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OTTERBEIN ÆGIS



VOL. I.

OCTOBER.

No. 3

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY

WESTERVILLE, OHIO

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1890

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OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

VOL. I.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 3

"THERE'S WITCHCRAFT IN IT!"

THE MOTIVE POWER IN THE PLAY OF MACBETH.

One thing is peculiar to Shakespeare's plays in general, and that is, the introduction of the *motive* character at or near the opening of the play. By the motive power or character, I mean the one that may be termed this "disturbing element" of the play, whose action suggests, compels, or causes the action of the other characters.

In Hamlet, for instance, in the opening scene we have the ghost striding majestically before the affrighted eyes of the watchers, and this "perturbed spirit" will not "rest" but keeps the entire play in action until the very end. It speaks to Hamlet and rouses him from contemplation of suicide to thoughts and plans of revenge, and when his purpose flags, it comes again "to whet his almost blunted purpose."

In Julius Cæsar, a group of loud-laughing citizens are rejoicing in a holiday in honor of Cæsar. The stern patrician Marullus upbraids them as forgetful of great Pompey and calls them "blocks" and "stones," and "worse than senseless things!" Neither that speech nor those citizens are lost sight of in the play. They follow Cæsar, rejoicing in his triumph, they "throw up their chapped hands" when he addresses them, and later, when Cæsar "lies at the base of Pompey's statue, no worthier than the dust," Mark Antony tells them, "You are not blocks, you are not stones, but men," and adds, "Were I Brutus and Brutus Antony, there were an Antony would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue in every word of Cæsar that would cause the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!" Then these laughing citizens are transformed into the thousand-headed mob, shrieking vengeance, "Away!—kill!—burn!—slay! Let not a traitor live!"

There could be no play of Hamlet without the ghost; no play of Julius Cæsar without the citizens.

In Othello, "honest, honest Iago" is the second man to speak out. His villainy actuates and controls the play. In Richard III, the "Hunchback" opens the bloody chapter, and all else moves because of him.

I repeat that this is the plan of Shakespeare's plays, to place the motive character at or near the opening scene. Somewhat like this it would be, if some one would agree to show us the marvels of a great machinery hall, and would first conduct us to the engine and say: "Observe this, my friends, all the other parts move by reason of this."

In the play of Macbeth, the motive power, in my humble opinion, is the *witches*. I believe Shakespeare so intended it. "But," you say, "we do not believe in witches!" Bless you, no; but Shakespeare did! It was the general belief of his time. Let me say here, I

do not desire to do any proselyting or change any one's fixed opinions, but it can do no harm to look at the play and its arrangement and plan. My own opinion is about as follows:

I do not think Macbeth a cruel man, nor his wife a cold-blooded, ambitious woman. I do not think he was led by ambition solely, nor that he deliberately murdered Duncan of his own free will. I believe that Shakespeare meant to portray the power of witchcraft—a power of hypnotism, or mesmerism, perhaps, less understood then than now, and at that time regarded as part of the "black art."

Now, let me ask of you two things: First, read the play again. Second, do *not* read the commentaries on the play. Why? Well, they are by learned men, of course—men before whom we bow with the humility of deep reverence. But that's the trouble. When they are before us, we are too reverent and respectful for good observation.

Then, let us ask of this play:

1. *Who wrote it?*
2. *When did he write it?*
3. *Why did he write it?*

The author is the very reverently esteemed Sir William Shakespeare, well known and highly revered by the general world with probably the sole exception of one, Ig. Donnelly. But the author *was* William Shakespeare, an actor of ordinary standing who played with "Lord Chamberlain, his Servants," in London and thereabouts for many years; and this William Shakespeare, the actor, *was* Will Shakespeare, the son of a butcher at Stratford on Avon, who, with the help of his now-famous son, carried on business in several lines of trade. But Will Shakespeare grew weary of paternal association in business and yearned for broader scenes. So, at about twenty-two years of age, leaving a wife and two children at Stratford, Will Shakespeare, the rustic, came to the city of London and sought for work. There fortune met him with a frowning face. He did not fall into the "lap of luxury," nor "drink from the horn of plenty." Far from it. He became a mere hanger-on at the theaters, and not being adjudged talented by "the profession," his only means of support was holding the horses of the great folk who came to see the play. It is pleasant to know that he soon gained the reputation of doing this well! The great folk,—they *ought* to have been great if *he* held their horses,—the great folk have some way been lost sight of for a few centuries. But Shakespeare, Will Shakespeare the rustic, William Shakespeare the actor, was a man who came from the country to see the town. He appears to have seen a good portion of it in a short time, and his observations are deemed worthy of preser-

vation even yet. He became an actor, one of the Queen's company, and then a writer of plays. And *this is the author of Macbeth.*

When did he write it?

Well, some 284 years ago. That is easy enough if you wish to add, subtract, or multiply the figures, but if you will trace the record of human affairs backward for that sweep of time, you will find it a long distance. The books of that age are very mouldy, the creeds very dim, and the monuments mostly dust. That was an age when the superstition of the Holy Wars still survived, when creeds were made more by the imagery of the mind than by the reason. Then witchcraft was believed in, feared, abjured, revered, and worshipped. This play was written just after Queen Elizabeth left earth and England's throne. It was written some two or three years after James I became monarch of England. Yes, and who was he? He was a steadfast believer in witchcraft and all things pertaining thereto. He wrote pamphlets on the subject of *Demonology*, and when he became King of England he wrote a book on witchcraft—a lengthy one. Not only that; he compelled Parliament to pass stringent laws on the subject. Here is a specimen:

"1. *If any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; (2) or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; (3) or take up any dead man, woman or child out of the grave, or the skin or bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment; (4) or shall use, practice, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment; (5) whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in any part of the body; (6) that every such person being convicted shall suffer death!*"

Precious old literature, that is! Nor was the belief confined to England. Why, only a few decades later, our own noble-minded ancestors in New England were burning supposed witches at the stake, and rejoicing in the belief of Christian service, too.

