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THE CONCORDIENSIS :

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EDITORIAL.

IN this number will be found the prayer-day sermon of Dr. Wortman, which we have no doubt will be read with interest by many. To those, however, who are accustomed to skip such reading, we would say that nothing is taken thereby from the usual amount of matter in the CONCORDIENSIS.

WE would suggest to the committee in charge the propriety of turning their attention to the needs of the reading-room. The daily papers have nearly all disappeared from the table, and the magazines are also becoming conspicuous by their absence. We presume that this state

of affairs is brought about by the expiration of subscriptions, and the lack of funds for their renewal. It would seem, though, that by a little extra exertion on the part of the committee sufficient money might be raised to place on file for the remainder of the year some of the most important papers. We hope that an effort, at least, in this direction will be made.

THE managers of the minstrel troupe are to be congratulated upon the success of their first appearance. Of course considerable time and trouble was required of the different members in their preparation, but the wisdom of adopting this means of raising the desired money has been plainly shown. Although the expectations of many were more than met, there still remains a considerable deficit to be filled, and in addition it is desired to raise funds for the expenses of the coming season. In furtherance of this we heartily commend the purpose entertained by several members of the company of visiting during the coming spring vacation and giving entertainments in some of the adjacent towns. This would perhaps inconvenience a few; but they ought, and undoubtedly would be, willing to make a little sacrifice for the common interest. But a very small part of the work of original preparation would have to be undergone, and during the week of vacation a sufficient sum would no doubt be realized, besides furnishing a very pleasant time to those taking part without at all interfering with college duties.

WE would call attention to the communication in regard to the election of editors. We heartily approve of the plan proposed, and hope to see action taken by the students in regard to it at no distant date. While the plan is not all that we would wish, it is still a step in the right direction.

IF there is any one evil at our college that has been fully discussed and is most plainly apparent, it is that of studying during the morning chapel exercises. Efforts of a mild nature have repeatedly been made by the faculty to remedy the evil, but a glance around the chapel any morning during services will show how wholly ineffectual those efforts have been. It may be said that the students ought to look at the matter seriously, and refrain of their own accord from such a practice. Well, that is true, but any one acquainted with college ways knows that they will not do so. A practical rather than a theoretical solution of the trouble is needed. We would, therefore, urge that stringent measures be used by the faculty to secure a proper observance of the morning service.

WE have received a communication calling attention to the fact that the complaint made in the CONCORDIENSIS some time ago in regard to the condition of the bath-rooms and adjoining compartments had received no attention from the authorities; that in fact they are in a worse condition than before. The entire communication, which is forcibly written, is in accord with our opinion, though for various reasons we have thought best not to publish it.

Attention is also called to the lack of interest shown in the literary societies, and the CONCORDIENSIS is asked to aid in arousing

more enthusiasm in this direction. We do most thoroughly believe that it is of prime importance for every student to take an active part in this exercise, and accustom himself, as we have frequently said before, to think on his feet.

IN regard to the management of the ball nine for the coming season a few suggestions and criticisms may not be out of order. It is generally acknowledged by the students that the base-ball department last year was a complete failure. While we have already made the correction in regard to hiring professionals, nothing has been done about the management, and it is the purpose of this article to produce, or at least to start, a reform in this direction. There is, it seems, something radically wrong about the whole system of managing the nine. The senior director is manager, treasurer advisory and auditing board, all in one. As no account of disbursements is ever rendered, it is quite plain that honesty in addition to judgment is a very requisite qualification. Now what we propose is to form some sort of a board of the class directors and as many more as it would be policy to add. The senior director shall be chairman and shall disburse the funds according to the direction of the board. The treasurer shall be elected by the board or at the college meeting where the organization of such a board shall be effected. A report shall be rendered at the close of the season, to be printed in THE CONCORDIENSIS or read at a college meeting. Thus we would have an efficient and business-like management, and would be less likely to suffer from errors of judgment. These suggestions are entirely general and are made from a business point of view, simply to establish a precedent of a more sensible custom than the one now in vogue.

The Immortalities of Man. <

A Sermon Preached in Union College on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, Thursday, January 29, 1885, by Rev. Denis Wortman, D. D., of the Reformed Church, Saugerties, N. Y.

"If a man die, shall he live again."—*Job 14: 14.*

THIS language of Job would seem to some to imply a doubt of immortality; possibly even a persuasion against it. Hardly, though, when critically viewed. I take the vivid translation of your own, our own, beloved and lamented Dr. Tayler Lewis:

"O that in Sheol Thou wouldst lay me up;
That Thou wouldst hide me till Thy wrath shall turn,—
Set me a time, and *then remember* me.
Ah, *is it so?* When man dies, *does* he live again?
Then all the days appointed me I'll wait,
Till my reviving come.
Then Thou wilt *call*, and I will *answer* Thee."

There is the melancholy thought of death, of utter ending; now comes the sacred suggestion: Ah, so? Live again? So does the heart-hope whisper? Even so! So does even the paganism of surrounding nations say? Even so!

"Ah, *is it so?* When man dies, *does* he live again?
Then all the days appointed me, I'll wait,
Till my reviving come!"

Great question, immense, awful, divine! If a man die, *shall* he live again?

Some may not wish it. I can conceive a man so troubled with life as to desire to run no risk of more; so worn out with fighting temptation as to court an ending of the contest; so consciously deserving of vast penalty for sin as to desire an eternal escape from very being.

But to most the thought of annihilation is supremely terrible. Man clings to life often for the mere joy of living. The feeling is innate, God-born. One has a strange curiosity to live on and see what next. He is allied to manifold interests, bound up in many a dear relation. The precious ties that bind him to his kind and kin—the thought that these holy bonds are to be by death indissolubly broken, thrills through him with a pang of unutterable woe. No, he must live on, and even run the risks of judgment.

If a man die, shall he live again? *No?* Well, then, good-bye to hope; good-bye to friends forever; good-bye to spiritual ambi-

tions! *Is* life worth living then? Oh, after a sort, but not right worthily. Make me a brute, only a brute; somewhat better than a dog, to be sure, or a horse, or a chimpanzee, but a brute; and more or less of a brute I shall be likely to live.

If a man die, shall he live again? *Yes?* Then, oh my soul, pause here—right here and now. Contemplate the dignity of thy being: God deemeth thee worthy of immortality. Contemplate what thou canst make of thyself, for it's forever now. Contemplate thine all but infinite possibilities of development in power, use, grace, glory, and see thou achieve something worth thy while. Consider thyself a noble ship, bound for a glorious kingdom, sailing on rough seas, freighted with infinite treasures; and see thou sail straight on for the true haven, spring no leak, nor wreck thyself, and lose thy cargo all!

