The student has his regular work, his literary work and his fraternity; he must take some time for reading, for society, for exercise, for church work, for Sunday school,

etc. All these are well enough; but he who tries to do everything succeeds in doing nothing. The student *must* make a judicious division of his time. And let me correct an error here. There is nothing connected with college more important than the college itself. Our specific purpose here is to pursue the studies of the curriculum. And especially in the first part of his course the student had better neglect anything else than these. He who comes to college and merely learns to talk glibly about nothing, or to recite tolerably without knowing anything of his lesson, has acquired a nice little trick, but he has acquired it at a fearful cost of time and means. No, sir; the world does not need your talk unless you have something to say, nor to hear you recite your lesson unless you have previously learned it. He who goes from college having in a good measure *mastered* the course has the ability to master something else; while our students who dissipate their strength in a dozen different ways go out of college realizing that they have not mastered anything.

The dangers that I have mentioned, a continual fault-finding, overburdening himself with work, an effort to go through on the just "to pass" plan, and scattering his force upon too many subjects, are initiatory steps to an evil that frequently renders the student's course a detriment to him. They cause him to fall into habits of study that are a detriment to any one. If the college student should acquire anything it is the ability to grasp and to comprehend the particular subject under consideration. Energy, perseverance, attention, vigor—these are the words that mean success, both in college and out of it. But when, from any or all of the causes mentioned, the energy of the student is dissipated, and he has no power of attention, no vigor, no strength, then is he utterly incapable of doing a student's work. He can, it is true, "pass" and go through, but he is worse off than when he began. He has gained nothing to speak of, and he has lost what energy he originally had. He is a clock run down. He is a piece of machinery without the motive power. He is the slave and not the master of his work. He has to use a term more expressive than elegant, "fizzled out." He is for the severe work of any intellectual pursuit utterly incapacitated.

Another danger into which the student is liable to fall is that of becoming skeptical in religious matters. It is an easy thing to be skeptical, but by no means a cheerful one. There are two reasons why the student is especially liable to become skeptical. The first is that as a student there is a certain degree of skepticism that is both legitimate and necessary. The student who would accept everything, without calling it in question, would be equaled in credulity only by the old woman who seldom sees a paper and thinks that everything is true because it is printed. The skepticism that asks for "grounds for belief" is commendable and useful. But the student commences to delve into the mysteries of philosophy and metaphysics. What he needs now is a master mind to guide him. The teacher here should be a man of the broadest learning both in science and in his own particular department. He should be acquainted with all "theories" and their relations to each other, and be fully able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Anything less than this is mere botch work—a following of the text-book, sweeping assertions, an ignoring of all opposition, and manifold revelations of ignorance. All this is well calculated to plunge the fair-minded student into the depths of skepticism. I have

heard some express surprise that any one could pass through a Christian college and not be a Christian. The only wonder to me is that any one passes through without being shattered in Christian belief. But be careful. I say to you again that skepticism is not cheerful, and a teacher's or an author's weakness or inconsistencies in this most abstruse and difficult field of study is no reason for being skeptical of Christian doctrines. Why am I skeptical? What good will come from it? With the limited amount of study I have given the matter, am I competent to decide? Have I any "grounds" for my disbelief? These are the proper questions to ask. They turn the matter around and throw it in a different light; and instead of allowing us to rush rashly into skepticism of orthodox opinions, they will at least give us moderation. Young men, a college course may be a good thing for you; it will be if you make it so. But beware of the dangers that lurk about it.

HAPPINESS.

BY E. A. S.

DID you ever lie some Summer morning, while man and his works were yet silent, and listen to the varied sounds that nature sends forth to greet the morning? Here and there a bird trills its morning song from some tree top, another and another follows until the air rings with melody, while the hum of bees and other voices from nature's brute creation join in the sweeter songs of the birds.

Did you ever dream as you listened thus, or as you saw the birds and bees flying about in the sunlight, that they were unhappy? Their lives seem so free, so void of all that could in any way perplex or annoy, that we sometimes long to be as free from care and as happy as the birds and bees.

Beecher says in his "Life Thoughts" that "we are not sent into life as a butterfly is sent into summer, gorgeously hovering over flowers, but to labor for the world's advancement and to mould our characters into God's likeness;" while O. S. Fowler teaches that "to be happy should be the chief end and aim of man." Contrary as these doctrines seem their authors are both trying to put the same idea into language. The former has perhaps expressed it more clearly, but when we think that happiness does not consist in taking life easy, but "in laboring for the world's advancement, and moulding our characters into God's likeness," then we can realize the latter statement, "happiness is the chief end and aim of man."

Many are seeking happiness for itself only, they flit hither and thither like butterflies among flowers, always seeking the most beautiful ones, regardless of the nectar contained in the homlier, and at last, after a life of uselessness, address their goddess in the words of the poet:

"I have sought thee in splendor and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and mirth;
I have sought thee and failed to possess,
And have proved thee a vision at last."

