

UNION COLLEGE.

THE CONCORDIEN

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY, 1886. No. 4.

THE CONCORDIEN.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

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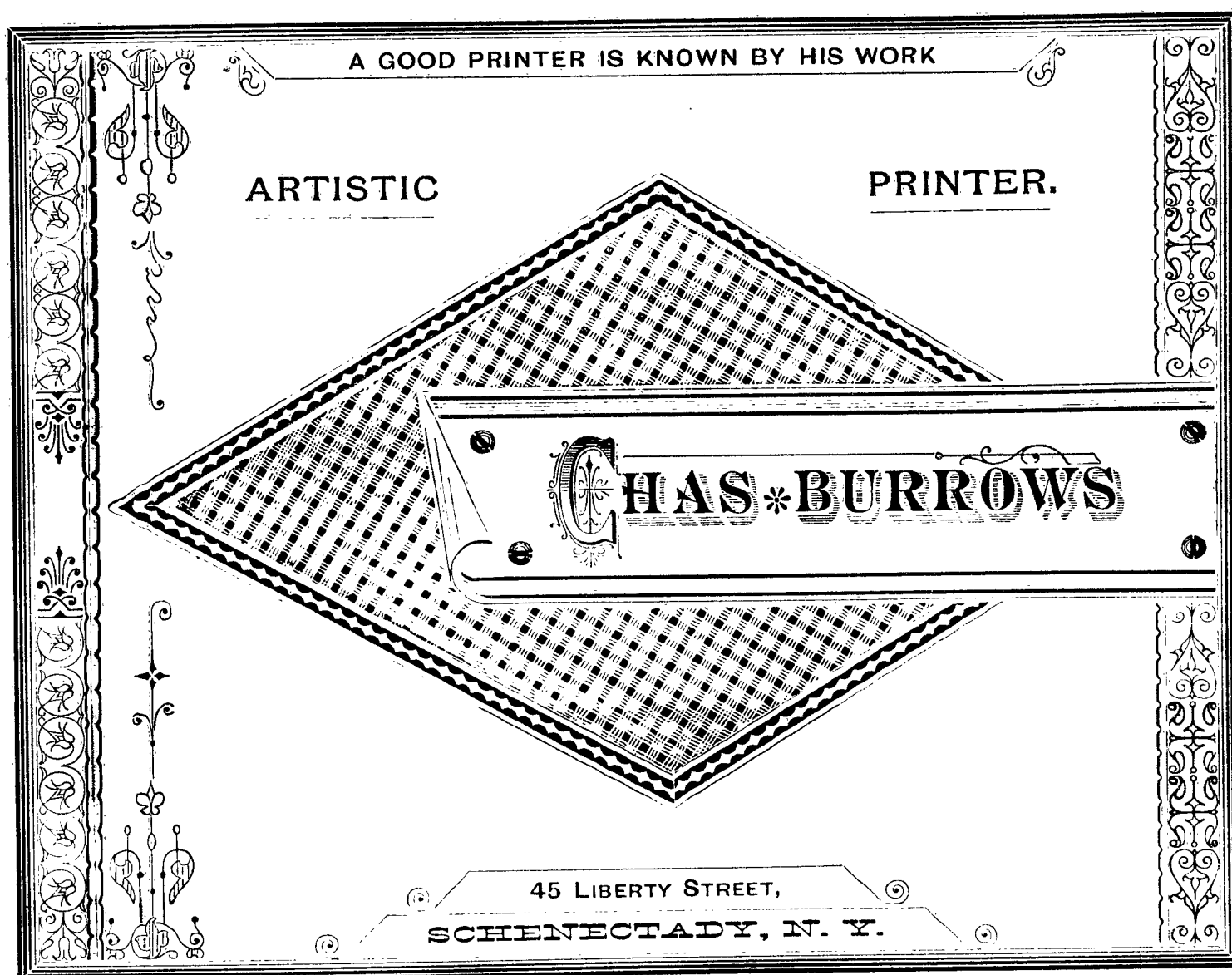
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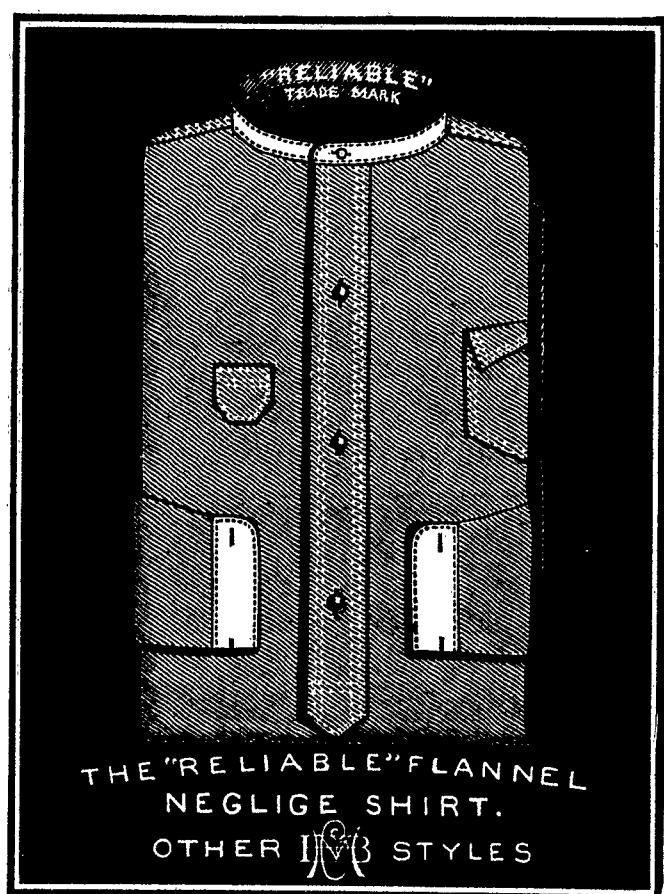
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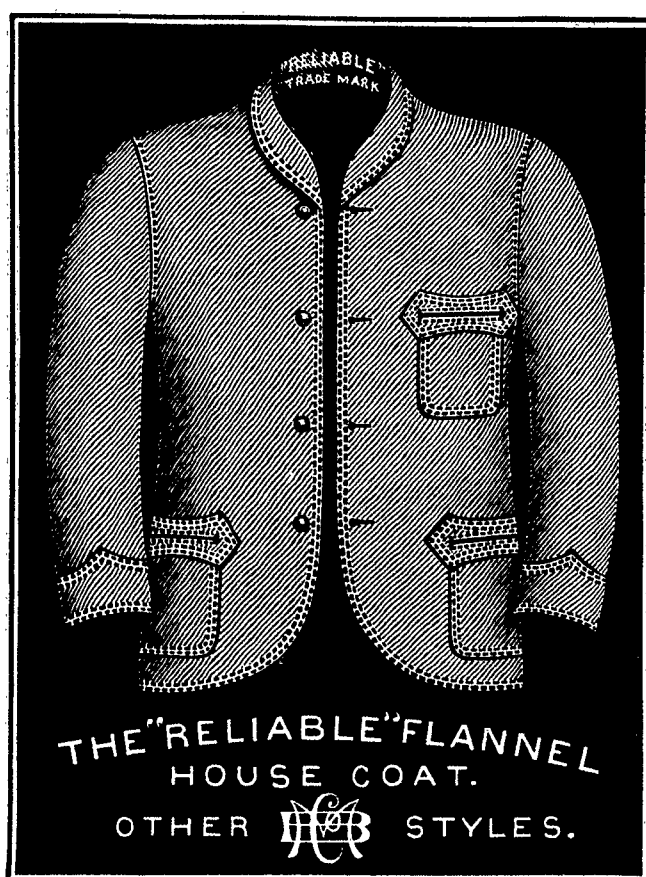
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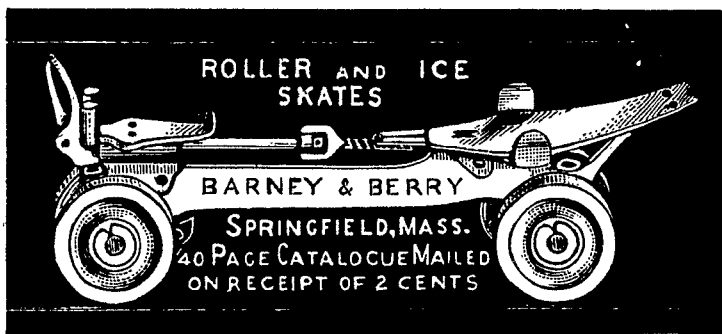
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EDITORIAL.