If a man die, shall he live again? So at least did one. One, the greatest in all our human line, died and lived again. Died, died well; died a hero, a martyr, a Redeemer; died, no mistake of it; died of a broken heart; died of crucifixion tortures. Jewish bigotry and the Roman imperialism saw to it that he died—died even before the Roman spear was thrust into that divine heart; but on the third day He rose, alive, strong, a conqueror, a great Saviour.

Yes, *He* rose, of course; was worthy of it; was the Son of God; was a great hero, martyr. But shall we? Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep! For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. All hail! great, admirable First Fruits of us who sleep!

This desire for immortality, universal in the human heart; what are its lower and higher gratifications in fulfillment? *What are the immortalities possible to man?*

There is the *Immortality of Renown*. Man wishes to be known, known favorably, known widely out in time as well as in space, known when living, remembered after he is gone; will be remembered though he have to burn the temple of Delphi to have it so; will be remembered though for the purpose he have to burn up that still superior

temple of his body and his soul by ambitious fires.

This desire is innate, not wholly wrong; it is a part of the natural desire for power; it grows largely out of a craving for human approval, which in turn is a sort of leaning upon other folk. Not necessarily selfish, it is, however, mostly so; though it may be only an indication of a large self-hood, not a large selfishness.

Usually, though, it is of a selfish and really a vulgar tone. A handsome monument in the cemetery, a little better than one's neighbors, just as one likes to live in a finer house, or ride in a handsomer carriage. If it be not from a simple art-sense of intrinsic beauty, or of propriety, it is all vulgar. So fame, a great renown founded on some martial exploit, or a great writing, or even a wide doing of good, if it be to be seen of men. Such ambitions have their reward, but what poor rewards they be. Who minds your proud monument? Who respects your mere riches? Who cares, by-and-by, for your fame? What consolation do they afford you while living? What advantage to you in the final Judgment, appearing before the great King and God, coming out of richer tombs, or costlier equipages, or larger fames?

This, all this, is an immortality which is no immortality at all. It is a dead-living. It is a mortal immortality. It is an almost infamous fame! Such life is not grand, only grandiose. It is a selfish, gross immortality, poisoned through and through with the virus of real death.

Young men, be above such paltriness. Be brave, not to make a good show, but just to do a true and noble deed, thinking of no danger, dreaming of no applause. Be good, not because it is profitable to your reputation, or your pocket, or your physical comfort, or the quiet of your conscience; but because goodness is right, is God-like, is what befits your immortal nature, is the only thing for a redeemed soul to be made up of!

Why should we be actors on a theatrical stage, all of us, any of us, mimics; playing as suits our audience; being soldiers, or pirates, or poets, or Christians, or rakes, whichever shall gain the loudest shouts of applause?

Honesty, truth, genuineness, character, justice, faith, mercy—in these consists immortality, not in the shams of fame. By these shall you be remembered, even by the eternal God, when your theaters are burned down, and your monuments are crumbled to dust.

“The fame that a man wins himself is best;
That he may call his own: honors put on him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do.”

Let us condense that saying down into this personal prayer: *Not honors on me, but true honor in me.*

So there is a true immortality of fame when based on character, on worth, on loving and brave deeds. Such fame is to be desired. It lasts. God owns it, keeps it. Founded on justice and truth and love, it has a base as broad and firm as the pyramids. It is as strong as the pyramids. It survives like them and crumbles not away, nor is hid. All the ages may cast their earth over and around it; yet, like the pyramids along the Nile, it shall stand out above all the sands of time, imperishable and among the wonders of the world.

Another immortality is that which is in the *Line of Human Generation*. From family to family, from generation to generation, there is the transmission of life, life-force, life-quality, life temperaments and tendencies. Abraham comes nearer to immortality through Isaac and Jacob, and they all, and Judah, and Ruth, and David, through their long promised issue—that supreme type of our divine humanity in the babe of Bethlehem! Men may therefore be regarded as existent again in their posterity. Thus man does live again. The generations of our race, coming and going in their endless succession, transmit down to future years and nations yet unborn the types of humanity they formed.

There is something startling in this—startlingly beautiful, startlingly painful, both. Blood tells. There is inheritance of form, of feature, of health, of disease, of moral and immoral tendencies. Not so largely as to constitute an iron fate, but immense physical, moral, spiritual leanings and possibilities.

It behooves every one to see to himself; then for his children as well as for himself. He may be a felon if that suits his taste, but

let him not make his child one. He may be a drunkard, but what right has he to transmit a vicious appetite to his son? He may be lustful, licentious; a body, an imagination, a soul, all putrid with corruptions; but for the sake of all that is decent let him beware how he ventures to be this, and then the father of a licentious posterity. Would I might say to all men this: O men who mind not how you fill your bodies with strong drink and your minds with adulteries, the children cry out, aye, the children cry out against your transmitting to them a debilitated virtue, a corrupted taste, a nature with a trend toward vice! If you die, and in your children are to live again, then in them be men; men in every noble sense; men pure, men strong, men virtuous, men temperate, men righteous, the full, true men you should be. Aye, be men now, and deliver down to those in whom you shall repeat your life a noble, honorable manhood—a pure and beautiful and graceful womanhood!

But again. If a man die, shall he live again? Yes, in his *Individual Potential Influence*. There is the immortality of a personal influence. You die; yes, you must; you will; you can't help that; but you can live on and you *will*, as long as the ages; live in the sentiments you advocate, live in the example you manifest, live in the choice sweetness and beauty of your spirit, or in all its hard grossness and withering, poisonous breath.

If a man die, shall he live again? Yes, a thousand times over; live in his children; live in the wide community; live to curse, or live to bless his race.

There be those who deem this the only immortality we have: materialists. They believe that the human consciousness is evolved out of matter only. They believe that all the beauties of man's imagination, all the splendors of his will, all the glowing fervors of his love, all his sacrifices and ambitions and great heroisms, are the results only of certain combinations of physical atoms; and when those physical atoms are disarranged, the magnificent intellectual and moral life is ended. Such, some of you will remember, is the sad philosophy of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*; and there is left

only the melancholy reflection that we are immortal in our succeeding race; immortal in whatever influence, good or bad, survives us. Only in this; no more. Melancholy refuge of infidelity! And is this all?

And yet I would not have you disdain this. Along with the great fact of the real and conscious immortality of one's own personal being, take this also; for it is a fact, and a grand one, that thus we do live in our deeds. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. The good, the evil that men do, goes down the centuries with ever-compounding interest. More potent to-day are the epistles of Paul, the songs of David, the protests of Luther against superstition, the sermons and the martyrdoms and the sacrifices and the lives and prayers of ancient centuries, than when first lifted up before the world. They have been giant growths among the world's great garden years; and they have by no means died; but, growing statelier, stouter, more fruitful through the successive generations, they have continued to feed earth's hungering populations as from very trees of life—all the more abundantly as they have aged.

This sort of immortality, I say, by no means scorn. Plant good trees all along your life; not fooleries, and shams, and mean examples, and puerilities, and heartless things, and deadly Upas trees of vice; but true trees of life, whose fruit, whose very leaves, shall be for the healing of mighty nations.

All this almost implies a great deal more. All this magnificence of association suggests a certain magnificence of existence. Is such excellence to perish *utterly at last*? Is there not also an *Immortal Conscious Life*? What sublime fact has every Christian Sunday announced through all these ages? What great thought swells the chorus of the annual Easter morn? What but the resurrection from the dead of our dear Lord; of Him, the Man, the Son of Man, the Son of God, the consummate flower and fruit of all our human race, than whom there is none lovelier, stronger, more human, more divine!

He yet lives, in Heaven; yes, on the earth as well; alive here on earth forevermore. Lives, did I say? Yes, lives in the

hearts of His people; lives in the loves and lives He generates in them by His inspiring example; lives in that Christian civilization which ever since His time has been spreading over our globe; lives in those profound teachings of His which ever since His day have been revolutionizing the educations, the philosophies, the ethics of the world; lives in the refinements and elevations He has given to womanhood, the gentleness, new courage and fresh might to men; lives in the sublime exaltedness of human lives, and in the comforting, strengthening hopes He has nourished in them of a glorious immortality on high!

Lives, did I say, in the memories of men, in their admiration and regard and love? Hear what even Theodore Parker testifies about Him. Thus reverently utters he in prayer his encomium on Jesus:

"Chiefest of all do we bless Thee for that noble son of Thine, born of a peasant mother and a peasant sire, who in days of great darkness went before men, His life a pillar of fire leading them into marvelous light and peace and beauty. We thank Thee for His words, so lustrous with truth; for His life, fragrant all through with piety and benevolence; yea, Lord, we bless Thee for the death which sinful hands nailed into his lacerated flesh, when through the wounds the spirit escaped triumphant unto Thee, and could not be holden of mortal death. We thank Thee for the triumphs which attend that name of Jesus, for the dear blessedness which His life has bestowed upon us, soothing the pathway of toil, softening the pillow of distress, and brightening the way whereon truth comes down from Thee, and life to Thee goes ever ascending up. Father, we thank Thee for the blessings which this great, noble soul has widely scattered throughout the world, and most of all for this, that His spark of fire has revealed to us Thine own divinity enlivening this mortal human clod, and prophesying such noble future of achievement here on earth and in Thine own kingdom of Heaven with Thee!"

Yes, Jesus yet lives in that grand potential life, His influence gathering to itself new volume and force as it comes down the years. Yet even all of this is not enough of immortality for Him. That life which is conse-

quent on this; that life which stretches out immeasurably beyond our finite vision; that life which Nature, indeed, but dimly sees and indistinctly testifies unto; that life which the enemies of the gospel love to discredit, involving therein a denial of their own continuance of happy being—that life constitutes a part of the immortality of Christ—aye, after all, is a chief feature of its immortality. Albeit he was so to live in great potency through the ages and generations of mankind, the Scriptures deign to notice that *He rose again*. It was not enough of satisfaction to the bruised hearts of the three Marys that he should live in their memory and love. To them, for all such fond memory, he was dead. Nor to the world is such living of dear Christ enough. Nay, nor to God is it enough. And so, *being dead, He rose again*.

"He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head!
He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save!"

He lives! The Romans cannot find His corpse. The Marys see Him alive. The disciples see Him again and again and again, on one occasion three hundred of them at once. They see Him often, talk with Him, break bread with Him, behold Him rise into the air, and a cloud receives Him out of their sight.

We, too, at death pass into our cloud; our friends gaze surprised upon us as we enter into its shadows; then behold us no more, no more! no more, here!

But now this Jesus Christ, this great perfection and type of manhood—is this immortality *for Him alone*? Is He alone, to come out from the sod and to pass into the heavens, only survivor of all this world of men; not having redeemed any, after all, but to dwell in His divine-human solitariness forever, an eternal reminder of a race wholly perished; aye, an eternal reminder of His own useless incarnation in humanity?

Blessed be God, we read. "God hath raised up the Lord; and will raise up us also by Jesus." "As in Adam all (who follow his sin) die; so in Christ shall all (who follow His righteousness) be made alive." "Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." "Now is Christ

risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Yes, this is the ardent, unquestioning hope of every believer in the gospel of our Lord. Toward this doctrine Nature has ever tried to feel her way, and in the darkness of her night has stumbled over it again and again; sometimes has grasped it and held tightly to it; sometimes for a season has let go her hold; yet ever and anon has felt her way on toward it again, drawn by an inborn longing for immortality so strong and undying, as to constitute in itself a presumption of its authenticity and truth.

If a man die, shall he live again? Nature has ever hoped it. It is a belief that seems instinctive in man, a very part of his human constitution. With more or less of distinctness it enters into the thought of every nation, every language, every tribe. With only a few barbarous exceptions, the Indian, the African, the early peoples of Europe, the vast hordes of China, of India, of Japan, of the islands of the sea, the individual families of the Shemitic, Hammite and Japhetic races, all believe it.

This would indicate this idea to be incorporate in human nature, just as moral ideas are, and just as reliable; either this or the dim tradition of an early knowledge through revelation. If through revelation, then of course confessedly true. If not through revelation, but really as it were in some way instinctively; I say if only instinctively so, or if only through a certain longing for immortal existence, then on the grounds of natural science, of natural selection, a strong presumption in its favor, to be admitted as such by those who claim to be advanced scientists; since, upon their own principle, the line of development of races has ever been in the direction of their persistent aspiring and struggling, each becoming gradually transformed into what it seeks to be; therefore, each deep intuition, aspiration, a prophecy of what by-and-by shall be brought about; and so, according to science, man's immortality, indicated and brought about at last, through a process of natural development, by man's strong hoping and struggling after it! Were I believer in the doctrine of evolution all through, and not merely an

evolution limited, and very limited, I should hold the firm belief that the hopes man has ever had of immortality, his dread of annihilation, the way he seeks to prove his immortality, his ardent craving for it, and general belief in it, I say I should hold that these were indications that he was putting himself in the way for it, and would develop into it!

I have referred to the arguments man finds in nature for this immortal hope.

One is this universal belief that he is immortal.

To many there is a strong argument for immortality in what they believe to be a fact that the spirits of departed human beings, and also spirits of good and evil, other than human, make their presence known to the human senses. To us who reject the spiritualistic interpretation of the strange phenomena, the quick seizure of the spiritualistic belief by thousands who have been skeptical of all else that was supernatural before, is a striking disclosure of the strong hold the hope of immortality has on the human mind, an emphatic affirmation of the intuitive nature of this belief.

Another is that drawn from the presumable immateriality of the soul. It need not die because the body does. Each human consciousness may fairly be considered an individual, indestructible atom.

The continuance of life again under other forms is illustrated in nature, where the larva or worm becomes the apparently dead cocoon, and this in turn the living gilded butterfly.

It would seem an impossibility to consider the moral government of this world complete, with all its unequal and unjust rewards of righteousness and sin, without some future life in which a rectification might take place.

It would seem against nature herself that the partial developments of human genius, education, plans, consecrations, should be left in that deplorable incompleteness where death so strangely interferes. What becomes of the learning, the invention, the power, the poetry, the genius, the elaborate education, the moral training, the martyr heroism, the great spiritual treasures of all the great souls?

And, as I have said, the scientific doctrine of development and survival of the fittest, would indicate the universal human passion for immortality to be a prophecy it shall so turn out.

Not a bad argument is found in the supposed and scientifically taught indestructibility of matter and of force. If matter perishes not, may not the same be argued for soul? This strange human consciousness of ours, the *ego*, the *me*, the conscious myself, this consciousness can appertain to no other, can be changed to no other consciousness. If changed at all, it is annihilated. And on this the poets ring their changes, being persistently set against such waste.

"Can it be?"

Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the noble shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?"

It was Cicero, you remember, who so well states this universal hope of man. "There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls."

But is this all? Strong presumptions as wide nature gives in beautiful symbolisms, in the constitution of man, and in the apparent moral requirements of the universe; is this all? Is this all that Nature gives? And is there nothing beyond these strong presumptions? Well, these be strong indeed, and give us noble hopes! So join we heartily in what the stoic Cato is represented by Addison as saying in deep thought:

"It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

But after all, even all this, is this, all this, all?

Here, my friends, come in the profounder teachings of that Man of men, that profoundest of philosophers, that most spiritual of all holy souls, that divinest of teachers,

that purest of lovers, that helpfulest of Saviours, and to us who believe in Him the very God incarnate in one flesh; here come in the masterful utterances of that most masterful soul, who, to say nothing of his divine character, has given to ordinary human view the deepest, clearest, strongest moral intuitions of any of our race. "Thy brother shall rise again."

He says, "I am the resurrection and the life." "I go to prepare a place for you." Believe in Him, believe his words; discredit his words, discredit Him, discredit Him, then class him with the pretenders of our sad human history! Discredit Him, well then discredit all men and all things else! Discredit Him, next discredit your own moral taste!

Of course, the arguments from the inspired Scriptures generally (I am not speaking, you understand, of the resurrection of the body, but the immortality of the soul), are only immense; proof all through from beginning to end; proof in the story of man's creation; proof in that man is made in the image of God; proof from the warnings against future retribution; proof from the eternal awards promised to holiness and faith; proof from that foretaste we have of future bliss in that sacred bliss which now is ours—heaven begun really here on earth; proof from that foretaste we have of future woe in the self-condemnations and tortures we now and here suffer from our sins; proof from the appearance in Bible days of departed spirits, as Moses and Elias; proof from the fact of Jesus' death; (died He only for our reinstatement in virtue here?) proof from the recognitions of dear ones promised us in the hereafter; proof from the whole plan and work of redemption; proof from the Saviour's promise to the dying thief of seeing him in Paradise; proof from the translations of Enoch and Elijah; proof from spiritual resurrections here as symbolizing our resurrection on the last day; proof from those anticipative visions Paul had, and Stephen, and John, of the glories of the heavenly world; proof from the resurrection of Christ, and the hope based thereupon, of the resurrection of those that live by faith in Him; proof from the ascension into heaven of the human form and nature of Christ; proof

from that continuity of being expressed in the doctrine, that he that is filthy shall be filthy still, and he that is holy shall be holy still; proof from the great multitudes of passages in every gospel and epistle of the New Testament, affirming the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting, the future rewards of virtue and of sin, the sorrow of the lost, and the multitude, the holiness, the occupations, the home, the glory of the ransomed and redeemed! Yes, if man dies, he shall live again!

Not then in vain the holy attempts of those who recognize their great imperfectness, yet wish and pray for better things; for He is able to present them faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Not in vain a patient continuance in well-doing, for to it shall God award eternal life. Not in vain all arduous and faithful overcoming, for to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. Not in vain a doing of His commandment, for blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Not in vain the endurance of great losses, for he that loseth his life shall find it. Not in vain the heroic bearing of torturous martyrdom. These are they who have come out of great tribulations and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

They are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Certain their glory. Not the great, deep, strong sea shall hide them from their rewards; even the sea shall give up the dead that are in it. Not rocks and mountains piled upon them shall keep them from their glorious ascents to God. Marvel not at this. The hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

Oh, not in vain, then, the blessed hope we cherish. Not in vain the hope, too good almost for the suffering Job to indulge strongly.

"If a man die shall he live again?

Then all the days appointed me I'll wait

Till my reviving come.

Then Thou wilt call, and I will answer Thee!

I know that my Redeemer lives,

And o'er my dust Survivor shall He stand,

My skin all gone, this remnant they may rend;

Yet from my flesh shall I Eloah see,

Shall see Him mine!

Mine eyes shall see Him; stranger now no more!"

Oh, ye sons of men, who seek to be true sons of God, hope on, toil on, pray on, endure on; and by and by eternity shall draw near, and for the body of this vileness ye shall have the incorruptible body of the skies; and for your tears, everlasting joy; and for your incompleteness, the full perfection of the saints; and for your faltering faith, the full and blessed vision of the Lord; and for man's neglect and scorn, the pleasing recognition of Christ; for your wearisome toil, eternal rest from care and grief in hearty, healthy work; for unhallowed unsubmissions, an entire accord with the sweet will of God; for all your present, discordant songs, one long, jubilant praise; and for the frequent dolorous defeats by sin against your will in you, victory! Victory! Victory complete! Victory eternal, through the blood of the Lamb!

Surely, young men, surely you shall claim that victory; surely you shall make high and chivalric contention for it. I cannot think that you who are at the very threshold shall put in jeopardy such weighty, glorious, unending life. You will prize it above all pleasure, or riches, or fame. Nay, this shall be your pleasure, be your treasure, be your noblest renown. This promiscuous life, you will seek its regeneration and eternal saving through the grace of Jesus. You will make it honorable through devotion to just causes. Surely you will commit it to His care and service who laid down His magnificent life for you!

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear:

Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;

Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;

Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,

But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

Ye young men with these splendid possibilities before you, remember what Herrick said long ago:

"That man lives twice, that lives the first half well."

Fall Softly Snow.

Fall softly snow,
The flowers below
In their long sleep
Lie buried deep,
And lifeless keep
Till gentler breezes blow.
Thy mantle spread
Above the dead,
And through the night,
Till morning light,
Fall softly snow.

Fall softly snow,
My love below
Beneath thy spread
Lies cold and dead,
And I am wed
To deep and bitter woe.
And when I lie
Her side close by;
And while we sleep
In silence deep,
Fall softly snow.

ARNO.

His Mistake.

WELL, what is it? What in blazes are you hopping around the room in that undignified way for? I never saw such an idiotic grin on a man in my life!"

The above expressions were called forth by some rather extraordinary actions of my room-mate. I had just come up from the post-office and given him his mail, and after opening a daintily directed envelope he had indulged in self-congratulations and foolish actions to such an extent that I was forced to speak as I did. Tom stopped in his mad career, and, gathering up the skirts of his dressing-gown, seated himself before the fire in silence.

"Well, I don't mind telling you if you'll keep quiet about it," said he presently. "But to tell the truth, I never was so happy in my life, and that's what made me act so foolish." Lighting his pipe and settling him-

self, he continued: "You remember the last college ball? Well, as luck would have it, I was introduced to a Miss Leeland from S——. To say I was favorably impressed hardly expresses it, for before the ball was ended I was clear gone, and finding she was visiting one of the young ladies in the city, obtained permission to call. In a short time I became convinced, as I have a hundred times before, that I had met my fate. Certain it is I took advantage of every opportunity to see her, as you know by the amount of bolts it occasioned, and if affairs hadn't taken this turn I'd have had to give up either college work or her ladyship, for I couldn't attend to both at the same time.

Last Friday night we had a coasting party over on Franklin hill, and there a little incident happened which has made me so blue before I got this letter. It was a beautiful moonlight night, just a little cloudy, and the coasting was excellent. We had hired a couple of boys and their bobs for the evening, so all we had to do was to attend to the girls and hang on. The girls hung on pretty well, too, for the way in which the young lady behind me hung on to my neck as we whizzed along over the icy path would have done credit to a professional lemon-squeezer. Everything would have gone off splendidly if those little devils who managed the bobs hadn't wanted to be smart and put up a job on us. You know at the bottom of the hill there is a bridge, and the approach to this bridge on the down side is made by a rather high turnpike. Just on the last slide they ran us off that turnpike, by mistake of course, and dumped the whole load into a deep snow drift at the bottom. Such yelling and screaming and confusion as followed I never experienced before, and, to cap the climax, just then the moon went under a cloud. The snow was soft, and some of us were completely immersed. Scrambling out as soon

as possible I looked for Miss Leeland, and in the dim light of the moon, which was then just breaking through the clouds, saw only a bit of color in the bank, and that I took to be her diminutive red mitten. You know I get excited so easily that I was quite likely to be mistaken. But I made a grab and pulled. The first yank I made brought forth a surprised little squeal. I pulled again, This time the squeal was a good deal louder, and attracted the attention of the other fellows, who had succeeded in extricating their ladies, and stopped brushing them to see what was the matter. There I stood like a confounded idiot, pulling for dear life, and what I had mistaken for a red mitten was a red stocking and a pretty, plump, well-filled one, too! Such a yell of laughter as those fellows set up was exceeded only by my consternation and Miss Leeland's wrath, and as I loosed my deadly grip she scrambled out of that bank in less than no time.

How I managed to get her home that night I can hardly remember, but I have a distinct recollection of my confused explanations and her deafness to all my entreaties to consider it purely accidental. Since then I haven't had the courage to see her, and the agony I've suffered till I got this letter ought to make me a hero. But it's all right now. See, here's what she says," and he tossed the letter over into my lap. "O I'm an old flirt," he continued jocosely; "I'm a regular old masher yet. She can't get along without me. I'm going right down there this evening, and say, let me wear that new tie of yours, will you? Of course I want to look tone when I go down to make up, or she may go back on me yet."

I glanced over the note, and as I comprehended its meaning, exclaimed rather unfeelingly: "Why, you poor thing, you didn't read this right. Just look here." Tom leaned over my shoulder and read:

MR. ARNOT: I have been considering your apologies and excuses, and since you made such a wretched blunder in obtaining what you say you sought when you made that hurried grab in the dark, you may call around any night and get it.

ALICE M. LEELAND.

"Or, in other words, the mitten," said I. "Great Scott!" groaned Tom as he felt the significance of the last few words which he had overlooked at first, "and I've gone and told you all. Jack," he exclaimed, reddening under the embarrassing position, "if you ever breathe a word of this, or ever mention it to anybody, you're no friend of mine."

But the joke was too good to keep, and Tom himself laughs over it now. And to this day he hates the sight of a pair of coasting bobs or red mittens.

JR.

Qualitative student to senior: "I can find nothing but sodium-chloride in this unknown, but I know there is something else present, for it tastes like salt."—*Argonaut*.

A banana peel lay on a grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the scales, peeping over the edge of the counter. "Oh, I am lying in wait for the grocer." "Pshaw!" said the scales, "I've been doing that for years."—*Polytechnic*.

The following are the Glee Club's addition to the Chinese song, in the way of original verse:

Me go to college,
Have a prof. no likee,
Give him serenadee,
Hide behind a tree.
Out comes Melican prof.,
Snagee pigee tailee,
Snagee pigee tailee
On the bold Chinee.

Me go to college,
Studee no at allee,
Playee Melican feet's-ball
Allee live-long day.
Long come Commencement,
Chinee vely cheeky,
Snagee all samee sheep-skin,
Skipee far away.

—*Athenæum*.

Discouraged.

ONCE again has the slowly moving cloud
Of sadness and depressing gloom come o'er me,
And, I who once so glad and joyous seemed,
Am bowed with bitter grief and deepest woe.
I, who had once a step so light and full of life,
Now totter like one bent with toil or spent with
age.

My voice, which once was strong and clear and musical,
Has sunk now to a whisper, husky, weak and indis-
tinct.

The lines upon my face, my eye, my every look,
Proclaim a being weary of this life, resigned to fate.

And why, you ask, am I so sad and sick at heart?
Have I my dear love lost or is my hoard of lucre low?
Or have I, heedless of the consequences, bet my pile
On three gay Jacks, while he whom I had hoped to
fleece

Held four fair Queens? Ah! no; far from it.
Such things as these affect me not. But then, you
know,

A fellow always feels disheartened when he rises late,
Bolts breakfast, runs to chapel, makes an early recita-
tion,

And then begins the new week with a shameful flunk!

LOCAL.

The Freshmen are nearly through Algebra.

Sweeney, '88, has left college for a short
time.

A new bulletin board would be an appre-
ciated improvement.

The Notman Photographic Company, of
Albany, have been chosen class photog-
raphers by the Seniors.

Mrs. W. M. Gillespie, widow of Prof. W.
M. Gillespie, lately died while en route to
New York from Europe.

The rooms of the Beta Theta Pi Society
were quite severely damaged by fire and
water on the night of the 12th.

Prof. Wells has the thanks of the Sopho-
more class in French for the very interest-
ing lecture on the Egyptian war.

Drills have been suspended for the re-
mainder of the term, and the company
expect to begin target practice in a short
time.

The fifty-eighth annual convention and
reunion of the $\Sigma \phi$ fraternity will take place
at the chapter house of the Alpha Chapter
on March 1, 1885.

"This is carrying things altogether too
far," said the soph as he lugged two scuttles
of coal from the bath-room away up three
flights of stairs to his room.

Lieut. and Mrs. Hubbell, Prof. and Mrs.
Perkins, and the Misses Perkins, were guests
at the Bachelors' ball held in Bleecker's hall,
Albany, on Monday evening, the 16th inst.

The snow-drifts about college greatly im-
pede the weary student, who, returning at
nightfall with the usual "load" of duties,
tries to keep in the straight and narrow way.

The last hop-on-the-hill was as great a
success as the first. There were a few more
ladies than gentlemen, but everybody seemed
to enjoy it. They will be resumed after
Lent.

The students have given two informal re-
ceptions this month, one on the 7th and the
other on the 13th. After Lent it is the in-
tention of the students to resume them again
every two weeks.

The Sophomores are undecided as to the
place for holding their class supper. Ar-
rangements had been made to go to Amster-
dam, but have been given up, and the time
of the supper postponed.

Prof.: "Mr. B., what is the influence of
the moon upon the tide?" Mr. B.: "I do
not know exactly what influence it has on
the tied, but it has a tendency to make the
untied awfully spooney."

"Well, I think I'll indulge in a little light
literature," said the senior as he took up his
Optics. "I'm cold," said the junior as he
opened the text and prepared to absorb a
little Heat. "There is quite a draft here,"
said the soph as he opened his Descriptive.
"I guess I'll have to draw on my imagina-
tion for all of my perspective ten-spots."
"Well, I'll Livy happier life than this next
year, or stay Homer go to Harvard," said
the freshman as he cut a leaf out of his pony,
pasted it in his Greek book and then went to
bed.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at college by a general bolt. If the announcement had been made at an earlier hour that college "duties would be suspended," the day would have been better enjoyed.

A number of the students are in training in order to be in readiness for the organization of a college base-ball nine which we sincerely hope will do credit to the college. It is the intention to have no hired players this coming season.

The following are the subjects for essays: Seniors—"Monopolies (define) and their Evils." Juniors—"Benefits and Evils of Opening Art Collections and Public Libraries on Sunday." Sophomores—"Qualities, Mental and Moral, of the Model Editor."

Charles W. Vanderveer, director of the gymnasium, is giving instruction in athletics to the two sons of Mr. Henry Russell, of Albany. He has fitted up a room in the Russell mansion, where he meets the boys three times a week. It is the most complete private gymnasium in that city.

On Sunday, February 15, at All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, the Rev. David L. Sprague, of the class of '79, was advanced to the priesthood. He will continue to officiate at Amsterdam, N. Y. At the same time and place Edward C. Johnson, of the class of '81, was ordained to the diaconate. Immediately afterward he started for western Oregon, where he will officiate in the future.

"Did he come down in good shape when you struck him?" asked Brown of Jones, referring to a freshman who was reported to have lots of "rocks." "Guess he did," said Jones, who was circulating a paper for base-ball interests. "I struck him for fifty dollars just now, out in front of the chapel, when all of a sudden both feet flew out from under him, and he came down for all he was worth!"

A bill was presented to the Legislature not long since by the inhabitants of Long Island City, who hoped thereby to obtain the power of taxing all the property of that place to make good a deficit caused by the non-payment of taxes on certain property

for several years. As the land owned by Union College, known as Hunter's Point, is situated there, the taxes on which have been kept up, the college trustees were averse to such a proceeding. Judge Landon prepared an argument setting forth the injustice of the bill, in consequence of which the committee to whom it was referred have reported adversely upon it.

The Columbia College men wait ten minutes for the Prof. before they think themselves entitled to a lawful "adjourn," according to the *Spectator*. The Columbia men seem to be somewhat anxious to get their "money's worth." After waiting three minutes, here at Bowdoin, the most incredulous man will be convinced that the Prof. does not intend to come.—*Orient*. We ought to be ashamed of it, perhaps, but here at Dickinson if the Prof. isn't in sight half a minute after time, we melt away like the winds.—*Dickinsonian*. With us at Union four minutes is considered the proper limit.

On the evening of the 24th inst. the last battalion drill took place at the City Armory. The following promotions and appointments of commissioned officers were made: First Lieutenant C. A. Marvin Captain, to fill an original vacancy; Second Lieutenant J. E. Swanker First Lieutenant, vice Marvin promoted; First Sergeant G. D. Buel Second Lieutenant, vice Swanker promoted. The foregoing officers have sent in their resignations, which have been accepted, their duties ceasing at the last battalion drill. At the same time and place the following promotions and appointments of non-commissioned officers were made: Sergeant H. W. Van Dusen First Sergeant, vice Buel promoted; Corporal W. T. Bishop Sergeant, vice Van Dusen promoted; Private A. J. Dillingham Corporal, vice Bishop promoted; W. L. Kennedy, Corporal, to fill original vacancy.

We are pleased to learn that the class of eighty-three sent forth some who are becoming prominent as vindicators of the sanctity of the law. Not long since, as we are informed, a gentleman of color was accused of illegitimately appropriating certain feathered bipeds of the family the ancestors of which are said to have saved Rome at a critical period in its history. The above-

mentioned gentleman of color was uncultured. He was also without doubt guilty, as was in fact proved by his answers. No one would attempt his defense, in consequence of which he was obliged to plead his own cause. The law, however, had called to its aid the aforesaid members of the class of eighty-three. Now was the time to bring into play their stock of legal lore; to make a draft upon their stored-up eloquence in behalf of outraged justice. It was done. Calling to mind the "Art and Practice of Oratory," as practised in their college days before "Lammy," such a flood of rhetoric and convincing logic was poured out that the prisoner was—acquitted.

Communication.

EDITORS CONCORDIENSIS: Last year there was a movement started whereby one of the three elected to the editorial board from the Junior class should retain his position on the board for the ensuing year. Now, as it seems to me, it would be much better if the choice of this one should be left with the board, as it is desirable to select the one best fitted, which is shown by the work done, and is known to the board much better than to the class. Of course it will rest for the present with the Juniors whether or not this can be done, since the election of editors devolves entirely upon the different classes. While the election of editors is based less upon society feeling perhaps than any other, still if the choice of chief editor for the following year were left with the board, the friendly rivalry which would take place between those desiring the position could not fail to further the interests of the paper.