We are so apt as we travel along life's pathway to let the little pleasures of life pass unnoticed, but to allow little perplexities to worry us until happiness seems a long way off, and a sort of spasmodic enjoyment usurps its place. We rise in the morning with the burden of the day's duties hanging heavily on the mind, and we go through the day, working faithfully perhaps,

but allowing worry and perplexity to creep in on every hand, and when night comes we can not tell whether a bird has "sung all the day long, whether the sun has sunk like a dull red ball below the horizon, or has set behind the western hills lighting up the whole sky with a crimson glory. There may have been many chances to speak a kind word or do some little thing that would make another happy, but our minds have been so engrossed with our work that we have been oblivious of all else, and though work is the great panacea for sorrow, selfish labor never brings happiness.

In the bustle and activity of youth, we forget to enjoy each day as it passes in the hope that the future will bring a greater measure of happiness; in our ambition we crowd every hour full of striving for future enjoyment, forgetting that the pleasure of life consists in making the most of little things, and in the helping hand we stretch out to others. The sunshine and the opening of a flower are most ordinary affairs, but it is possible to feel a thrill of joy and thankfulness for even these. The love of friends is a blessing in which all seem to have some little share, yet it is not much prized until it is taken from us. Did we only pause to think, we might be happy each day in the presence of those whom we love. It is a little thing to dry the tear on a child's cheek, but the act brings happiness with it. It may be thought of little importance to hear the words "I love you" from its lips, but the love of the humblest soul should do much to make one happy. It is a great thing to commit one's life to the keeping of Him to whom all our happiness is due, but only in His service, in giving the affections to one who is infinitely powerful, do we find true happiness.

It will not be gained by seeking something to make ourselves happy. It does not consist in work, for those who labor hardest are often the most discontented; not in leisure, for that dread disease of *ennui* drives away all power of enjoyment; neither riches nor poverty will win the treasure, for trials and discontent come alike to the palace of the wealthy and the cottage of the poor; excitement may sway the mind for a time, and fame with its attendant adulations fill the heart, but dissatisfaction follows closely in the wake of both.

If anything will bring unhappiness, idleness is sure to do so, and he who would be happy must have his mind filled with his life work, be it ever so humble, and then he will learn that there is a hidden spring of self denial in the casket of duty, and when that is pressed the lid will fly open disclosing the gem of happiness.

THE FIRST RAYS LIGHT UP THE MORNING.

BY IRVING DICE.

THE morning of our existence has dawned upon us. And the expanse encircling our zenith spreads out to our view in widening areas, for our prospect reaches through eternity and we can see no limit to our development. A child received a penny for saying one and was told that he could be the owner of another when he could count two. One year after he had one dollar and could count his hundred pennies. He valued his dollar, but these first rays of mathematical light were worth millions to him. By a process as simple as this, we add to our intellectual and moral light. Rays of divine light coming from

every source multiply into infinity. If present gains were the limit of our attainments, like Alexander the Great, we should sit down and weep as the only mark of greatness left to us. But our heart leaps with joy as we look out upon the unconquered provinces before us and see life freighted with possibilities—grand, immense possibilities. True, we may close our eyes to the divine light as it comes from every source and live the life of a mere animal, or we may in sensuality and debauchery wreck all the *manhood* that is in us and barter away our birthright of all the possibilities of moral and intellectual grandeur. We may fully realize the truth of the words of the great teacher that if the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness? or towering high in intellect and in moral principles we can live a life divine in its nature, for there is a path in which the finite points toward the infinite; a walk with God that makes everything glow with divine glory; that expands every thought to reach through eternity past and through eternity yet to be. A single flower sends forth a ray of divine beauty that sinks deeper into the soul than the image we see; and it prepares us to receive the beautiful and we thirst for it until we are filled and realize that there is no end to our development in the beautiful. The mechanism of the leaf leads us into a different field of knowledge. We see as we examine how skillfully it is adapted to its purpose and how beautifully formed. Innumerable things in infinite variety, intricate and wonderful, throw the light of divine wisdom upon us to develop in us the mechanical and to enable us to unite beauty of form with the useful. But the field widens. As we follow the Creator through the ages of the earth's formation, we see His hand molding and fashioning everything. From the rocks in which are found only a few of the most simple organized beings we rise to an age when the earth was clothed with teeming millions of mammoth animals. We rise from an age when the lichens occupied the earth in their loneliness, to an age when the most exuberant vegetation clothed it with dense forests. And in our march through the age our mind becomes filled with organized forms—images of wonderful creatures. As we approach our age we look upon our own persons in the light of the ages and are, in part, able to understand how fearfully and wonderfully we are formed. Thus field after field opens to us. Looking upon matter we see how cohesion binds them into forms, how central attractions shape them into spheres, and how, by centripetal and centrifugal forces, one sphere controls the motion of others, marking their path through the realms of space. As our minds leap through the laws of matter from particles to spheres, to systems of planets, to the great center where the divine touch controls all in harmony, we stand in awe of Him who wrought all to develop our minds. But stopping with matter we are like one tarrying upon the little streams of knowledge, while the great ocean of truth lies before us. Spirit existence is more wonderful than matter. And who can fathom the divine nature. The floods of light are yet to be poured upon us, for we are heir to it all.

