The Otterbein Record June 1881

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OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY,
WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

ITS DESIGN.—To furnish young men and women the advantages of a thorough education, under such moral and religious influences as will best fit them for the duties of life.

LOCATION.—The University is located in Westerville, Ohio, on the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Columbus Railway, twelve miles north of Columbus. Situated in a quiet town, the University is yet within easy reach of the Capital City, and has railroad connection with all the larger cities of the State and country.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.—This is a Christian institution without being sectarian. Pupils of any church, or of no church, are admitted. All are required to attend morning prayer during the week and church on Sabbath. Regular recitations are held during the week in Bible History, and N. T. Greek. The students have a regular prayer meeting once a week. International Sunday School lessons are studied by classes every Sabbath morning. A Sunday School Normal class is organized at the beginning of each year and conducted by the President.

We seek to govern by an appeal to the student’s own sense of right and honor. When it is evident that a student is deriving no profit from his connection with the University, he may be privately dismissed.

COURSES OF STUDY.—There are two—the Classical and Scientific—which are equal to those of our best and oldest Colleges. A Preparatory prepares for College and for Teaching. Instruction is given in Vocal Music, on Piano, Organ, Violin and in Theory; also, in Pencil Drawing, Perspective, Crayoning and Oil Painting.

REMARKS.—Both sexes are admitted and recite in the same classes. The second Term will begin January 12, 1881. Expenses unusually moderate. Tuition and incidentals $30 per year; rent and care of rooms from $10 to $20; boarding from $60 to $100; text books from $10 to $15; fuel, light, &c., $10 to $20. By economy $150 will enable one to spend one year respectably.

For special information, address the President.

REV. H. A. THOMPSON, D. D.,
WESTERVILLE, OHIO.
More Evidence!

DR. BLAIR’s
Entirely Original System of treating
NASAL CATARRH
Based upon the Homeopathic law of cure, has been thoroughly tested, which fact is
HOME TESTIMONY
will fully establish.

His mode, including the inhaling for cleaning purposes, is at once pleasant and soothing, avoiding all the disagreeable effects which are produced by other modes. Patients find his mode of treatment not only entirely without harm, but extremely beneficial. The douché is especially objectionable because of the liability to produce colds and all its products.

THE DOCTOR PRESENTS THIS MONTH SOME
NEW TESTIMONIALS
In regard to his TREATMENT OF CATARRH.

From the Rev. J. S. MILLS, a Presiding Elder, and one of the most prominent clergyman in the United Brethren Church.

Dr. G. T. BLAIR,

Dear Sir,—Permit me to gratefully testify to the merits of your treatment for Nasal Catarrh. After suffering from a severe chronic catarrh of the head and throat for many months, and having tried nearly every available remedy, but thanks to a kind friend, I was persuaded to try your most excellent treatment, and to which I am indebted for complete recovery from the dreaded disease, and I but speak the sentiments of a truthful heart when I cheerfully recommend your valuable treatment to any person who may be suffering from a like affliction.

Yours truly,

J. S. MILLS.

From Mrs. C. E. Chamber, wife of a prominent farmer, Delaware, O.

Having suffered six long years with what is commonly known as nasal catarrh, and to describe my symptoms or to give you a partial account is beyond my powers of description. Suffered it to say, I had become so thoroughly diseased through my nasal organs that it was difficult to breathe. There was a constant discharge from my nose of a thick, tenacious matter, very offensive at times. "Droppings" into my throat with a constant irritation. My disease had become so obstinate it had extended to my stomach, producing a constant burning and "water brash," spitting up particles of mucous matter. After eating, my food distressed me, and I had all the symptoms of a contracted dyspeptic. My hearing was impaired, and my condition was indeed most miserable. I had given up all hope of recovery, having tried nearly every available remedy, but thanks to a kind friend, I was persuaded to try for complete recovery from the dreaded disease, and I but speak the sentiments of a truthful heart when I cheerfully recommend your valuable treatment to any person who may be suffering from a like affliction.

From Rev. O. Hall, a student of Otterbein University.

Feeling under great obligations to you for the almost miraculous cure I have experienced through your treatment, I take this method of again expressing it. Having been a sufferer for many years from chronic catarrh, the trouble having been so great as to render me incapable of working, the treatment of the disease was made known to me by a friend, who has been in the same condition as myself for several years. I immediately began to experience relief, and now, after a few months’ treatment, I am entirely cured, and now as healthy as any man, being able to earn my living and do full work every day. I can only hope that others, who may be similarly affected, may try your admirable and effective constitutional treatment, and I am sure there was no more aggravated a case than mine, and it is reasonable to suppose you can cure other cases as well as mine.

