

THE CAMPUS.

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LITERARY.

THE SILENT LAND.

From the German of Salis.

O. B. M.

Into the silent land!

Who guides us over?

E'en now our sunset sky clouds gloomily o'er,
And more abounding in ruins becomes the shore.

Who guides us e'er with so gentle a hand

Over, ah! over

Into the silent land?

Into the silent land!

Your occasions, how free

For divinely unfolding! Tender morning visions
Of the beautiful soul! Pledge of future existence!

Whoever life's conflicts nobly withstands,

Carries germs of sweet hope

Into the silent land.

Oh land! oh land!

For all the storm-menaced!

The tend'rest of the messengers of our doom,
With taper inverted, e'er beckons us on,

And guides us *all* with so gentle a hand

Into the land of the myriad dead.

Into the silent land!

A FRAGMENT.

Experience is a teacher stern and hard,
And one that never counts life's lessons learned
'Til we are like Damascus blades in proof,
Whose hilts and points must touch, and bear the strain
Unharm'd, their fineness and full temper proved;
And thus with Truth, by sad experience learned.
The sternest battles which in life we fight,
Are those wherein we strive to conquer Truth;
As, when one says: "There is no God," and turns
Toward the stars with impious questionings,
And sees each glowing planet pointing sheer
Toward the Throne, where sits the Infinite,
And at His side the Son, the Crucified.

B. S.

THE MINISTRY OF LABOR.

Away back in the morning of man's being, the fiat went forth, "Cursed be the ground for thy sake * * * in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." And from that time the law has been all but inexorable, that human existence is dependent on human labor.

To all the stern reality is offered—work or perish; and the history of the world's material prosperity or happiness is all traced along the line of this duty. Labor exists as the alternative of want, and so long as man's needs and tastes are manifest, so long will he require the ministry of labor; so long will human faculties and human sinews be employed in overcoming the resistance of natural forces and elements, and wealth always will be an index of man's exerted power over nature.

Well-directed labor is the master-key which opens every treasure of mind or matter. It is the magic word transforming weakness into strength, poverty into plenty, and discontent into happiness. But notwithstanding the divinely appointed conditions of work, men look upon it with hesitation and dread, fully realizing that the ground *was* cursed—but not for their good; they see the sweat upon the brow of the laborer, but are slow to acknowledge its relation to their own bread.

Labor is the force which lifts barbarism into civilization, for where the gospel of hard work has been well preached and well practiced, nations have taken on a higher and more energetic life. Man's first impulse to toil comes from the spur of physical want, and it is always interesting to study a people in relation to the climate and natural products which limit their necessities.

In countries where Providence has been benign—

nant and nature bounteous, where the spontaneous productions of the earth have satisfied the simple wants of the inhabitants, a correspondingly low degree of civilization is found. Instance any country where material wants can be satisfied without regular and systematic labor, and it has invariably a thin and scanty population, little above the point of mutual starvation.

But pass to regions offering more resistance and less willingly surrendering their treasures, and the scale of advancement rises to acknowledge the supremacy of toil. Only when man is driven from his passive independence on nature and made to measure his strength with the stubborn elements will he realize the redeeming power of labor; and that country where man's abilities are nearest met in his effort to provide the food and clothing necessary to shield him from the assaults of hunger and thirst, and the austerity of the seasons and climate, will have the highest type of development.

But labor is not satisfied with the wages of bare necessity; it goes beyond the motive which induced it. Man's wants increase as they are met. Being raised to plenty, he desires opulence, and that attained, the luxuries of wealth become to him positive needs. The desires of the heart are never satisfied, otherwise man would cease to struggle and aspire. As it is, the mania for hoarding riches outlives every rational desire and limitation. Yet, when philanthropists and divines have said their worst of it, this love of personal gain still remains the source of much of the material advancement of society. Few indeed would be the colleges, charitable institutions, railroads and public works were it not for the domineering power concentrated in accumulated wealth. Thus industry, though mainly selfish in its impulses, plays an important part as a moral force. And the attempt of Communism to distribute wealth equally is to separate the coals which only together make a fire.

On every hand monuments of industry confront us, all the great master-pieces of art are the trophies of skilled labor. Every library, temple, or worthy enterprise is the product of more or less

ability multiplied by labor. The fact is, very little is denied to well-directed, intelligent work, and this ability to do is the common capital of all men alike.

"Seest thou a man diligent in business," said Solomon, "and he shall stand before kings." And America's great champion of industry, Benjamin Franklin, is said to have stood in honor before seven kings in his lifetime. But go by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and weeds and broken walls will as surely be seen.

The hand of the diligent always has borne rule, and always will, until the conditions of labor are reversed. Idleness takes its place naturally, as the servant of industry, and the servitude is just. There is nothing which so vivifies and beautifies a man as the glow of honest toil, and nothing so debases and enslaves as sluggish inactivity. No one, however rich, has the right to spend his time in idleness. The command is, "six days shalt thou labor," and the obligation is as binding as for the rest of the seventh day.

"In the theatre of life it remaineth only for God and the angels to be lookers-on." It is every man's duty to be laboring for rest, which only comes after work. There is an endless significance in enthusiastic work. Man owes all his strength and energy to the strivings of the will—that conflict with difficulties which we call effort. Were all our wants anticipated by nature, we would be a contemptible race. Light work which does not tax the energy does not develop robust men with solid characters, but there is something in a personal of the power to overcome resistance which is of itself inspiring. Hard masters are these stern necessities which spur us to effort, and dear is the tuition in the school of toil, but every graduate turns back to bless the stern teachers who so uncompromisingly taught lessons of wisdom by their sharp ministry.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

There are authors, the mention of whose names always arouses a certain train of thoughts.