There are many indications that in the present condition of applied science the time is not far distant when all our telegraph lines will be under ground, where they will least impair the beauty of streets and be protected from adverse atmospheric influences. And it is not improbable that after a few years' experience of the cost, not to say the danger, of elevated railroads in cities, noiseless, smokeless, well-lighted, and wholesome tunnel routes of city rapid transit will be adopted. The facilities for both changes are even now within reach.

PENMANSHIP.

A. W. N.

IT IS almost an impossibility to enter a dwelling in all our land without seeing a picture of some kind. We find them of all shades and descriptions, ranging all the way from a rough wood cut, taken from an old newspaper, to a magnificent masterpiece of a Raphael. We infer from this that our people have a universal liking for pictures. These productions, whatever may be their grade, are all composed of straight lines and curves, light and shade. A written word is composed of the same elements and is nothing less than a picture. If its lines are free and smooth its curves are graceful and flowing, and its light and shade tastefully arranged it makes a picture pleasing to every one. The ability to make such pictures should be acquired by all for several reasons. Good penmanship is universally admired. It is a satisfaction to anyone to know that his work is appreciated. The ability to write an elegant hand is an accomplishment which may well be placed on a level with painting and music. It is an attainment which gives one the respect and confidence of society, for it is a kind of a general recommendation that whatever else is done will be done well. This acquirement is all the more admired because of its practical utility. A good hand has made many a man his fortune. A manuscript, beautifully and neatly written, in the hands of an examining committee, is taken for one-half more than one of equal merit, as to subject matter, written in an awkward, careless manner. Elegant penmanship cultivates a love and appreciation for the beautiful in general. The habit of forming beautiful words becomes a general habit, and a touch of beauty and elegance is given to whatever is undertaken; and thus gradually a refining influence is exerted on the character. Especially is this so of the young.

There is no good reason why the large mass of the youth of our country should not become not only good writers but accomplished penmen. Lord Chesterfield said that "any man, who has the proper use of his eyes and his fingers, may learn to write whatever hand he desires." Doubtless there may be exceptions to this rule, but in general it is true. The question is asked, how? As in all the other arts it is necessary to have true ideals of what is to be produced, so in writing it is necessary to have an ideal of correct and symmetric letters and combinations of letters. Then the ability to reproduce those ideals on paper must be acquired. It is necessary to study the forms of letters and to carefully observe specimens of good penmanship in order to obtain the true idea. Then by means of a little instruction and a large amount of practice you may soon become a beautiful writer. A person's hand depends very much upon the amount of *patience* and *care* he possesses. Yet any one with a reasonable amount of will-power can exercise a sufficient amount of these qualities to make him a good penman in a few months and within a year may acquire the ability to perform artistic work. A free, easy movement is indispensable to good writing, and much time should be spent in practice on movement exercises. Letters may be accurately formed and yet lack the smoothness and gracefulness that a free movement imparts. The idea prevails that not more than one person in a hundred can possibly become a good penman. This is false

and is one reason why we have so many who write a miserable scrawl. The vast majority of the people have never tried to learn to write. All who persistently make the effort will be surprised at the progress they make and the capabilities that they possess.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.

IN general I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour? A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death? Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now—though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—*Kuskin*.

Last May the Lake of Tiberias was sounded and dredged. The lake is now 212 metres below that of the Mediterranean, but it is thought to have been at one time on a level with the "Great Sea," or Mediterranean. It is 250 metres deep at its northern extremity, its deepest part, and M. Lourtet has reason to believe, from remains found during the dredging operations, that it had been at one time a saline lake. There are reported to have been discovered types of fish marking the transition between salt and fresh water fauna, but it will be safe to await further exposition of this alleged fact. It is a misfortune for science, as it is for news and other departments of human industry, that more stress is laid upon the availability of sensational intelligence than upon the accuracy of well-sifted information.

In a long article the *Scientific American* takes exception to the still prevailing tendency of text-book writers to split up the solar spectrum into a heat, a light, and an actinic spectrum. Incidentally it sums up its objections in a single sentence: "What the ray [of the sun] will do depends solely upon what kind of matter it falls upon, and all three of these names, light, heat, and actinism, are names of effects of radiant energy." There is no other legitimate conclusion if the notable researches of Dr. Draper, with regard to the solar spectrum, are carefully examined.

A remarkable result, says the *Engineer*, has recently been achieved by Sir W. Armstrong in the production of a gun, weighing 95 hundred-weight, discharging a projectile weighing 120 pounds, with a velocity of 2,064 feet per second, that is to say, having 3,545 foot tons stored up energy, or 746.3 foot tons per ton weight of gun. The gun is an experimental one, and the result being so extraordinary is supposed to be exceptional.

THE CAMPUS.

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IN this issue we give room for a communication from "Fitz." It has been a question in the minds of the editors whether it was advisable to have a column devoted to the communications which our readers might wish to submit. And while we may not have given any definite space for this purpose we have been willing to furnish any one a chance to express themselves upon matters of interest. We would suggest to our successors, whenever they may be chosen, that some arrangements be made for the same. An interchange of thought will thus be promoted and new thoughts and ideas suggested to all.