From Miss L. H. Watters, a teacher in our Public Schools, Westerville, O.

Having used your local and constitutional treatment for catarrh of the head and stomach, I have been feeling decidedly better for the last two months than I have for years past. My digestion is much improved, and all headache has left. My head feels much lighter, and I enjoy health better in every way. I feel that I shall soon fully recover.

Dr. Blair also devotes special attention to diseases of the glands, as the following testimonials will show:

From Mary E. Christian, daughter of a prominent farmer of Orange township, Delaware Co.

Having suffered many years with what is known as Goitre, or "Derispheric Neck," which had become so troublesome that I had great difficulty in breathing, let me perform over so little labor. The growth of tumor had become as large as a good-sized apple if not larger, and had a tendency to increase in size year by year. Becoming alarmed at its continual growth, I consulted some of the most prominent physicians in Columbus, but they gave me little or no promise of a cure. About giving up all hope of a cure, I applied to you for counsel and treatment, having learned through a relative your success in treating such diseases, and now, after a few months’ treatment, the tumor is gone, and I consider it permanently cured.

This testimonial is a very faint expression of the gratitude I feel at being free from the dreaded disease.

From S. B. Bolling, wife of the Janitor of our Public Schools, Westerville:

This is to certify that my daughter, Mary, suffered from Goitre, or "large neck," for more than three years. The tumor was the size of the largest orange, and was certainly increasing in size. She had been under the treatment of several prominent physicians who done little or no good, and in fact gave me little reason to expect a permanent removal of the tumor, as some of them pronounced it an incurable disease. After many discouragements I was persuaded to try Dr. Blair’s treatment for my daughter.

After taking his medicine and following his directions, the tumor has entirely disappeared, and she is now enjoying better health than in many years. I think the removal of the growth almost a miracle.

My friends and neighbors can testify to the truth of the above.

Consultation free. Persons at a distance can communicate by letter (enclosing a postage stamp), and all inquiries will receive prompt attention.

WESTERVILLE’S

— FASHIONABLE —

BARBER SHOP

— AT THE —

OLD STAND

Above Jarvis’ Hardware Store.

W. H. FIELDS,
The Old Reliable Tonsorial Artist.

ABNER ANDRUS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

S. W. DUBOIS,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

First Door North of W. O. ROWE & Co.,

WESTERVILLE, O.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF SKEPTICISM.

[First Honor Oration at the Inter-State Contest of 1881.]

BY CHARLES F. COFFIN, OF ASBURY UNIVERSITY.

It has been justly said that the shadow of riches is poverty, the shadow of power is slavery, the shadow of virtue is vice; and with equal justice it may be said that the shadow of belief is skepticism.

England had her Jeremy Taylor and her David Hume; France had her Pascal and her Voltaire; America has her Joseph Cook and her Robert Ingersoll.

How does it occur, and what does it mean, that these two great intellectual forces are so often found together? Does it mean that they are related as cause and effect? Does it mean that faith can be purchased only by paying the fearful price of skepticism? With such vital questions as these confronting us, it is of the highest importance that we examine candidly the relation of skepticism to theology.

As a common ground, "from which to reason and which to refer," it will perhaps be admitted that law prevails in the realm of mind no less than in the realm of matter, and that mental phenomena, no less than physical, should be interpreted in the light of rational principles.

For no general phase of human thought, whether it relate to government, to philosophy, or to religion, ever sprang spontaneously into being; but every current theory of state, every doctrine of modern philosophy, every tenet of modern theology, is the outcome of the slow and toilsome growth of ages. And each in turn represents centuries of human thought, centuries of human experience, centuries of human suffering. If over the soil of fair America, to-day a proud republic, waves her flag, it is because, out of the terrible conflict of the past, out of the tyrannies of despots and the rebellions of the oppressed, out of the decay of states and the disasters of revolutions, there was born and flourished in human consciousness the idea of self-government. If the philosophy of to-day is broad, and deep, and rational, it is because it is the quintessence of the yearnings and the strugglings which, since the dawn of history, have impelled the human mind to search for the unknown. And just so, I take it, is skepticism the outgrowth of certain antecedent mental forces, which may be ascertained and classified, just as the forces which produced the Protestant Reformation, the French Revolution, or the American Rebellion may be ascertained and classified. The demonstration of this involves a consideration of the law of human growth, the method of human progress. In this, man differs widely from nature. In nature there are no epochs; no conflicts between the conservative and the radical. She has no revolutions, no reformations. The shuttle of her mighty loom moves incessantly to and fro; and now she weaves a rose, and now a lion, and now a man; but all is quiet, gradual, uniform.