So, the King believed firmly in witchcraft, wrote a book on the subject, and had laws passed to sustain the statements of his book. *It was at this time that Shakespeare wrote the play of Macbeth.*

3. *Why did he write it?*

Shakespeare was a member of the King's household—one of the King's players. It is recorded that when James made his royal entry into London, Shakespeare and his fellow actors rode in the train each arrayed in three and one-half yards of scarlet cloth, an allotment from the royal steward. Shakespeare, let it be kept in mind, was an actor. Like the hero of the *Odyssey* amid the shades of the lower world, he was driven by "dire necessity." When he wrote a play, he wrote it for the stage,—not as a literary keep-sake. He wrote on topics and traditions well known. It must have tickled the shade of Horace to see how well he followed the "known facts" of affairs. Among all his plays there is not one original plot. He wrote the "common sense of the people." I repeat, he did not write as a moralist,

a philosopher, or a teacher, but as an actor. He wrote plays that would be popular, that would *pay*. Pope wrote:

"Shakespeare, whom you and every playhouse bill,
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For *gain*, not glory wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

He needed money. Out at Stratford on Avon, Anne Hathaway, his wife, doubtless expected frequent remittances; and one who must hold people's horses for a few pence, would certainly look at the financial side of matters. So, he wrote plays to please the people, but most of all was it necessary to please the King. Here was an opportunity not to be overlooked. He wrote a play to support that "blessed book" of the King's and the laws passed in its favor. He took the old traditions of Scotland and interwove the sorceries and incantations of the witches. He showed their fell power over the soul of man. He is even particular in Act IV to have them say and do those things that were expressly forbidden by the King's book and laws. He had these witches weave their resistless spell about the brave Macbeth and his wife, and thus lead them to the murder of Duncan and the rest that follows. Macbeth and his wife act under this charm. Shakespeare wrote to show how a man would, or must act when under the control of witchery. It is a case of hypnotism, of mesmerism to-day—it was witchcraft then. According to the generally accepted belief, one could not be bewitched and yet be a free agent. If so, why so many and severe penalties against the practice of the art? If witchcraft were powerless, why punish the witches? If witchcraft could weave a spell and hold one "rapt," why then do we blame Macbeth? Shakespeare wrote this play and gave the motive power to the witches in order to please the King. In fact, it is on-record that the King went to see the play and was greatly pleased with it. He was human. He had written a book, and the play showed that book to be sound in its views; so he was pleased, and Shakespeare prospered. Let us look briefly at the play itself. Here is the opening:

"*Thunder, lightning, a blasted heath and three witches!*" Somber enough, surely! They fall to work at once.

1st Witch: When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2d Witch: When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

1st Witch: Where the place?

2d Witch: Upon the heath.

3d Witch: There to meet with brave *Macbeth!*

Here is a purpose. They mean mischief. Rather strange to hear them speak of "brave Macbeth," is it not? Shakespeare would never have put these witches at the opening of the play and had them name Macbeth, if he had not cast them for important parts. Observe scene 3, where they come again:

1st Witch: "I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Rest upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine!"

Dire threats are these; and when the "charm is wound up" they wait the coming of unsuspecting Mac-

beth. At the salutation of the "withered" figures, he is strangely startled for a warrior. Two messengers from the King now enter and confirm the salutations of the witches. But Macbeth's mind is already busy with an infernal scheme. The fatal "charm" has already been *unwound*. He is as one in a dream, speaking vague thoughts and dim hopes of glory, that "function is smothered in surmise and nothing is but what is not." Even dull-brained Banquo observes, "Look, how our partner's *raft*!"

Meanwhile, where is Lady Macbeth? At home, within her lord's castle at Inverness. This is doubtless the "*sailor's wife with chestnuts in her lap*." The witches have found her out before; probably, when she first received the letter. When she appears in the play, she is not reading that letter for the first time, that's certain. It has no introduction, no beginning; she is ready to surrender herself at once. Hear her:

"Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts,
Unsex me here and fill me from the crown
To the toe, top-full of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctions, visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night;
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of night
To cry, Hold, hold!"

Now, to whom is she speaking? What spirits does she invoke, if not these witches? Note her speeches hereafter in the play and see if she has not been taken at her word. Henceforth she is remorseless, and as unwomanlike as could be imagined. Hear her:

"I have given suck and know how tender it is to love the babe that milks me. I would, while it was smiling in my face, have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums and dashed its brains out,—had I but so sworn as you have done to this."

Note her taunts to spur her husband to the bloody deed. Hear her plot to make the watchers drunk and to besmear them with blood, and then tell how they—her husband and herself—"will make their griefs and clamors roar upon his death!" See her just before the murder and after it, when she takes the reeking daggers from her husband and carries them to the awful chamber! Hear her every speech, even the incoherent mutterings of her sleep-walking scene, and tell me if you find any sign of remorse or pity! She never sheds a tear, not one. I tell you, she is no longer a woman. Her prayer has been answered.

Let us watch Macbeth as he goes to do the deed. Does he go like an ambitious, deliberate murderer? No; he recoils; talks of the deed; sees a bloody dagger; doubts his own sanity; and then, against his will and his better self, he is driven to the act. And while his dagger is raised, mark you, he says: "*Now, witchcraft celebrates pale Hecates' offerings and withered murder alarmed by his sentinel the wolf * * * toward his design moves like a ghost.*" Those witches are close about him.

He kills Duncan without plan or purpose of concealing his guilt. He even carries the bloody daggers in his trembling hands as he flies from the spot, and

forgets all else except the awful sentence, "*Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'*"

"Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher at life's feast."

Ah! that was the threat of the witches! "*Sleep shall neither night nor day rest upon his pent-house lid.*" And from that hour he sleeps no more. The curse has fallen upon him and upon his wife. To him, robed in purple and on a throne, the world is desolate and shrouded in dark shadows, like the dim, bleak Cimmerian land of Homer. He wanders forever restless and accursed, finding no contentment, no peace. Like some fever-stricken wretch who rushes from his bed out into the night and traverses wood and field, seeking vainly for water to cool his hot blood. He envies the peace of his victim:

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!"

Thus Shakespeare leads these characters through the play, restless, sleepless, unsatisfied, driven by phrenzied dreams and fancies. In the battle, Macbeth fights not like a man, but like a fiend. Almost his last sentence is a malediction against the witches. Lady Macbeth, without remorse, expressing no regret nor sorrow for her deed, wanders forth with a sleeping body while the ever-watchful and enduring soul is wide awake. The body is borne onward by a spirit too anguished to allow it to rest, and the unconscious mumblings of her guilt publish the awful deed to the world.

So Shakespeare wrote, so he meant it. It is a tale of witchcraft, a portrayal of the wierd superstitions of the author's own day. *We* do not believe in the black art, but many of the patrons at the Globe theater did. To them, these sorceries and incantations were awful realities.

BYRON W. KING.

CHRISTIAN LIFE IN COLLEGE.

From its beginning, Otterbein University has been distinctively a Christian college; not only Christian in name and organization, but in life and influence. At all times a large proportion of its students have been Christians. Regular prayer services and opportunity for Christian effort have been known from its earliest time. Very many men and women now holding prominent places in church and society recall certain college days as marking the beginning of a new life.

Whatever changes may have occurred in all these years, the unbroken tendency has been toward more definite Christian effort, and toward the greater prominence of spiritual life among students. The increasing tendency of the time toward indifference to the true spirit of Christ's religion has made necessary greater effort than was known in earlier years to preserve an active Christian life, especially among young men who are looking forward to professional or business careers.

The young people who fill our college classes to-day are not unlike those who occupied similar places a quarter of a century ago; but their surroundings and influences are quite different.