AS we enter upon the duties of another term, we are happy to be able to again record the close of a prosperous term. As students we have been remarkably favored in health as well as other respects. In common with many of our sister colleges we have had a few cases of measles; but with this exception and the prevalence of hard colds there has been but very little illness among the students. A word of caution, however, may not be out of place at this time. With the balmy warmth of spring, we are all apt to become careless and to expose ourselves unnecessarily. We should be especially careful to guard against the sudden changes incident to this season of the year. The next few weeks will be more trying to our health than any equal time during the whole year.

THE Senior Class of this year is the largest in the history of the college, its only rival being the class of '58. In connection with the arrangements for commencement the question of class representation has been under discussion. There are undoubtedly many reasons why it would be advisable, and there are many against it which should be carefully considered before the present plan is changed. In any form in which it can be presented it will necessarily re-establish some form of the honor

system, which is in many respects to be deprecated. If the classes in the future are as large as at present it will be necessary to have representation in some form. Whenever it may be thought best to take this step, we think it is the province and duty of the faculty to decide the matter and determine the method by which the representatives shall be determined.

THE society elections are passed, the decisions have been rendered, and once more college life has settled into its accustomed repose. There are those who favor almost any other plan than that which at present decides who shall be the unfortunate. There are advantages both ways, but we think that the present system is as free from injustice as any other practical method. The great cry that these elections stir up hard feeling, we do not believe to be to any great extent true. Every man naturally works for the candidate whom he wishes to succeed, but, when it is all over, they return to their work and cherish no hard feelings whatever. This we believe to be the case in the late elections, and while we know that there undoubtedly are others in all of the societies perfectly capable to fill the positions, we congratulate the successful candidates upon the outcome of the struggle.

THE trustees of Western Reserve College have finally decided to remove that institution to Cleveland, Ohio, accepting the offer of \$500,000, made by Mr. Stone and the subscription by the citizens of Cleveland of \$119,400. The Case School of Applied Science, which has an endowment of \$1,250,000 is to be a part of the institution; and this sum, with Mr. Stone's \$500,000 and the College endowment of \$250,000, will give the new University an aggregate of \$2,000,000. This is a move in the proper direction. What the educational interests of this country demand is centralization and consolidation in educational institutions. We need more Universities and first-class Colleges, and fewer second-class ones. The tendency has been to scatter educational forces at the cost of efficiency. New colleges have been founded wherever the necessary means for erecting the buildings could be obtained, without the important consideration of endowments, scholarships, etc. Perhaps this has been well enough. In a new country like ours it may have been necessary. The forest must be cleared, pioneers must first open the way before rich, cultivated fields and magnificent cities make their appearance. So it was necessary to scatter the seeds of educational institutions throughout our land. But now is the time to begin to nurture the plants which have sprung from these seeds. Many a college that has made itself worthy the name, is seriously impeded by the want of suitable appliances and endowments. We are glad to notice that the tendency of the present decade is to build up these institutions and increase their efficiency. Millionaires, whose generosity is measured only by their wealth, are beginning to notice these wants and to act accordingly. The instance cited is only one of the many indications of this praiseworthy movement. A new department endowed with \$150,000 is to be added to our own State University. May the munificent gifts to educational institutions made by Mr. Wharton, of Philadelphia, Mr. Stone, of Cleveland, and Mr. Seney, of Brooklyn, be oft repeated, and old colleges be increased in influence by new endowments.

SEVERAL articles have lately appeared in our columns upon critics and criticism which, for the most part, we fully endorse. There still remains, however, a very important branch of this subject which has not been mentioned. Important as is society criticism to the student who expects to make improvement, still more important, we believe, is the at present unpracticed custom of criticism by mutual friends. Many, if not all of the mistakes which are corrected in societies are first indulged during conversation, and in our daily intercourse. We neglect ease of bearing and correctness of speech, until we have occasion to use them publicly, and then expect to don them as we would our Sunday clothes. We could not, if we desired, begin to mention the errors made by each of us during a single day; these pass unheeded and are repeated until they become fixed in our very nature. There are doubtless several ways in which we may correct these errors. One of which we believe, if properly tried, would be of great and permanent benefit to all, is for circles of intimate friends to agree among themselves to correct each other whenever a mistake is made in pronunciation, construction, composition, or position, and ease of bearing, and even farther, in general manners and behavior. We mean that each student should become a critic, and every group of friends a society for criticism. Much care and discretion must undoubtedly be used, but for the most part good common sense will be a valuable and trustworthy guide. We do not mean that any person should be subjected to public and embarrassing criticism, but when alone, and when in company, to note the mistakes and at the proper time to call attention to them. In this way we may gain that which will give us great advantage in after life, not only in speaking and behaving properly so far as we know, but it will place at our command the experience and advice of those who have looked at these questions from different standpoints. We are aware that many do not take criticism kindly, no matter where given, and would not advise injuring the feelings of, and perhaps losing, a true friend, just for the sake of correcting an error, but we believe that with due consideration for their feelings and a thorough understanding, but little trouble will be experienced. Why should we not have clubs for this purpose as well as for reading Shakespeare or studying science?