With man, progress has been a ceaseless conflict between the radical tendencies of thought and the conservative tendencies of institutions; between the gradual unfolding of human consciousness and the stubborn fixedness of the organic forms of civilization. Indeed, human progress is not unlike a volcanic eruption. For a long while the open-
mouthed mountain stands out against the sky, a dead, harmless mass of rock and earth. Yet, down in the subterranean caverns at its base the volcanic fires roll, and hiss, and sputter, till at last, no longer able to be confined, they rush forth in ungovernable fury. The sky is first reddened with flame, then darkened with clouds of ashes, rivers of molten lava pour over the country, devastating fields and destroying cities. So human thought, smothered by oppression, goes on, dimly defined and unexpressed in the great brain of humanity, till, by a coincident development of like thoughts and tendencies, like passions and feelings, it breaks out and defiantly laughs conservatism and tyranny to scorn. Old institutions are suddenly swept away; old modes of thought are discredited. The wheels of the human chariot, deep in a rut, are lifted out and placed on a new highway. New relations are formed, new institutions are created; and these in turn become the conservators of past development and the barriers to future progress till another crisis comes, and another revolution solves the problem.

The human mind is so constituted that when compelled by external or arbitrary power to hide any extreme of thought, sooner or later it will escape from the bonds of authority, and on the principle of the equality of action and reaction, rush to the opposite extreme. What was Voltaire? He was a reaction. What was David Hume? He was a reaction. What is Robert Ingersoll? He is a reaction. These men, skeptics though they are, and censure them as we may, are nevertheless martyrs to the inexorable law of their own being and the irresistible laws of human progress. They are, to a great extent, created and destroyed by their own environment. And so long as progress shall be by revolutions, it will have its victims, its brutalities, its social and intellectual ostracisms, its smoking stakes, its clanking chains, its times of fire and blood. It is in the light of human history, and in the light of the psychological law of reaction, that skepticism is largely traceable to the antagonism between man’s religious consciousness and his religious institutions—I may say, between the progressive tendency of the religious spirit which is in man, and the conservative tendency of his theology. For while most of the great sciences have been studied with almost perfect freedom, and have been open to perpetual revision, theology has, to a great extent, been studied in fetters. The students of the other sciences have sought facts, their use, their meaning, their law; they have acknowledged no pre-established standards, they have been bound by no traditions, they have employed no Procrustean beds on which to torture ideas. Reluctant as we may be to admit it, so much can scarcely be claimed for theology as a science. It has frequently resisted all growth and development of its creeds. The aim of theologians has too often been, not so much to express the highest, the freshest and the purest religious thought of a particular age, as to formulate a system of theology which should be final; to establish some external standard by which theories of ethics, and forms of doctrine could be tested as by some mechanical process. The result is inevitable. Sooner or later a conflict arises between thought and dogma. Doctrines are still avowed and defended that are so unsatisfactory to right reason, and so far behind the development of man’s religious nature, that thinking men are repelled from the church, and are led to doubt, to criticise, to deny. Therefore it is in this conflict between the conservative spirit of theology and the progressive tendency of religious thought; and also in the fear of the church to allow the human mind full sweep in its investigations and inquiries, that we find the genesis, the philosophy, indeed, of skepticism.
Having diagnosed the disease, do we pronounce it fatal, or is there yet hope? Must skepticism continue to be the skulking shadow of belief? continue to darken the lives and future anticipations of so large a part of humanity? Is it, and must it ever be, as the great essayist has said, the very "Nemesis of faith?" Or may we not expect to see this grim monster vanish before the enduring light of truth?

Listen to the answer, borne on the winds from all parts of the earth: Yes, there is hope. In the name of sturdy Germany, there is hope. In the name of brilliant France, there is hope. In the name of modern India, Africa, and Japan, there is hope. In the name of the God of nations, there is hope.

But the remedy for skepticism must be based on the nature of its cause. Theologians must abandon the cherished idea of a final system of theology. So long as there is an undiscovered fact in the universe, so long as human nature is subject to growth, so long as there are imperfections in the human mind, there can be no government of man wholly by rule, there can be no law which does not admit of a doubt in its application; and concerning the Beyond, there can be no creed which precludes the possibility of change. In the march of the finite toward the infinite, there can be no halting place till humanity, "Above the low-hanging clouds, like mountain peaks that look forever into the face of the clear blue heavens, and gaze on the unsetting stars, shall look up into the face of the Divine and dwell among principles that are unchangeable and eternal."