THE Freshman and Sophomore classes have been indulging in a good deal of nonsense in the shape of newspaper notices and forced apologies(?), all arising from the fact that the Freshman toast-master saw fit to celebrate at the Freshman class supper the discomfiture of "eight silly Sophs." If we may be allowed to express an opinion, the eight Sophs, or at least a few of them, proved themselves to be exceedingly silly when they took any notice of what was said of them at '89's class supper, and the rest of the Sophomore class is unfortunate in having to own as classmates a few men who, in the chagrin of defeat and smarting from twits on facts, seek retaliation in forced apology and, if possible, in brutal hazing.

A PROPOS to the foregoing comes up the matter of cremation. A short time ago there were hopes of a peaceful cremation, but the recent squabble between the two lower classes put an end to all such hopes. Without doubt, the general sentiment of the college is in favor of allowing the Freshmen to carry out their programme successfully as they can, and of protecting, instead of harassing them. The difficulty in bringing about this state of affairs arises from two sources: first, that every Sophomore class wishes to inflict on the Freshmen, the same punishment which they themselves suffered; and second, that were a Sophomore class to depart from the usual custom the Freshmen would regard it as conclusive evidence of timidity. The latter case is that which prevents '88 from pursuing a peaceable course, for we believe the majority of the class are in favor of this course and are men of sense as well as of sufficient courage to make it particularly unpleasant for the Freshmen should they choose to do so. The whole spectacle as portrayed last year is disgusting, degrading and demonstrates the fact that a custom so carried out should be abolished. The Freshman are unwise in indulging in taunts and from the average student's standpoint the Sophomores would be justified in retaliation. Notwithstanding this, the class of '88 has a chance to show a little courage by refraining from the usual course of procedure, and by establishing a sensible precedent for '89 to follow.

THE executive committee of the New York State College Base-ball League has been given permission to admit the Troy Polytechnic nine. The CONCORDIENSIS would like to see the R. P. I. nine admitted. What says the Polytechnic?

THE Rochester *Campus* is indignant at the action of the base ball convention at Syracuse. If the Rochester delegates had no instructions about paying the guarantees to Hobart and Union, then it does seem as if the league was a little hasty in expelling Rochester; but at the same time it seems a little negligent on the part of Rochester to come to convention uninstructed on points which were sure to be brought up. Whatever the facts of the case are the *Campus* shows an honorable and commendable spirit in advocating paying the debt, and in heading the subscription list circulated for that purpose. We hope to see Rochester re-instated at an early date.

IT is not the mission of the college paper to give publicity to all events occurring in student life. There are events which, from their very nature and from the disgrace they bring upon the students and the college in general, are debarred from free discussion and are dropped as soon as possible. If however, we may hope to remove an evil by presenting the case to the students, in plain black and white, there is no reason why it should not be discussed in these columns. It is in this connection that we speak of the mysterious disappearance of text and note books,—in other words of stealing. It is unpleasant to think of a thief in our midst, but we can explain the matter in no other way. We speak first from numerous complaints which come to us and second, from personal knowledge for the writer has suffered not a little inconvenience from the unaccountable disappearance of books. All that we can do is to express our opinion of a man, contemptible and sneaky enough to steal books and keep a sharp lookout for the offender.

THE freedom of discussion allowed the Seniors in political economy and moral science too often degenerates into a personal or general wrangle. As we appreciate this method of conducting a recitation it would be well to have more regard for propriety and respect for the professor. The

fault is that of no one man but of the class in general, and it needs only a "being endowed with reason and free will" to see where reform is needed and how to effect it.

IS IT a mere, strange coincidence that two deaths and much sickness have taken place in North College within the last year or is there some defect in the sanitary condition? It is not the purpose of the CONCORDIENSIS to create a scare or to mis-represent things, but it does seem as if North College had all the sickness, and that there is more sickness here at this time of the year than there should be under ordinarily healthful circumstances. Will the college authorities please investigate the matter?

At college meeting held a few days ago it was decided to have a college fair, the proceeds of which are to be divided between the Athletic and Base-ball Associations. A committee was appointed, composed of the following gentlemen: Skinner, '86, (chairman); Dorwin, '86; Little, '86; Angle, '86; Radcliff, '87; Ransdell, '87; Johnson, '87; Bates, '88; Brennan, '88; Towne, '88; Hunsicker, '89; Culver, '89; Conover, '89, whose duty it is to make full arrangements for the fair. At a recent meeting of the above committee, their first work was to elect Johnson, treasurer, and Culver, secretary, after which the following sub-committees were appointed: Making arrangements for hall, Radcliff and Bates; fancy booth, Dorwin, Towne, Culver, Bates; candy booth, Johnson, Hunsicker; flower booth, Little, Conover; miscellaneous, Skinner, Radcliff, Ransdell; to consult with the ladies of the city, Little, Johnson, Towne; dramatic exercises, Ransdell, Dorwin, Brennan, Hunsicker. The fair will be held 4th, 5th, and 6th of March. Tickets are out and can be obtained from any member of the committee. The college chapel has been utilized for the afternoon rehearsal of the intended programme. The students will attend to a man, and with a liberal patronage from the city, success is assured.

X SERMON

Delivered in Chapel, January 27, 1886, by Rev. Henry Graham.

PHIL. 2:12-13.—*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.*

THIS text seems to strike the golden mean between two extreme views that have been held respecting the work of human salvation. The one view claims that it is exclusively man's work—a work of reformation. It takes the first clause of the text, "work out your own salvation," and goes no farther. This view takes the name of Pelagianism from its originator, Pelagius, one of the early church fathers who lived in the fifth century. His opinions were doubtless a reaction from the extreme and degrading views of the Gnostics, that man is mentally incapable of good. Pelagius was a strictly moral man, and his growth in moral excellence seemed so entirely to keep pace with his own efforts that in the end he came to regard his own efforts as the sole cause of his transformation from evil to good. He taught that no grace or aid from God is necessary; that free-will and the teachings of the law are sufficient to reform men; "that free-will would not be free if it stood in need of aid from God;" that pardon is granted according to our merits, and not according to God's grace; in short, that the *power of God* in saving men is inconsistent with human freedom.