MORE attention ought to be given to literary work in our colleges. Among the things which we as students lack, none affects us more vitally than this need of practice and instruction in composition and its kindred subject, elocution. Our literary societies aid much and furnish that which it would be most difficult to attain in any other exercise, but they cannot furnish that instruction in composition which is needed by most college students. We think that many of the apparently reasonable arguments made by the so-called advocates of practical education, are due to this neglect. The effects of this neglect are apt to be especially prominent in those institutions which have preparatory schools in connection with the college. The usual aim of such schools is to hurry the students into the college classes; to this end they pay especial and exclusive attention to language and mathematics to the neglect of the study and practice of English. No one can fail to see the force of this argument if they will consider the advertisements of many of these schools in which it is stated that students desiring to complete

the college course can save from one to three terms as everything is arranged with reference to the college course and no time wasted upon outside topics. The result is the young student makes up his mind that it is necessary for him to hurry; during his preparatory and college life, actuated by the haste inspired at the outset, he urges forward to eminent scholarship, possibly in everything, but his own vernacular. How is it that college preparatory schools can save the student so much time? What does it throw out in order to shorten a three years' course into two? Simply this, they neglect almost entirely English grammar, composition, and English branches generally. It must be admitted that some who enter these schools are thorough students of the elements of English, but very many know but little beyond the teaching of the common schools. For many of our colleges give no attention worth mentioning to this department, and if the attempt is made it often results in the endeavor to put into operation a theory utterly impracticable. We believe that from the time a pupil enters the common school until he leaves the college or university, special attention should be given to the English language under competent teachers, nor should his study stop here. All other attainments gain or lose by the use or abuse of English. A man who has carefully studied and mastered a college course often finds himself cramped and confused for the lack of power to express himself in clear, concise language.

EDITOR CAMPUS:

Dear Sir:—I have frequently read appeals from you to the students for their help in the way of providing short, crisp articles for the CAMPUS, and have a suggestion to offer which may bring you the aid you ask for. Let a prize of fifteen dollars be offered to all competitors for six literary contributions, two each term under the following conditions:

- 1st. The judges of merit to be the board of editors of the CAMPUS.
- 2d. The prize to be awarded to the writer of highest average excellence.
- 3d. All contributions to be accompanied by the real names of the authors.
- 4th. The editors to have the right of publishing in the CAMPUS all articles sent to them by competing writers. Should this call out but ten competitors it would ensure all the help you could possibly utilize.

Yours truly,

FITZ.

We cheerfully give space to the above and would recommend to our successors the plan proposed or some similar method. It is not feasible to inaugurate this plan at the present time on account of the near approach to the end of this volume. There may be a question as to the possibility of furnishing such a prize, but if taken in time it can probably be arranged for. But what is especially needed is the earnest co-operation of the students.

THE EDITOR.

If a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time in examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "suntan" even in midwinter, and he will develop freckles on his countenance as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in midsummer.

Local.

Spring fever is now in order.

Where did you spend your vacation?

One of our seniors thinks the past tense of the verb "to heat" is "het."

Class in geology: Prof.—"What are *solfateras*?" Mr. M—"solfá—what?"

Several serenading bands have already been organized for the present season.

Senior P. thinks a man wouldn't have more than half a family without a wife.

The members of the drum corps settle their little disputes by a test of skill in boxing.

The Senior Class has invited Bishop Simpson to preach the baccalaureate sermon this year.

Messrs. Fleming, Powers and Ferree entertain Philo Society with some fine selections of instrumental music.

The class in analytical chemistry, at the end of last term, finished a very extended course of experiments.

Dr. Butts has accepted the invitation of the Y. M. C. A. and will preach their annual commencement sermon.

The ladies say that there must be some sidewalks built in the vicinity of Hulings Hall or the boys won't call.

Mr. D. says he has spoken several pieces written by Anonymous and thinks that as an author he is a decided success.

The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity is permanently located in Magaw's block, in the hall formerly occupied by the K. of H., which is being newly furnished.

The result of the elections for commencement representatives is, for the Allegheny Society, A. D. Colegrove; Philo-Franklin, L. O. Mead; Ossoli, Miss Emma Merchant.

Prof. Williams delivered a very instructive lecture on "The Civil Service" before the class in Political Economy on the last Friday of last term.

We would call special attention to the advertisement in this issue of Geo. A. Stone, the well-known Nurseryman of Rochester, N. Y., who is in want of a few more salesmen.

Mr. H. in society, warming with the subject, "Yes, Mr. President, the press in all its phases is a success, for which I can give experimental proof——." Here the speaker's voice was drowned in applause.

It is the universal verdict of the members of the different literary societies that the Winter term's work has been one of remarkable interest and advantage. The public performances given in the Chapel prove that there has been earnest work done.

The bouncing season has again appeared. A large number of students, most of them members of the Preparatory Department, recently treated several of their companions to the "blanket bounce," using the cannon tarpaulin in place of the traditional blanket.

The second annual contest for the Plummer Oration Prize of the Allegheny Literary Society was held in the College Chapel on the evening of March 22d. There were four orators on the

programme, all of whom did ample justice both to themselves and the Society which they represented. After a few moments spent in consultation, the judges awarded the prize, which consisted of a check for twenty-five dollars, to W. W. Thoburn.