New plans, new methods, therefore, are to-day prominent in the work of Christians in college. For many years the weekly meetings for prayer and conference were held in some recitation room, under circumstances that were anything but comfortable. These gatherings were blessed, however, and many a man was led to Christ in them. There was no organization or definite plan of work, and of course no direction or responsibility. Outside of the usual routine of meetings there was little done except through the Sunday school or church service — often very irregularly attended.

It was characteristic of Otterbein that when the first invitation came for the organization of definite Christian work and a union of effort, a favorable response was given. A delegate — the only one from Ohio — was sent to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1877, who assisted in the organization of the College Department of the Young Men's Christian Association. Even before this a brief plan of organization had been decided upon, but all was now merged into the new organization which promised so much, and which so far has exceeded its best promises in the work accomplished through its agency.

This society proposed no new religion, but set the religious life moving in varied directions. Its first effect was to fix the responsibility for Christian life and work in the proper place. By its simple organization the Christian students were at once led to commit themselves and to take upon themselves definite Christian work. The Christian character which had existed so fully before was now brought out and given opportunity under proper directions for active effort.

First of all as an assistant in devising plans comes the annual gathering of associations and the discussion with Christian men from other colleges of the plans there successful. This fraternity of Christian men has as largely influenced college life in recent years as the popular gatherings of fraternities, oratorical societies, or athletic associations.

This interchange of information naturally suggested plans for varied work among students and in the college community. It developed the great missionary movement of to-day, and made possible the Students' Volunteer Movement and the intense interest in the salvation of the world, so recently made prominent even in our secular colleges.

The growth in Bible study indicated in the Bible training classes, and the Bible study at all devotional meetings, has been very marked. The love of the Word of God is more prominent among educated young men than ever before. It is not now merely an exercise in translation as in the days of many older Alumni, but an eager study with a view to its immediate use among companions.

These have been prominent results of the Collegiate Young Men's Christian Association plans, but none of them is more striking than that which accompanies them, the emphasis placed upon the individual effort of the

Christian student. From the beginning of this new movement the individual has been made most prominent. From the day he enters, his Christian life and his duty toward it have been thrust before him. He is led at that most critical period — the beginning — to "stand up and be counted." No greater temptation comes to the young man than meets him at his entrance upon a college life. If he has been a Christian at home, it is so easy to be quiet about it in this new community; thus taking a first step away from truth. Here the Association, by careful direction, assists the new man to proper companions, leads him at once to acknowledge his allegiance, and thus puts him immediately into a position of responsibility to his fellows as well as to his God.

No more difficult thing comes to the young student than the one of taking his place as a Christian when as a stranger he enters the first week's work. Passing these early days safely, he rarely loses his place in the line of Christian men. The importance of careful attention to Christian duty is, therefore, clear.

No Christian student can afford to ignore this organized religious effort in his college life. He cannot afford to permit his attention to be so closely given to college work as to have no room for active Christian work. The lessons learned will be valuable in all life. The Young Men's Christian Association is undoubtedly the great inspiration to the Christian life of the college, partly because nothing else attempts as carefully to direct it, partly because nothing else can grasp the situation as fully. This is the church's method of doing this particular work. Duty to himself and his neighbor, therefore, demands that the Christian student give himself actively to every plan and effort made through this channel. Duty to God as plainly requires him to take this help toward true daily worship.

The student who is not a Christian cannot ignore this factor of life any more than his friend who acknowledges his dependence upon the Savior. If he is a thoughtful young man he must recognize the power of this movement which has, in thirteen years, made its way into about three hundred colleges and other institutions, not only in America but throughout the world. Such a marked factor in college life compels his attention. Outside of the personal success or weakness of the individual members, the undoubted tendency of the Association requires him to look favorably upon it, and to attend its meetings. In many instances this candid observation has led to a close study of God's Word, and to a knowledge of His salvation.

With the hearty co-operation of the faculty of a Christian college and the devotion of thoughtful Christian students to their duty toward their fellows, there can be no doubt of the resulting influence upon the many who are not professed Christians. Each must decide for himself, under proper instruction and suggestion, what is best for him to do, what best to deny himself of, and what will bring most good to others. He must never forget that it is not education, not social or political position, but faith in God shown in works that saves, and is above all things the essential of a true college life.

E. L. SHURY.

A RAMBLE AMID CLASSIC SCENES.

The writer left New York, March 26, 1890, by Red Star steamship Noordland, for a few months' visit to oriental and classical lands. He had joined a party whose object was to visit Egypt and Palestine, with a hurried trip to several European countries. We numbered fifteen in all. The party was organized by Rev. Dr. Hull, of Brooklyn, and had five clergymen, three college professors, one college president, and three business men, two of whom joined us in Paris.

The ocean trip was comparatively uneventful. In due time we landed at Antwerp. Having spent a few days in this city we proceeded to Paris, thence through France to Marseilles. Here we took the Senegal of the French Mediterranean line, for Alexandria. This trip occupied five days. Our route took us between Corsica and Sardinia, through the midst of the Lipari Islands, passing close to Stromboli, between Scylla and Charybdis, through the straits of Messina, and then south of Crete to Alexandria. The Lipari Islands are immense rocks rising in many cases almost perpendicularly from the sea to the height of several thousand feet. The view of the northern coast of Sicily and western coast of Italy, as you approach Messina, is most charming. Classical subjects crowd into your brain in spite of yourself. You can in imagination easily see the small fleet of Æneas struggling northward to the land given him by the fates. It is a happy company. But over there on that island I see Juno conspiring with Æolus. It certainly means mischief, for Æolus is unbaring the cave's portals. Out come the winds, down come the rains, the thunders roar, the lightnings flash, the billows heave. Ah! there is one ship on the wave's crest, another is out of sight, and a third sinks to rise no more. Our good Senegal heeds this not, and while Æneas is driven to Africa to meet and fall in love with Dido, we are already at Charybdis. Opposite is that monster, Scylla. She looks harmless enough now. A stone's throw from us is a somewhat dangerous rock. The waters dash against it mildly enough as we pass, but with a suggestion of what might be if the wind blew strongly from the south. It is hard to locate Charybdis, or to tell what it was. Shallow water with a marshy shore is all that appears, but with a strong wind and high tide there may be a dangerous current.

Here Ulysses, the crafty, came in his wanderings from Troy. Some of his men were destroyed by Scylla. Near here he met Polyphemus and the Cyclops. Perhaps yonder is the cave in which Polyphemus kept his flocks, drank the wine of Ulysses, and dined on his followers. There, too, he lost his eye, which was bored out by Ulysses and his men in revenge for the death of their comrades. Yes, it must have been here, for yonder in the sea, and rising high out of it, are still the rocks which were hurled by the cyclops at the venturesome strangers as they departed. Here, too, came Æneas. As he sailed along, Achaemenides, accidentally left by Ulysses in his haste to depart, came in his rags and emaciation to seek the Trojan protection. Near here the companions of Æneas spent that dreadful night on

shore, hearing the murmurings of Ætna, but not knowing the cause of the sound.