When some one refers to Emerson you voluntarily feel that you are going to be called upon to concentrate your intellectual faculties upon some one subject, to the exclusion of everything else, for Emerson always makes you think. If Bryant is mentioned, you imagine you hear the rustle of leaves and the murmur of fountains, for Bryant wove such sounds into his poetry; so when Charles Lamb is mentioned a peculiar state of mind is awakened. You know something new is coming; you feel like smiling at the mer

mention of his name, and the remembrance of the half comic, half serious vein in which he offers his original ideas and expressions. He is one of the writers whom we love and who grows in favor every time we go over one of his pleasant essays. Take this one on Grace before Meat, the simple title recommends it. In fact, if there was nothing but the title, 'twould not be uninteresting, for who has not many home pictures hanging about it full of beauty and love? There is a pleasure in the title, but one cannot help feeling a half surprise when the first paragraph asserts that it is not easy to be understood why the act of eating should have a particular expression of thanksgiving attached to it. Such an idea starts the spirit of controversy at once, and we are half incensed that Charles Lamb should suggest such an idea, for, of course, we ought to ask a particular blessing upon the food that supports life. We are too fast; it is not lack of thankfulness that causes the remark, for listen as he goes on: "I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions during the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting or a solid problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts, a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional service proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen."

We knew when we started that we would have a new idea, and here it is, but we fear for its reception among people. For one who sees blessings in everything it is undoubtedly a beautiful custom, but we fear for the grumblers who never see a fair side to life, under the custom which dictates a blessing for all good things. But, in this brief paragraph, is there not something found more than the idea? It seems to me it gives a glimpse of something very admirable in the man's character. One feels like exclaiming, "what a beautiful soul this man has!" when they see his healthful love for whatever is good; his love for friends, for books, for nature, and, above all, the simple, sincere way in which he says he feels as if he ought to say grace before each and all the good things of life. Really, one feels almost like saying grace themselves that they know so wholesome a mind among the many ungenerous, thankless ones that growl and grumble about us.

But, to return to the essay, the writer declares his intention of confining his observations to the experiences which he has had with grace, properly so called, and let us follow him in his thoughts. In the outset we meet an idea to which we, perhaps, have never before given a moment's thought.

Did you ever sit down, with a thoughtless, merry company, at a table richly spread and, in the midst of laughter and jests, be suddenly called upon to bow your head for grace? If so, you know the feeling of incongruity that shaded you for an instant; not that you didn't believe in thanking God for every good blessing of life, but, under the circumstances, it didn't seem fitting. Undoubtedly you didn't entertain the feeling, but Lamb, having such an idea, caught it, and in this essay analyzes it.

He says: "When I have sat (*a rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup steaming up into my nostrils and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have found the introduction of this ceremony to be unseasonable. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praise from a mouth that 'waters.' Perhaps there is an unfitness, but what does he want us to do—not ask a blessing? He, too, sees the difficulty and hear him as he says: "I hear somebody exclaim, "would you have christians sit down at the table like hogs at the trough, without remembering the Giver?" No; I would have them sit down like christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or, if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which East and West are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season when appetite is laid aside. These exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, and a man should be careful before he ventures to grace them that he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish, with consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children, to the slender meal of the poor man, but at the heaped up board of the pampered and luxurious they become of dissonant mood. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share to be able, with any grace, to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp, exceeding our portion, is to add injustice to hypocrisy."

This extract gives an idea of the essay. That is an appeal against formalism and hypocrisy, a criticism upon luxurious habits, and the incongruity of such habits with the solemn ceremony of prayer. Don't accuse him of trying to rob us of delicate viands and delicious relishes. He was not one who could not appreciate juicy meats and sweet cakes, for he says: "I hate a

man who swallows his food affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters." It is not appetite and plenty that he cries out against, but worshipping them. The idea of the essay is a plea against making sacred things only a form. The inconsistency is brought out strongly, and we feel that there is a deep earnestness in the writer's mind, though he uses a humorous vein; that he is contending for more reverence in our hearts to correspond with the words on our lips, though he makes the appeal in his own laughing way.

A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

Drew Seminary is destined to be the Princeton of Methodism. The youngest of our theological schools, she is already the most widely known. Her peculiar misfortunes, bringing her as a suppliant to our conference doors, have made her name a household word. Four years ago her generous founder was swamped in the maelstrom of wild speculation, and in a single hour every penny of her unpaid endowment was swept away. Her beautiful buildings and grounds alone remained; and the little group of men that met for consultation in the gathering twilight of that gloomy day, composed the faculty of a penniless institution. The issue of that consultation has passed into the history of Methodism. Every man remained at what promised to be for years an unremunerative post. But a loyal church rallied to her support, and unflagging zeal and the most gratifying success have marked the ceaseless efforts in her behalf. She has already passed the cold, bleak angle in her pathway, and before her lies the broad, sunny valley of permanent prosperity.

The early history of her surroundings is unique and interesting, and sketched by a more facile pen than that of a quiet recluse, would sound romantic. Half a century ago, a wealthy planter, numbering among his possessions broad cotton fields in the South, and rich plantations in Cuba, and hundreds of slaves, selected the spot on which Drew Seminary stands, for a Northern home. It was then a vast forest of upland and level and shadowy dell—it is to-day one of the loveliest landscapes in America.

In the midst of this forest, which extends to the broad turnpike leading over the mountain and through the valley from Morristown to New York, was built the finest residence in the State. The buildings and grounds were modeled after those of an old English estate which Mr. Gibbon had seen and admired while traveling in England, and an architect was sent over the sea to examine

the lordly palace and its surroundings, and returned to establish its counterpart on American soil. An air of exclusiveness and independence and luxurious ease pervaded the entire estate, and furnished a fitting index to the character of its owner. A frowning stone wall, a barrier to the rambling sportsman and the predatory tramp, skirted the highway in front, and two stone lodges with their burly porters stood like sentinels on either side of the ponderous iron gate that guarded the entrance to the grounds. Broad carriage drives traversed the forest in every direction, along which their eccentric owner could drive for miles, attended only by his servants, and complacently shut in from public view. Two miles from the mansion was a race course, and near this a large stable in which were kept some of the finest horses in the country, one of which, the celebrated Fashion, won for his owner \$80,000 in a single year. A large brick barn stood near the mansion, and on the edge of the ravine below was a capacious grist mill, while the broad acres in the rear of the forest were dotted with barns and tenant houses belonging to the estate.