Perhaps the most interesting entertainment of the kind with which Meadville has been favored during the present college year was Robert J. Burdette's lecture, entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache." Although of a comical nature, often bringing the house down in uproarious applause, it displayed passages of fine description, and inimitable pathos. The description of Custer's charge, and the thoughts of the father on being asked his daughter's hand in marriage are good examples. Mr. Burdette leads his audience through realms of thought which sometimes embody the sublime, then suddenly, when we least expect it but always in the proper time, takes that fabled step which brings us into the precincts of the ridiculous. His lecture might well be called "Sketches from Life."

On the morning of March 18th the students were entertained by one of Rev. Townsend's delightful lectures. His subject, "The American Scholar," was so tersely presented and so aptly discussed as to charm and instruct all who heard him. Although abounding in allusion to the treasures of antiquity, the controlling motive seemed to be the encouragement of the student in the activities of the present.

On the evening of March 10th the ladies of Hulings Hall gave an entertainment of a very agreeable character. Miss Boice, who originated and conducted it, enriched it by one of her finest recitations. Miss Woods did the same, while Miss Hyde, Mr. Fleming, Misses Merchant and Saeger furnished music. The chief attraction of the evening was "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," exhibited by Miss Darrow. Of these there could be but one opinion. For wit, skill and innocence, for real fun, they came to the highest excellence. Many young men assisted in a gallant and effective way, and the whole concluded with "The Old Man's Dream," by Mr. J. H. Miller. We cannot discriminate where all was so good, but the entertainment was beautiful and perfect in its kind. The attendance was excellent and the proceeds, earned with much labor and sacrifice, were given by the fair artists for a purpose which they regard with sacred and generous sympathy.

The name of JOSEPH W. PICKETT, of the class of '55, whose death by accident was noted in a former issue, has elicited a volume of "Memoirs," which we have read with deep interest. He, whose memory has been thus affectionately embalmed, was one of those to whom the "New West" will ever owe a debt of gratitude as the standard bearer of Christian civilization. All honor to such men! For, perhaps, fifteen years, he bore a conspicuous part in planting the institutions of the church and school in Iowa, and later in Colorado and adjoining territories. The "American Home Missionary Society" found in Mr. Pickett a man of the right stamp for the superintendency of their work in that vast field. To it he devoted every energy of body and mind, and even life itself.

"The evangelization of our country," says his biographer, "the establishment of churches and institutions of Christian education in the new States, was the passion of his life. In this work he was ready to hold fellowship with all true believers; and he encouraged their union in one Christian church, wherever it was practicable in new communities, and in those of limited popu-

lation. In harmony with these sentiments, he prosecuted his missionary labors, and planted churches in the interior of the continent, and in vast mountain regions. In Iowa he introduced moral and religious order in numerous places, carried saving health into thousands of homes, and gave powerful support to churches, schools and colleges. To the Rocky Mountains he brought greater treasures than their mines will ever yield," &c.

A brother minister speaks of him as follows: "Indomitable energy, great enthusiasm and hopefulness, burning zeal, and a spirit of self-sacrifice were prominent elements of his character. The way in which he pushed the work in the Black Hills * * * were proofs of his energy. Where others saw great obstacles he saw them too; but he saw also a mightier power, and was hopeful and enthusiastic in regard to the hardest fields. The burning zeal for upbuilding the Redeemer's kingdom, for which he prayed when a student, was his to the end."

Mr. Pickett's own facile pen (did our space allow) would best illustrate the spirit and character of the man—the grand and wild scenes amid which his last days were passed—the perils he encountered and incidents he met with. I quote at random. He is in the heart of his parish. "The next morning I set off on a pony over the mountains. After rapid and laborious climbing, at 2 p. m. I stood on the backbone of the continent. It was grand beyond description. Descending rapidly to the west, I reached Hillerton at 6 p. m., near the head waters of Willow Creek, which flows into the Gunnison. Here I found a camp of about one hundred miners, with perhaps a dozen families. I left an appointment for the next Wednesday evening, and passed on, spending the following night at the first stopping place, thirty miles to the west. In attempting to save five miles by a cut-off, I was lost twice in the wildest part of the mountains, and at last led my horse over fallen timber and rocks down the steep mountain-side into Union Park, where I struck the road, having wandered from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. Passing five miles down Lotus Creek, a wild canon, I came to Taylor River, really the Gunnison, down which I rode twenty miles, and at 8 p. m. reached Jock's Cabin, a weary man." Surely "God had not given him the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

"How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace,
That bringeth good tidings of good,
That publisheth salvation,
That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

J. HAMNETT.

Personal.

A. C. Ellis, '79, is preaching at Caldwell, Ohio.

C. W. Rees, '78, is teaching in Friendville, Neb.

Cassia Patton, '82, has gone home on account of poor health.

A. Husted, formerly of class '82, is preaching at Redstone, Pa.

C. A. Boush, '79, is an agent of the Government at Collingwood, Canada.

E. Q. Whistler, '83, expects to spend the Summer traveling in the Eastern States.

L. A. Powell, '82, who has been teaching near Evansburg, has returned.

R. F. Randolph, '68, is pastor of the M. E. Church at Ravenna, Ohio.

James Doughty, '78, recently made a short visit at his home near Meadville.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, '80, visited her brother and other friends in Meadville recently.