As I mused on these things I raised my eyes and saw Ætna still smoking. I joined my ministerial friends, and found them discussing Paul's trip up these straits. I allowed my mind to return from its wanderings in the domain of mythologic and poetic fancy to historical fact, and remembered that I was in Biblical territory, and that Paul once went over this very spot in his purpose to preach the Gospel at Rome, also.

Our route led us to see and contemplate some of these things in an inverted chronological order. Æneas came from Greece to Brundisium, then passed Tarentum and the south of Italy to Sicily, entering the straits of Messina. Coming in sight of Scylla, he reversed his order, in obedience to the direction of the gods, sailed around Sicily and up to Æolia, where he encountered the storm caused by Juno's wrath.

But this fact does not lessen the pleasure which one interested in Homer and Virgil derives from a journey of this kind. Enough that we are on the tracks of the poets' heroes, and meet them occasionally on familiar ground. I had the pleasure, later in my trip, to follow more extensively in the tracks of the wandering Ulysses, and in imagination to accompany Æneas from the streets of burning Troy to Antandros, thence to Thrace, Delos, Crete, around Southern Greece and up the west coast to Epirus and across to Brindisi. Still later I came to the scene of his final conflicts, victories, and prosperity in Latium.

Our voyage from Sicily to Egypt was pleasant. We were fortunate in having, from Marseilles to Alexandria, the companionship of a party of English pilgrims to Jerusalem. This party numbered sixty-seven. The temporal head of the company was the Duke of Norfolk. The spiritual leader was the Bishop of Clifton. There were twenty-five priests and canons, two lords, one lady, one major-general, several members of the British Parliament, and other distinguished personages. They were very cordial to their American friends; did us many favors, and in every way contributed to our entertainment. Our evenings were spent in discussing interesting questions, solving riddles, playing the game of authors, etc. One question propounded was, "What will be the last day of the nineteenth century?" The Duke held one opinion, the Bishop another, while we lesser lights ranged ourselves on one side or another, according to our respective opinions. The debate was lively and lasted about twenty-four hours. The Bishop, finally, was left almost alone, but died hard. Dear ÆGIS, will you please decide the question?

The view of Alexandria from the ship as you steam up the bay is most beautiful. As we dropped anchor we got our first view of oriental life. The Arabs in their picturesque costumes came out to our ship and almost forced us into their little boats for the shore. Once there, we had a dozen men and boys following us and trying to persuade us that the state of our health demanded a donkey ride. The writer was never convinced.

Everything in Egypt is strange. The people in their appearance and costumes, the style of the houses, the vegetation, the climate, all remind you that you are

in a foreign land. You have scarcely time to think of the Pharaohs, Alexander, or Cleopatra, so many other things demand your attention. These children of the Sphinx speak English, too. The donkey-boy, the merchant, the self-constituted guide to the antiquities of Alexandria—all speak English. So, too, the beggar. I fear that the English and American travelers often indulge in practical jokes in teaching their language to this class. One very dilapidated old lady carrying a two year old specimen of humanity, persistently followed us begging, although the only English she knew was, "Good-bye, good-bye, think of me, think of me." We were glad enough to say good-bye, and we still think of her. Another native, in another place, constantly saluted us thus: "Good morning. Have you used Pear's soap?" As we were traveling in that hot country and without much baggage, that question came home to us with considerable force.

The trip by rail from Alexandria to Cairo, gave us a good opportunity to see the Egyptian peasant. The people live in small villages, the houses of which are made of mud. These are very small and filthy in all their surroundings. The land through which we passed is rich and well cultivated. Much of it is carefully irrigated. The water for this purpose is drawn in buckets from wells, the motive power being an ox, cow, or occasionally a wornout camel.

Cairo is a beautiful city with a strange mixture of the European and Oriental. Western and eastern civilization have here joined hands. The donkey and the camel share their work with the horse, the native Egyptian joins the British red-coat in the military defence of the country, the Mohammedan University of 10,000 students leaves room for the more humble mission school, the mosque and the church raise their spires together. You can walk along miles of wide streets flanked by large business houses and magnificent residences, the property of Europeans and rich natives, or you can walk through miles of narrow streets containing the bazaars of the natives, where you can purchase any of the characteristic productions of the East.

The city, as it now exists, is comparatively modern. Much of the material used in the construction of its buildings came from old Cairo, just outside of the limits of the modern corporation, and from the ancient city of On, a few miles away. All the buildings of old Cairo have been removed and the ground on which they stood plowed, or dug up foot by foot in search of antiquities. It is now an immense barren field without interest to the visitor, except such as it has from being the site of the ancient town.

On or Heliopolis forms a most interesting field of study. Here Joseph married his wife. Here Moses received the education for which he was famed. Herodotus called the inhabitants of On the wisest of the Egyptians. Here to-day stands the oldest of the Egyptian Obelisks on the very spot where it stood when the Israelites were making bricks in that land. Nothing of the old city remains except a few mounds of rubbish, which may yet yield many treasures.

It is most interesting to observe the habits of the people in Cairo. Visit their bazaars and you have the treat of a life time. Their wares are often very beauti-

ful. Dishonesty and trickery flourish here. You are tempted to enter into negotiations for some article you do not desire, merely to have an opportunity of studying human nature as found here and of giving Yankee and Arab ingenuity an occasion to clash. Bundles of hay are strewn over a large area called the hay-market, and bargainings here are just as keen as in the jewelry and dry goods bazaars.

Walk across the Nile in the morning and station yourself near the bridge. You will see hundreds of little hay-stacks moving from all quarters towards you. These are loads of hay on camels' backs. As the loads are large and the camels high, they present the appearance, at a distance, of moving hay-stacks. Stand here a while. The broad streets are full of life.

Now a caravan of camels is passing, now a squad of native cavalry finely mounted, now a few British officers, now manacled prisoners, now a few donkeys with loads twice as large as themselves, now women with veiled faces and carrying large jars on their heads, now loads of vegetables for the market, now a native merchant in gaudy attire mounted on a donkey, the owner running behind goading him on, now a lot of rude, or semi-rude boys going to market to help their parents take care of their merchandise. They are boisterous, but good-natured. So for six hours you can stand contemplating the motley scene—goat, sheep, cow, horse and camel; vegetables, hay and grain; water, goats' milk and cheese; Nubian, Egyptian, Arab and European; Coptic, Mohammedan, Jew and Christian; servant and master, rich and poor, naked and clothed, young and old; the song of the Arab, the bray of the donkey, the banter of the peasant.

But we are spending too much time here and yonder to our left—the Sphinx is smiling at our provincial curiosity.