These views of Pelagius have been received by many in different ages who have contended for an absolute freedom on the part of man. It has seemed to them that if God comes in with his resistless power to aid men and save them, he must somehow infringe on their freedom. Let us keep in mind that an extreme view of human freedom was what led to the belief that men can work out their own salvation without any aid from God.

Now let us return to the very opposite view, that God does everything and man nothing in accomplishing human salvation. This view has borne the name of Augustinianism, the celebrated opponent of Pelagius. He was a pas-

sionate, dissolute young man, and long struggled to hold his passions in check by his own power, but as often failed, and ran into excessive vice. When at length he was converted there was, of course, a marked change, and the power of God was peculiarly manifested, and he naturally came to think that God did everything, and that he himself had no share in the work. Thus each of these men made the mistake, which is very common even yet, of measuring the work of salvation by the prominent features of his own exceptional experience, rather than by the word of God.

This second view, which makes God accomplish the entire work of human salvation, converts man into a mere machine. It denies human freedom in any true sense of the term, God controls the human mind and absolutely determines the action of every faculty; so that man has nothing to do. While the former view magnified human freedom so as to deny all influence from God, this view destroys human freedom and makes God play on the keys of the human mind as a man plays on a piano.

The one view is as much an error as the other; the truth is found in the middle ground between them. God influences man, and still man is free. In the work of human salvation there is something for God to do and something for us to do. We are to work out our own salvation, and still God is to work in us. Man has, not an absolute, but a qualified freedom.

And now we reach the really difficult part of the subject—to draw the line between God's work and man's work. What is God to do in this work of human salvation, and what is man to do? How, and to what extent does God operate on the human mind in saving men? To what extent is the human mind free, and to what extent is it under the control of God? Where does God's work end, and our responsibility begin? These are the difficult and important questions; and in searching for an answer we must look at the human mind in the light of most recent investigations. And keep before you the thought that our investigation is to find out to what extent the human mind is free—for when

there is freedom there is responsibility. To what extent then, are our minds free?

The human mind is, of course, a unit, an indivisible spiritual essence. Yet we find it exerting itself in different directions. It is capable of distinct acts, and, for purposes of analysis, is said to possess certain faculties. After many ages of investigation philosophers are generally agreed that the mind possesses three distinct faculties, and only three. That is to say, the mind is capable of three distinct kinds of acts. These three faculties of the mind are the *intellect*, the *sensibility* and the *will*. Each of these faculties performs a distinct work. The intellect thinks, the sensibility feels, and the will chooses. Now let us look at these faculties separately, and see whether they are free.

Take first the intellect. This is the faculty that thinks, reasons, judges, knows. For instance, a loaf of bread lies on the table before us. The intellect fixes its attention on it, and carries on a process of reasoning with regard to it. The size, shape, color are decided. The intellect settles the fact that the bread was once flour, and determines whether it was wheat or rye flour; that the flour was once grain, and the grain once a grass blade growing in the ground. Many questions may be raised and settled in this way.

Now is the intellect free in this process? In other words, can we think what we please about that loaf of bread? No, we must think just what is, and nothing more. If it is square we cannot think it round if we wish to. If it is brown we cannot think it white, we must think it brown, as it is, in spite of ourselves. If it is bread we cannot think it wood or stone. The intellect is not free to think of things otherwise than as they are, or as it sees them to be. We cannot think a cow is a horse if we try. The intellect has no power to think that a circle is a square. And though in his business transactions a man may try to make himself and his neighbor believe that two and two are five, yet he can never compel the human intellect to assent to such a proposition. Two and two make four in spite of us.

A celebrated philosopher speaks as follows:

"Undoubtedly different intellects, or the same intellect at different times, may sometimes pass different judgments in regard to the same thing. Sometimes it may be deceived; it will judge that which is false to be true, the good to be bad, &c.; but at the moment it judges, it is not in the power of the intellect to pass any other judgment than that it passes. It obeys laws it did not make. It yields to motives that determine it independent of the will. In a word, the phenomenon of intelligence, comprehending, judging, knowing, thinking is marked with the characteristic of necessity."

We are all conscious of the fact that the intellect is not free; we cannot think of things otherwise than we do think, unless we get some new light. If freedom exists, then, in the human mind, it must be elsewhere than in the intellect. God controls the intellect by laws that He himself has made, and that are absolute in their sway. And we may be thankful that this is the case. We should be in a sad plight indeed if, at will, we could believe that two and two make five or seven.

Let us now turn to the second faculty of the mind, the sensibility. This is the faculty that feels. It covers the ground of the desires and passions, and longings, and emotions of the soul, by whatever name we choose to call them. Under the head of the sensibility are ranked hunger, thirst, a desire for rest, a desire for sleep, and all the natural appetites and desires; likewise the love of parents for their children and children for their parents, the yearnings for companionship, the feeling of pity or fellow-pleasure, the emotions of beauty, grandeur and sublimity, the love of truth, and by some authorities, that discernment of right and wrong which we call conscience, and many more.

Now we may ask ourselves whether we are free in these particulars or not, and our own consciousness will give us a complete answer. We fully understand that these things are beyond our control. These appetites and desires will rise up in spite of us and clamor for gratification. We may refuse to gratify them, but we cannot silence them. If we see one of our fellows in

great agony or distress we can no more help pitying him than we can help breathing the air of heaven. When we see a great wrong done to a fellow-man, a feeling of righteous indignation will boil up in our breasts, and we have no power to make it otherwise. And any person who is incapable of such indignation is something less than a man. The mother cannot help loving her child. It is no merit of hers that she loves it; that love is a natural instinct that she cannot control. And if any mother is destitute of this love it only proves that she is an exception to her race. If we do a mean action it is not in our power to feel self-complacent over it. If we stand on a hill-top and look over a valley and mountain landscape, it is not for us to say whether emotions of beauty or grandeur shall be stirred in our breasts.

Here then is a second faculty of the mind that is not free; another department of our being which the Almighty God retains under his own control; still another set of strings belonging to this complex harp which none but the fingers of Deity may sweep.

Now let us pass to the third faculty of the mind, the will. This is the faculty that decides, chooses, prefers, acts, performs. And we do not feel at once that we are standing on different ground now? Does not our own consciousness teach us that this faculty of the mind is free, that God does not control us in this respect? Do we not choose our own food and clothing, choose our companions and friends, choose our books and sports and amusements, choose our profession and place of residence and church relations, do we not choose whether we will serve God or serve the world? We are living lives of absolute delusion if we are not free to choose these things. Our thoughts are not under our control, our emotions come and go as they like, but we choose for ourselves, we act according to our own liking. In thinking the mind is in a passive state, and is acted upon by laws outside of itself; in feeling the mind is likewise passive, and is swayed by influences over which it has no control; but in willing there is a positive act which we are conscious we perform ourselves;

and in the will we find the part of man that is free, in the will our responsibility begins.

Dr. Mark Hopkins says: "Without the intellect there is no light, without the sensibility there is no motive. As distinguished from mere impulse, rational will involves rational choice; but without the intellect there can be no rationality, and without the sensibility there can be nothing to choose. With these we have all that we need, not as a cause, but as a condition for will. We mean by will that constituent of man's being by which he is capable of free action, knowing himself to be thus capable; just as we mean by the intellect that constituent of his being by which he is capable of thought, knowing himself to be thus capable."