A. H. Roudebush, '70, has left Oil City and is in New York managing a mining stock company.

Rev. A. J. Lindsay, A. M., '63, is very acceptably filling the pulpit of State Street Church, in this city.

D. C. O'Connor, '82, is assisting his brother in the management of a large cattle ranche at Honey Grove, Texas.

Rev. E. D. McReary, Presiding Elder of the Jamestown District, recently visited the college and his Meadville friends.

G. W. Delamater, '69, a prominent citizen of Meadville, is engaged in the practice of law in the courts of this county.

F. W. Silver, '83, who was called home last term on account of sickness, has not returned but is at present in Wellsville, O.

W. Bowser, '80, and wife have both left Cawnpore, India, where he has been engaged in teaching during the past year.

E. W. Peck, '82, has returned and resumed his studies, having successfully finished a term of teaching at Harmonsburg, Pa.

Maj. F. W. Hess, A. M., '78, (honorary) has been nominated by President Garfield for the rank of captain in the regular army.

J. S. McKay, A. M., '76, is conducting the department of science at the Indiana Normal School, with the same success which attended his labors here.

R. D. Hoskins, '82, greeted his many college friends a few days since. He has been engaged during the Winter in the lumber business near Tionesta, Pa.

D. F. Delo, formerly a member of the present senior class, has been rapidly failing in health during the entire Winter. He sends his kindest regards to all his old college friends.

Will C. Davis, '85, will not be in college this term, but has returned to his home in Maryland. Before leaving a few of his friends presented him an elegant copy of Shakespeare's works as a token of regard.

F. B. Stephenson, A. M., M. D., '70, made a short visit at the college a few days since. He holds the position of surgeon on the government ship "Shenandoah" in the U. S. Navy, and has attained remarkable skill in difficult surgical operations.

G. H. Mosier, '79, died at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Reynolds, on the morning of March 28th. Since his graduation he had been attending the General Biblical Institute of the Episcopal Church in the city of New York. He was a young man of great moral worth, and leaves a large circle of mourning friends.

Miscellaneous.

The Founder's Day committee has been appointed.

Carlyle received his degree of LL. D., from Harvard.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—*Adam Bede*.

Nothing is as good as it seems beforehand.—*Silas Marner*.

"Judge," said a Western lawyer, "isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomical?"

"I think so," said the judge; "but I'll look it up in Webster's Dictionary."

Amherst students are required to attend church twice a day on Sunday.

Columbia has 1494 students, the largest number in any American college.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sidney*.

Return the civilities thou receivest, and be ever grateful for favors.—*Penn.*

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be patient. *Adam Bede*.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—*Washington*.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any good.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Ignorance is the curse of God knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.—*Shakespeare*.

The Harvard crew averages 172 pounds in weight, and 5 feet 10 inches in height.—*Cornell Era*.

It is rumored that a Cornell student has been seriously injured by the accidental discharge of his duties.—*Ex.*

Pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.—*George Eliot*.

There are now 150 college papers published in the United States. The circulation of none of them much exceeds 1,000.

It is rumored that James Russell Lowell would like to resign his mission to England and return to his Harvard professorship.

Be what you are. Ape no greatness. Be content to pass for what you are worth. A good nickel is better than a counterfeit dollar.

If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.

Take the earth and grind it into the smallest sand and scatter it throughout space, and there will not be a grain for each star.—*Agassiz*.

One who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.—*Bovae*.

A Freshie says that as soon as he gets out of college he is going to write a book entitled "Four years in the Saddle."—*The Argosy*.

The reason why John Stuart Mill was not an apostle was because it took ten mills to make one cent. Catch?—*Yale Record*.

It is always hard to blame yourself for a blunder, and always easier to assert that other people are ignorant than to confess you are ignorant yourself.

A senior recently wrote at the end of a problem, C. O. D. The contents of the last package from her milliner must have been unusually interesting.—*Vassar*.

Professor: "Why are you not taking notes, sir?" Scholus: "I cannot; the sun shines directly upon my paper." Professor: "True, true. Write on the other side."—*Free Press*.

"Bricks without straw," is what the senior calls it when it is announced in history recitation that he will be expected to be prepared on the entire period under discussion.—*Yale News*.

So far is charity from impoverishing, that what is given away, like vapors emitted from the earth, returns in showers of blessings into the bosom of the person that gave it, and his offspring is not the worse, but infinitely better for it.—*Horace*.

He fumbled over the pages for five minutes, and then said in heat, "Well, I've been a Webster man, and voted for him for President; but any man that will write a dictionary and leave out such a common word as 'equinomical' can't have my vote any more."—*New York Herald*.

Of all divine institutions, the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner stone of civilization, and its removal might even effect the health of the people.—*Lord Beaconsfield*.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness: and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Table.

Mistress—"Bridget, did you hear me call?" "Yes, mum," said Bridget, "but you told me the other day never to answer ye back, and I didn't"

What was the association of ideas in the mind of the Senior, who, at the end of a problem where we would expect *quod erat demonstrandum*, wrote C. O. D.—*Miscellany*.

"My son," said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold on you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.

A teacher in a public school gave a sentence to be written and properly punctuated. A boy gave the following as the result of his effort: The quality of mercy says, "Shakespeare is not strained."