The natives never weary of discoursing upon the pristine glory of the Gibbon estate, and the eccentric nabob who held so long-continued and capricious sway. They wax eloquent in describing the mansion; at what great cost the stately edifice was reared, how foreign artists toiled for years before the work was finished, the lavish splendor with which the palace was bedecked, the long retinue of servants, and the scenes of feasting and revelry that marked her history for so many years. A host of friends and cronies found a welcome shelter beneath her hospitable roof, and lingered long to share her voluptuous pleasures. Besides the race-course there was an amphitheatre in a little dell in the forest, the ruins of which still remain, and companies of actors were brought from New York to give their delectable entertainments in the halls of the mansion. The picture presented is that of independent ease, and a life mainly given up to the pursuit of the phantom the world calls pleasure, and in the various forms presented—the chase, the turf and hippodrome, the listless sauntering in the park, or lolling on the midday couch, the sensual feasts, and scenes of "revelry and dance and frantic song"—the picture is not unlike that presented in the history of a mediæval king.

The story is told of a woman who went to the mansion to ask for money in behalf of a needy church. Mr. Gibbon was not only not a Christian himself, but like Stephen Girard, unfriendly to the cause, and flatly refused to give a penny to the cause. Twice she returned to plead her

worthy cause, and on being coldly repulsed each time, declared that "the day would come when the Lord would take his wealth and lands and use them for his own glory." The years rolled on, and the old woman's words came true, and sound like prophecy in the light of the present day. The wealthy owner of the mansion passed away, his sons and daughters were living in homes of their own, and none of them cared to take their father's place, and live in the grand old home of their childhood. It stood without an occupant, its costly trappings undisturbed, and finally fell into the hands of Daniel Drew.

The scene has wonderfully changed. The grand old place has come into the possession of the Invisible King, and is consecrated to a sacred purpose, and so admirably adapted to its present use was the building formed that not a wall was broken and scarce a nail was driven to effect the change. A stranger might stand in her corridors, or traverse her stately halls, or walk about her beautiful grounds and never dream of the early history of this "school of the prophets." The large parlor that formerly witnessed so many scenes of revelry and dance and song, now hears the grateful hymns of praise, the breathing of fervent prayer, and the earnest exhortation of the servant of the Lord. A long range of chambers on the second floor is filled with a noble library of religious works, and other rooms are used for the teaching of the most sacred truths revealed to man. The old barn was turned into a dormitory, and the grist mill into a dining hall; and from her now quiet and venerated halls there flows a constant and ever-widening stream of influence to bless and purify the world.

MONUMENTS.

BY J. W. KINNEAR.

As we pass along the quiet walks of a cemetery and view on either side of the pathways in that city of the dead, monuments erected to the memory of those who have passed from existence, no chain is able to bind our thoughts; well are they termed the speediest of all things, for in one instant they may pass to the utmost bounds of the universe, in another to the end of time. But now as our eyes scan some skillful piece of sculpture, our thoughts turn to the life of him in whose honor it was erected, to ascertain if possible, the secret which commemorated his name. At the same time a desire arises within us,—a desire to leave behind us some monument of our existence. And we ask, how can we accomplish this? Reason, the greatest gift bestowed upon

man, responds. We have but one basis on which to act, and that is our life. We have but one stage on which to perform, and that is the world; we have but one time in which to appear, and that is our life time. The beginning of all things is purpose; and in the singleness of this purpose lies the success. He who would be jack of all trades must be content to be master of none.

Next follows labor. It is written that man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow; this excludes neither the rich nor the poor, the learned nor the unlearned; all must labor, and if it be for no other reason, it will be of necessity. For man is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing without working. We are placed here with our natures, which are capable of cultivation, and improving these will be laying the foundation of our monument. Man's nature is of three kinds, physical, moral, and intellectual. All or none of these should be cultivated, for cultivate the physical only and we have a savage; the moral, and we have a bigot; the intellectual, and we have a skeptic; cultivate any two of them, and we will have a defective man.

It is only by wisely training these together that the complete man can be formed.

The prime object of man is happiness, to which there are said to be many royal roads: these, however, seldom lead to the desired goal. The traveling of these various roads by us, constitutes our daily life, which is sometimes truly called the battle of life.

For happiness is not found in a day nor a year, and sometimes not in a life time. There are difficulties to be overcome, and to win without a struggle, were perhaps to win without honor. We must pass through the dark in order to appreciate the light. Thanks for the night that we may behold the stars. It is not always the brightest scholar that mounts the highest, but the patient, persevering one. Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon, were both noted dunces at school, but perseverance carried them through. Sir Isaac Newton once stood at the foot of his class, but in the battle of life he left it far behind.

Talent, in general, is equally distributed to mankind. It is labor that makes the difference. But if we have a great talent, industry will improve it; if we have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency; but again, nothing can be accomplished without labor.

It is a prevailing idea with some as soon as they graduate in a seminary or college, that their knowledge is complete, and they at once endeavor to fill out the dignity of their character. But they make a mistake; let them go to the old man, who has spent his life toiling

on the farm, or earned his living in the fisheries along our coasts, and they will find that he will be well able to teach them something. A few tosses on life's ocean generally removes this conceit; and those relieved realize the truth, that school was chiefly valuable to them, not for the great number of facts which they stored up in the mind, but for the mental discipline which they secured, and when school days ended, their studies were just begun.

Now with a single purpose, no matter what our situation in life may be, labor, patience and perseverance, will carry us through; and we will erect a monument which will not only proclaim our existence throughout time but also throughout eternity.

HABIT.

The whole character may be said to be comprehended in the term habit, so that it is not so far from being true that man is "a bundle of habits."