GEORGE SCOTT.

"I HAVE made as much out of myself as could be made out of the stuff, and no man should require more."—*Richter*.

"EVERY person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself."—*Gibbon*.

"THE small events of life, taken singly, may seem exceedingly unimportant; like snow that falls silently, flake by flake, yet accumulated, these snow-flakes form the avalanche."—*Samuel Smiles*.

"PATIENCE is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. . . . Patience lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when Impatience companions her."—*John Ruskin*.

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THE WHENCENESS OF THE WHITHER.

There are two questions that seem to appeal profoundly to men — questions in which every one feels a personal interest, and to which many profess never to have received satisfactory answer: Whence are we? and Whither go we? We prefer to accede the dictum of Revelation upon our origin and our destiny alike, and base both belief and hope upon its teachings. But these questions so set at rest, there remains yet another, originated from them, which seems worthy some thought. Whence is the whither of our lives? We are going somewhere; we are traversing a path that leads us toward a fixed and certain goal. What influence then determines the life path? What is the cynosure of our way? What is the power that has marked out the road we tread, and leads us or impels us in it? In short, we seek to know the whenceness of our whither.

The sum of mankind's experience has been that every life tends either upward or downward, toward good or toward evil. There are no doubt forces of righteousness and unrighteousness, both active in every man's heart, each struggling for supremacy, and alternating from time to time in temporary advantage; but in the end one principle or the other must prove superior, and lift a man upward to a heaven of happiness or drag him downward to a hell of despair.

It is then no slight question which would ask whence come the influences that direct the course of a man's daily progress. For when we are resolved of the effect and tendency of this force and that force, we may submit ourselves to the action of that which leads whither we would, the meanwhile avoiding all things that impel us whither we would not.

The forces that induce evil thoughts and evil deeds are not so numerous as we are wont to think, but the might and virulence of the inherent power which those forces wield, make them more terrible than a legion of fiery dragons. Half the sin that enthralls a man originates within the walls of his own clay tenement, bred in his dire heritage of Adamic depravity, as vermin

are bred in the filth and nastiness of an old and unswept hovel. Evil does not arise from the man himself. Often he despises himself that such baseness should find place within him. But the "flesh," rotten and reeking with wrong, imprisons the soul round about, and so impregnates it with the foulness of sin, that it no longer urges its instinctive protest, and even, every spiritual sense gone daft, deceives itself into thinking it finds real joy in "the pleasures of sin."

Nor is the old serpent an idle spectator of this enchainment of the soul. In his own proper person, and through his votaries among men and angels he expends every resource of demoniac cunning in the effort to pull down and destroy every soul of man. Before the assaults of such overwhelming powers it is small wonder that the slight bulwarks of the inner selfhood are frequently destroyed irreparably.

But the whitherward of some men's lives is above. Whence comes the influence, that in spite of all the powers of darkness, leads them thither? It is comforting indeed to be reminded that there is an everlasting Goodness in the universe, not a passive but an active Goodness, a Goodness whose energy and whose might exceed the energy and might of all evil as the electric flame and electric current excel the feeble human arm. And that Goodness is willing to show us the pole star that shall guide us upward, set us in the path that leadeth upward, endow us with strength to plod on upward until amidst supernal glories we may see the Goodness and be ourselves like Him. In Him is the origin of righteousness, and His is the hand that removes the flesh-forged fetters of wrong.

The personal question with us is, which power shall dominate us and determine the direction of our living. We can decide, we can do, nothing more. We can neither be bad nor good, except as we are made one or the other. We can open our hearts to the great Only Righteous, and submitting ourselves to His dictation be brought through happiness to happiness. Otherwise, "the world, the flesh, and the devil" will, not abiding your invitation, be upon you like monsters of prey to destroy you through shame to shame. The choice is in every man's hand.

THE ÆGIS feels confident in saying that in this number it furnishes to its readers contributed matter which is scarcely to be excelled by magazines which are devoted entirely to literary, philosophical or polemic subjects. The article by Prof. Byron W. King would appear well in the Century, the Forum, or even the Shakespearian. The article is attractive and profitable for the specialist or the general reader. Prof. E. L. Shuey contributes an article on "Christian Life in College," and while composed amid a press of other business, it is both forceful and instructive. His experience in college work and his now unprejudiced position give weight to his words which those of many another would fail to carry. Surely no one will fail to read the article by Prof. Scott, O. U.'s professor of Latin. It is pleasing in its style, interesting in its matter, and vivid in its description of things past and present. The professor will continue his "Ramblings" in succeeding numbers of the ÆGIS.

AN equable temperament is a most desirable mental characteristic. The "mountain top and valley" sort of existence, which many of us are leading, is pleasant neither in its ecstasies of good feeling nor in its morbid gloom. Happy days are shadowed by the fear of some sudden termination of their happiness, and dark days are the darker by reason of contrast with the brightness of times preceding. He who experiences little elation in prosperity, and, by a necessary corollary, little depression in adversity, may be esteemed cold and impassive by his fellows, but he is, on the whole, by far the happiest person.

THERE is a sadness about the autumn season that cannot fail to impress one who opens his eyes and ears to the teachings of nature. The trees of the forest at this time are flaunting themselves in gorgeous, kaleidoscopic dress; but even as the eye admires their loveliness, the soul remembers that all this beautiful magnificence is but the precursor of impending ruin and of the ugly blackness and gauntness of winter. So press destruction and downfall always close upon pride and ostentatious display. The modest green of living summer is better by far than the gold and crimson and purple of dying autumn.

THE CITIZENS' LECTURES.

The first lecture of the Citizens' Lecture Course was given in the college chapel on the evening of Monday, September 28, by Rev. Dr. Scott Hershey, the well-known Presbyterian pastor of Washington City. Dr. Hershey is thoroughly at home in our Buckeye State, having been for several years in charge of congregations at Lancaster and Middletown. He was the youngest member on the floor of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance meeting at Edinburgh in 1877. Since then he has been a man of growing reputation both in the pulpit and on the lecture platform. The subject of his lecture the other evening was "Infidelity a Failure." He traced the history of infidel belief from the earliest times, pointing out the fact that every period of the ascendancy of unbelief produced a succeeding period of political and social ruin. "No infidel," said he, "was ever a patriot," and he proved this rather startling assertion most effectively. The effort was from beginning to end a scathing arraignment of skeptics and skepticism, and bore convincing weight in every sentence. Dr. Hershey is an eloquent and unusually forceful speaker.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 8th inst., Jahu De Witt Miller spoke before a very large audience on the theme, "The Uses of Ugliness." Mr. Miller has recently been winning an enviable reputation as a platform orator by efforts in the presence of assemblages representing the highest American culture. He is an especial favorite at Chautauqua and many other of the best summer assemblies. His lecture here was entertaining and at the same time highly profitable. It sparkled with wit, interspersed with passages of serious and sound common sense. He did not, indeed, adhere very closely to his subject; but his hearers thoroughly enjoyed the digressions in which he smote with no light hand some prevailing social abuses.

