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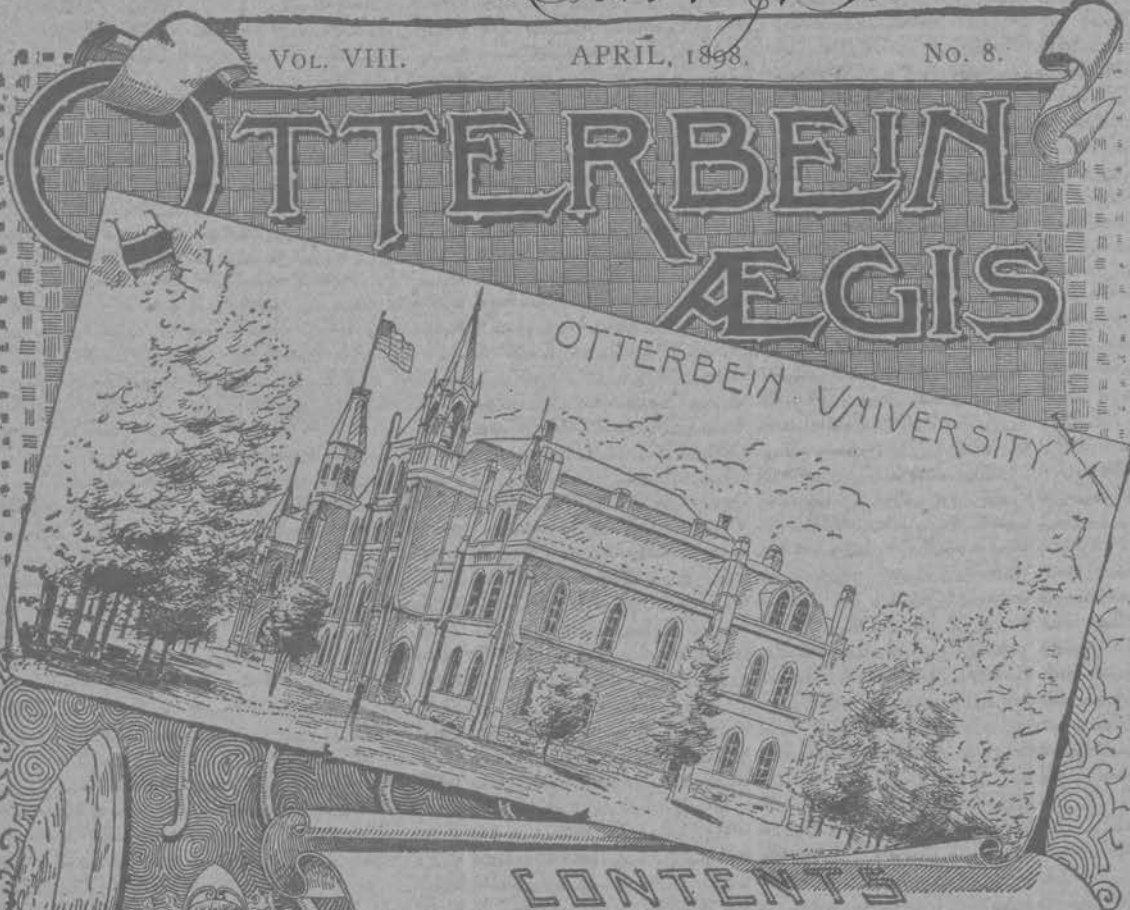
STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST NUMBER

Dr. T. J. Sanders.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 8.



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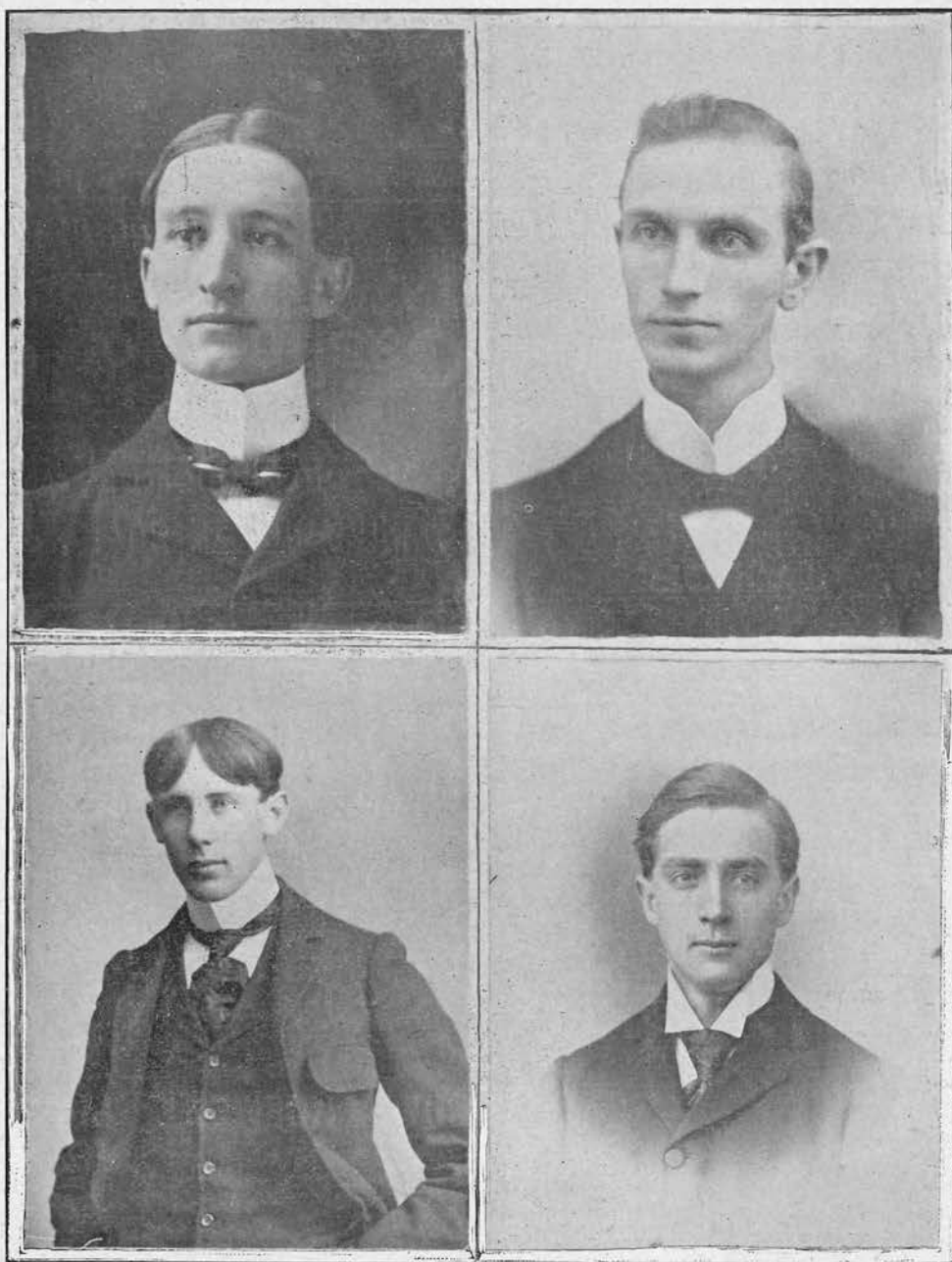
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Class Representative

Dr. Gladden, of Columbus, will represent the senior class and deliver the commencement address, June 16. Dr. Gladden is widely known, both as an author and a scholar.