The formation of habits commences very early in life.

The principal elements that characterize a person at twenty years of age will be very apt to cling to him when eighty years old, the only perceptible change that they have is a stronger hold upon him.

Ask any person about the reputation of another, and if he has known him when a boy he will almost invariably refer to that time. "Oh yes, you will have no trouble at all with him, he was my chum at Yale, and he was as honest and obliging a lad as you often see," or of another person, "he needs to be closely watched, he was tricky when we were boys together, and would never even trade jack-knives unless he could make the best bargain."

If a person was told that he must choose for himself a suit of clothes that would last him his lifetime, how particular he would be to have the material of good quality, the color becoming to his complexion; how anxious he would be to have the garments well made, but how seldom does he consider that the little acts which he now performs may live with him always, and become a part of his very nature.

It would be as sensible to put a miner in a straight jacket and expect him to perform his ordinary amount of labor as to expect anything good or noble from one who is a slave to bad habits. Habits of good or evil will be formed, and indeed it is very desirable that they should be, for a weak, vascillating character is one that will never accomplish anything very remarkable. It may seem unfortunate that habits are so easily

and early formed in life, but on the other hand, what a reward it is for doing right. The student may find much in this to stimulate him to renewed exertion. However difficult his task may be in public speaking or giving accurate expression of his thoughts, repetition will do very much toward giving him the required facility. It sometimes seems very discouraging to students when they think how much there is to be learned, and how little they know; it seems to them that they can not even pass the threshold in the temple of knowledge.

If the student now forms the habit of close observation, his educational advantages will not cease when he leaves his Alma Mater, but he will continue to draw from natural sources.

To him human nature in its varied phases will be an interesting and profitable study. The remark is sometimes made that "young men must sow their wild oats or they will be staid old fogies;" but what would be thought of a farmer who, using similar logic, would spend the best part of the spring sowing thistle seed? One would be very apt to inquire of him what kind of a harvest he expected to reap. His reply would be, "you can't expect me to settle right down to hard work the first thing; it will be all right after awhile." This foolish farmer may redeem his farm, but with what labor and expense of time; and if the weeds prove so much trouble to him how much more will the weeds of sin cause.

A certain tyrant who lived in the time when might made right, once ordered one of his subjects, a worthy blacksmith, to make a chain a certain length. The blacksmith, well pleased, hastily performed the work, and brought it to the tyrant, expecting to be compensated for his labor. The tyrant complained that the chain was not long enough and commanded that it should be made twice as long; the blacksmith complied, and then it was sent back the second time, to have the length and strength of the chain increased. When the chain was finally completed, the tyrant caused the unsuspecting blacksmith to be bound with his own chain, and thrown into a dungeon. So with many who are unconsciously serving a tyrant, who gains his power over them by the law of habit. Only once in a while a cigar or a glass of wine is required, and that, too, on some convivial occasion. "That is nothing." Then the demand comes again and is supplied; one cigar is not enough, the wine must be stronger, until finally the chain is completed, the victim bound, and the tempter laughs to see his feeble attempt to free himself from the powerful grasp of habit.

ADVERSITY.

JAS. W. CHACE, '83.

When Sir Launcelot, in Tennyson's "Idyl of the King," wished to console and encourage the young and passionate Sir Geraint, who had returned beaten and humiliated from his first contest in arms, the old knight, battered and scarred by the shocks and strokes of a hundred tournaments, exclaims:

"Be ye wise

To call him shamed who is but overthrown?
Thrown have I been nor once, but many a time.
Victor from vanquished issues at the last;
And overthrower from being overthrown."

In these words the dishonor of defeat is denied, the wisdom of repeated effort asserted, and the strength derived from failure illustrated.

Adversity is an old theme, but popular. Since man first felt its reverses and its sorrows he has loved to consider the injuries and benefits which it imparts. Its influence upon the mental and moral nature has often charmed the attention of the learned, the observant and the wise.

The discipline of mind and strengthening of purpose which it confers seem almost great enough to compensate for all its afflictions. The crushed flower emits its most fragrant odor, the most sheltered and quiet bays lie beyond wave and storm-beaten capes, the mountain oak, wrestling with the blasts of a century, grasps most firmly the soil beneath.

To him who dissects with even moderate skill the tissue and fibre of character, no truth is more evident than that the difficulty of obtaining heightens the desire of possessing. The obstruction which stops the course of the quiet brook succeeds only in swelling its volume, until, bursting its barriers, it sweeps on a mighty river.

The school-boy Byron, publishing a few poems, was savagely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*. Had it not been for this it is probable that he never would have been a poet; but the pride and hauteur of a noble mind were aroused, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was published, and Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous. Disraeli, failing in his first address to the House of Commons, was hissed and jeered. His ambition was but strengthened; and the Jew asserting that the time would come when he should be heard, has become the Premier of England.

It has been supposed that when Rome was supreme in the achievements of arms and letters she did not possess the mild and sunny clime of modern Italy. The truth of the theory is doubt-

ful, but certain it is that in this age, the land of purple skies and soft breezes, whose rivers flow among vine-clad hills and through orange wooded plains, whose cathedral and palace walls, arising in the beauty and symmetry of finished architecture, are adorned with paintings and frescoes which the world envies and admires, is not where genius is nourished and the arts breathe their first inspiration so much as where stormy seas lash the rough and rocky coasts of the North, the sun smiles faintly on a barren soil, and nature, cold and adverse, quickens the energies of men.

Prosperity makes heroes of the most ordinary men; but it is adversity which reveals the hidden and true nature by requiring an exertion of all the strength of will and endurance which it possesses. In his prosperity Cicero could stand before the assembled Senators and citizens and denounce fearlessly the most powerful enemies of the State. But when his influence was gone and friends forsook him, when he fled from Rome in peril and popular disfavor, the pride and vanity so potent in the forum were useless, and he gave way to weakness and despair.