Furthermore, the church must throw wide open the doors of free enquiry. Nothing is more fatal to error, and more serviceable to truth than investigation. And nothing so protects error and so hinders truth as the fear and suppression of investigation. The brave men who are willing to bear the pain of honest thought, must often sacrifice their prejudices, and have great havoc made with their fondly cherished illusions. But there can be no permanent value in a false position. Though a temple be builded as broad as the earth and as high as the heavens, and though its vaulted dome glitter with all the wealth of Ormus and Ind, yet, if its foundation be of sand, the "eternal movements of the Divine floods will sometime undermine it and sweep it away."

The fatal mistake made by the Roman Church was the suppression of individual thought. It granted no liberty. It encouraged no freedom. It shut the Bible. It imprisoned the mind. It scowled upon invention and discovery with a baleful and malignant eye. And although the Reformation broke the power of this absolute intellectual tyranny, and started the swell of a revolutionary wave which broke only when its agitated waters kissed the peaceful shores of liberty-loving America, yet so thoroughly was the very atmosphere permeated with the spirit of intolerance, that to the present day there is more or less of a conflict between the men of science and the men of religion.

Until this discordant element is cast out; until the free reading of the book of nature is accompanied by the free reading of the Book of God, the voice of the scoffer and of the skeptic will not be hushed. America stands in the front rank to-day, guarding the very outposts of religious freedom, and with anxious vision she gazes toward the citadels of Europe, and with bated breath she asks: Watchmen, what of the night? She cannot mistake the answer: Lo! the morn appeareth. Christian men are occupying the posts of the enemy. Christian men sweep the star-sown fields of space with their telescopes and know, of a truth, that "The heavens declare the glory of God." Christian men, with hammer and microscope, study the mystery of the rocks and wonders of the deep. The church is beginning to "prove all things."

With an army of trained thinkers in her service—with her Lotzes, her Presenses, her Cooks and her Hopkinses—she is pushing her investigations in every direction and into every province of thought. She is rapidly pushing her way up through the clouds of prejudice and superstition, through the mists of error and ignorance, to the lofty heights of Christian scholarship, from which, with purified vision, she can sweep across the whole realm of thought and view things in their right positions and true relations. As Savage says, she is beginning to understand that, "just as all life, whether it reveal itself in the viscous globule that palpitates in primeval seas, in the lichen that creeps over
the rocks, up through all the ascending forms of plant and animal, till you reach the infinitely involved brain of a Newton, solving a problem in calculus"—has its source in the one creature, God of the universe; and so all truth, whether it be in the Vedas of Brahman, the Koran of Mohammed, or the Bible of the Christian; whether it be on the banks of the Ganges or the Jordan, in the Valley of the Tigris or the Nile, it, too, is from God. When these grand conceptions shall be realized in human consciousness—and they will be—when faith and reason shall join hands, and call upon the Author of all truth to sanctify the union—and they will do so—then may we expect the progress of man to become like the growth of nature. Revolutions will no longer call for the sacrifice of human blood. If a dogma shall become obsolete, or a constitution cease to express the will of the people, change will no longer mean the marshaling of armies on the field of battle; it will no longer mean the carnage of Austerlitz and Waterloo, of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. It will no longer mean the beheading of Charles I., or the assassination of Alexander II., but the old will be merged into the new as quietly as an Arctic summer night breaks into dawn; as peacefully as "the sudden blooming of the flowers, or the sudden softening of the air. Religious institutions will grow with the growth and expand with the expansion of man's moral and religious nature. Skepticism, robbed of the very soil in which to sow its seed, spectre-like, shall vanish away; and by the side of tyranny, oppression and intolerance, it shall lie down to its eternal doom—"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

THE RELATION OF SILENCE TO POWER.

BY W. C. REBOK, CLASS '83.

There is an idea now extant, and we suppose it has been handed down to us by our fathers, that much ado is an unequivocal mark of a great mind; that remarkable flippancy is a necessary social qualification, and that much noise is an essential element in public speaking; that the man with the biggest mouth and the longest tongue is the "boss" companion, and that he who is continually rasping the finer feelings of his fellows, and treading upon every common sense rule of modesty, is the man who will make himself known in the world. That this idea is erroneous, we believe to be clearly shown by an investigation of the relations of silence to power, as exhibited in nature, especially human nature.