Reception

On account of our going to press, we shall not be able to give account of the reception, but after the decision of the judges, the association will repair to the society halls where an informal reception will be tendered them by the local organization. A very interesting musical program has been prepared for this part of the evening and a royal good time is anticipated.

To Our Readers

There are those who would be only too glad to know where they could get a copy of the paper containing the orations delivered at the Ohio State Contest, and we wish to call the attention of our readers to this matter. After you have read your paper, tell your friends, especially your young friends, that they can secure a copy of this number of the ÆGIS for the small sum of ten cents. Every reader could, if he would, get up a club of from five to ten of those who would be delighted to have this special number. Address the Subscription Agent.

Echoes from the Contest

The third annual contest of the Ohio State Association is now on, and everything is in perfect harmony and keeping with the occasion. The college chapel is tastefully decorated and lends to the felicity of the hour. The visitors are welcomed on every side by a profusion of lovely flowers, palms and a variety of evergreens. Nothing was left undone by the committee having this part of the program in hand. The entire audience presents a picture of happiness, such as Raphael could never reproduce on canvas. Representatives from six of the leading colleges of the state are here ready to cheer on their contestants to victory. Each delegation occupies a special place in the chapel and if you want to hear them yell, it is only necessary to touch the button of the col-enthusiasm and immediately the little and big mouths open in response, and you are not long in finding out that each college has a different yell. Space alone forbids the publishing of the several yells. Even the aged do not object to such cheerful youths giving vent to

their college spirit. Mr. President let them yell! It is enough to make angelic beings smile to see such beaming faces and innocent merriment. Who does not envy a student his college days upon such occasions.

College colors are flying, and if we did not know what these ribbons mean we might think some foreign foe, perchance Spain, had landed on our soil.

Otterbein students are courteous to the visitors and their marked attention and respect reflect credit on this institution. Nothing speaks so well for a college as her students. All arrangements are completed. The contestants are in readiness, and each appears to feel the inspiration of the classic walls surrounding him. With such surroundings the orators will not fail to achieve fame, if not victory.

President Sullenberger, of Miami, is now in the chair and all is quiet and ready to listen to the masterly productions prepared by modern men on modern subjects. We shall not quote from the speakers, as this number of the ÆGIS contains all of the orations complete.

W. H. James, of Miami, the first speaker of the evening, came to the contest with a good subject and an oration of rare merit. His thoughts could not fail to electrify the students who listened to him.

Otterbein's representative, R. J. Head, was introduced, and in his usual earnest manner painted in words, "The Struggle of Civilization." His sentences were, for the most part, short, but strong. His reasoning was logical. Otterbein was ready, and as her representative closed she gave him a rousing cheer.

W. F. Wiley, of Heidelberg, understood his subject and delivered his address in a commendable manner, and judging from the expression of his delegation he was at home on the platform.

W. M. Dawson, of Antioch, delivered his oration in good style. His thoughts were good, and manner pleasing.

Ora J. Shoop, of Baldwin treated his sub-

ject, "The Mission of the College Man," in an eloquent and scholarly manner.

The last speaker of the evening, Ernest R. Meyer, of Cincinnati, did his subject justice and elicited praise for the way in which he handled "Eloquence."

The orations were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music of high order.

The following is the program as rendered:

Music—Waltz—Night in Paris	Neil Otterbein Orchestra
Invocation	Rev. Henry Garst, D. D.
Music—Hottentots	Neddermeyer Otterbein Orchestra
W. H. JAMES, Miami	Scholarship and Country
R. J. HEAD, Otterbein	The Struggle of Civilization
Music—Comrades in Arms	Adolphe Adam Otterbein Glee Club
W. F. WILEY, Heidelberg.....	My Plans for the Future
W. M. DAWSON, Antioch.....	This One Thing We Do
Music—Piano Solo.....	Selected Miss Martha Roloson
ORA J. SHOOP, Baldwin.....	Mission of College Men
ERNEST R. MEYER, University of Cincinnati....	Eloquence
Music (a) March—Gardes du Corps.....	R. B. Hall
(b) Two-step—Uncle Remus.....	Bean Otterbein Orchestra

As soon as the last speaker had finished the judges retired to the college office where they rendered the decision which completed the grading and determined the rank as given below.

JUDGES.....	THOUGHT AND COMPOSITION				MANNER AND DELIVERY				GENERAL AVERAGE	RANK
	PROF. JOHN W. GROVE	PROF. A. C. BARROWS	DR. E. L. REXFORD	AVERAGE	HON. D. K. WATSON	PROF. LESLIE INGHAM	HON. D. L. PUGH	AVERAGE		
INSTITUTION AND CONTESTANT										
Antioch— W. M. Dawson	88	87	97½	90½	96	89	74	85½	88½	1
Heidelberg— W. F. Wiley	88	70	82½	80½	98	92	78	89½	84½	3
Otterbein— R. J. Head	90	80	70	80	95	94	72	87	83½	5
Miami— W. H. James	80	81	88½	83½	90	88	80	86	84½	4
Baldwin— Ora J. Shoop	85	86	81	84	96½	89	76	87½	85½	2
Cincinnati— Ernest R. Meyer	80	71	70	73½	97	85	82	88½	80½	6

MY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

W. F. WILEY, HEIDELBERG.

SWEET, sunny childhood! Sun kissed, serene, smiling, sanguine! Crowned with happiness, healthfulness, hopefulness,—with regal tread and kingly mien, the child enters a kingdom whose paths, whose music, whose colors and whose lights are all resplendent and harmonious.

It is his,—this splendid realm. For him the lily opens a calyx of spotless purity and beauty; the velvety throats of countless songsters burst in joy-

ful matins or trill subdued and sweet a lowly vesper song; the great, wide, boundless fields are carpeted with lustrous velvet, o'er which the Goddess of Night passes in her eerie flight, leaving behind a million jewels of wondrous beauty and brilliancy; brooklets murmur a confused and unintelligible language, singing and dancing on their way to the mighty deep; symphonies which human orchestration may never rival, blend their mighty harmonies into still grander symphonies, and nature becomes a winsome, coaxing song,—a world-poem,—one mighty throbbing, bursting heart of joy.

Amazed, perplexed, but not dismayed, he stands in awe and wonder. No special appeal is or can be made to reason, for upon his tender mind the great monarch, Thought, hath not yet left deep impress. In truth he needs it

not. The realm is *his*. He can check or divert the flow of the brooklet,—arrest the song of the bird, or destroy the beauty of the lily at pleasure.

Men pass to and fro throughout his kingdom pursuing the various vocations and callings of men, and whether they be farmers, mechanics, lawyers, doctors or clergymen, each in turn attracts his fancy as being that vocation which he will adopt, for he sees in each only the brighter, more joyous side.

So in childish imagination he paints his fairy pictures and builds his princely palaces whose sturdy towers and lofty spires pierce the blue ether of childish ambition. At length, but by no intricate process of reasoning, he is prepared to issue his manifestoes, and he nails them high on the door of his fairy palace with a purpose as lofty as e'er inspired a Luther. "When I'm a man, a man, A farmer I'll be if I can, and I can!" or "When I'm a man, a man, A soldier I'll be if I can, and I can!" or yet once again, "When I'm a man, a man, A lawyer I'll be if I can, and I can!"

Assurance? Yes. Boldness? Yes. Harmful? No. I would to God that sweet, childish fancies might abide forever, and that men might never lose nor forget the power of that magical talisman, "I can." It has builded greater cities, erected nobler nations,—removed mightier mountains of sorrow, and drained deeper seas of despair, it has sung sweeter songs,—spoken grander thoughts, and raised humanity to higher planes of existence than any power e'er placed in human hands for care and keeping.

But the magical hands on the great clock of the eternities are gliding stealthily, swiftly on, and the dreamy hours of childhood fade imperceptibly and merge into the stormy, passionate hours of hot, impulsive youth. Reason dawns, and doubts and misgivings crowd fast and hard upon the brighter hope of his earlier days. Hard knocks and knotty problems, the gifts of public school life, reveal to him a world less picturesque, and with a decided tinge of realism. Life begins to assume the



aspect of a knotty problem, emphasized and rendered plain perhaps, by the knotty, gnarled, and crooked blocks of wood a tyrannical father requires him to split before and after school hours.

Transition from school-boy to collegian is sped by remorseless time, and here at last, if not before, is learned that hard, distasteful lesson, so much to our unliking, that life is to be a battle royal or servile, as we make it, with glorious success crowning only the lives of those who choose well and strive intensely.

Here, at length, we stand together halting at the parting of the ways. Let us leave, then, the plans of the speaker, humble and inconsequential as they are, and together search for a little while, for an outlined life such as we think the coming decades demand of every young man and woman of to-day.

With your choice of calling in life we have no desire to interfere. A thousand avenues lie open and inviting to your view, but one alone is intended for you. The *by-ways* of the past,—mark you *not* the *highways*,—are strewn with the pitiful wrecks of countless thousands who, with splendid talents and attainments, have gone down to awful ruin because of an attempt to follow too many callings. Ponder long and well the choice, and make certain when you arrive at the point of decision, that you are selecting that vocation, compatible with your mental, moral and physical being,—the one alone in which you can hope for true success.

At this juncture let us carefully survey the conditions that surround and confront us even to-day. No man can prepare for or guard against a certain future, unless he thoroughly understands and masters the situation in the present. Listen! Hear that confused murmuring, rising by times to the grandeur of the majestic thunderings of a Sinai. 'Tis the voice of the great masses of the common people, protesting feebly, then mightily, 'gainst the oppression and discrimination forced upon them by the rich. See that great body of laborers yonder throwing down pick and shovel,

or tool, because their wages have been reduced! See yonder millionaire congratulating himself on account of the success of government by injunction, compelling men to accept reduced wages and to work on in submission. Read of tenement life in the cities,—of sociological problems without number,—of the doctrines of arbitration between nations and men,—study corruption in our governments and then reflect! Some day, and the day is not far distant, the revolt will come which shall shatter the very fabric of our national life, unless remedy be speedily found. Oh, thick and fast multiplies the working material for the future.

This generation may yet see the grandest conflict of the ages. That right may triumph, and that civilization may march proudly on toward its high destiny, a second pre-requisite is *thorough preparation*. O young man, I beg of you, stick to the "I can" of your childhood. Let your preparation be thorough. Don't let the details escape you. Cling to your ambition, but withal imbibe all those great ethical principles which go to make broad, liberal, cultured lives. Rest assured that a few short years will bring you abundant opportunity for their application, for I am persuaded that,

"To each man's life there comes a time supreme,
One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
One freighted hour, one moment opportune;
One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam,
One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One once, in balance 'twixt too late, too soon,
And ready for the passing instant's boon
To tip in favor the uncertain beam.
Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and work and stand,
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow,
To seize the passing moment, big with fate,
From opportunity's extended hand,
When the great clock of destiny strikes NOW!"

God grant that when to each of us comes that hour supreme, we may not be found wanting.

Now briefly, we shall consider the two great cardinal virtues, from the general application of which, we believe the clouds and darkness so imminent to-day may be followed by sweeter sunshine in the succeeding morrow.

A broad, great-minded patriotism must be instilled into men and lived by them. Not that rantankerous, red-mouthed, bloody-shirt crankism, which at the very first breath of differentiation between nations cries out, "War!" and stands aching and yearning to satisfy its gory gust. No! No! Thank God that such no longer passes for patriotism, for we've learned its broader, grander signification. Nelson, at Trafalgar, nearly a century ago expressed its true meaning when he cried, "England expects every man to do his duty." Duty! Aye, that's the watch-word.

Man is the child of God and of his country, but the great trouble lies in the fact that one man insists on duty to God alone, while another's duty lies to his country solely. Both are wrong, and the truth lies just in the happy mean. Thus it is, that men are too holy to engage in politics, its grime and filth,—or they are too politic to engage in the service of a God that condemns modern politics as unholy. Give the nation men who will carry religion and honor into politics, and not politics and dishonor into religion; men who will go as a unit into the caucus and nominate clean men; men who may not be trifled with,—who cannot be bribed,—cannot be tempted nor perjured,—men of conviction, who are not hide-bound to the political views of their great-grandfathers but who dare express and labor for their conviction. Give her such men, and her power, her prestige, her people, her institutions,—all will come to approach the acme of national existence.

Let your patriotism manifest itself in an active, every-day service of your country. Show your love to her when the white-winged dove of peace hovers close to her heart, and it may be that thus the dogs of war will be forever bayed.

Lastly let your life be one of sweet philanthropy. Love toward humanity,—love going

out from your life to others. What a beautiful thought! You don't need money and lands to become one. God gave you stock in trade to last for a life-time. Let the first act of your life be to stamp out forever that vile misanthropy which clutches at the heart-strings of the harp of humanity, tearing and rending them,—calling forth wails of children and women in the high treble, and the groans and imprecations of men in the muttered bass. Substitute that mild philanthropy, which, touching the tender heart-strings with the finger of love, evokes the wonderful harmony of childish laughter and woman's joy, coupled with the deep complacent bass of human brotherhood. Give to all mankind its rights,—to the child the right of joy and happiness,—to woman the right to be loved, truly and honorably,—the right to a home where she shall be queen. Give to men the right of opinion, if that opinion be justified by reason. You will probably never know it all. Study the ethics of the great teacher Christ. Forever abjure a denominationalism which seeks to exalt the church specific over the grand universal brotherhood of men in the church instituted by Christ. Spurn sectism and live the life of the Christ-man, leaving to God the rest. Bind up the broken hearts you find with the balm of sympathy,—comfort the sorrowing, bringing the sweet waters of Lethe, to the souls of the troubled.

And finally, "Look up and not down" says Edward Everett Hale; "look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand." *Duty* and *service* are to be the keynotes of the future and the great choir of strong, vigorous, manly, young men, catching up the keynote will carry into succeeding decades an anthem attuned to heavenly harmony, to which e'en the angels may deign to stoop and listen. "Then," says Tennyson, "come the statlier Eden back to men; then springs the crowning race of human kind."

THE STRUGGLE OF CIVILIZATION.

R. J. HEAD, OTTERBEIN.

GOOD for the good, and bad for the bad is the great law of history. For every effect there is an adequate cause. The thought is the parent of the deed. Yesterday is the ancestor of to day. To-day is the progenitor of tomorrow. There is and must be a connecting link thro' all ages. There is and must be an underlying purpose for the perfection of man, or nature is one great falsehood. There is and must be an all-wise power controlling all things to this end, otherwise past development is a myth and present progress is a delusion. Periodic change, continuous conflict, and ultimate improvement, are the characteristics of the past. Expectancy, uncertainty, discontent, and general disturbance are the marks of the present. Severe contests of right against might, labor against capital, law against anarchy, democracy against plutocracy, and civilization against heathenism, are the indications for the immediate future. But brotherly kindness, neighborly thoughtfulness, and a generous spirit of helpfulness, are elements working for the permanent elevation of the race in the more distant future.

War has been declared. The death struggle has begun. Two classes are watching the con-



test. On the one hand the cry is heard, "The rich are growing richer; the poor, poorer." Greed is king and oppression is his minister of state. Bribery, political depravity, and corrupt administration are his courtly attendants. Vice and crime, popular discontent, and general lawlessness flourish under his fostering care. Property, beggary, and pauperism are his knightly sheriffs obeying his royal commands. But freedom, independence, and equality of opportunity are dead and the common people are the chief mourners. Surrender is the command, retrogression is the watchword, and retreat is the inevitable consequence. On the other hand we hear, "The supremacy of selfishness is questioned." The sovereignty of the dollar has been challenged. The overthrow of tyranny and oppression is threatened, and universal peace and prosperity are promised. Enlightenment increases, labor is being lightened, and more leisure is being provided for mental and social culture. Liberty, goodwill, and harmony shall everywhere prevail.

Who is right, the pessimist or the optimist? Each has much to support him. Both have the same facts, the same causes, and the same conditions to interpret. Each grants that the struggle is final in its nature. Each believes that it is most perplexingly complicated. Both acknowledge that the present is a period of transition and that existing conditions are not final. But the underlying strata of rock in the social world and not the shifting sands of its surface must and will determine its final form.

The past of the human race is encouraging. The records of man are full of hope and inspiration. With hand and mind, with voice and pen, with chisel and level, with plough and keel, with steam and the battery, yea, even with the gun and the sword,—he has wrought wonders. He has ploughed the seas against wind and tide and has compelled the lightning to do his bidding. He has crossed the trackless ocean, peopled new continents and settled the islands of the sea. He has broken the wilds of the forests and builded his cities in their stead.

He has made provinces of the solitude and empires of the plains. He has reared flourishing states upon the desert places and built his temples and monuments upon the wild prairie. He has made the rock to spring forth as a fountain, the wilderness to blossom as a rose, and rich, nourishing food to grow instead of the thorn and the thistle. He has supplied hospitals and asylums for his afflicted brethren and loaded his ships with grain to relieve his famine stricken fellows. He has redeemed whole continents from barbarism and rescued new worlds from heathenism. "He is more than a conqueror." Deterred not by difficulties, stopped not by obstacles, hopeful in the face of despair, progressing in spite of occasional retrogression,—he has overthrown tyranny, triumphed over despotism, and burst the bonds of slavery.

In view of such godlike powers, such glorious achievements, such capacity for progress, dare we sound a retreat? Dare we say that man has reached his limit? Dare we declare that he is in his dotage and is tottering to the grave?

The present is apparently contradictory of the past. It is chaotic. All is unrest and confusion. Many antagonistic forces are striving for mastery. Great interests are at stake and mighty issues are involved. We are living in a revolutionary age. Industrial, social and commercial conditions are changing. A crisis, vast and momentous, is being reached. The material progress of this country is responsible. Steam and electricity have raced with time and successfully grappled with space. By these, all countries have been connected as one empire. By these the oceans have been made streets for the world's commerce. By these, human activities have been quickened and human relationships have been changed. Labor-saving devices and time-saving machinery have lessened the cost of production and largely increased the products. The railroad and the steamship have facilitated travel and transportation. The press, the post, the telegraph, and the telephone have made intercommunication

easy and have disseminated the ideas of progress.

The result is that everywhere there is an abandonment of the old and an eagerness to clutch the new. Keen competition, fiercely struggling to keep pace with the accelerated forces, has waged a mighty warfare. Combination, co-operation, and centralization are sought in every sphere of activity. Individuals, cities, and even nations are engaged in a close struggle of existence. Old methods have been abandoned and new ones substituted. Many industries have been destroyed and many new ones created. Thus, ordinary industrial and commercial conditions have been disturbed and thousands thrown out of employment unable to adjust themselves to the new order. Great distress and discontent are the natural consequences.

Again, in this keen competition, in this quickened rate of progress, in this centralization of forces, the small and the weak are unable to hold their own. The struggle is for the "survival of the fittest." The special store gives place to the great departmental store. While a cry of distress comes from the defeated merchant, a shout of delight goes up from a hundred others who have been benefited by the larger and better organized business. But these new conditions favor the accumulation of wealth into the hands of a few. Soulless combines, heartless trusts, and cruel monopolies abound. Selfishness and oppression seem to reign supreme. Luxury and extravagance may be contrasted with poverty and misery upon every hand. Labor unions have sprung up to fight the new foe and disastrous strikes have blackened the pages of history.

Once more, this concentration of wealth furnishes the essentials for the reign of plutocracy. This greedy monster, this devouring beast, this many armed octopus, has its paralyzing limbs upon every industry. Bulls and corners everywhere handicap legitimate business. The exercise of an exceedingly great power, unbalanced, unwieldy, and dangerous in the extreme is everywhere felt. The newspaper no

longer reflects public opinion, but the personal bias of its editor or proprietor. It obeys the dictates of the political boss or advocates the views of some Croesus. Free speech is actually assailed. Injunctions are issued against public speakers and outspoken professors are discharged from heavily-endowed universities. Votes are sold and bought, employes are intimidated, and municipalities and legislatures are bribed. Money appears as the supreme potentate, "a lord of lords and a king of kings." Wall street has become a czar both in commerce and state. The Rothchilds control the treasuries of European countries and are the power behind the throne that makes peace or war. Can such conditions be permanent? Will such high-handed measures be tolerated? Will enlightened public opinion suffer this to go on?

There can be but one answer. The masses have begun to think. Compulsory education has enabled them to peruse the standard authors and to become acquainted with the topics of the day. They are filled with new ideas, new aspirations, new desires, new wants. These are loudly clamoring for gratification. And in proportion as these are satisfied, popular discontent is lessened. But are these new wants being fully supplied? Is popular discontent being diminished? By no means. The wants of the common people have grown and multiplied beyond their power to satisfy them. True, authorities are not wanting who say that wages are higher and that the purchasing power of the dollar is greater than at any other time; and, therefore, the working man is better off than ever before. But this is true, a greater disparity exists between his *wants* and his *means* than at any other period. This is the only proper test. The wealth of the United States increased twenty-five per cent. during the last decade. But does anyone affirm that the condition of the working man has kept an equal pace? The wealth of Great Britain has increased over one hundred per cent. since 1840. Does anyone really believe that the laborer has benefited to the same extent? Pro-

ducts have increased, in some instances, one, two, and three hundred fold. Does anyone declare that the income of the common man has multiplied in like manner? Strange, that the workingman with his improved tastes and multiplied wants should go barefooted because of an over production of shoes! Strange, that western farmers should burn corn because of a superabundance of coal! Strange, that the poorest of the poor should pay more for each cubic foot of air than the richest of the rich! Strange, that the Nineteenth Century should close with an economic despotism, and industrial tyranny, and a social war! But such is the prospect. Having obtained *political* equality the masses are now seeking *economic* equality. Having acquired the tastes and desires of the classes they are seeking the same means to gratify them. Equality at birth and death argues equality during life. But inequality of opportunity, unfair distribution of profits, and unjust discrimination of offices will impel the many to contend for more equitable conditions. Labor has discovered that capital is but a part of the industrial fabric. Its prosperity means the prosperity of the entire social organism. It is society's meat and drink. Commerce, wealth, science, art and literature could not exist but for labor. They feed and grow on its products. It is the fundamental condition of all civilized life. Hence, with labor recognizing its importance and feeling that it is undervalued and determined to have its rights, fierce conflict must result in every phase of life and in every quarter of society.