The reverses of Aaron Burr developed a degree of fortitude and self-reliance which had thus far been unknown. During the progress of his trial for treason he passed the nights in jail at Richmond, and lying down upon the bare floor, unmindful of the prisoners around, he slept as peacefully as though still Vice President of the Republic.

The struggles of the mind against opposing fate, the efforts of the patriot and endurance of the martyr, the strivings of him who longs for a condition better and more exalted than fortune has given, the courage of him who resists the full tide of adversity, hoping for the hopeless, present to our view phases of human nature more ennobling than any which the favored child of circumstances can exhibit, though arrayed in royal robes, and hailed and crowned as king.

Pleasant it is to be borne down the stream of life, gliding over gentle waters, fanned by gentle breezes in the cool shades. But more manly and heroic is it to breast the rolling waves, every muscle and sinew strained to the utmost, the eyes eager and changeless, fixed on the distant goal. All the praises which poets pen and philosophers expound can never make adversity pleasing, but the energy and wisdom which it imparts, the submission to the inevitable which it teaches, the acquaintance with circumstance and humanity which it fosters, will ever cause its presence to be considered as a necessary restraint of the pride and preventive of the indolence which good fortune produces.

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THE recitation contest of the Ossoli Literary Society was held in the College Chapel on the 20th ult. The performance was pronounced by all present to be the best exhibition of its kind ever attended by them in this place. It was a success in every particular. Notwithstanding the fact that the evening was disagreeable and the walking very bad, caused by the snowfall which set in during the afternoon, the chapel was filled to its utmost capacity. More than a hundred extra chairs were brought in, and yet all could not be accommodated, for somebody took up a position wherever there was room to stand. The audience was the largest and most intent on hearing and seeing whatever should take place, that has assembled in the chapel for a long time. There can be no stronger evidence of the high appreciation in which the students and citizens hold the Society than the large and enthusiastic audiences that greet them at all their public performances. One of the five charter members of the Society being present on this occasion remarked: "How things have changed! We were thought bold and rude whenever we attempted anything before the public, but now these members have the sympathy and applause of everybody."

And we, who belong to the other societies,

welcome the change. We could not draw an audience as they do, were we to pay a bonus for attendance; and as one feels honored in being connected in some way with those who are the recipients of attentions—as one is thus honored—we can take consolation for our defeat in the fact that these are our sisters and—well!

The arrangement of the rostrum was exquisite. Flowers and footlights, pictures and statuary gave it an appearance of real beauty. The members of the society did the work, and its examination afforded a source of pleasurable enjoyment to those who went early and had to wait long for the audience to assemble. However, these things must be taken as trifles when the recitations are spoken of.

The formal ceremony having been gone through, Miss Josephine Smiley, who took the prize last year, recited in her happy manner, "The Witch's Daughter," to quiet the audience and bring it into full sympathy with the first contestant. The following is the programme as it related to the contestants:

Charlie Machree - - - -	Ida Jo. Henderson.
Jenny Dunleath - - - -	Emma F. Bates.
Searching for the Slain - - -	Emma Harding.
Katie at the Door of Heaven -	Jennie C. Haven.
Kentucky Belle - - - -	Minnie L. Saeger.
The Revolutionary Rising -	Minnie F. Martin.
The Legend Beautiful - - -	Mattie Shaver.
The Young Soldier - - - -	Cassia Patton.

This programme was so well carried out that praise alone can be bestowed. The performers certainly excelled in expression, articulation, action, and management of the voice. Their ability to conceive and bring out the thought and feeling of their selections was masterly. The prize was awarded to Miss Emma Harding, of Oil City, and well did she earn a hard fought victory, for several other contestants pressed closely upon her. May the high standard of excellence which the Ossolians have reached never be lowered!

MISS M. FRANCES BOICE, a graduate of the School of Oratory at Philadelphia, having organized classes in elocution, at the beginning of the

Winter term, both among the students and citizens, has finished her work in a way satisfactory to all concerned. The manner in which she presents this important subject commends itself readily to the understanding. Her readings and recitations are free from the theatricals of most elocutionists, and are characterized by an elegance and naturalness which show a ready conception of the thought and feeling which inspired the author, and a power to bring them out with telling effect. The enthusiasm with which she throws herself into her work, animates her pupils with the liveliest interest, and her winning graces as a teacher enlist their best efforts to make the work a success.

During her brief stay in the college she did a good work. Those who trained under her will always remember the faults which she pointed out; and, having been quickened in regard to them, will make strenuous efforts to get free from them. To her training must be ascribed no little of the merit of the Ossoli recitation contest, and of the other good recitations and declamations of late.

The Allegheny Literary Society secured her at once, as a critic at their regular meetings, and will not soon forget her searching, merciless criticisms. Their correctness and justness were felt by all, and appreciated accordingly. It was indeed amusing to see a young Cicero (it was not so amusing to be the Cicero) pluming his oratorical pinions as he stepped upon the dais, and again to see him coming away convinced that his Pegasus was not yet feathered, after a score of mispronounced and slurred words, a long list of misplaced inflections and emphasis, a series of awkward adieus, etc., had been shot at him with a directness which left their impress indelibly imprinted upon his memory.

Miss Boice takes with her the best wishes of her classes and the Society, and should she ever return, she will find her work appreciated.

THE Athenian Literary Society made its debut on the evening of March 25th. The occasion was the contest for the Fisk declamation prize, re-

cently established by Mr. Frank H. Fisk, of this city. Mr. Fisk will be remembered by the alumni and old students as the gentleman who supplied them with books and stationery. Something over two years ago Mr. Chesbrough, of the firm of Clarke & Chesbrough, established in connection with the Ossoli Society the prize which bears his name; and now, through the munificence of Mr. Fisk, the Athenians are able to hold a logomachy over what Mr. Dickens has done.

This Society is a new feature of the college. It took its rise from a Critique Club, established early in the year '77-'78, by a few men who were then uncertain of remaining any length of time in college, and who, thinking that it would not therefore be advisable to go to the expense consequent upon joining either of the other Societies, and still wanting some means of literary culture, organized this club, which has since resulted in the Society of which we speak.