Take an illustration of the operation of these three faculties of the mind,—a scene that was very familiar during our late rebellion. A company of men gathered from a given section of country are listening to an orator. A recruiting office has been opened. The men are not to be drafted, but are to volunteer, to choose for themselves. The orator commences by gaining their assent to the fact that Fort Sumpter has been fired on. He tells them it is rebellion, and their intellects assent to it. He tells them that rebellion must be put down, that our country must be saved or our homes and property will be worthless. He makes an argument in favor of the war, and carries his audience with him; their intellects assent to all he says, and if they do not he can have no influence over them.

Then, after having gained the assent to their intellects, he makes an appeal to their feelings. He tells them how noble a thing it is to defend one's country, and a feeling of patriotism is awakened; he pictures the cruelties of the rebels to their prisoners, and arouses a righteous indignation; he tells tales of the heroism and suffering of their brethren in the field, and melts his audience to tears. He has satisfied their intellects, and stirred their feelings—and that in spite of themselves. They could not help assenting and feeling. But does he go any further? Does he enlist for them? No; they must do the rest. He simply asks them—"Will you enlist?" They

must decide that question for themselves.

If they all shake their heads and go home, we say that their tears and huzzas were very cheap. Why? Simply because their intellects were satisfied, and their feelings stirred without any choice on their part. But they could say whether they would enlist or not, and here their merit or demerit commenced.

And this may give us the true view of religion. It is not religion to think right, to have grand thoughts of God and heaven and human duty; to reason nobly respecting systems of theology, for our thoughts are not under our control. It is no virtue of ours to have great thoughts, and no fault of ours to be destitute of great thoughts,—God controls this department of mind and gives us such power of thinking as He deems best.

It is not religion to feel well; to have good desires and noble longings; it is not religion to have the emotions stirred by glowing pictures and pathetic tales; it is not religion to weep, or laugh, or shout, or yield to any of the impulses or emotions of the mind—for these things are governed by influences outside of ourselves. God may give us large capacity for thinking and feeling, or small capacity—we have no responsibility in the matter; they are neither our virtue nor our vice. Some of the worst men have had the largest power of thought and feeling and some of the best men the smallest.

But true religion is a thing of the will. It is not to think, or to feel right, but to will right, to choose right, to act right. Right thoughts and right feelings are good if they lead to right willing and right doing, but they have no merit in themselves. And God, controlling these two faculties of the mind, gives us right thoughts and right feelings in order that we may be induced to will right and do right. And when God is operating normally on intellect and sensibility, we have power to choose for ourselves.

God moves upon these departments of mind that are under His control so as to prompt us and help us to wisely exercise the one faculty which He has placed in our power. All His dealings with men are to this effect. He pur-

poses largely to save men through the foolishness of preaching. And unquestionably the model sermon must undertake to reach men just as God undertakes to reach them. The successful preacher must address the gospel to these faculties of the mind which God has retained under his own control. The model sermon must address itself to both the intellect and the feelings.

And it will be found that most sermons shape themselves after this order. The preacher first explains the meaning of the text, and unfolds its teachings; he presents the great truths of the gospel and reasons out their claims on our consideration; he points out, in the light of Scripture, our evident duty and the great responsibility that rests upon us, and gains our assent to all these things. He first addresses himself to the intellect and presents reasons that control its action; and unless He can control our intellects He can exert no influence whatever upon us.

Then he addresses himself to the sensibilities, and stirs the feelings and emotions of the soul. He pictures the love of Christ to awaken our sympathies; he dwells on the glories of heaven to arouse the emotions of beauty and grandeur; He speaks of the loved ones gone before that our natural affection may be an instrumentality to lead us to Christ. He does not disdain to touch any cord of the human mind that God has seen fit to place there, and to touch himself.

And after the preacher has gone over the ground of these faculties that God himself controls, can he go any farther? Can he choose for us? No; he must stop here. He has no power to determine the choice or the will. He can only say to men, "Will you come to Christ? Will you enlist under the banner of King Emmanuel?" God himself will go no farther than this; and it is only God operating on the minds of men through the instrumentality of the preacher. And when God's spirit more directly and manifestly undertakes to produce conviction in the minds of men the method is the same. This blessed spirit first convinces men of sin, righteousness and judgment; he first satisfies the intellects of men that they ought to be Christians;

then he moves mightily on their feelings, awakening hope, fear, longing, desire, until men can sometimes hardly contain themselves, they are under such pressure of conviction.

But He never goes farther; He never undertakes to control the choice of the will. However much God may do for us, He always leaves something for us to do. The fingers of the Almighty may sweep the strings of the intellect and emotions, awakening a blissful melody of right thought and right feeling—but the strings of the will must forever remain silent until they are swept by human fingers; and these human fingers, if they will, may stir sweet music there, in full harmony with that lofty melody which God's own fingers awaken in the soul of man. The proper melody of the human soul is a duet. God plays his part and we must play our part in harmony with him, or there will be eternal discord.

In answer to the question whether the cup of life has more of sweet than sour, the poet says:

“If most was sour—the drinker, not
The cup we blame. Each in himself the means
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter; hence from out the self-same font,
One nectar drank, another draughts of gall.
Hence from the self-same quarter of the sky,
One saw ten thousand angels look and smile;
Another saw as many demons frown.
One discord heard, where harmony inclined
Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste;
The beauty in the eye; and in the ear
The melody; and in the man—for God
Necessity of sinning laid on none—
To form the taste, to purify the eye,
And turn the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet and fair.
Who would, might groan; who would, might sing
for joy.”

But some one will say right here—“Is not God the Sovereign of the Universe? Can He not do as He pleases in spite of us? If He is Almighty can we resist His will? This involves the great question of the Divine Sovereignty. God is Sovereign of the Universe, no doubt. His will is absolute. But even a Divine Sovereign may be limited in two ways. First, He cannot do things that are contradictory

in their nature. He cannot be holy and unholy at the same time. He cannot cause a creature to be and not to be at the same time. And second, even an Almighty Sovereign may be *Self-limited*. His own will may limit His sovereignty. While it is true that no being in the universe can limit God's power, it is equally true that He may limit it himself. He would not be almighty if He could not do this. It does not follow that he must do everything that He has the power to do. Man has a little circle in which he is sovereign. There are certain things that he can do, but he is not obliged to do everything he can do. Any one of you has power to commit murder before night, but no necessity is laid upon you to do this simply because you have the power. And so God is not a vast unthinking machine that always works up to its full capacity without sense or judgment. He does what He thinks best, and leaves the rest undone. He is an intelligent, wise, benevolent sovereign, who does what will be for the best interests of the universe, and more.

If the question arises then,—“could not God override the human will and compel man to obey him”—the only answer is—“Yes; if he thought best; but He doesn't think best.” He has chosen to make men free within certain limits—free to will right or wrong, free to choose right or wrong in moral questions. There is a little circle in which we are sovereigns. God has chosen to make us so. He resigned his sovereignty within that circle, and left us free. He thought best to create certain beings free moral agents, and hold them responsible for their doings. If we do right within that circle, that is all God requires of us.

But the question will arise at once—“Why did God give us this freedom, when it could lead to sin and all its consequences? Was it wise to surround man with this circle of freedom? Was it best for God to limit his sovereignty, in order to make men free agents?”

God thought it was wise and best, and perhaps this is the only answer we can make with certainty. But a little reflection will lead us to see that this moral freedom is our highest glory.

We could not be men without it. We could not exist in God's image without it. It is here that our orbit intersects that of Deity and we come in contact with the divine. Take away our moral freedom and you unman us, and convert us into men animals. This moral freedom is what lifts us above the animal and allies to heaven. It is our highest glory, although it likewise involves our greatest peril. There could be no sin without it, to be sure, but there could be no holiness without it likewise. It is our highest glory that we can sin; it is our deepest shame that we ever do sin.