Sound is not essential to power. The still, cold air may be more fatal in its effects than the hurricane; pestilence, than the havoc of war. The flower of the Assyrian army, that could endure the heat and smoke of battle, withered in a single night before the deadly poison of a desert air; the former conquerors of nations were humbled by the pestilence that walketh in darkness. Tonight, all over our land, men, women and children are falling before the power of Disease, the stern ruler of an invisible empire, who, silently and greedily preys upon the vitals of her victims, and finally delivers them into the jaws of death. The passions—we speak of them metaphysically—although silent, are the powers that impel man to action; divest him of them, and you have the engine without the steam, the mechanism without the motive power. All advancement in science, art and literature, and all revolutions, civil, social or religious, originate in the passions. Sydney Smith says: "The passions are in morals what motion is in physics." Religion, another invisible and silent power, is not less potent because of its silence. Its efficiency consists not in audible expressions and ecclesiastical ceremonies, for these are but the outward manifestation of an inward power that lifts the soul into sunnier climes and generates more profound and generous emotions; but rather in its elevating and saving qualities.

Silence best prepares the mind to think grand thoughts, and the soul to receive noble impressions. While in the busy, bustling avenues of life, urged speedily onward by the lash of progress, with the cry of onward ever ringing in the ear, little or no time is given for the development of deep and broad thoughts. It is when we retire to the quiet of our own studies, or into the solitudes of nature, that we are able to commune with the Invisible, and to deduce from His works the most profound lessons of which our minds are capable. It is when every distracting sound is hushed, and the powers of
the mind return from their wanderings and direct themselves inward, that we are enabled to pass from the material to the immaterial in man, and thence to God, and are most powerfully convinced of the existence of the Infinite. It is then that we think of duration without end, of the infinitude of space, of the omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence of the Deity; in fact, of every kind of vastness and sublimity that is.

But there are times when there is power in silence itself. There are emotions beyond the capacity of expression. Human genius cannot invent vocables to express the agony of despair or the blessedness of hope. Observe the manner of man when the fountain of his nature are stirred to their depths; enter the councils of the Indian; there silence reigns supreme; go into the congregation of the righteous when they are celebrating the Lord's supper, and you will find a solemn quiet prevailing, broken only by the subdued tones of the officiating minister; enter the death chamber, silence prevails there, too; seek out her who mourns the loss of departed love; while her tears fall like raindrops, her lips are closed, and her only audible expression is a sob. Language fails, but can we not read what words cannot contain? Surely we can. Silence, enforced by the inadequacy of speech, is the most efficient medium of communication. Shakspeare says, "Silence is the perfected herald of joy:"

"I was but little happy, if I could say how much."

Besides, it is a matter of daily observation that many words darken speech, and deprive it of much of its force. This is one of the first lessons to be learned by him who would become a leader or master of others. A command hastily repeated is deprived of half its force. It is a fact that most great commanders are comparatively silent men; their words are few but freighted with meaning. Gen. Grant don't talk much, but says a great deal; his judgment rules his tongue, and thereby controls a multitude of people. This principle applies not only in military science, but also in the science of living. Each one has a kingdom within himself to govern, and needs to develop all the qualities of a first-rate commander, that he may hold in check the foes that lurk within, and protect his dominion from the ravages of the adversary.

As a rule, all deep thinkers are silent men. Those who are determined to fathom the problems of science and religion must forego the pleasures of the social sphere; they live in the realm of thought, and seldom visit this gibbering, chattering world; they think of speech as a means, not an end, and use language only as a vehicle of thought. Generally we can safely sound the depth of a man's learning by the rattle of his tongue. An ignorant man may be silent by necessity, and a pedant is sure to make an idle display of his learning, but a wise man appoints his judgment guard over his tongue. Solomon says, "He that hath knowledge spareth his words;" and again, "The heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness." Some of our richest and deepest literary treasures have been written by men deprived of the associations of their fellows. Tasso wrote within the dingy walls of the hospital, Bunyan in Bedford jail, and St. Paul while a prisoner at Rome. James wrote the King's Quair while confined in Windsor Castle; Dante his immortal Divina Comedia, while in exile from Florence; and Milton, when old, poor and blind, shut in from all the outside world, composed Paradise Lost. Our best counselors are silent men. When we want advice we do not go to him who leaves every idea that enters his brain flow out of his mouth an instant later, but rather to him who retains his thoughts and leaves them develop and exert a formative influence upon his mental and moral character. The measured strokes of his tongue tell us that there is a regulating power behind it, a massive balance wheel. His judgments are duly weighed before they are enunciated, and there is no danger that he will repeat your private conversation in the ears of all he meets.