The Philomathean orchestra has agreed to furnish music for the lecture course, and each entertainment hereafter will, therefore, be preceded by a half hour's instrumental concert.

This is the beginning of a course whose small price puts it within the reach of every one, and whose high standard entitles it to the patronage of every student and citizen. If you have not already bought a ticket, do so before Mrs. Livermore is here.

REVIEWS.

THE *Mercersburg* (Pa.) *College Monthly* is a cheery little visitor. It bears evidence of characteristic Pennsylvania energy.

THE old reliable *Marietta College Ohio* is now eighteen years of age. It is controlled by a joint committee of the Greek letter fraternities. It is a magazine quite worthy of the high character of the institution it represents. The prize essay on Shakespeare's Henry V. is a peculiarly creditable production.

THERE has come to our table the neat little monthly published by the U. B. Church of Greenville, Ohio, under the name of *Zion's Reporter*. The editor of the *Reporter* and the pastor of the church is Rev. G. P. Macklin, class '79. The *Reporter* is crisp and spicy, and is an evident index of an earnest working spirit pervading the congregation of which it is the organ.

THE OTTERBEIN *ÆGIS*, for September, published by the students of Otterbein University, has reached our exchange table. The make up is very good and presents a very attractive appearance. The articles are timely. The *Forum* returns greetings and shall be glad to receive regular monthly visits. Every friend and graduate of O. U. should subscribe for it.—*College Forum*.

THE *College Forum*, of Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa., comes to us in a double number of the usual single size, issued both for September and October. We feel that the *Forum* is a blood relative of ours, and we are proud of the relationship. We are gratified, too, to find that it is so friendly toward its younger cousin, as its notice of us indicates. It is a good magazine in every sense of the adjective.

THE *Antiochian*, published in the interest of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, is entering upon its sixteenth year. It is edited by the students of that institution. The number on our table we are much pleased with. It is newsy and bright, and its literary articles are excellent. It strikes us, though, that the Antiochian brethren ought to hunt up some contributors, and not write the whole magazine themselves.

THE *Academy News*, of Buckhannon, W. Va., is a neat little folio, of even age with the *ÆGIS*, which we are glad to note among our exchanges. It is the organ of the West Virginia Normal and Classical Academy, an institution creditably known here by the character of those of its graduates who are now among our students. The paper is bright and readable, and yet withal has a substantial and practical air that is gratifying. The editors are W. O. Mills, a well remembered graduate of class '88, and U. S. Fleming, principals of the school.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Eight women attended the School of Law, of Boston University, last year.

The Emperor of Germany has abolished the practice of duelling in the universities of that country.

Dickinson College has established a "Chair of the English Bible," and elected Prof. A. U. Rogers, of Philadelphia, to occupy it.

Mrs. S. V. White, wife of the great Wall street broker, presented Monticello Seminary, of Godfrey, Ill., with \$5,000 to endow a scholarship.

Germany is behind the times in co-education. She gives her women only a common education and allows them only the privileges of "visitors" in her universities.

O. U. is not the only institution with a large freshman class. The University of Michigan opened the first of the month with the largest freshman class in the history of the institution.

We think good will always result from a careful study of the Bible, and are glad to note that sixty-seven seniors and ninety-two juniors of Yale, this year, elect Old Testament literature.

The University Lecture Course at Capital University, Columbus, was inaugurated the 24th of last month by Rev. D. Simon, of Prospect, O. He spoke on the necessity of introducing Christian principle into politics, literature and school life.

As an example of how we are educating the heathen and bringing them to light, a steamer bound for the west coast of Africa, from England, had on board 14

missionaries, 460 tons of gunpowder, 11 cases of gin, and 10,000 casks of rum.

The laity is not satisfied with coming to the front only in church matters, but is pushing out along the educational lines, as the great number of laymen at the head of institutions of learning will evidence. This, which the *Nashville Advocate* calls the "laicizing of education," is a matter of congratulation.

A HAPPY MEETING.

BLOOMINGTON, IND., Sept. 27, 1890.

Good evening, stranger! Whence comest thou? From Westerville, Ohio? Well, you have had a long journey, and must be very tired. You carry an appearance of jealousy on your back, but you have a pleasant expression of countenance and a neat appearance withal, so I bid you welcome. Now I shall proceed to find out who you are, and what you are, and what your mission.

Your face is strange to me, and yet I seem to discern some marks or features of familiarity. I certainly have seen you before, or at least some of your relatives, — your father, perhaps, or, may be, your maternal ma (alma mater). What is your name? OTTERBEIN ÆGIS! Aye, thrice welcome! Thou art come to visit me, and thou shalt be my guest.

Allow me to introduce you to my wife, and also to my daughter, Florence Lucile. I assure you that we are very glad, indeed, to meet you, and shall be happy to make your further acquaintance. You bring us good news and glad tidings, I trow. Tell us about O. U., please.

Well, I am delighted with your story. It makes me proud to hear of O. U.'s continued prosperity and flattering outlook. I am glad that the new teachers have begun so well, and that President Bowersox has taken hold of the work so vigorously. I am glad, too, to know of the whereabouts of some of O. U.'s sons and daughters, and how well they are doing.

I assure you that we have been much profited, pleased, and entertained by your sunshiny appearance and pleasant chat. We shall be glad to have you visit us every month. I shall arrange with the business manager at once as to your expenses. Success and long life to you, MR. ÆGIS! Good night, sir.

Sincerely yours,

W. J. JOHNSON.

HYMENEAL.

August 24, at Madisonburg, Ohio, Mr. C. G. Rada-baugh, a student of O. U. last winter and spring terms, was married to Miss Mary A. Groub.

Near Beach City, Ohio, August 14, Mr. P. M. Camp, class '90, was united in matrimony to Miss Martha E. Flexer.

We received the following invitation: Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Lillard invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Flora, to George E. Meyers, Wednesday evening, September 17, at eight o'clock, South Washington street, Marion, Indiana.

Croquet playing is quite popular this fall as well as the other outdoor sports common to college students. It is an excellent means of recreation and pleasure.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE thirteenth session of the Central Ohio Conference of the U. B. church, which convened in Westerville from the 1st to the 5th of this month, was full of interest and profit to those who attended. The meetings of the conference were held in the college chapel and many of the students of the University availed themselves of the opportunity to be present. Bishop Jonathan Weaver, who has preached the gospel for forty-five years and is well known to the citizens of Westerville, having formerly been a resident of the town, presided over the conference in his customary pleasant and masterly way.