And men hold their destinies in their own hands. They can turn the scales; this moral freedom gives them the power. It is for each of us the greatest thought in the universe that we hold our destinies in our own power. We can make or unmake ourselves. The mere exercise of the human will can forever fix a man's destiny. And it is so easily done. We often make these great decisions without a moment's thought. The Savior says: "Follow Me;" and the young man, without deliberation or stopping to consider the consequences, says peremptorily—"Oh, I can't be bothered with religion now; there will be time to attend to such matters by and by,"—and in this brief answer it may be that an eternity is disposed of. The stream of his life, while yet near the fountain head, on the mountain ridge, is given a direction which decides whether it shall flow down the right hand slope, through a land of singing birds and blooming flowers, and happy sunshine; or of the left through a land of darkness and death.

Let us now return to our text, although we have not been far away from it. "Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you." We see then, that in these minds of ours there is a place for God to work, and a place for us to work. And God is ceaselessly doing His work, and giving us ability to do ours. He has worked within us the power to will and do, and He only asks that we will right and do right. We are responsible for the right use of this faculty that God has given us control over, and we must render an account of the use we make of it.

And I call your attention to this solemn thought in conclusion: In the case of the most of us God has fully done His part—all in kind that He ever will do—and the reason we are not saved is because we have not done our part. We are a Christian people; God has enlightened our understanding by His word and His spirit; we have an open Bible, and the evidences are so overwhelming that we cannot but believe that Bible is the word of God. And we know what that Bible teaches; we have had the advantages of Sabbath School teaching and gospel preaching. God has been laboring with our intellects from childhood to make it impossible for us to believe anything but the truth, and we stand to-day in the position of those who know their duty. God has fully done his part in controlling our intellects so that we have right thoughts on this great subject.

And God has not left our hearts sluggish and indifferent. He has moved on our feelings in various ways. His spirit has directly stirred our hearts; the beauties of nature have thrilled our souls and lifted them heavenward; God's boundless goodness has awakened our gratitude; the loss of loved ones has given us an intense longing for heaven; the sufferings of Christ have melted our hearts and awakened our love. In a thousand ways God's fingers have touched the strings of intellect and heart, until our entire beings have thrilled with a divine influence. And then, while under that influence, God has said to us, "Now choose Christ; now accept of salvation," and too many of us have not yet done it.

Is it not a solemn thought that God has done all He can for us? He has used, and is using upon us all the influences that He ever employs, and yet our wills are stubborn. He is saying to every one of us to-day: "What more could have been done for my vineyard that I have not done in it?" Do we expect God to do any more? Are we hoping for any further influences? Do we not feel in our very souls that it only remains for us to will right and act right? God leaves with us the solemn alternative: "Choose *you* this day whom ye will serve." God has operated on your intellects, and stirred the depth of

your emotions, but you must choose for yourselves.

The trouble is, men resist God's gracious influences, and the longer they resist the greater their power of resistance becomes. And they can resist all the influences that God ever makes use of. God might, indeed, compel us to yield to Him, but He does not wish to compel us. I have seen a man take hold of the handles of a galvanic battery, and the first passage of the electric current made him twist and writhe like a wounded snake. He was almost ready to cry, "enough." But he was a man of resolute will and steady nerve, and he held on while the current was increased little by little, until at last he could withstand the full power of the machine, and could smile at the weak ones who cried, "enough."

And so men resist God, and grow strong in resisting, until they can withstand all the influences that He ever brings to bear on intellect and feelings. They take hold of God by those two handles, the intellect and sensibility, and down through these channels God pours all of heaven's saving influences upon them, and they resist them all and go on in the ways of sin. I have known men boast of the number of revival meetings they have gone through without yielding to God. When God's servants were exhorting and urging them to come to Christ, they would smile in their faces and say: "We've seen it hotter than this."

And men thus live on year after year, vainly expecting some further displays of God's power, when in fact He is doing all that He ever will do—the gospel machinery is working up to His full power; with all steam on—and yet they will not yield to it. Are there not multitudes in this christian land who have for years successfully resisted the influences that God brings to bear on intellect and sensibilities? In spite of right thoughts and right feelings you have chosen wrong and done wrong. The fact that you are unsaved to-day proves that you have successfully resisted God all these years. Do you suppose God has wanted you unsaved all this time? You are unsaved in spite of all that God has done to

save you. If God could have chosen for you he would have chosen salvation long ago.

And if you have resisted God in the past, you can resist Him in the future. He is using upon you to-day all the instrumentalities that he ever employs. He will never do more for you than He has done—He may do less. You may be lost in spite of all that God ever has done, or ever will do to save you—if you will not yield to His call. Oh, will you not will right to-day? Will you not choose the Savior at once and settle this question for time and eternity? May God help you to do it! I need not say that. I ought not to say that. God has helped you, He does help you, He will help you. God will do His part without fail. It only remains for you to do your part, and that part you must do if you are ever saved.

LOCAL.

Every morn

When a new day to earth is born,
The college bell unlocks my sleepy eyes,
Its harsh tones says—Awake! Arise!
Arise and flunk in thy usual way;
Behold the day!

On Friday night, February 5, the members of the class of '89 proceeded to Albany in a body where, at *Cafe Marineau*, they sat down to their first supper as a class. They had entertained many fears that their supper would be stolen; the toast-master kidnapped; the train wrecked, and that other calamities would befall them at the hands of the Sophomores; so, great secrecy and precaution was observed by all.

At midnight the members of the class began to assemble from the theatre and other places of amusement, and shortly after were doing full justice to choice *menu*.

The following toasts were given by toast-master, Geo. E. Merrell, and were responded to in a hearty manner:

Alma Mater.....	M. Nolan.
	"Sit perpetua."
Schenectady Police.....	J. L. Whalen.
	"Relics of Barnumism."
Colors	H. G. Dean.
	"I would not change this hue."

The Idol.....	D. S. Voorhees.
"Who is he that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, Clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners?"	
Beauty.....	L. L. Cameron.
"All orators are dumb when Beauty pleadeth."	
Music.....	J. M. Furman.
"Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid."	
Faculty.....	C. H. Flanigan.
"Well favored, skillful in wisdom, and cunning in knowledge."	
Pretty Girls of Schenectady.....	C. W. Culver.
"Thy like ne'er was."	
Motto.....	A. R. Conover.
Finis Coronat Opus.	
Eight Silly Sophs.....	J. H. Hanson.
"A set of Blue-Nose, Mexican-Greaser, drunken, cowardly wretches, that fain would eat the crumbs falling from the table of the jolly Freshman, but no one stoops to feed them."	
Cribs.....	E. S. Hunsicker.
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse."	
Class of '89.....	M. M. Smith.
"Multum in parvo."	

The following was the committee of arrangement: C. H. Flanigan, E. S. Hunsicker, N. W. Wait, R. H. Washburn and J. M. Furman.

The Rev. Mr. Pendleton, rector of the St. George church, has offered a prize of \$25 for the best examination on some latin author whose works are not read in college—Cicero preferred—open to the three higher classes. The contest will take place during commencement week. Further particulars will be stated next month.