But the classes also have begun to think. An enlightened democracy must triumph. The few to save themselves must compromise with the many. Mutual dependence and not independence is the watchword. The new conditions are imposing upon every man a care for his fellow. The growing interdependence of society demands and expects unrestricted reciprocity of service. Invention and commerce are fast making mankind one brotherhood. True, the energies and agencies excited into

activity by present injustice, menace the existing order; but wisely directed they will add momentum to the march of progress. The tremendous application to current problems will surely develop a formula for their solution. Plain facts and simple truth clearly set before a free people will result in a right decision. Improved machinery reduces the cost of necessities and multiplies the number of lighter and higher employments. It gives more time for personal culture. The material progress of the nineteenth century is an essential condition for the spiritual progress of the twentieth. Its one absorbing thought will be humanity, its supreme care the welfare of mankind, its great employment soul development. Thus, truth will finally triumph; righteousness will ultimately prevail; universal peace will surely come; the morn of the golden age will certainly dawn.

SCHOLARSHIP AND COUNTRY.

W. H. JAMES, MIAMI.

IN the history of the founding of our government nothing is more beautiful than the zeal with which our fathers labored, that sound knowledge should be the basis of our civic fabric, and that their children should have the advantages of a broad general culture. Their most sanguine hopes are now being realized, and the work done by the colleges and universities which are scattered all over our land has proven their wisdom. Whatever legislation may have effected wisely or not, it has always done princely things for the student; and now this country, which has done so much for us as educated men, asks for some return.

There are many men of splendid abilities and fine training in our land to-day who are justly complaining of the maladministration of public affairs and the abuse of public trust, but who nevertheless do not in any way whatever strive to rectify the evils which everywhere abound. We must admit that in the retire-

ment of the study or the quiet home the student finds that seclusion which makes it possible for



him to accomplish much that is useful to mankind. Here also he finds a congenial atmosphere where, freed from the annoyances of public life and the burdens of public trust, he can lead a life of sweet quietude and

study. To keep aloof from the turmoil of the outside world is the scholar's temptation. But although the man of finer feelings may shrink from the degenerating influences of public affairs; although he may not directly feel any indebtedness for the gifts which he has received at the hand of the state: still as an educated man among men, as the embodiment of the nobility of mankind, he can not escape being burdened with the consciousness of the debt that he owes to humanity in general. If for no other reason than a sense of duty to mankind, the educated man should cease to be a mere spectator of that which is worthy in public affairs, and a mere critic of that which is evil.

Educated young men of the present, a glorious opportunity and an arena for splendid action are offered you by the state. Every moment in our national history is a moment of crises; every hour an hour of splendid destiny. Customs are fast forming themselves into fixed principles. Your education should not be used simply as a weapon to carve out a selfish fortune, but to aid in the uprearing of a great

commonwealth. The machinery of government demands many servants to keep it in action, and its complexity and delicacy demand the services of men of the best trained mind and highest honor. He is great and he alone who confers the most benefits, but he is base who receives much but nothing gives. The educated young men of the present, as representatives of the better element in society, have had left to them a sacred trust, a trust which should be as dear to them as life itself.

Aeschylus tells us that Agamemnon, on returning home after a perilous absence of more than ten years at the siege of Troy, before addressing his friends, his people or even his family, saluted his country. It becomes each of us to cultivate such a love of country and to emulate his patriotic fervor. The first generous emotion which comes to every young man on reaching his majority should not be quenched by selfish ambition, for on such patriotic sentiments the future well-being of our land depends. We should not keep our powers in reserve for some moment of great crisis to call them forth to action; in our day such a crisis may never come. But with a zeal for purity and honor we should go forth to the great conflict of right and justice in public affairs, living true to the noble impulses which the glory of our republican institutions engenders.

The present is indeed a golden age for educated men. The work of the sturdy pioneers has been nobly accomplished, the wilderness has been cleared, the wild beast and savage subdued. Freedom of thought and action is now assured. The opportunities for a broad general culture, for calling forth the best gifts that are in us are at our command, and the only thing we need to war against is selfish ambition. The public good should be our goal, and we should remember that every sacrifice for country and fellow men may swell through years to ocean tides of benefit.

There is no public office however insignificant but can be made worthy by men of ability and unimpeachable honor; but if we

are content to allow the affairs of state to be managed by those whose selfish desires and whose narrow ideas of life obscure the vista which lofty patriotism ever places before them, our present civilization cannot long endure. If public trust and public office continue to be sought only for self glorification and not for the opportunity which they afford as a field for patriotic action; if politicians are hailed as patriots; if public distinction is allowed to cover private faults; if men are chosen to office on account of party allegiance rather than for their fitness or ability; the time is near at hand when the turmoil which is ever going on in political circles will so engross men's minds and hearts that in striving among themselves, they will forget the common good and in contending for the furtherance of their own interests, the interests of our great land will be overlooked.

So far in our own history none of the foreign or ancient influences have gained a footing, but other forces are warring for existence, forces which only scholarship and exalted patriotism will suffice in rebuffing. Labor and capital from opposing camps are moving toward one another, to meet, let us hope and believe, as Esau and Jacob met among the mountains of Gilead, to be reconciled; but it may be to meet as Pompey and Caesar met at Pharsalia. We must confess that we can expect no Caesar. On our map no Rubicon can be found. But then we can confidently hope to see this communistic madness rebuked and ended. If not rebuked and ended, if the scholarship of our land does not take up the great problem which confronts us, as the sad-eyed Romans nineteen hundred years ago, we also shall be forced to view with pain a declining republic.

In the solution of the great problems of the day, the student finds a field for practical labor. It is the characteristic of the strong nature to seek the satisfaction found in the attainment of a high and lofty ambition; it is the weaker nature which does only that which brings the greatest personal satisfaction.

Therefore, educated men, flee your temptation and seize your opportunity. What man has done, man can do again. Our country is still in need of men and always will need them. The great army of those who form creation's blank finds many recruits, and is now overcrowded; but educated men, manly men, men whose principles are fixed by everlasting patriotism, are ever at a premium.

"Mourn not for the vanished ages,
With the great, heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages,
And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old world
In the men that are to be."

THE MISSION OF THE COLLEGE MAN.

ORA J. SHOOP, BALDWIN.

LIFE is a grand reality. Its mission is the common heritage of all mankind. To meet its requirements with honor, to discharge its duties and its responsibilities with distinction call for the most thorough development of the physical and mental powers. Merely to live in this age of struggle requires some force of character and no small amount of personal endeavor; but to keep abreast of the tireless march of the world of business, of statesmanship, of scholarship de-



mands that we possess a cultivated intellect and the power of unceasing and vigorous and prevailing exertion.

The thinking man in these closing days of the century is confronted with many important problems; questions of sociology, questions involving relations of capital and labor, questions of finance, questions of municipal and civil service reform, and questions that belong to the field of diplomacy. These are some of the serious problems that require the early attention of our nation. With such complex requirements, the age demands men of unusual efficiency and power, men of broad sympathies, of commanding intelligence, of inflexible morality; men who will deny themselves to advance the interests of society, of the state and nation, who will not compromise on any question involving important consequences.

The age calls for men with the energy of a Washington, the fearlessness of a Beecher, the inspiring power of a Phillips, the indomitable courage of a Grant. Where are such men to be found? The response comes from a multitude of voices saying, "in our educational institutions." In the veins of college men has flowed some of the best blood of American citizens. Of such men, in past times, the deeds on the field of battle, the services in the forum of statesmanship form a distinguished chapter in our history. Through the epochs of national growth men of such stamp were the saviors and guides of our country. In the struggle for independence from British tyranny, the scholar for the time turned himself into the soldier; or, with his pen he encouraged his countrymen. All honor to our revolutionary fathers, and thrice blessed the memory of the illustrious dead who, leaving the temples of intellectual fame, sacrificed hope, ambition, life, on the altar of their country!