At the beginning of this year a suitable hall was given them, which they have since furnished. The membership is as large as that of either of the old Societies, and the ability as manifested in this performance is not inferior. They can take just pride in their first attempt to entertain and please a public audience. There is something fitting in the fact that the prize was taken by J.W. Moore, to whom perhaps more than to any other member, is due the honor of bringing the Society into existence and its present prominence. All the declamations were well rendered, and the contest was a close one.

The Allegheny Glee Club, as on former occasions since its organization, furnished the music. This too, is a new organization, and can not be said to have reached maturity. It promises so well that great things are expected of it in the future. We trust it may be able to meet all expectations.

THE New York *Tribune* offers to anyone, church or society, that will get up a club of two hundred subscribers, an Estey Organ, catalogued at two hundred and ten dollars.

The members of the Athenian Literary Society

are endeavoring to raise the number of subscribers requisite to entitle them to an organ. These young men are struggling nobly against numerous obstacles, and are deserving of patronage; especially when they offer full remuneration for it.

In regard to the *Tribune* a word is sufficient. It is to-day the best family paper, and one of the best educators in the country. Its teachings are the surest and safest both as regards ethics and politics. Its form is such that it can be preserved in book form. An index, on the first page, to every article obviates the necessity of looking over the whole paper for what is desired. It comes in two sheets of eight pages each, so arranged that all the political, commercial and other news of especial interest to gentlemen is in one, and all that having particular interest for ladies and children, on the other.

Its editorial staff and its correspondents are the ablest connected with any paper in the United States. And it is to be had, by becoming a subscriber in the club, for the small sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Whatever benefits this Society strengthens the college; and whatever helps the college enriches Meadville. While these young men may be laboring for their own interest, they are certainly making Meadville a greater centre of education. They deserve to succeed in this enterprise, and, while you (we address this to students and citizens) are selecting your reading matter, subscribe for the *Tribune*. You will then have the best and most readable paper which the press can give you and will at the same time be helping a worthy cause.

EDUCATIONAL.

The initiation fee to the Porcellian Club at Harvard is \$500.

Senor Castelar is going to lecture on Spanish literature at Oxford.

The Seniors at Penn. College have five weeks vacation before Commencement.

Air, water, reprimands, and devotional exercises, are free at Williams College.

A young lady aged sixteen is tutor in Greek at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.

In the Latin recitations at Trinity all questions, answers and explanations, are given in Latin.

According to the *Olio*, Marietta College has no public exhibitions from one Commencement to another.

Mr. E. T. Blair, a Senior at Yale, has published an edition of *Lloyd Lee*, a work of fiction on College life.

The College of the City of New York has established a Professorship in Architecture. The salary is \$3,000 a year.—*Ex.*

At Bowdoin College an annual tax of \$25 is levied on all the students who occupy a room outside of the college.—*Wabash.*

Two sons of Secretary Evarts, Prescott and Sherman Evarts, are now editing the two leading college magazines of Harvard and Yale respectively.

A College for young women is to be connected with Harvard. The course will be of University dimensions, and the instruction of as high a grade as that given to the University students.

Sophomores at Yale propose to form a social club and vow vengeance against the young ladies of New Haven in the Senior year, if they refuse their society in the Sophomore.—*Ex.*

Monmouth College lately had a riot between the Senior and Freshmen classes. N. B. This is the college where for a trifling compensation of \$20,000 they refuse to harbor secret fraternities.

It is moved by the American Philological Association that the spelling of the word *catalogue* be changed to "catalog." All those in favor will please to—spell accordingly.—*Christian Union.*

The college friends of Mr. W. J. Elsing, of Princeton, who carried off the first Inter-Collegiate Oratorical prize, this year, have presented him with a complimentary purse of \$50.—*Wittenberger.*

There will be fifteen representatives of '79 at

Ohio Wesleyan University at Commencement. All the class, however, will be required to present theses, and the speakers will be chosen from those having 80 per cent or more, in a general average of their college course.

Ohio has 28 colleges, which is more than any other State. Pennsylvania has 27; New York and Illinois have each 24. New York has by far the largest number of students in its colleges of any State. Of the 25,670 students more than 10,000 are in non-sectarian colleges. Whole number of students in Methodist colleges, 4,043.

WHAT IS A GOOD SCHOLAR.—Four things together are the very model of a good scholar,—first, you must listen; you must hear; you must be silent; you must be attentive. We can never hope to gain real wisdom or knowledge unless we are willing to be taught, unless we look out for instruction, unless we fix our minds.—*Ex.*

There has been trouble recently at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y., and Trinity College, at Hartford. At the former a serious disturbance resulted from a "lark" at Rhinebeck, by the students and eighty of them were granted a vacation of two weeks. At the latter, the students rebelled at the suspension of eight of their number by the faculty. Two days passed without any recitations, and then a compromise was effected.

PERSONAL.

'51 Rev. J. Y. Cowhick, is a prominent Presbyterian minister in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

'56 Judge Pearson Church is now at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

'80 Miss Harriet Linn had one of the twenty highest papers at the Chautauqua Examination of 1878.

'81 Miss M. E. Broas has quit college. We understand that she talks of going to Vassar next year.

'76 Prof. J. S. McKay made us a visit lately. He is filling the Chair of Science in the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa.

Hon. S. B. Dick had hardly arrived at Arkansas for a season of relaxation, when he was called to Washington by the opening of Congress.

Chas. W. Hollister, who was with us two years ago, is now at home at Bridgeport, Ohio. He failed to return on account of sore eyes.

'47 Rev. Sanford Hunt, D. D. of Buffalo, has been elected to fill the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Nelson of the firm of Nelson and Phillips, Publishers, New York.

'72 John O. McClintock, lately Deputy Prothonotary, is now practicing law in this place, and may be found in the office of J. B. Brawley.