The students remained in chapel Friday morning, February 19, for an hour, during which time they listened to five members of the Senior class and four from the Junior class deliver their orations. Those from '86 were as follows: Blessing—subject, "The Assassination of President Garfield;" H. J. Cole, "The Value of Ideals;" Harris, "Literary Reading of the Present Day;" Lawler, "Charles Sumner;" Angle, "Literature," all of whom delivered their orations in a forcible and pleasing manner. They evinced much thought and careful study.

Ashton, of the Juniors, was the first to speak. His subject was "Our Laborers." Bennett followed with a well taken effort on the "Sanctity of the Ballot." Buel, in his oration, discussed with force the "Spoils System compared with the Civil Service Act of 1883." Cameron treated

the subject of "Our Republic" in such a manner as to make an old subject new.

Prof. — "What is a monarchy?"

Fresh. — "A people governed by a king."

Prof. — "Who would reign if the king should die?"

Fresh. — "The queen."

Prof. — "And if the queen should die?"

Fresh. — "The Jack."

The subject for the Vedder prize has been announced and the required ten participants have already registered. The general subject is Labor Organizations. The prize (\$50), is for the best extemporaneous speech to be delivered at commencement. The following students will compete: Landon, '86; Bennett, Gulick, Ransdell, Cameron, Johnson and Redfield, of '87, and Cole, Winne and Dillingham, of '88.

The Ingham prizes (for Seniors), are as follows: Subject 1, Grant's Title to greatness; 2, Literary rank of George Elliot.

The Clark prizes (for Juniors), are: Subject 1, "A Century of Dishonor;" 2, The Great Epics. The student competing for one of the above prizes may choose from one of the two subjects. Prizes are awarded at commencement.

The college exercises were not entirely discontinued on Thursday, prayer day for colleges, as they have been in past years but were continued until 10 o'clock, at which time the usual chapel exercises were held and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry Graham, D. D., of Troy, N. Y. His lucid and psychological sermon will be found in another of our columns.

At a college meeting, the following officers of the Athletic Association were elected: President, Landon, '86; vice-president, Bennett, '87; treasurer, Towne, '88; secretary, Voorhees, '89, after which the association elected the following delegates to the New York State Inter-collegiate Base-ball Association: Courtright, '86, acting base-ball director of Senior class, and Angle, '86, as associate delegate, with Kinne, '86, as alternate. At a later meeting the president was authorized to appoint a committee of five to make arrangements for a field-day and athletic tourna-

ment as soon as advisable. The committee were given power to act, but as yet the men have not been appointed.

The Freshmen under command of Lieut. Hubbell are now drilling with the 36th separate company at the armory. They were escorted to the armory on the evening of their first drill by a Sophomore tin band who made the hill resound with noise. Much improvement was noticed in the drilling of the Freshmen, as they were able, after due explanation, to come to a "right shoulder" in three minutes.

Mosher, '86, has left college to accept a position in the Utica insane asylum. However, this will not interfere with his graduating. He is to be congratulated upon the fine position which he now holds, but the college is sorry to lose him so early in the year.

Since our last issue, Miss Kate Landon, daughter of Hon. Judson S. Landon, president ad interim of Union college, was married to Lewis A. Cass, a member of the Albany bar, and of the class of '78. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Griffin. Over two hundred guests were present, among whom were Hon. Platt Potter and Mrs. B. F. Potter, Hon. and Mrs. N. C. Moak, Major MacMurray, Rev. and Mrs. D. Wortman, Prof. Perkins, Prof. and Miss Whithorne, Prof. and Mrs. Lamoreux, Prof. and Mrs. Wells, Professors Ashmore, Hoffman, DePuy and Wright, Mrs. Dr. Nott, Dr. and Mrs. Duryea.

On Friday, February 19, there was held a joint meeting of the Adelpic and Philomathean societies in Prof. Hoffman's room for the purpose of awakening more interest in the college debating societies. A chairman was elected pro tem, and a debate followed on the subject, "Resolved that, in general, strikes have improved the condition of the laboring men." It is to be hoped that an increased interest will be felt in these matters among the students.

Prof. Lamoreux has been appointed librarian of the college library. The following rules have been adopted: Students are allowed free access to the shelves. Books are not allowed to be taken from the rooms and must be left on the

library table after use. The library is open daily except Saturday afternoon from 10 to 12½ and from 3 to 5.

The Fulton County *Democrat* makes a nomination for president of the college. The following article clipped from the *Democrat* explains itself:

We are informed by good authority that among the names suggested for the above position during the last meeting of the college trustees recently held in Albany was that of Rev. William E. Park, pastor of the Congregational church at Gloversville. Our information is not that the name of Dr. Park was proposed in open meeting (we understand that no one was there nominated), but that it was seriously discussed outside, not only by certain members of the board, but by others who take a thoughtful interest in Union college; and moreover, his name is apparently mentioned not as a result of careful and studied political effort, but as the honest expression of opinions produced by an acquaintance with the man.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Park, but from his reputation in this county we have no hesitancy in affirming that in the suggestion of Dr. Park's name there is opened to view a most happy termination of the uncertainty which has too long attended Union college. In this expression we are sincere and enthusiastic, and as a graduate of the institution we assume the liberty of placing before the trustees of Union college the name of Rev. Dr. William E. Park.

A college glee club has been formed consisting of the following men: Culver, '89; Flanagan, '89, and Dillingham, '88, first tenor; Cameron, '87, Ransdell, '87, Shaw, '89, Iskanian, '88, second tenor; Barally, '88, Vorhees, '89, and Hunsicker, '89, first bass; Randall, '86, Phillips, '87, and Pierson, '89, second bass; Furman, '89, pianist. Rehearsals are held daily in the chapel and the club is doing as well as could be expected.

Messrs. Courtright, '86, and Kinne, '86, represented the base-ball and athletic interests of Union in convention at Syracuse, January 29. Rochester was expelled from the league and power was given the executive committee to admit the R. P. I. nine. The schedule of games for the following season is not yet made out.

LITERARY.

Asleep.

A SLEEP my darling? Yes, the eyes of blue,
Which rival azure heavens in their hue,
Are closed. One chubby arm so white and bare,
Is pillowed 'neath a head of golden hair.
One little hand tight shut upon her breast,
Holds fast a lily,—flower that she loves best.

Then sleep, my precious. When the birds again
Pour forth their liquid melodies, and when
Each rose and lily lifts its dainty head,
Then wake thou fresh and rosy from thy bed.
Sleep sweetly now; the stars above are keeping
Their silent watch whilst thou below art sleeping.

Asleep my darling? Yes, thy last, long sleep,
A slumber calm and terrible and deep.
Thy heart is stilled. Thy eyes of heavenly blue
Are closed—are closed forever. Faintly through
The window comes the light of breaking day,
Thy dawn, divinely fair, is far away

We sorrow, but the hosts above rejoice,
The heavenly choir has gained one more sweet voice.
Then sleep the sleep which has no earthly waking,
O God! my heart with bitter grief is breaking.
And while the stars their silent watches keep,
I mourn my loved, my lost. I pray and weep.

A Tobogganing Episode.

"Hello Bert—old boy—glad to see you! When'd you come? Only two weeks vacation? Why, we have four!" and many more, were the exclamations Lev Smith rattled off as we met one afternoon during the holiday vacation. It was my blue day, from the fact that the friends of the once merry clique of my pre-college existence were scattered, and the apparent prospect of another opportunity to compile an "Elementary treatise on Parliamentary Rules." So you can imagine with what pleasure I hailed the happy countenance of an old friend. "Going down to the new slide to-night, aren't you? The whole town'll be out and besides we are to have a big fire," said he.