The business meetings of the conference which began Wednesday afternoon with a short address by the bishop, were all full of life, and the deliberations were most harmonious. Rev. J. B. Resler was chosen chairman, and Rev. A. E. Davis secretary of the conference. As usual, the evening meetings were of a general character and were largely attended by those who were not members of the conference. Church extension was the general subject of the first evening session. The audience was addressed by Rev. W. J. Davis of Basil, on church erection, and by Prof. W. J. Zuck on Sabbath School work. Perhaps the most interesting of the series to those who were not members of the conference, was that of Thursday evening, in which various educational matters were discussed, first by Pres Bowersox, on education in general and more specifically on Otterbein University, then by Bishop Weaver on beneficiary education, and last by Rev. Wm. McKee, of Dayton, on the same subject, speaking especially with reference to Union Biblical Seminary. The meeting of Friday evening was devoted to the missionary interests of the church. The first talk was by Rev. McKee, treasurer of the Parent Board of Missions, which was succeeded by an address by Mrs. L. K. Miller, president of the Women's Missionary Board. Saturday evening was occupied in behalf of the young people's societies of the church. Rev. A. Snider spoke briefly concerning the Y. P. C. U., which was organized at Dayton, O., last June. Mr. E. G. Pumphrey, Miss Flora Speer and Mr. W. E. Bovey then spoke relatively in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and the Y. P. S. C. E. A conference union of young people's societies was then effected, with Rev. R. L. Swain, president; Rev. A. E. Davis, vice president; Mr. W. E. Bovey, secretary; and Rev. A. J. Wagner, treasurer.

The Sunday services were characterized by two good sermons, one in the morning by Bishop Weaver, and one in the evening by President Bowersox. Both were listened to by large audiences. Other ministers spoke in some of the other churches of the town. The conference enrolls among its members three graduates of O. U., besides several others who have at different times been classed among its students.

A PUBLIC meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be held some Sabbath in the near future.

The library room is now the arena of the busy juniors and seniors, seeking "public" subjects.

THE Otterbein Euterpean Band held its first meeting for practice Saturday morning, the 18th.

THE October prayer meeting of the freshmen class was held on the first Sunday at Mr. Morrison's, on Vine street.

THE students enjoyed a holiday, Friday, the 3d. The faculty kindly granted it on account of the Westerville fair.

WE learn from the *College Forum*, that the inauguration of President E. B. Bierman, of Lebanon Valley College, will take place on the 30th of this month, with appropriate ceremonies.

THE Freshman class assembled at the home of Miss Geneva Cornell, Saturday evening, September 27, for social intercourse. The occasion was enlivened by vocal and instrumental music, addresses, and a class poem. The hostess had spread a bountiful table, which was also fully enjoyed.

THERE will be three public rhetorical before Christmas, one of the senior and two of the junior class, which latter is this year of such size that all its members cannot perform in one evening. The dates set for these rhetorical constitute for the present, of course, a profound secret.

THE Y. M. C. A. has recently adopted a resolution memorializing the faculty to add the study of the English Bible as a text book to the curriculum of the University. It is believed that the faculty favors the idea, but it may be some time before the introduction of this new branch can be effected.

THE freshmen class think the time for dignity has arrived, and that the best way to impress people with their due importance is to hold many class meetings; so about three times a week the freshmen can be seen remaining after chapel for a class meeting.

THE rhetorical classes for this year have been assigned. Professor Guitner has charge of the seniors and juniors. The sophomores will deliver their essays and orations before Professor Garst, and the freshmen before Professor Scott. The preparatory students are divided among Professors McFadden, Miller, and Barnes. Work in most of these classes has already begun.

THE Westerville fair has been rejuvenated, and the first one for a number of years was held the 1st, 2d, and 3d of this month. Under the efficient management it was made quite a success. That which seemed to attract the students most were the bicycle and foot races. The Athletic Association furnished nearly all the contestants for these. The time made in the quarter-mile foot race was one minute.

THE preparatory students have organized their prayer meeting by the election of S. C. Swartzel, president; and W. B. Gantz, R. A. Longman, and C. B. Stoner, devotional committee. The meeting will be held, as has been the custom, on each alternate Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, in the Christian Association hall. The first meeting of the year, held on the first Sunday of the current month, was very pleasant.

THE game of ball which was to have been played between the college boys and the Dublin team the morning of the 3d, was begun very late on account of the tardiness of some of the Dublin boys. It was necessary to stop at 11 o'clock, so there was no game. So far as it went, however, the playing was very fine, and the score of the four innings was 2 to 1 in favor of Dublin.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL, of Nagasaki, Japan, a missionary of the Methodist church, now in this country on furlough, addressed a joint meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening, the 7th. Her remarks dealt with various phases of the life of a missionary in Japan, and were very instructive. She exhibited several specimens of Japanese printing and some grammars of the Japanese language, which were examined with much interest by the students.

CLASS '88 of West Virginia Academy, at Buckhannon, held an impromptu reunion here the 28th and 29th of last month. The occasion of the reunion was the visit of Mr. R. A. Hall to Westerville, thus bringing together all the class but one, Rev. H. O. Ross, Principal of the Sutton, West Virginia, school. The members of the class who were present spent some very pleasant times together. Mr. Hall went from here to Ann Arbor to take a course in law. Success to class '88.

WE have had an intimation that it will be necessary for the lecture committee to sell 450 course tickets to the citizens' course in order to add the Schubert Quartette as the eighth of their series of entertainments and get out without personal financial loss. We think the number will be reached without trouble. Good audiences have already greeted the first two lecturers. It would be a shame for both the University and the town if the public spirited projectors of so excellent and so marvelously cheap a course were not supported sufficiently to secure them from loss.

REV. W. O. TOBEY, of Flandreau, S. D., has presented to his old society, the Philophronean, a handsome pipe made of the celebrated pipestone, or catlinite; and Mrs. Tobey has presented to her society, the Philaethean, an elegant inkstand of the same material. Both were made by a Sioux Indian of that place, whose name is Wahha-Paapa-Moshoiaha, or Rain-on-the-head. The articles are quite a novelty, and show the wonderful qualities of the pipestone as well as the skill of the redskin who wrought them. These articles came from the same quarry which Longfellow mentions in the "Song of Hiawatha."

It looks as though when President Bowersox comes to begin active duties of instruction, the people of the church will have to vacate the room at present used for prayer meetings. This is the only room now available for the President's class-room, and will likely be fitted up as such. Indeed, its use as prayer-room was first granted only with the understanding that it should be given up when needed for regular college

work. The loss of suitable accommodations for prayer meetings will, however we think, help to hasten the erection of the much-needed church edifice for the Westerville congregation, and so work good all around.