In conclusion, if you are wise, manifest your wisdom in self-control; if not, still be master of your tongue, for, in the words of Solomon, "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

If you would develop a massive intellect and a deep moral nature, retire frequently into solitude and there revolve in your mind great thoughts. If you would have your words fall with weight, take care when, how and where you drop them. Take the advice of Shakspeare, and

"Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act."
This number completes the first volume of the Otterbein Record. We began with the hope of being useful to the College and its friends and patrons. This hope has been realized. It is therefore determined to continue the publication with the same hope. The editor wishes to acknowledge the great debt he owes to all his associates and contributors. We hope to renew and continue their acquaintance in the future numbers of the Record.

What little time we have been able to give has been snatched from a busy professional life, sometimes not being able to read either the "copy" or "proof."

The coming year we expect to do better, and we now promise our patrons a better journal than we have been able to furnish during the past year.

We will be glad to furnish room for any one to speak who loves Otterbein and wishes its prosperity.

The business manager of the Otterbein Record desires to express his gratitude for the support of the students and friends of O. U. during the past year. It was with many misgivings as to the profit of the paper that we undertook its financial management, but by good fortune it has been self-supporting, and will bring some proceeds to the publishers. We feel somewhat flattered over its success financially, as we had the failure of the Kenyon Advance to meet expenses last year as a discouraging omen. By the liberality and generous co-operation of the Society and other friends, the Record has
been able to see itself out and has a little margin for losses and a surplus for next year. We hope that our friends will be even more generous in its support next year than this, so that it may be enlarged and increased in worth and interest. We think the Record second to few college papers among our exchanges, though supported by a much younger institution, and though this is the first year of the paper's existence. We would speak for a much wider circulation among friends of O. U., as the benefits of a first-class college paper are incalculable to any college. We claim to have done this during the past year, though no doubt our successors can do better than we have done, as they are men of ability and can profit by our experience. We bespeak the co-operation and aid of all our friends, especially for the incoming business manager, Mr. L. Keister. We like the style in which our printers have done their work and would commend them to our successor. They have aided much in making the paper a success, and we also like them very much as men. We wish to bid them, as well as all our friends, a kind adieu.

One important requisite of a good teacher is, sociability. A mind well stored with knowledge, and a tact to impart it to others, however essential these may be, will not insure an instructor the best success. A cold, repulsive nature disqualifies any person for a chair in any institution designed to foster and build up the minds of the youth. To the great majority of pupils and students, mental toil has no peculiar charms, and the teacher who has the happy faculty of making a recitation an hour of delight, of interest because of its pleasantness, is of inestimable worth to a school of any order. A man with a growling, snarlish, snappish disposition is not fit for the office of a tutor. Especially is this true of college teachers. It is one thing to get a student in college and another thing to keep him till a course is completed. It is a fact that a large per cent. of those matriculated, do not finish a course not because limited means forbids them, not because they deem a college education unnecessary for the best success in life, but often for the reason that books are dull things and the recitation odious from the want of a genial, kind, jocund nature to dispel the gloom and drudgery of the recitation room. Beginners especially are prone to discouragements and feel like giving up school, and very often do so. By the magnetic cords of a teacher's sympathy, by a countenance radiant with kindness, gentleness and heart-born smiles, they could be retained and induced to finish a course. We don't mean to accuse the Faculty of O. U. of dissociability, of cold and ill treatment toward the students, but complaints of this kind frequently reach our ears concerning a part of the faculty. Whether there be any just grounds for such complaints we know not. But it does seem that some of those who left this term might have been kept by the exertion of a persuasive influence.

The General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ was held at Lisbon, Iowa, beginning May 12th and closing May 25th. President Thompson, Prof. Garst, Revs. J. B. Resler and J. S. Mills, Mrs. Haywood and Mrs. Merchant, all from this place, were present. The session was the most harmonious and progressive that has been held for many years. Moderation and charity (as represented by the conservative part of the church) prevailed. The extreme radicalism of the recent past was so completely defeated as to render it morally certain that it will never again gain control of the church. It is confidently expected that great good will result from this General Conference.

As the last meeting closed in the afternoon and the members passed out at the east door of the church, they faced a significant symbol: a beautiful brilliant bow spanned the heavens. Those who were looking downward with gloomy disappointed feelings, did not see it. But those who in gratitude and praise, were looking upwards, saw it, and it was to them the bow of promise and the pledge of peace and prosperity.
Annual address before societies, Tuesday evening, by the eloquent Dr. A. A. Willits. Afterward banquets of the gentlemen’s societies.