He ended the discussion, at least, so far as I was concerned by arranging to stop for me after tea and saying he had some work to do before he went home. After tea I kindly but firmly impressed my brother with the idea that he should loan me his toboggan. I fished out my

last winter's suit, and when Lev's old call sounded at the gate it seemed as though I had never seen Union college, and that I had just skipped out as of yore when I should have been polling up to-morrow's Latin for "Old Bliss," up at the academy. There was no necessity that evening for my singing:

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night."

I was a child in spirit and the last four years with their pains and worries had apparently been erased from my memory.

As we started down-town Lev informed me he had written a letter to Beth Morse, a friend of his, asking her to get some one for me to escort and that we were to call for them on our way down. We called for the young ladies and after various comments on the snowshoe club's new suits, the speed of our respective toboggans, etc., we started for the slide. Lev was walking with Miss Morse, and they plunged immediately into something apparently very confidential, leaving me to entertain her friend as best I could. During the interlude between less sensible topics and the "weather," to which, sometimes even the most expert conversationalist is driven, I overheard Lev. ask, "Why didn't you try and get May to come down with Bert? It would have done her good." "I did try, but you know how she feels," answered Miss Beth.

Miss Blake must have thought the "weather" the last straw to the camel's back during the remainder of the walk.

I kept wondering in my mind whoever May could be and what was the cause of Miss Morse's answer, but as soon as we came in sight of the fire and slides, and the long line of spectators, we all chimed in together and I think I redeemed myself as synonymous with Vennor.

Who can justly describe a toboggan slide? Not I. Who would live in a warm climate during the winter, and who says the Canadians don't enjoy themselves? Not I. What a medley of yells, laughter and music as the toboggans with their healthy, red-cheeked, fur-clad loads, flew down the chute past the crowds, past the slowly returning line. The very twigs vibrated

and each toboggan seemed to be trying to outstrip the others, finally beating its own shadow as they shot down on the river where night was contending with the fire as to which those merry tobogganers loved best—light or darkness. After sliding till the work in getting back largely over-balanced the sport in going down we started for home and again as he had many times during the evening, Lev referred to the confidential subject by asking Miss Beth if she remembered a year ago to-night. After escorting the young ladies home, we went down to the "Snowshoe's" rooms, and as we lit our pipes and prepared to put in a good visit my curiosity overcame me and I asked him to tell me the story he had touched upon so often, which seemed to form a strong tie to a no inenviable young lady. A solemn look came in his eyes, and his face had an expression foreign to its usual pleasantness, and after silently gazing into the grate a few minutes he told me the following: "It is both a pleasant and a solemn story to me. You remember Tom McAllister, and what intimate friends we were where we graduated up at the academy? We were about as good friends as it is allowable for two of the same sex. You know our class was the one after yours, and the fall after graduation Tom went into Holme's law office and I entered the medical. Early in November we formed the "B. Y. Snowshoes," and fixed up these rooms as they are at present. We were a jolly crowd and had some great old times the first of the winter. The ice and the snow were fine and the slide was in good shape.

The only drawback we had was in the rivalry of the older club and in their trying to outshine us. It was a year ago this afternoon Tom and myself and two other "medics" went down to the slide to try a new toboggan of Tom's. It was a present from his mother and was fitted up elegantly. We became careless and through some fault of ours we ran into a toboggan two young ladies were pulling up completely, wrecking it. Of course we apologized, looked cheap and all that. They took it very philosophically and said it could not have been helped. Tom, in-

sisted that they take his toboggan and finish the afternoon. This they refused point blank. You know how smoothly and politely he could put anything like that, so that it would seem perfectly proper. He became very eloquent, and as I thought made more out of the accident than was necessary. Finally he effected a compromise backed by my mild secondings that as long as they would not go down alone, that the girls, Tom and myself should make one trip together. The other fellows had turned and left leaving us to get out of the muss as best we could, we were perfectly satisfied. That was the first time we ever met Beth and her cousin May Morse. They arrived here from Ottawa that fall. I see you are smiling. Perhaps you think they acted improperly, flirted a little, etc. Perhaps the exacting chaperone would not approve, but I don't know what the harm was. In walking up we found out among other things, that May's mother and Tom's had exchanged calls. So we stretched a point and assumed we had been duly introduced. We took a good many more than one slide and we had such a jolly time it was agreed to use Tom's toboggan all that evening. We walked home with the young ladies and explained to Mrs. Morse. She thanked us very nicely and said she presumed the accident was the girls' fault and that we were lucky not to have been hurt. Those succeeding weeks were the happiest of my life. We were together nearly all the time, skating, ice-boating, dancing, or something. I am afraid we spent a great deal too much of our time at Morse's.

I suppose such things are always so. They used to tell each other about all we said and I am morally certain we did about the same. Anyway Beth asked me once if Tom thought anything of May, and said that he had been saying no end of foolish things. Tom told me that night that May asked him nearly the same question. About that time the Riel rebellion broke out. We both belonged to the "Queen's Own," which by the way, was the crack company at the Ottawa review that year. It may seem funny, but when an order came one day for 100 men to be chosen from the company, and to leave

that night for Winnipeg, nearly every man was anxious to go. Everything was war and glory. Out of about 150 volunteers 100 were chosen by lot, among whom I was one. Tom was one of the craziest to go, but luck was against him. Even money was offered by many in considerable sums to substitute, but he could not be enrolled. He came to me and said he was bound to go and had decided to steal in and take his luck as to the result, hoping he would not be detected till far toward the Northwest. That night when we all went for a farewell slide, what a mockery it all seemed. The slide was nearly deserted. Every thought of the whole town was centered on those so soon to face death. After one silent trip we left and went home. We were to leave on the Grand Trunk at 2 A. M. I became conscious then how much I thought of Beth, and it seemed that May and Tom were conscious of the same fact. No doubt we said lots of silly things about being true, and—don't smile Bertie, you will know how it is sometime. Among other promises, they promised never to slide till we came back, and we made greater ones. Tom said it was so cold his eyes watered—they looked like tears to me. We left at 2, and the whole town were at the depot to bid us God-speed. Three others beside Tom had stolen in, but they were not found out till we were nearly to Manitoba, and Captain Crawford admiring their pluck took them on. What war was we never knew till we marched over the ice and snow in the coldest weather. We were ordered to Batouche. Captain Crawford formed a scouting party and put Tom at the head. The half-breeds were sacking and massacring the settlers who had not been able to get within the lines. Tom's party covered themselves with renown the first day, but that night they were ambushed and the whole party killed. After the half-breeds were driven back from Batouche we found the bodies about three miles up the trail frozen and ghastly. We buried the poor fellows in the snow and returned to camp with heavy hearts, I can tell you. It seemed impossible to me. Those eight of our company were the first killed in the rebellion and four of

them were the poor fellows so anxious to go to the Northwest. That is about all of the story so far as May is concerned, except that she has never been to the slide since, and very seldom goes out. Lately she has been ill. If I were a believer in such things I should say her heart was broken. She will soon be with poor Tom if a change does not take place. There is Tom's picture over the other side and his name is the first on the list on the new monument just put up in River park in honor of those poor fellows we left in the snows of the Northwest." As Lev solemnly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, pulled down his toque and bade me good night. I felt that silence was more fitting than anything I could utter.

JOHN BULL.

EXCHANGES.

The *Amherst Student* issues a midwinter number. Aside of the well written editorials there is little in the *Student* of interest to the average exchange editor.