When our martyred president proclaimed the emancipation of the negro and called for volunteers to preserve the nation, there gathered around the emblem of liberty many of

the leading intellects of our nation. They came from the business house, the office, the study, the college and university. Student, professor, and president alike enlisted in fair freedom's cause and distinguished themselves among the country's most patriotic and most serviceable soldiers. Their blood dyed the ground of a hundred battle fields, while the voices of their compeers not in arms were heard throughout the land and across all seas, favoring judgment and justice, pleading the cause of right. The heroic deeds of the college-bred soldier, and the undying devotion of the college-bred statesman are among the most memorable records of our history, ranking among the grandest monuments of human greatness.

Great as has been the demand in the past for the services of the scholar, the needs of the present are even more imperative. Never before in the life of our nation was there so loud and so general a call for men of deep learning and Christianized intelligence. Never was there so glorious an opportunity for the college men. Among the turbulent elements he is called to be "a rock in the ocean, tranquil amid raging storms." Among the unlearned and improvident he is to be the guide to conduct them into profitable industry. Among the lowly and heavy-laden he is to be an inspiring and encouraging leader, a light to lighten those that grope in darkness. Among the vulgar he is to be the influence to inspire them to seek nobility of life and character. He need not teach people the classics, nor demonstrate to them the propositions of geometry; he is to affect them with the pulsations of a fuller, nobler life, to thrill them with the power of a heart more generous and friendly than their own, to create and mould public sentiment, to lead and advance columns of civilization.

THE COLLEGE MAN IS BEST FITTED FOR
LEADERSHIP,

First, because of his disciplined mind. He has prepared himself by the most thorough

course of training. He has educated his mental powers. He has become accustomed to dealing with difficult and intricate problems. Through acquired knowledge and discipline he has been nurturing his capacities for useful service. Each truth mastered and each fact acquired has been preparatory to and prophetic of his future achievements. Education has quickened his faculties into life and activity, has invigorated his mind, has trained and perfected his natural aptitudes. The educated man has no idle faculty, no paralyzed mental force, no untutored talent. By his contact with books and scholars, by his patient search for truth he has strengthened his mind, and has made his talents to shine with glory and splendor.

THE COLLEGE MAN IS BEST FITTED TO LEAD,

Second, because by his attainments he is freed from the constraints of narrowness. He is not limited to the confines of his own state and his own time. His education has enabled him to understand the affairs of all the nations, and thus to profit by the wisdom of every age. He masters the secrets of ancient nations and exhaustively studies the facts of later history that he may satisfy present public needs, and formulate public policy for the future. He guards with sacred vigilance the questions of the present and upon their issues forecasts the trend of future events. He believes that the right solution of the problems of to-day foreshadows what should be the character of the statutes of to-morrow. With his eye on the future of our nation he sees in the reform of the civil service the rescue of all federal offices from prostitution to the ends of greed. He beholds in the general diffusion of education the general dissipation of the clouds of ignorance, and reads in the crimson hues along the horizon the dawning of a new day, a brighter era, civilization triumphant, intellect and conscience occupying their rightful throne, dictating to man the manner of exercising his sovereign power.

THE COLLEGE MAN IS BEST FITTED TO LEAD,

Third, because he has a broader grasp of life. He sees existing conditions in their true relations, and espouses a cause not from narrow party dictation, nor from narrower selfish ambition, but in the broad interest of humanity. People watch his movements, weigh his actions, and judge of the results of his endeavors. They see with what harmonious adjustment the different conditions of life yield to his moulding and transforming touch. They are charmed by the majesty of his personality; they catch the inspiration of his master spirit; they enlist with him to seek the triumph of his undertakings. Thus he brings causes to a final issue and settles them forever. These causes once settled become stepping stones to higher civilization.

Such a man is a controlling factor, the dominating spirit of his time, who, out of the fullness of his nature, inspires his generation and writes his name in the hearts of future millions. Ignorance has ever been the foe of republican institutions, the enemy of every attempt at advancement. Ignorance incapacitates man for political service, it obstructs national progress, and weighs down a people to their ruin. Those who declaim against education make a moral assault upon the welfare of mankind. But a cultured intellect and a disciplined heart have ever been the true safeguards of our republic, the most efficient and reliable forces contributing to her progress. The educated man will be the "plumed knight" of the coming century, and his wisdom and energy will direct the century's development to yet grander and more glorious triumphs.

By his broad grasp the college man comprehends all the points both of an aggressive and of a conservative policy. He becomes conservative where prudence suggests, and aggressive where wisdom and honor dictate.

The man thus endowed will live in the memory of mankind as the architect of states and a benefactor of his age.

THIS ONE THING WE DO.

W. M. DAWSON, ANTIOCH.

THE scholar would divide the history of the race into various ages, periods and epochs, for convenience only—there are no real dividing lines in human progress. There are certain results brought about by striking and perhaps revolutionary methods, but these are simply the sudden utterance of a mighty, working force in human life. The solidarity of universal experience is such that to change a single event of history would alter in due proportion the present state of civilization. Humanity is a whole. It has a single life, a single history and there have always been two elements in its character that have worked preeminently in determining the course of human affairs. These two forces, simple and common as they seem to all in that they are part and parcel of every thought and deed, are the powers of good and evil. We may equally well term them love and hate, right and wrong, truth and falsehood.

From all time these two elemental forces in human nature have been striving for supremacy. The forces of evil are great, but not eternal. They have no inherent power of self-preservation and they fall with the lapse of time like the rock that crumbles into nothingness under the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere. The power of falsehood is negative and simply blocks the advance of truth. It is like the moraine that gathers at the foot of a mighty glacier and attempts with its ponderous mass to stem the onward course of that tremendous power as it moves slowly down the mountain toward the sea. The rubbish at times accumulates in such immense heaps that the glacier is hid from view and a cursory observation would lead one to believe that the whole is no more than a conglomerate of rubbish, earth and stones. But the penetrating eye of the geologist looks deeper than the surface and the truth which impresses him most is the fact that in spite of the immense moraine, the

powerful glacier is moving onward to the sea.

"Great is the truth," runs the old proverb, "and it shall prevail." That truth and right must finally bear universal sway has been the inspiration of struggling humanity from the beginning. Men have always believed that the best is still to come, and this thought has won for them their greatest battles. Defeat must have been their portion, had they believed otherwise, and yet we find men who are wasting their energies in trying to inculcate the vicious, poisonous pessimism that the world and especially our own dear land is growing steadily worse. Their discouraging voices may often be heard in political, religious and educational assemblies. They live in perpetual darkness never penetrated by the freshness of morning. But it is safe to say they judge all things by their own social environment and never dream of widening their petty circle of knowledge until it becomes tangent to the great, universal truths of nature. To use a borrowed figure, they forgot that their lives "in the duration of human affairs are but as flashes of lightning in the duration of the night." In times of national disturbance, the pessimist does not look deep enough into the nature of things to note the indications of good. He looks out upon the world as a sailor, looking out upon a storm at night, sees the vastness of the deep illumined by the lightning flash. The waves roll high, the rain falls in torrents and the sky above is dark as the heaving sea beneath. Were he ignorant of such conditions and of the indications of ensuing calm, he would conclude that destruction was inevitable. He could not realize that the passing storm will clear the sky and purify the atmosphere. He would despair, when perhaps no later than the morrow, "the rainbow's lovely form, evanishing amid the storm" might be spanning the heavens with its bow of promise.