Tuesday, 2:00 P. M. The surplus eloquence of the Institution will be thrown off by the members of Class 81, and eagerly gathered up by the entranced, zephyr-fanned multitudes.

Miss Laura E. Resler’s class gave a private rehearsal on the afternoon of Saturday, 28th. The pupils acquitted themselves very well considering the short time they were under her instructions.

Election of contestants in oratory for the ensuing year was as follows: Misses Jessie Thompson and Sue Bovey, W. C. Rebok, L. D. Bonebrake, C. E. Bonebrake and J. O. Stephens.

Quite a number of the Alumni have already made their appearance in Westerville. Our people were determined to profit by their presence as much as possible. Rev. John Resler filled the College pulpit, and S. W. Keister that of the Presbyterian, on Sunday evening, May 29th.

President Thompson and Prof. Garst have returned from the General Conference, arriving at Westerville, Friday morning, the 27th. During their absence Brother Weller taught in their stead. This little experience, no doubt, recalled to his mind some things which were largely obscured by the dust of the past.

A reception by the Senior Class was given at the residence of Bishop Dickson on Thursday evening. The rooms were filled with guests in handsome attire and faces radiant with the hope and sprightliness of dawning manhood and womanhood. Dainties and luxuries in variety and abundance were served and constituted one of the chief delights of the evening. The class is under many obligations to Mr. and Mrs. Dickson for their kindness and hospitality.
The gentlemen's societies on Friday evening were well attended, and the exercises interesting, considering the oppressive condition of the halls. Were glad to meet the ex-active members, and Revs. Carson, Evans and Weller and others, in attendance.

The Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday was founded on the xi. chapter and 27th verse of Hebrews. He first spoke of the nature, power and immortality of an idea, illustrated by the Anti-Slavery movement, which originated as an idea in the minds of a few Christian patriots, and grew to such gigantic proportions as to wield Senates, change Constitutions, and afterward he gave a vivid and full description of the great man, Moses, presenting him as a character worthy the imitation of the people of this day.

The Senior reception, by the President, on the 28th, was a very pleasant and happy one. Beside the Seniors, were present the faculty and a goodly number of Alumni. The occasion was a festival of joys and pleasures, as well as dainties rich and palatable to the taste. The guests were entertained with excellent music by Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Todd, and by Miss Laura E. Risler. President himself was a central figure, and contributed much to the entertainment of the evening.

The music class of Prof. W. L. Todd's department gave a public rehearsal on Wednesday evening, 25th. The exercises were right good. The performance of pupils of all ages and grades made the entertainment both novel and enjoyable. The "Tramp Chorus," rendered by Miss Laura Resler, accompanied by a quartette and orchestra deserves special mention, and was highly appreciated by the audience. The music department is rapidly improving under the management and instruction of Prof. Todd. May it continue to grow till it ranks with the musical conservatories of the best institutions in the West!

(Personals)

This column is given to notices of graduates, old students, and those now connected with the University. We earnestly solicit the assistance of graduates and old students, by sending us notices of themselves and others in order that it may be full and interesting.)

J. S. Mills arrived at home Friday noon.
Prof. Garst returned from the General Conference, Friday morning.
The President returned on Friday in time for examinations. He has had a little rest and will be apt to give harder examinations than ever, if that is possible.

Misses Jennie Pinland and Lizzie Crant will represent the Cleorhetean Society at the Joint Anniversary, and Mrs. Mary Nease Keister and Miss Sadie Thayer the Philalethean.

L. G. Altman, who was formerly for some years an honored student of O. U., had been visiting friends here and at Harrisburg for some time. He will visit his home in Michigan, leaving here on Friday of last week, after which he will read medicine at the city of Elkhart, Indiana, this summer.

65. Rev. E. B. Kephart, President of Western College, was elected to the office of Bishop in place of Bishop Wright, by the late General Conference held at Lisbon, Iowa.

68. Mrs. Isadora S. Bash resides at Dayton, Ohio.

70. L. L. Hamlin, of Marshalltown, Ia., arrived here on Friday, the 20th ult. He is one of the speakers from the Philomathean Society at the Joint Anniversary.

70. Geo. L. Mathews, of the same Class, is one of the representatives of the Philophone Society.

71. A. V. H. Gosweiler is practicing medicine at Harrisburg, Pa.

74. F. O. Clemmer is engaged in the practice of medicine at Kenton, Ohio.
'75. Abner Hahn, of Whitewater, Ind., arrived here on Friday of last week.