H. O. Patch, who was a student in 1874, lately made Meadville a visit on his way home from Penn. Military Academy where he was a Junior. He expects soon to go into business in Philadelphia.

'76 Chas. P. Woodring has received a diploma from the medical department of the University of New York, and has entered upon the practice of medicine in Meadville.

Mr. W. T. Waters, with '76 till the close of his Junior year, has been in this city for two or three weeks, and is contemplating engaging in the grocery business here.

'70 David Hays, who graduated from Allegheny College in 1870, was one of the successful candidates for School Director at the recent election in Franklin.—*Crawford Journal.*

'75 Jas. George Jr., has gone to Bradford to practice law, where he is associated with O. A. Hotchkiss Esq., formerly of this city. We wish him the highest success.

In the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald* for April is a racy sketch by Miss Hattie Carter ('80) entitled "An Unwritten Article, and Why." A paper of scientific interest also appears from the able pen of Rev. E. D. McCreary, ('67) under the title of "Ocean Wonders."

'58 Dr. William Church departed this life on the 5th of March. He was for many years an intelligent and well known physician of this city. A fall, causing nervous prostration and a high fe-

ver, was probably the cause of his death. On March 6th the Penn. Beta Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity passed the following:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, The Supreme Disposer of all things has, in His wisdom, removed by death our brother, Dr. William Church, and,

WHEREAS, We recognize in his departure the loss of an honored alumnus of our brotherhood, and appreciate, to some degree, the sorrow which is thereby occasioned the friends of the deceased; therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of Penn. Beta, Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, in humble submission to the Divine will, do hereby extend to the family of the deceased our most sincere sympathy; and

Resolved, That we, in respect for our brother, wear the badge of mourning for ten days; and further

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the records of the Fraternity, a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the city papers.

E. M. WOOD,
A. M. SHELLITO, } Com.
W. C. WILSON,

TABLE.

Oh, the song of the Soph. has no musical rule,
As he howls in the chemical hall;
It is louder by half than the bray of the mule,
Interspersed with a thundering bawl.
What a shaking of the roof as they clatter with their hoofs!
What a bellowing sound, as they grin!
But they stop—short—never to go again
When the Prof. comes in!

—*Acta Columbiana.*

Seneca says: "Pone in promiscuo." No, thank you, Mr. Seneca, we think in Logic will be sufficient.—*Transcript.*

The Rochester bibs toss pennies to see who shall ask the blessing at the table.

Prof. in Logic: "What is the universal negative?" Student: "Not prepared."

Prof. to gay young lady student: "Do you like

the German?" Young lady, thinking of the popular dance: "Oh, my, yes, sir! Ever so much better than the common square or round." The innocent professor blankly blinks.—*Vidette.*

Haverly's Minstrels offer a prize of \$1,000 to him who will furnish a joke that will keep an audience in laughter five minutes. Now, if we could only get hold of Mt. Union College for that time, don't you forget it we'd go to Europe next vacation.—*Transcript.*

BEWARE, LADIES—DON'T READ!

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'd find it out somehow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read;
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she has to stand on her head.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

'79 is on the home stretch.

Senioric wail—Who has a subject?

The Martin is a bird that feathers its nest with Moss.

The Society annual elections resulted as follows:

Philo Franklin—Valedictorian, O. B. Moss.
Replier, J. D. Martin.

Allegheny—Valedictorian, W. M. Beyer. Replier, W. W. Tarbell.

Lady debater—"If we did not have ambitious men, what in the world would become of us?"

Most of the Juniors wear hair down on their shoulders. It isn't their own, however.

Senior reading Article I, Sec. II, clause 4, of the Constitution, reads, "when *vacations* happen," etc.

The Philos have passed a resolution to admit only students of the four college classes, to membership.

The weekly lectures of Professors Haskins and Reid, before their classes, are very interesting and instructive.

Board in Culver Hall, including room rent and fuel will not exceed \$2.40 per week during the Spring term.

The statistics of our exchanges, unfortunately

crowded out of the last CAMPUS, may be found in this number.

It has been decreed by the Faculty that the Seniors must pass an examination in orthography before graduation.

Now is the time when the unsuspecting Senior suddenly finds himself the favorite of the tailor, photographer, and printer.

In the oration contest of Philo Society, Mr. A. J. Maxwell won the prize. His subject was the "Loneliness of Genius."

The Allegheny Society will publish its Triennial Catalogue this term. Mr. E. M. Wood is Chairman of the Committee on publication.

Miss Boice, the elocutionist, received a handsome copy of Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary from Allegheny Society in compensation for her services as critic during last term.

On the morning of March 6th, Prof. Ellis, of Oberlin, conducted our chapel exercises. The Prof. left a favorable impression on the minds of the students.

Prof. in Geology—"What is the principal characteristic of the Orthoceras?" Student—"It is a large cylinder divided into chambers which the animal inhabits successfully."

One year ago the Alleghenians distinguished themselves by excluding preparatory students from membership. This year they have elected a Freshman replier. "O consistency, etc!"

In our last the first sentence of the article on "Concentration" should have read, "the various parts of the intellect are constituents of the whole," instead of "*Constitutional with the whole.*"

The Seniors have been granted optional attendance in Allegheny Society for the remainder of the year. The Philo Seniors have the same privilege granted them, except when "on performance."

The Allegheny Society has passed a resolution in which they assume the expenses of publishing a complete history of the Society, to be issued in the spring of 1881. Mr. A. L. Bates has been elected the Historian.

It is well to have a good opinion of our own productions, but when five competent judges decide against us, it is not good taste to show dissatisfaction so marked as did one of the recent contestants.

Again we would ask our subscribers who live out of Meadville, to send in their subscriptions *at once*. It takes money for the existence of this as well as any other paper. We cannot call on you individually, but this should be no excuse for

further delay, as the year is nearly gone, and the funds are needed. Direct your letters to the Business Manager.

Punch's Dream of a spelling-bee will make a fitting dirge for the class of '79, when Prof. Reid has laid them out. The Glee Club will please prepare to sing.