THE induction exercises of the Cleiorhetean Literary Society took place September 25. The report of the retiring treasurer showed the treasury to be in very good condition, and the hall to have undergone extensive repairs, including papering. The following interesting program was rendered:

Invocation.....By the chaplain
Piano Duet.....Ida Zehring and Ada Bovey
President's Valedictory.....Ida Waters
Critics and Criticisms.
Installation of Officers-elect.
Violin Solo.....Daisy Custer
Whispering Zephyrs.
President's Inaugural.....Lulu Watson
The Fountain of Youth.
Book Review.....Cora Shaner
His Female Relation.
Essay.....Ida Zehring
Literature in the Home.
Piano Solo.....Maud Linabury
Recitation.....Maud Waters
Jane Conquest.
Oration.....Grace Fowler
The School of Difficulty.
Vocal Solo.....Ida Zehring
Declamation.....Maud Linabury
Bachelors.
Music.....Society Orchestra

The Book Review was specially interesting because it reviewed a work of one of the society's honorary members.

By consent of the faculty, the Philaethean Literary Society gave an open session in their hall Thursday evening, October 16. The following program was rendered to a hall full of visitors:

Devotional Exercises.
Piano Duet...Euphema Downey and Laura Smith
Pen Portraits.....Maud Bradrick
Song.....By Society
Recitation.....Flora Speer
Green Mountain Justice.
Piano Solo.....Mattie Bender
Paper.....Carrie Burtner
Song....Zella and Marie Smith, May Andrus and
Lizzie Cooper.
Soliloquy on the PastMyrtle Miller
Vocal Duet.....Lizzie Cooper and Myrtle Miller
Where are the Angels, Mother?
Oration.....Nellie Adams
Purple and Fine Linen.
Piano Duet.....Leonie Scott and Lizzie Cooper
Business.
Vocal Trio—Lizzie Cooper, Mattie Bender and
Myrtle Miller

If any performance should be complimented above another, it would probably be the Pen Portraits.

PERSONAL.

R. E. KLINE is preparing a plot of the town.

MR. A. HORINE visited his son and daughter the 12th and 13th.

O. M. KRAMER spent the 18th and 19th insts. with relatives at Sunbury.

F. S. MINSHALL, of Sweet Wine, returned to school the latter part of last month.

H. J. CUSTER, class '90, left the 29th ult. for Cincinnati to attend dental college.

THURSDAY, the 15th, was the forty-third anniversary of President Bowersox's birth.

J. A. HOWELL spent a Sunday recently with Nolan R. Best at the latter's home, at Centerburg.

MR. C. S. KURTZ, a member of the Central Ohio U. B. Conference, was a student here in '86.

MISS WILKINS spent Saturday and Sunday, the 11th and 12th, with her father in Columbus.

A. S. KROHN enjoyed a visit from his father and mother from the 7th to the 10th of the month.

MRS. CORA DENNISON and husband, of Columbus, visited her brother, O. B. Thuma, Sunday, the 5th.

J. C. MOSSHAMMER returned Monday, the 6th inst., from a few days' visit to his home at Portsmouth, O.

C. F. MAHAN, of Dayton, is among recent arrivals. He enters to take a course preparatory to the ministry.

MESSRS. FANNING, Streich, Burtner and Leas, took in the dollar excursion to Cincinnati the latter part of last month.

MISS BESSIE KUMLER went to Lancaster, Friday last, to spend a few days with her old room-mate, Miss Janet Smith.

D. L. RIKE, of Dayton, Ohio, was in town on Monday, the 6th inst., to attend the usual monthly meeting of the prudential committee.

REV. JOSEPH LONG, who was a student here back in the '70's, is now the successful pastor of Avondale Circuit of the M. E. Church in Coshocton county.

MRS. NORA KRAMER, of Kirkersville, Ohio, with her mother, Mrs. Mary Jeffries, visited the son of the former, Mr. O. M. Kramer, a few days about the first of the month.

J. J. G. GRAHAM is at Dayton, Ohio, attending the Seminary. The reputation of the Academy will suffer nothing at his hands.—*Academy News, Buckhannon, West Virginia.*

REV. F. RIEBEL, of Galloway, O., a member of O. U., class '70, attended the conference here this month. He has resumed pastoral work, having been prevented from active labor for several years on account of poor health.

PROF. BYRON W. KING, the author of the article on Shakespeare's Macbeth in this number of *ÆGIS*, is doubtless not unknown to many of our readers. He is widely known in literary and dramatic circles, and possesses an enviable reputation as a teacher of elocution. As a contributor of poetry and dramatic criticism, his name has appeared among the list of contributors to several eastern publications.

WE were glad to observe that Messrs. A. J. Wagner and A. E. Davis, both of whom are graduates of O. U., are such prominent workers in the conference to which they belong.

HENRY WILLIAMS took a week off at the first of the month to make a visit to his home at Ottawa, Ohio. He made a considerable part of the distance, both going and coming, on his wheel.

C. E. SHAFER, of class '89, arrived at Westerville the 13th. He is here in the interests of the firm Shafer and Lantzenhiser, managers of the White Cottage Music House, North Manchester, Ind.

R. W. PERRY, whose last term in college was in '88, was in town during the fair. He resides at 677 N. High street, Columbus, where he is commission merchant for the Circleville Creamery.

BISHOP WEAVER, who presided over the late session of the Central Ohio U. B. Conference, held at this place, was for several years a resident of Westerville, and served as an officer of the college.

REV. W. B. LEGGET, who was in school for several years after the war, and was, for a while, agent for O. U., has accepted work in the Central Ohio Conference, and was placed on Bellpoint Circuit.

W. J. DAVIS, of Basil, who is a member of the Central Ohio Conference, and acted as assistant secretary at its recent session, was formerly a student here, and evidently enjoyed the few days spent among old scenes.

REV. F. P. SANDERS, of New London, Ohio, was here during the latter part of last month, taking final examinations in his post-graduate course. He occupied the college pulpit on the evening of Sabbath, the 28th ult.

MISSES FLORA SPEER and Anna Scott have been chosen special delegates to the State Convention of the Y. W. C. A., at Findlay, on the 31st. They will probably be accompanied by several others of the Y. W. C. A. workers here.

MR. L. W. KEISTER, of class '88, occupies a position in the Albuquerque National Bank at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Albuquerque is one of the thriving cities of the southwest, and Lindley will doubtless "make his mark" in the business he has adopted.

H. C. WAITE, of Burroughs, Mich., has entered school, and will probably take the course. We are especially glad of his coming among us, because his home is in a district not previously represented among Otterbein students. His presence here is, therefore, another proof of the widening of Otterbein's influence, and augurs, we doubt not, further patronage from his region.

C. B. BROWN and C. M. Fisher, of Hicksville, have recently enrolled themselves as Otterbein students. Mr. Fisher will take a complete course. Mr. Brown, who is a cousin of President Bowersox, and a former student of the State University, is classed a Sophomore. These gentlemen come from a district where Otterbein was unknown previous to the election of our president. Judge Bowersox's personal popularity in Hicksville and vicinity was largely influential in bringing these men here, and will doubtless be effectual in causing several others to follow them.

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