'76. I. A. Loose graduated this year at Yale Theological Seminary, where he took the highest honors in the class. The prize is $700.

'77. S. W. Keister and lady (Mary Nease, '78), arrived Saturday to stay during Commencement week. They both look well. Are engaged in ministerial work, at Union City, Ind.

'78. W. W. Ferriffr and lady, of Angola, Ind., landed at O. U., Thursday of last week.

'78. W. M. Fogler, who graduated at Ann Arbor at its late Commencement came on Friday. The above two gentlemen will be the other two representatives of the Philomathean and Philophronean Societies respectively in the Joint Anniversary.

'78. Rev. E. A. Starkey, of Findlay, O., spent Sabbath, 22nd, at Westerville. His wife, the daughter of Prof. McFadden, will remain for Commencement.

'79. W. N. Miller arrived on Friday, and will visit his parents and friends during Commencement week.

'80. Joseph Haywood is at present engaged with a company of surveyors who make their headquarters at Parkersburg, Va.

'80. F. O. Keister spent a few days in town, including Sunday, 22nd. He started for Chicago on Monday. Some say he will take in Roanoke, but we are not sure. He will return in time for Commencement festivities.

Exchanges.

During the last year our table has been supplied with exchanges from all parts of the country, east, west, north and south. College journalism has become a prominent part of college work, and indeed it is a department bringing much benefit to the respective colleges, and also gives those in charge of these papers some valuable experience, both in writing and managing the finances. Some of these exchanges are always full of good thought and sparkling wit, and others are rather dull and insipid. This is due partly to the fact that some of them have existed long and their managers had experience, as it cannot be expected that the first or second year can bring a college paper to its climax. The students of a college must have time to learn the best methods of conducting a paper by their own experience and profit by the experience or others. It is a fine field for developing the ready and accurate use of language. Like other journals, they have their men of extraordinary ability, and also those of evident inferiority. This will account for the difference in the same paper at various times. We notice, also, among our exchanges, that very generally the papers from our large, city institutions are inferior to those of other colleges. They are filled with "gush" and "slang," and are considerably lacking in sense and genuine humor. State universities scarcely ever edit as good papers as sectarian colleges. We will notice briefly a few of our best exchanges:

The Oberlin Review is a wide-awake sheet of sixteen pages. We think it lacks in mechanical execution, and might present a much neater appearance, though it contains much good matter, with some that is not so good. Its outside looks more like an advertising sheet than a college paper. It seems to hold up the idea that Oberlin is the College of Ohio, but it is sometimes slow in persuading others that this is true, though we do acknowledge that Oberlin is a "big institution."

The Transcript, from our neighbor, the O. W. U., excels in local and humorous items, though some of its other matter is second rate. An exchange item, in a late number of the Transcript, spoke somewhat complimentary of the Otterbein Record, but rather disparagingly of our University. We would just inform our sister that though she is more corpulent, the brain of Otterbein will measure about as many cubic inches as hers. We will have the opportunity of measuring arms in the future, as O. W. U. is now in the Contest Association. We shrink not from the prospect.

(Notices of other exchanges unavoidably crowded out.)
JOHN OGDEN recently declined the Principalship of South Western Co-educational Institution, at Hopkinsville, Ky., choosing rather to work in Ohio.

The Commencement week of Lebanon Valley College, Pa., begins on June 5th. This College is soon to have a curriculum comprising six years’ study.

The school law in the State of California declares that women shall receive the same remuneration as men for the same work. May Ohio soon adopt the same course.

MRS. OSWALD OTTENDORFER has given $35,000 for the promotion of the German school system in the United States. The fund will be known as the Herman Uhl Memorial Fund.

Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, has donated $150,000 to the University of Pennsylvania to found a department of Finance and Economy, to teach the young men the Art of Business.

Wooster witnessed another fierce battle between the Senior and the other classes, in which were seen and felt brandished canes, torn dresses, coats and hats. A noble enterprise for Senior dignity.

A plan is on foot in Germany to hold an International Convention in September. The subjects under consideration are the formation of a common alphabet for Europe, a common alphabet for the East, and, finally, of a universal alphabet.

Humorous.

Passing round the hat is the way to get the sense of the meeting, as well as the cents.

A man can tell by knocking a barrel on the head whether it is full or not. Can you tell whether a man is full or not by knocking him on the head with a barrel?
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