M.

Instructor in English literature (to mute Sophomore): "Your recitation is a good criticism on the literature of the period. There isn't much to be said about it."—*Ex.*

"Professor in psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student (thoughtfully): "Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Ex.*

A Significant Statement.

THE writer was recently conversing with a graduate of Yale, of the class of '44, distinguished among his friends for scholarly candor and the accuracy of his knowledge. Speaking of the history of Union, he said that he heard the statement made, in a public address at a meeting of educators, that the proportion of the alumni of Union College who have been prominent in political life is twice that of any other of the American colleges. He had carefully examined the statement in respect to his own *Alma Mater*, and found it to be substantially correct. The fact was cited as an illustration of the influence of one man—Dr. Nott. The gentleman also said that in 1842 he was a delegate from a Greek letter society to a convention held at Schenectady, and while here he attended two of Dr. Nott's lectures and also a meeting of "The Senate." He remembered that Dr. Nott addressed the young men as destined for public life, and he thought it was his custom to hold that idea prominently before them. The conversation set me to reflecting upon the significant statement, and to wondering if the fact is not to be accounted for by *two* influences instead of one. That Dr. Nott's influence tended that way, I think, cannot be doubted. Dr. Nott believed in the principle that scholars should take the lead in politics. He felt that he was training men to be statesmen, governors, and judges. Though himself a clergyman by profession, he was a politician by nature, and had he chosen to be a statesman instead of a college president he would undoubtedly have been at least the peer of his great friend Mr. Seward. He was not a partisan, and his friends scarcely knew whether he was Whig or Democrat; but he was intimate with men and policies, and his mind ran on national affairs. A strong personal influence mag-

netized his utterances, which is always the larger part of a good man's usefulness. When we come much in contact with a vigorous mind in a person whom we believe in, we rapidly and unconsciously acquire the habit of looking at things in the same light as the mind which is dominating ours. Dr. Nott is thus a partial explanation of the fact that so many of the alumni of Union have been prominent in our national affairs. In this light those ancient class-room counsels are significant. Like whispers in the rotunda of the St. Paul Cathedral, they may not have seemed to reach far at the time, but they are heard again far on in the whispering-gallery of the century.

The other influence to which I have referred is "The Union College Senate." For fifty years this unique institution has been kept up by the Senior class. The readers of THE CONCORDIENSIS do not need any description of it, but the alumni of Union will bear me out in saying that it has had an important influence, and who shall say how many whom our country has honored might date their interest in national affairs to the debates of the "Union College Senate"! Then not in our day shall the epitaph be written on a thing of such historic interest:

"Acribus initiis, incurios fine."

G. P. H.

Obituary.

DIED—At Albany, N. Y., January 29, 1885, JAMES C. BELL, Jr., in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Bell graduated at Union in the class of '68, and was thus a student at a time when most of our present professors and officers began their connection with the college. From his association with these men he developed a warm personal interest in the affairs of the college, and to the time of his death was recognized as one of the most enthusiastic and disinterested workers of our alumni. He was a loyal member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. (For his quiet and un-

pretentious manner, his unflagging zeal, his stalwart friendship, he will be missed by the large circle of friends to whom he was always a congenial, happy and valued companion.)

Athletics.

Delegates from colleges represented in the New York State Inter-collegiate Base Ball association held their annual convention January 30, at the Globe. Promptly at 2 o'clock President G. H. Brown, of Rochester University, called the convention to order, Cornell was represented by F. W. Olin and F. M. Towl; Rochester was represented by G. H. Brown and W. H. Wilson; Hobart by E. P. Pierson and B. Franklin; Union by T. J. Delaney and W. T. Foote; Hamilton by C. H. Davison and F. J. Swift.

The first business of the meeting was the consideration of an application for membership from Syracuse University. After a secret session the application was granted and the delegates, A. M. York and J. G. Cleveland, were admitted to the convention.

The following amendment was adopted: "Any club playing other than a regular student shall forfeit such game and upon repetition be expelled from the league." The Reach ball was adopted. C. A. Davison of Hamilton, was elected president for the ensuing year, T. J. Delaney of Union, vice president, and F. M. Towl of Cornell, secretary and treasurer. The management of the different nines forming the executive committee will meet in April to arrange a schedule of games.

At the conclusion of the convention a meeting of the delegates was held and an inter-collegiate athletic association was formed. One field day will be held each year, at which representatives from the different colleges will compete. The first one will be held at Geneva on May 22. E. P. Pierson, of Hobart, was elected president, and S. S. Holman, of Cornell, vice president.

The constitution of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association will be ready for adoption by our students soon.—*Syracusan*.

A Midnight Fancy.

SOFT and low there fell on my ear,
 Melodious strains so enchantingly sweet,
 Most surely I thought angels bright were so near
 That soon I would hear the tread of their feet.
 Though at first indistinct, from the distance it
 came,
 The concord was perfect in harmony quite,
 While as it came nearer I fancied a flame
 Flickered dim through my room with an uncanny
 light.

But hark! what is that which the melody breaks,
 Makes my hair stand on end while my whole body
 quakes?
 It comes thro' the dark like the sound of a drum,
 Sure 'tis Gabriel's trump—the last day is come.

Then all trembling and pale
 'Neath the bed-clothes I hide,
 While the sins of my life
 Like troops by me glide.
 But ha! it grows fainter,
 Yet fainter, at last
 It has gone, and the Sal-
 vation army has passed.

PERSONAL.

'48. Waldron, now a lawyer at Waterford, N. Y., paid us a short visit last week.

✓'55. Hon. Paul Lightner died at his home in Highland county, Va., January 18, 1885. Two years of his college course were spent at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, but he was graduated at Union College, New York. He pursued a course of legal studies at the University of Virginia, and afterward practiced law in the State of Illinois till the opening of the war, when he was compelled by impaired health to abandon his profession. He devoted himself to agricultural pursuits till the autumn of 1871, when he was called to represent Highland and Bath counties in the Legislature of Virginia. Here he served two terms, retiring from public life in 1875. (He was a man of winning address, kind disposition and fine intellectual qualities. He had hosts of friends and no enemies.)—*Highland Recorder*.

✓'77. Adsit is at present preaching at Charlton, N. Y.

✓'78. Stolbrand is a second lieutenant in the regular army and is stationed at Fort Wingate, N. M.

✓'79. Bold is preaching at Ticonderoga, N. Y.

✓'81. Kline is in business in Amsterdam, N. Y.