A Freshman, slipping on a banana skin as he strolled along the broad, icy asphalt walk, exclaimed: "Thank Heaven I don't live in the tropics, where the ice would be covered with banana skins."

Prof. in Psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Undergraduate*.

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend—If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."—*Galveston News*.

"We will now proceed to an examination," said the Professor (a cold perspiration started out upon the foreheads of the class), "of the differences in longitude," he continued blandly, after shuffling his papers for a few minutes.—*Ex.*

A man called out to his creditor: "Get out, you ornithorhynchus!" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An ornithorhynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"

A Prep. was discovered in his examinations with a book under his coat, and being questioned by an anxious class-mate as to how he had succeeded, answered in laconic terms: "Not too verbatim, but just verbatim enough."—*Transcript*.

"John," said a poverty-stricken man to his son, "I've made my will to-day." "Ah!" replied John, "you were liberal to me, no doubt." "Yes, John, I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole State of New York—to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere, if you can do better.—*Ex.*

An Oil City Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon after with having been drunk. "'Twas absent-mindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I said to meself, sez I, 'Pat, cum in an' have a drink.' 'No, sur, sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll drink alone,' sez I. An' whin meself cum out, faith an' he was dhrunk."

A devout Methodist asked Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't."

Mr. Topnoody was in good humor this morning; and, coming into the kitchen, where Mrs. T. was at work, he threw a barrel-hoop over her that he found in the back-yard, and said: "Ha! ha! Mrs. Topnoody, why are you like the wife of a circus clown?" "I don't know," snapped Mrs. T., jerking away the hoop, "unless I'm married to a fool." Poor Topnoody collapsed and forgot the answer to his conundrum, all except something about being in a ring; and even his friends down town couldn't recall to his mind what it was.

Small Boy—"Why does a duck put his head under water?"

Student, with great intellect—"For divers reasons."

Boy—"Why does he go on land?"

Student—"For sun dry reasons."

Boy, perplexed—"Why, did you say, a duck puts its head under water?"

Student, smiling—"To liquidate its little bill."

Boy—"And why does it go on land?"

Student—"To make a run on the bank."—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

We will permit our exchanges to speak for themselves this month.

The *Transcript* says: The feeling has spread among all classes of students that while progress is being made in some departments of our institution, others are being neglected. Not wishing to be thought cynical, I desire to be reasonable, even if severe. Several actions of the faculty in regard to Chapel must be commended. Their endeavor to introduce a military discipline adds very much to the general appearance of the morning prayers. The system of marking absences and the rule for coming in and out is a step in advance. But it is difficult to "practice what you preach." Why don't the Professors attend morning prayers? Are they pious enough? Or do they claim that they have their family prayers at home? Both excuses can be presented by many students.

There has been some thought of organizing a small club for the discussion of college matters and reporting the discussions for the *Monthly*. There are many subjects which, we believe, can be better presented in their various aspects in this way than by the ordinary method, and we think the reports will be found interesting. The subjects proposed for discussion are such as "College Endowments," "College Discipline," "Co-Education," "Classical Studies," "Professors as Members of the Board of Trustees," etc., etc. Possibly the first report will appear in the April number.—*Penn'a College Monthly*.

We are weary of the well-worn themes for the oratorical flights of students. We had thought that the college world was growing better in this respect, but now we hear again of men who waxed eloquent over "Our Country" and "Ambition." We look forward to the next Commencement season with horror. Shall college communities be pestered once more with a series of proverbial, copyrighted, grandiloquent speeches? We have just cast aside a journal from a New England College of much renown, in which is an extended report of an oratorical contest. Six orations made up the entertainment. The first speaker (from Boston) orated on "True Greatness;" the sixth and last gentleman took for his theme the "Conception of True Greatness." Another paper before us contains a flimsy discourse in full on the unique and everlasting subject, "Our Republic."—*Washington Jeffersonian*.

Why are Americans not better conversers? Because of superficiality, we would say. But it is not the superficiality that comes from a want of depth, rather that which comes from ignoring depth and courting the superficial. American conversation hardly ever deals with details. Conversers broach a dozen lofty subjects in a single evening, skip from one peak to another and then part with a definite idea of nothing and a confused idea of everything. Where does the trouble with us lie? Right here! We talk for a *passing* entertainment and not for *permanent* profit. Americans are thrown together. They *must* talk. So they deal in "glittering generalities," they sight one peak of thought, while they bid farewell to another and stand upon a third. They strive to entertain and not to profit. They delight in the quickness of motion, in the facility of disposing of a subject. Details, with them while it indeed means profit, at the same time means *labor*, and it is the opposite of labor, Americans strive to engage in when they converse.—*Oberlin Review*.

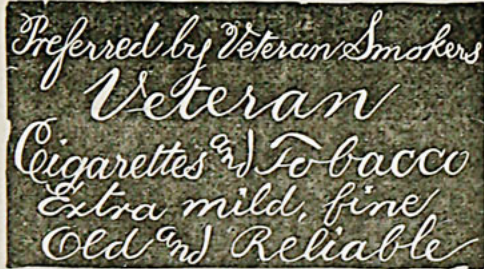
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