The *Lafayette* presents a fine appearance, but can boast of little in the literary line. The poem "A Letter," in the February number is hardly up to the standard of college poetry, for it has little or no point, is almost destitute of metre and displays anything but poetic imagination.

The *Williams Fortnight* excels in pretty, graceful verses, but the prose articles seem written merely with the idea to fill up space. It seems queer that so interesting a paper as the *Fortnight* should lack support.

The *Cue*, from the Albany Academy is one of our brightest exchanges. The holiday number was especially good, and the whole paper is exceptionally free from schoolboy sentiment and expression.

We hardly like the change from the *University Magazine* to the *Pennsylvanian*. The new paper may suit the students whom it represents, better than the old one, but the subject matter of the *Pennsylvanian* is certainly of less interest to an outsider than was that of the magazine.

A Reminiscence of Dr. Nott.

To the Sons of Old Union, the following anecdote of "Old Prex" will, without doubt, be acceptable. It was related to me many years ago by an old man, a native and resident of Ashford, Connecticut, of which town the venerable doctor was also a native; for its truth I cannot be responsible, though I give it as I received it, and as I subsequently learned, as other people in that place had received it and accepted it as true.

The parents of Eliphalet were poor, and in early life he was apprenticed to a brick layer or stone mason. He had an elder brother Samuel, who was minister of a Congregational church in Franklin, in the same state; it so happened that either the church or parsonage in that place required repairs, and Eliphalet's master was employed to make them. During the progress of the work the young apprentice lived in his brothers' family, and how he enjoyed, for the first time in his life, the privilege of having access to what appeared to him to be a large library; every spare moment, especially during the evenings, was devoted to reading, and Samuel perceiving his brothers love for books, succeeded in purchasing his time, or otherwise liberating him from his obligations to his master, and commenced at once to direct his studies. How long the two brothers remained together I have forgotten, probably four or five years, but at length some difficulty arose between them and Eliphalet left for parts unknown to shape his own course through life. Samuel heard from him occasionally through indirect sources, that he was teaching and studying attentively, and at length that at the age of nineteen he had graduated at Brown University. Long years passed before he learned anything more of his brother, except a rumor that a young preacher named Nott or Mott was creating quite an excitement in the state of New York. Postal facilities existed in those days, but they were exceedingly unreliable and uncertain.

One Sunday, the year I have also forgotten, though it must have been after 1804, just as the

congregation had convened in the old church of Franklin and the services were about to commence, a carriage stopped at the church door and a gentleman and a lady descended and entered the church. They did not hesitate a moment but walked directly through the principal aisle to the ministers pew where they seated themselves and remained until the conclusion of the services. When the minister descended from his pulpit and passed his own pew in going out, he bowed to the strangers without stopping to address them. He entered his own shaky and rattling old wagon and drove homewards. His dwelling was about a mile from the church and was reached by a long, narrow, private lane which led to it from the public road. As he turned to enter this lane he looked behind him and saw the stranger's carriage at no great distance behind him, and when he had reached his house he was surprised to see that the carriage had entered the lane also. When he had arrived at the house, the strangers descended and approaching the clergyman with extended hand said: "Why Sam, don't you know me?" "I do not," said Sam, "unless you are my brother Eliphalet, and that I should not have guessed, had you not called me Sam, in your old familiar manner."

"I am indeed your brother Eliphalet, and have come with my wife to spend a week with you."

"Are you a preacher 'Liph?"

"I am, but I have no church."

"How is that?"

"I am president of the new college at Schenectady in the state of New York."

During the week it was published in Franklin and the neighboring towns that 'Liph Nott was to preach the next Sunday, "And he did preach," said my informant, "and I heard him; the old church in Franklin was never so filled before; every sitting and every standing place was occupied, and the wagons were driven up to the door and windows and filled with people who had come to hear him who was but a boy when they last saw him, the old church never before nor after had such an audience nor heard such preaching."

Delay.

An unfortunate mistake, and pressure of business have delayed this issue. This is the only explanation we can make, and asking our subscribers to bear with us, we will state that *sometime* in the dime future we intend to come out on time.—[Eds.]

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

YALE—A site for the new gymnasium has been selected, and the subscription fund is rapidly reaching \$100,000.—The University crew will be composed almost entirely of new men.—Interest in track athletics reviving.—Much indignation is felt over the appearance of an article on Yale in the *N. Y. World*, Jan. 24. It seems the article was a series of fabrications and exaggerations from beginning to end. It is not known who wrote the article. The last copies of that day's *World* sold in New York for twenty-five cents apiece.

CORNELL.—A few infidels and free-thinkers will oppose the establishment of a chair of moral philosophy and ethics, for which Hon. H. W. Sage gave \$60,000, on the ground that as a state and secular institution the college has no right to teach such branches.—Recitations have been made optional for the present.—Gymnasium practice is made compulsory for the two lower classes, during the winter term.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Wellesley has received a bequest of \$100,000 for building a College of Arts.—The annual "bowl figh" at the University of Pennsylvania, took place on January 29.—Lasell Seminary has two new lecture courses, in law and in cooking.—Phillips Exeter Academy received \$40,000 from the estate of the late Francis A. Parker, of Boston.—The "Mikado" seems to be very popular with college glee clubs.—Stevens wants its name changed to "The New Jersey Institute of Technology."—The Freshman class at Oxford is said to number 610; that at Cambridge, 865.—Princeton has formed a dramatic Association. Lynch, of the Metropolitans, is coaching the nine.—Amherst intends to

build a toboggan slide. The Sophomores are about to build a college fence to roost upon, *a la* Yale. For twenty-five years Amherst has kept statistics of physical measurements of every one of its students. Till within eight years no other statistical work of this kind has been undertaken in this country, outside of the army and navy.

—The University of Pennsylvania has 3,000 graduates in Arts and Sciences; 1,500 in Law, and 12,000 in Medicine. Professor Thompson is lecturing at Yale on "Protection." It is reported that the university has received \$60,000 for the investigation of spiritualism. Pennsylvanian students will hold a State Intercollegiate Athletic meeting in the spring, probably at Philadelphia.—Donations to Oberlin for 1885, amounted to \$80,000. Matthew Arnold has accepted the professorship of poetry, in the University of Oxford. At Oxford, classics may be got rid of before entering the university, leaving the student free to specialize. President Holden, of the University of California, receives a salary of \$8,000, larger by a thousand or two, than that of any other college president in the country. Phillips Exeter Academy has prepared 5,000 students for college. A new feature in scoring will probably be adopted by the Intercollegiate League this year, which is to credit each man with the sacrifice hits he makes. Brown and yellow have been proposed as college colors for Lehigh. The average salary of a college professor in the United States is \$1,530.

Outre Mer.

The cloud-ship sailed in a burnished sky,
The shadows spread on the lea,
With a farewell smile
To the earth, the while,
The sun sank into the sea.

He seemed to pause at the ocean's brink
As if he were loth to go,
He kisses the lips
Of the sea, and slips
Down to the lands below.

He little knew of the kiss I threw,
Where the restless ripples curled;
But he took my kiss
To the lips I miss
On the other side of the world. —[Record.]

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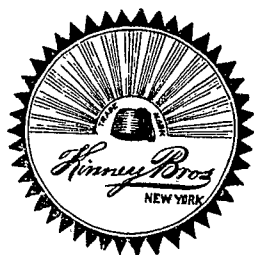
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