In saying that the influence of the pessimist is harmful, that his conclusions are narrow and often false, let me not commit the error of going to the opposite extreme. The sad fact that dangerous enemies threaten the prosperity of

our nation is only too evident to all. So far as enemies without are concerned, I do not believe there is a nation on the face of the earth that can penetrate the United States and drive her citizens even three hundred miles from their homes to a distant inland refuge. No, our greatest enemy is not Germany, France or Spain. If there is any foe that threatens the flag of our country or is capable of trailing it in the dust, it is the immorality of our own people. Even Rome fell, and when we see the dreadful condition of society in many other localities, even the most optimistic observer must conclude that the moral atmosphere of America must be purified, or the stars and stripes will float amidst corruption sufficient to poison our waters from one ocean to the other. The lives of untold numbers are passing away in swiftly flowing currents and wasting their energies like the plunging torrent of Niagara. Millions of men are idle. The earnings of the toiling masses are hoarded by the few. Helpless children cry for bread and clothing, while the rich lie restless on their couches, trembling lest one dollar of their millions may slip from their grasping hands. Bribery, cheating, lying, theft, dishonesty, licentiousness—these are facts we cannot deny. It is these dismal colors which the eye of the pessimist reflects.

If these were the only premises from which to draw our conclusions, no inspiration of hope would thrill American life. It would rather despair of accomplishing the great purpose for which our nation was founded. But it requires only a glance to see that evil does not preponderate over good in our present civilization; and one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the fact that our people deeply realize the results of this corroding evil and are striving as effectively as possible to eliminate the causes that produce it. It needs but a brief review of the history of our race to prove that society on the whole is evolving into a purer and better state. Humanity has not existed so long without profiting by its experience. All nations that have risen to any great eminence in the world have risen because humanity was to be

taught through them some great eternal truth. In the civilization of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians and the Arabians, we find the world enriched by their discoveries in arts and sciences. The Hebrew people gave the world a pure religion, and well does the historian say: "Of all the elements of the rich legacy bequeathed to the modern by the ancient world, by far the most important in their influence upon the course of events, were those transmitted to us by the ancient Hebrews." The Greeks inspired the world with a love of the beautiful in poetry and art. The Romans taught the power of law and discipline, while a truth yet more valuable is to be gained from their downfall—the truth that ruin is inevitable when a nation divorces itself from morality. The testimony of Rome is written in red letters across the face of history that luxury, sensuality, prosperity and perpetuity do not and can not coexist. The feudal system of the Middle Ages taught that man's safety lies in his friendship with other men and not in his hostility. And were we to follow the course of history still further, even down to our own times, we would find that every nation, however insignificant, has had a mission to fulfill, and through the object lesson of its life has contributed something to the store of truth which has characterized the highest modern civilization. In the history of all great nations that have had their rise and fall, this one chief end of their existence stands out preeminent; but lofty as have been their purposes, I believe the United States has the grandest, holiest mission of the ages to fulfill. No other land was ever discovered with the attendant desire of spreading Christianity. No other country was ever colonized for the purpose of religious liberty. The majority of her struggles have been directly for the freedom of the race. No other nation in all history, unless we except our mother country, has passed through such an experience as our late Civil War and closed it with an extension of universal pardon to all participants. Tell me if you can of more than a single parallel to the United States in the peaceful settlement of all

difficulties involving the interests of other nations. Only a few weeks since, when the news of the Maine disaster appalled the world, the people of this country proved the depth and sincerity of their patriotism by maintaining under intense excitement an unswerving conservatism, unwilling to rush madly into war with a sister nation unless duty, honor and justice should call them. The best manhood of America was symbolized in the conduct of Captain Sigsbee and his crew, and in the combined steadfastness and wisdom of President McKinley.

Do you ask what one thing we as a nation are divinely appointed to do? I answer, our mission is to centralize in one great power the truths which have been transmitted us from the past, and by their agency bring about the brotherhood of nations. The eyes of the world are turned upon us and our example will be followed by others. Our government was founded upon the fundamental principles of justice, fraternity and love, and so long as our citizens live true to that ideal, "charity for all, malice toward none," which framed our constitution, so long we shall not fail to accomplish the one thing for which America was discovered and colonized, the one thing for which she passed through more than a dozen wars, and by virtue of which she may justly claim the laurels of civilization. America must not stop short of her ideal. She must continue to advance and if ever she is to be recognized by posterity as having lived to teach a great truth, her name must be identified with that of peace and brotherhood. The complete recognition of the law of love in both national and international affairs is the only thing that can insure the perpetuity of any nation. No government ever permitted its people, with or without the forms of law, to oppress and degrade the weak, which did not in the end become the slave of its own slaves. This country is vested with great powers and her use of them will be the final test of her character. If she becomes tyrannical, the laws that would otherwise preserve her will inflict destruction. We have reached that

period in the history of the world when no nation can go to war for a trifling cause. The whole field of knowledge is being transformed through the conception of evolution by law. The astronomer has demonstrated that eternal change is the grand order of the solar system. Inductive science now extends beyond the physical world and takes the moral world into its empire. While the material domain is more prominent to the eye, order and progress, working together harmoniously, cause irresistible growth in the spiritual kingdom. Nothing moral is ever settled by force. The nation that leads the van of civilization will teach the world not to settle disputes by the sword, but by arbitration in the high court of an enlightened conscience which recognizes the interdependence of nations and the universal brotherhood of man.

ELOQUENCE.

ERNEST R. MEYER, CINCINNATI.

LOOKING back over the long vista of time, we see man continually striving to express, in some form, the world in which he lived. At first this effort found utterance in human speech; then music, painting and sculpture were also employed. As the world progressed and man advanced in civilization, he began to depart from the pure ideal of nature and to create artificial modes of expression, until now in this age of boasted culture and refinement, we have all but lost sight of the principle



that the object of all true art should be to exhibit nature. To this end should the painter breathe life in glowing colors upon his canvas; the sculptor make the dull marble speak; the architect rear his stately structures; the poet build his beautiful rhymes; and the musician order the sweet harmony of sound.

Eloquence is a combination of all art. Its one great purpose is to show forth nature, God's own handiwork, in all its beauty and sublimity, whether in the material sights and sounds about us, or in the portraying of the soul of man himself. In the order of social relations, man is born to act upon man, and human speech is one of the mediums of eloquence.

In the present day it is deemed sufficient if a public speaker, in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the lecture platform, select some grand, striking text or topic, and in beautifully chosen words and rounded periods, depict the scenery amid which the events occurred, the historical associations of the subject, and the different views which have been held concerning it. But this is not eloquence. Eloquence is to present great truths in the light of reason; to clothe the subject in the beautiful garments of imagination; to gather about it familiar scenes and incidents with which to portray the picture of human life; in a word, to penetrate into the innermost recesses of a man's hidden soul, cause him to feel like a new being, and thus to lead him, a willing captive, to the regions of light and truth.

Think for a moment of what the human body is capable. When every part of it is brought into play—the voice with its thrilling tones; the eye flashing like lightning from a summer cloud; the lips, full of truth and beauty; the countenance, glowing with emotion; and the whole frame swaying in graceful poise—what can equal it? Yet much more than high emotions and a good delivery are needed to constitute true eloquence. The human mind is like an unswept lyre. Touched by a skillful hand, its chords will vibrate in the

most divine harmonies, but struck by an unskillful hand, its strings will be jarred in the most discordant notes. So the thoughts, finding expression in eloquent words, must come swelling up from the very soul, and, overflowing in their fullness, go pouring forth in an irresistible stream. When Patrick Henry, that fearless and conscientious patriot, true type of the old colonial spirit which won for this young republic of ours its freedom from tyranny and oppression, stood up in the Convention of Delegates in that memorable year of 1775, and, burning with the zeal and ardor of his deep convictions, thundered forth that splendid defiance: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!", that was eloquence!