Menageries where sleuth hounds caracole,
Where Jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu
Fright ptarmigan and Kestrels cheek by Jowl,
With peewit and precocious cockatoo.

Gaunt seneschals in crochety cackades,
With seine net trawl for porpoise in lagoons,
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
Of Madrepores in water-logged lagoons.

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
In reckless fracas with coquettish stream
Ecstatic gurgoyles with grotesque chagrin,
Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream.

A class photographer has not yet been engaged by '79.

EXCHANGES.

The *Vidette* of January 30, warns its exchanges that it is a kleptomaniac; and then in the issue of February 27, it indulges in a tirade against the *paragraph thief*. Oh, *Vidette*! We are surprised at you.

Will Carlton will lecture in the opera house on the 15th of March. When so distinguished a gentleman and so noted a poet comes in our midst, fifty cents should not prevent us attending. —*Simpsonian*. That never hinders us in the least. It is always the *lack* of fifty cents.

The retiring *Olio* editors bequeath the following legacy to their successors: "*Keep on the right side of your printer*. Gentle reader, there is enough wisdom embodied in these words to make them solemn. You have not 'dreamed in your philosophy, Horatio,' how much of the secret of editorial success lies in the observance of that rule. And this wealth of wisdom, a quill, and a bottle of frozen ink we bequeath to the future editors. Bless you, and farewell!"

With feelings akin to those of a young girl with her first beau, (or *vice versa*), we acknowledge the receipt of the *Lasell Leaves*. It is the first exchange conducted by ladies we have received. (Miss Vassarlany—we mean *Vassar Miscellany* gave us the mitten). The *Leaves* is an interesting monthly of eight pages from Auburn, Mass. It presents several excellent features, some of which appear unique to our unsophisticated eyes. We regret the absence of an exchange department.

We are highly gratified to behold the new form and dress of the *Rochester Campus*. The editors

of '79 have "stepped down and out," and it is evident their successors are determined to keep the paper up to its former state of excellence. The subjects of the Literary Department are not very attractive, but the articles when read are neither long nor dry. "Parallel Between Burke and Chatham" (spelled Chatam), and "The English and the Greek Drama," are the leading articles. The other departments are ably conducted, especially the local. Success to the *Rochester Campus*.

We have received the initial numbers of both the *Vanderbilt Austral*, of Vanderbilt University, and the *Hobart Herald*, of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. They both start well, and have our hearty congratulations. They are especially strong in the editorial department. The former has as yet no literary department, and the latter no general college news. These lacks we hope to see supplied in the future. It is hardly fair to criticise the first number at any time, and especially so with these, which were gotten up in so remarkably short a time. They certainly deserve commendation, especially the *Hobart Herald* for its neat appearance.

The *University Courier* and *Transcript* have improved in appearance.

For several months we have tried to speak of the *Targum*, but something has crowded out our utterances every time. We hope now to say something at least, on this subject. In a general way we are certainly pleased with it. We noticed in the January number an interesting article on the subject of "The Student in American Colleges." The writer expressed some practical thoughts, but we think did not fairly represent the faults of students. If he had added *cheat* and *conceit* to his list, he would have hit it better. If there is a sin in which the average student is pre-eminently hardened, and which deserves the earnest reprobation of the college press, it is the sin of class-room cheating. The March number has several excellent articles. The *Targum* should devote more attention to its exchanges.

The following, with others, was omitted from our last number:

We have 46 college exchanges; 31 of which are monthlies, 9 fortnightlies, 2 weeklies, 1 quarterly, and 3 come once in three weeks. Of the monthlies, 11 are larger and 20 smaller than THE CAMPUS. The prices of 20 are \$1.00 per year, 2 are 1.25, 4 are \$1.50, 1 is \$2.50, 1 is \$3.00, 1 is 75c. and 1.50c. Average \$1.21. Average price of all, \$1.326. Twenty-two are published east of the Allegheny Mountains, and 24 west. The age of the oldest is

17 years 3 mos; the youngest, 3 mos. Average age, 5.17 years. One is conducted by 2 editors, and another absorbs the literary labors of 10. Average number of editors, 5.45. Twenty-two are published at co-educational colleges, and 24 are not. Thirty-five have a literary department of fair size, in ten it is very small, and one has none at all.

REVIEWS.

Wood's Household Magazine is a treasure for the home circle. Its articles have a wider range of application and interest than those of any other magazine we know of. It is appropriate and desirable at the same time for the nursery and the scientific laboratory. Nearly every article is worth transferring to a scrap book.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following pamphlets, which we have not read, but which we think would be valuable for those interested in the subjects treated in them: "The Horse, and his Diseases," by B. J. Kendall, M. D., Enosburg Falls, Vermont. Report of Trustees of the Western Pa. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and "The Silkworm," a Manual of Instruction, from the Dep't of Agriculture.

The Temperaments, by D. H. Jacques, M. D., published by S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

In this book Dr. Jacques enters an almost untrodden field of authorship. The paucity of writers who have produced treatises on the nature and characteristic influence of the Physical Constitution expressed by the term Temperament, is indeed remarkable. It has not been entirely on account of ignorance, for the ancient medicists understood much about this subject; nor yet because of its unimportance, for even those who thoroughly repudiate Phrenology cannot deny the utility of a knowledge of the principles contained in this book. The author, lately deceased, was a writer of a studious mind and considerable experience. He contributed for many years to the *Phrenological Journal* and other papers. Among his works are "Manuals for Home Improvement," and "Physical Perfection." By long study and practice in Phrenological and Physiological science he was peculiarly fitted to produce this work. It shows the Physiological and Pathological views in all their bearings, and the relation of Temperament to Character, Marriage, Occupation, Education, and Training of Children, Heredity, etc., all illustrated with Portraits from Life. This book is also furnished to every subscriber of the *Phrenological Journal*, which is itself well worth the subscription price, \$2.00 per year.

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