✓'81. McNulty is traveling for a large flour firm in Minneapolis, Minn. Mac was married on the 25th November, 1884.

'83. Bellinger paid his friends at Union a visit last week.

✓'83. Burton is an editor on the Gloversville *Local*.

'84. Moore took a trip down here from Potsdam a short time ago.

'84. Kitts was found roaming around N. S., N. C., on February 19, and remained a few days on a short visit.

'85. Mills is sick with a fever.

✓'85. Moulton is teaching school at Oneida, N. Y.

✓'85. Delaney has been elected vice-president of the Inter-state Collegiate Athletic society.

'86. Hayes has recovered from his late illness.

'86. Hamlin is in business at Winona, Minn.

In view of the fact that so very many jokes are gotten off at the expense of the girls at Vassar, an exchange says the college is being laughed to death.—*Albany Argus*.

First College Man—"Have you heard the awful news about Princeton?"

Second College Man—"Princeton! Great Cæsar! Hasn't burned down, has it?"

"No, not exactly; but it has withdrawn from the rowing association."

"Oh, well, that's not so bad. Such a step was absolutely necessary in order to give the students a fair chance, you know."

"A fair chance?"

"Yes, it is simply impossible for an educational institution to do full justice to rowing without actually neglecting base-ball."—*Philadelphia Call*.

How It Goes.

A LITTLE bolt
 To have some fun;
 A couple bolts,
 He lets them run.
 He bolts a week—
 Mashed on the rink;
 Bolts all the while—
 Begins to drink.
 Receives his "notice"
 With a laugh;
 A letter home—
 The fatted calf.

EXCHANGES.

SOME of our contemporaries in their exchange reviews and criticisms seem to lose sight of the fact that a college paper is published in the interest of the students of the college which it represents, and not for the benefit of the outside world. A story or an article which appears insipid and tame to those not acquainted with the surroundings, may be of especial interest to those for whom it is intended. We have no doubt that much good may be derived from friendly and sensible criticism. Much of the so-called criticism in our college papers seems to be for the purpose of filling space, or, as is frequently done, simply from spite. Worse than these, though, are the "mutual admiration" societies which at times are formed by two or more papers. "We are glad to notice that *The So-and-So* compliments our literary department, and we are happy to be able to say in return that the editorials of the *So-and-So* are among the best we receive." This, however, is not so much seen as formerly.

There seems to be a growing tendency among our exchanges, which is to be commended, and that is to give more attention and space to the events of interest at other colleges.

The University Review, published by the students of Kansas University, comes to us

for the first time. Its general make-up is good, while some of its articles show considerable thought.

The Occident is becoming very much reduced in size. One of our board suggests that its name would be more appropriate if for O were substituted A.

The *Athenæum* and *Argo* come laden with the usual number of triolets and rondeaus, but withal quite readable.

The Southern Collegian, of Washington and Lee University, speaks as follows in regard to the falling off in attendance: "We are inclined to doubt the propriety of sending professors on the road to 'drum' up students; the sacrifice of dignity is too great. But it is evident that an awakening must take place somewhere, or in a year or so we shall find ourselves a second William and Mary—a college with heavy endowments, a magnificent corps of professors, and one student. Some action to checkmate the lively young institutions that debase the name of university must be taken, or we shall be driven to the wall."

Outing for March contains models in outline of representative sailing canoes. "A Pair of Oars," by Sophie Swett, is an interesting sketch, while "The New House of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club," by S. H. Day, is of special interest to all patrons of the wheel.

Some one has told us that there are in Cincinnati 24,000 females learning music. This accounts for the general depravity of our population.—*Academica*.

"I tell you, Bill, no girl can't fool me. If I call on a girl and she don't say much, and acts like she wants me to leave and don't shake hands with me when I leave, and don't ask me to call again, it's very seldom I ever call back to see her again.—*Ex*."

General College News.

AMHERST.—Henry Ward Beecher lectured recently. — Dr. John Lord lectured on "George Eliot" and Hon. William Parsons delivered an oration on "Heroes of the Homeric Age."—One of the finest, if not the finest, collection of American birds has been purchased by Mr. E. E. Farnam and presented to the college.

PRINCETON.—A banjo and guitar club has been started in college, and if successful they will accompany the Glee Club on several occasions.—The curious spectacle of base-ball played outdoors in the middle of winter has been witnessed this year.—A graduate committee has been appointed by the college to superintend and advise in all athletic matters.

YALE.—Measures have been taken for establishing a co-operative society.—There are six graduates of the college who are members of Congress.—The Chess Club has been challenged by the Harvard Chess Club.—The *News* has recently recorded the seventh anniversary of its foundation. It is the oldest college daily.—A Junior recently climbed a rope hand over hand nearly 100 feet to obtain possession of a banner belonging to the Freshmen.

COLUMBIA.—The College Boat Club, which was very heavily in debt last year, has reduced its debt so as to be now only \$400 behindhand.—Columbia has graduated 8,500 men. It has an endowment of \$6,350,000—\$1,850,000 more than Harvard.—Columbia can well boast of the rapidity with which her library has grown. In 1876 it stood forty-fifth in a list of the fifty largest libraries in this country; to-day it stands twentieth and numbers 64,205 volumes.

HARVARD.—The Tennis Association intends to have forty courts made on Holmes and Jarvis Fields; the entire cost of which will be about \$4,000.—The petition for voluntary attendance on morning prayers to students over 21 years of age has been handed to the authorities. The faculty is said to be in favor of the proposition.—Dr. Sargent has just published a small hand-book entitled "In Case of Accident." The *Daily Crimson* is run by a board of twenty-one editors.—There

are fourteen graduates of the college who are in Congress.—The board of editors of both the *Lampoon* and the *Advocate* have announced that unless more subscriptions for the remainder of the year are received, the papers will have to cease publication. The co-operative society continues to thrive. The president of the society, one of the professors, has offered to make good any deficiency that may exist at the end of the year.

GENERAL.—At a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, February 24th, the relative merits of elective and curriculum systems, as in vogue at Harvard and Princeton, were discussed by Presidents Eliot and McCosh. President Eliot said, among other things, "There are three things necessary to make a perfect university. The first of these is a guarantee to the student of a freedom of choice of study. The second is an opportunity to the student to win distinction in a special study, and the third is a discipline that will enable a student to govern himself." Dr. McCosh's answer showed that he has a true knowledge of the inside workings of college life. "Those in college know," said he, "how skillful students are in choosing subjects of study which will not overburden them."

Boarder—"Mrs. Jones, I can't eat such stuff as this on my bread any longer."

Landlady, confusedly—"But-er—"

Boarder—"No, no; its oleomargarine, that's what's the matter.—*Acta Columbiana*."

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