Consider now the power of music. In every nation or tribe living upon the face of the earth we find some form or idea of this harmony of sound. From the highly cultivated musician, rendering the masterpieces of almost divine composition, down to the unlettered savage beating his rude war-dance, the love of music is inherent in the human breast. It is a tie, slight or strong as the case may be, between earth and heaven. Enter the grand old cathedral of Westminster Abbey at the hour of vesper service. The light, streaming through the richly stained windows, sheds a soft, holy beauty through the vast enclosure. The shadowy recesses and sculptured niches impart an impressive mystery to the surroundings.

A deep, awe-inspiring silence, seeming to forbid even a whisper, reigns everywhere. But now the great organ begins to play, softly and tenderly at first; then gradually increasing in power, it seems to fill the entire building with its deep rolling tones. For a moment it pauses. Then the sweet voices of the white-robed choristers break forth in exquisite melody. Once more the laboring organ takes up the refrain, and as you listen to the clear

voices as they rise and fall in regular cadence, blending in perfect harmony with the rich music of the organ as it peals forth its reverberating notes, echoing and re-echoing through the lofty arches and down the spacious aisles; then will you, swayed by an irresistible force and persuasion, confess that this eloquence!

Glance for a few moments at the art of painting. This, if true to its ideal, is but a reflection, as in a faithful mirror, of nature herself. He who merely combines lines and colors in the form of a pleasing picture, is not worthy of the name of artist. The true artist is he who transfers to his canvas the hopes, the desires, the inspirations of man; who strives to lift him above this sordid earth and plant his feet on higher ground. Look upon the picture of "The Angelus." Only a rustic scene in France, with the figures of a man and woman in the foreground. But what a depth of meaning lies in its very simplicity! The shadows of evening are falling over the rich farmland. After a day spent in hard but honest toil, these country-folk are preparing to wend their way home to a well earned repose. Yet they are not forgetful of the kind Father who has given them their life and substance, and so, before leaving His great storehouses, they are rendering their humble thanks to Him. Gazing upon those two figures of peasant man and woman, standing with bowed heads and folded hands in the deepening twilight, with the fields of ripe grain all about them, and the implements with which they have been earning their daily bread dropped by their sides, you can almost hear the distant chime of the vesper bells; all but catch the low murmur of the devotions of those simple but truly pious peasants; and your inmost soul will whisper that this is eloquence.

Turn to the realm of sculpture. There, men of rare genius and lofty inspiration have placed in imperishable marble some of the loftiest conceptions of which the human mind is capable. With them it was not merely the cold, artificial chiseling of a block of marble into even a

beautiful statue, but the breaking forth into warm breathing life, as it were, of that inanimate piece of stone. It seemed "to live, and move and have its being." Take, as an example, that grandest of all human productions, the statue of the Olympian Zeus. There, seated upon his lofty throne, was the embodiment of majesty and grace, "the father of gods and men." The massive throne, the colossal figure of the god, the golden drapery, the brilliant gems, all bespeak his wealth and power. The broad brow, the finely chiseled features, the lines of beauty in the face, the lofty yet benign aspect of the whole, attest his grace and love. Breathe into that noble figure the breath of life, and how those ambrosial curls would shake with his nod, "high heaven with reverence the signal take, and all Olympus to the center shake." Who can tell but that in the mind of the Greek sculptor Phidias there was the conception of a God more loving, more holy, more infinite than even Olympian Zeus? Could you then, standing in the shadow of such a presence, with all its attributes of a ruler of the universe, infinitely wise and powerful, loving and gracious, yet never destined,

like it, to be lost to man, have denied that this was eloquence?

But grandest of all is nature, for she is the fountain head of all art. Look about you and you will see that the whole world is full of eloquence. Truly has Shakespeare said that we "find tongues in trees, books in brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Stand by the Falls of Niagara. As you watch the onward sweep of the broad river to the brink of the precipice and then its mighty plunge over it; as you see the ceaseless and resistless downpouring of that vast volume of water and hear its thunderous crashing and roaring on the rocks below; as you note the smooth quiet of the river just at the base of the falls, and then the terrific, maddening whirlpool in the rapids beyond; and above all, behold the beautiful arch of the many-colored rainbow bending over the cataract like an angel of mercy softening its awful grandeur; then will you realize, perhaps even more deeply than the most stirring sermon could ever teach you, the power and majesty of God, and that this is eloquence!

Yes, all this is eloquence! It is not bound by the narrow confines of human speech. Whatever tends to arouse the nobler impulses

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of our nature and lift us out of our base selves, whether it be by spoken words, by music, painting or sculpture, is eloquence. It is to present truth and justice in nobler and grander forms than men had ever conceived before; to fill the eye with sights of beauty and sublimity; to hold the ear with sounds of heavenly harmony and sweetness; to breathe into the soul conceptions of purity and holiness; to delight as well as to convince, to please, to captivate, to teach, to inspire, this is the mission of eloquence—and it is a glorious one.

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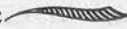
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N. Y. & Boston Ex.....	*12:45 pm	*2:15 pm
Cleveland & Buffalo.....	*12:45 pm	*2:15 pm
Delaware & Cleveland.....	†4:15 pm	†9:10 pm
Local to Cleveland.....	†4:15 pm	†9:10 pm
Southwestern Lin.....	*10:00 pm	*7:08 am
New York & Boston.....	*10:00 pm	*7:08 am
Buffalo & Niagara Falls.....	*10:00 pm	*7:08 am

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	LEAVE	ARRIVE
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*2:10 am	*1:30 am
Louisville & Nashville.....	*2:10 am	*1:30 am
Southwestern Lin.....	*7:15 am	*9:55 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*7:15 am	*9:55 pm
Indianapolis & Chicago.....	*7:15 am	*9:55 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	†9:25 am	†6:30 pm
Local to Cincinnati.....	†9:25 am	†6:30 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	†12:50 pm	†4:05 pm
London & Springfield.....	†12:50 pm	†4:05 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*2:25 pm	*12:25 pm
Indianapolis & St. Louis.....	*2:25 pm	*12:25 pm
Louisville & Nashville.....	*2:25 pm	*12:25 pm
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Hudson.....	9 15	8 25	8 40
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Akron.....	10 10	9 33	9 45
Orrville.....	11 00	10 28	10 40
Millersburg.....	11 03	10 33	10 45
Gambier.....	11 41	11 16	11 30
Mt. Vernon.....	12 40	12 25	12 40
Centerburg.....	12 50	12 40	12 50
Sunbury.....	12 55	12 45	12 55
Galena.....	1 17	1 12	1 22
Westerville.....	1 32	1 34	1 40
Columbus.....Ar	1 48	1 52	2 00
	P M	A M	A M	A M
Cincinnati.....	5 45	6 40
	P M	A M

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Westerville.....	11 30	12 35	4 35
Galena.....	11 55	1 06	5 02
Sunbury.....	12 08	1 21	5 15
Centerburg.....	12 13	1 26	5 20
Mt. Vernon.....	12 31	1 51	5 39
Gambier.....	12 55	2 20	6 05
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Orrville.....	1 11	2 40	6 25
Akron.....	2 21	3 55	8 20	7 35
Cuyahoga Falls.....	3 05	4 45	9 05
Hudson.....	3 10	4 55	9 10
Newburg.....	5 55
Euclid Ave.....	4 05	6 05	10 05
Cleveland.....Ar	4 17	6 17	10 17
	4 30	6 30	10 25
	5 05	7 05
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