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Miscellany.

THE WILLIAM GOAT.

AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Mary had a William goat
And he was black as jet;
He followed Mary 'round all day,
And liked her, you just bet!

He went with her to school one day,
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the children grin, you know,
To have the goat about.

But though old Whackem kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near;
He waited just outside the door
'Till Whackem did appear.

Then William ran to meet the man—
He ran his level best;
And met him just behind, you know,
Down just below the vest.

Old Whackem turned a summersault;
The goat stood on his head;
And Mary laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.

SAYINGS OF GARFIELD.

After the battle of arms comes the battle of history.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

Present evils always seem greater than those that never come.

Growth is better than permanence and and permanent growth is better than all.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in the unselfish thought.

Statesmanship consists rather in removing the causes than in punishing or evading results.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the immortal name of Washington.

I doubt if any man equalled Samuel Adams in forming and uttering the fierce, clear and inexorable logic of the revolution.

Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward the higher and better estate.

A VISION—OF REALITY.

THOUGHT I was being backward on the wings of Time many centuries; strange peoples were about me on all sides; I heard no voice of sympathy, for with me I had brought the peculiarities consequent upon the education received in my birth-land; I seemed to be alone. Approaching a gray-haired man I said, "Sir, I have lived in another age than this and I know not your customs; although the throngs encompass me, yet am I alone; may I learn of you?" "In yonder walls you may be instructed by wise men, they alone are fit to teach." "Have you been taught by them?" "In my early years, yes. Then I went forth and battled with the world for two-score years." "Has your life been large, and now that Death nears you do you fear?" "The great scholars taught me that Death comes to all and should not be met with dread, and though the future be mysterious yet the fates will guide us—but go to the city, my son, and learn for yourself these truths." I was proceeding thither but had not gone far when a young man asked, "Whither do you journey?" "I go to your University that I may learn wisdom. Tell me the ideas that are current with you in this age—what will your masters teach me? May I know how to speak well and to reason? Will I learn temperance?"

"Yonder walks one one of our professors," replied the youth. "follow him to his room. He is very wise. We learn from him both by example and precept that wine is good; only yesterday he said, 'A man may take the first glass of liquor or the twenty-fifth, and still be a good citizen and a respectable member of society.' I myself have seen wine upon his table, it must be right."

"In my own land I have known such men but good men called them 'Crauks.' What else said he I pray?"

"He believes not in the Gods, nor do I, for this man is very wise. Of late our King whom everybody loved was killed. The assassin said the Gods had 'inspired' him to 'remove' the King; our instructor said, 'this murderer's inspiration is like that received by Christians in revival meetings.'"

The young man left me and I saw him

no more until the morrow at which time he was in the University—very drunk. I visited an examination room. The fumes of liquor were stifling. I longed for my native shores where beverages were disposed of in a more private way. I was filled with sorrow. I must forget my early training. "Beware of the first drink" is a lie. *Spiritual enthusiasm begets murder.* The old man had said "death is universal—all must die. The Fates decide our destiny; beyond the grave all is dark—dark; but death must be regarded with indifference."

There is no help in life's last hour; no Christ to lead us on the way; the beautiful home of the soul we may indeed anticipate but Faith is a dogma, the Christian God a hoax.

ON SELF CULTURE.

THE following quotations, pithy with common sense, are from John Stewart Blackie's monograph on self culture. It is one of the "Standard" series, and there certainly is no other pamphlet published for ten cents that contains such sound, carefully prepared advice to college students as this. The first chapter is on the culture of the intellect, introduced by a strong line of Goethe's,

"Es ist immer gut etwas zu wissen."

Prof. Blackie earnestly advises all young men to commence their studies by direct observation of facts. The eyes must be used if we would know things here below. To strengthen the binding power of the mind, mathematics are recommended, and for the reasoning powers, logic and metaphysics. Of logic he says:

"A meagre soul can never be made fat, nor a narrow soul become large by studying rules of thinking. An intense vitality, a wide sympathy, a keen observation, a various experience, is worth all the logic of the schools; and yet logic is not useless; it has a *regulative* not a *creative* virtue; it is useful to thinking as the study of anatomy is useful to painting; it gives you a more firm hold of the jointing and articulation of your framework; but it can no more produce the knowledge than anatomy can produce beautiful painting."

This is good, but what he says of metaphysics is better yet: