

no ambition but to convert the sinner, to extend the

Bright minds have builded dainty castles of theory to explain how such a base imposter could establish so wide-spread an empire. Could they but see the lowly ruler of his race mending his own clothing, sweeping his own hearth, giving alms until he lacked bread for his own table, living a life that mirrored a soul of intense devotion to a cause that was as noble as the age demanded, the problem would be much nearer solution. But Mohammedan success, the mystery of the past and admiration of the present, will still be the mystery and admiration of the future. Mysterious because no adequate cause has been found for so large a measure of success. Admired not only because great achievements command admiration, but because Islam over-threw thousands of idols taught a purer morality than the older creeds, established monotheism over so large an era, and built up a system of education that kept ablaze the beacon-fires of learning while Europe groped through the night.

And yet Mahomet was but a man,—inspired by no god, favored by no devil, sent from no shadowy unknown with mysterious messages for humanity. No fiery stars appeared at his birth to show that a celestial visitor had descended to earth. No convulsions of nature warned sinful man to flee from the avenging deity. Mountains stood immovable, the deep remained serene, and

"Quietly as the spring-time
Weaves her verdant mantle"

he began to work out the destiny that he felt was assigned him. Self-deceived enthusiast, earnest worker in a cause that seemed holy, eternal Truth, admitting all faults, would still crown him great.

WILL OWEN JONES.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT; AND HOW IT WAS PRIZED.

By "CLARIBEL."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE STUDENT.

A co-ed's eyes in mild surprise
Did open Christmas morning,
The clock struck ten, she wakened then
This fateful Christmas morning.

Why should she smile in that quaint style
With face so full of pleasure?
The reason's this, it was her bliss
To spy a priceless treasure;

A notelet small mid presents all
She sees and quickly reads it.
"You've surely passed in French at last
The faculty concedes it."

Ah! little reck's when'er death checks
This grateful maid's existence
That note she'll prize until she dies
In spite of all resistance.

For all her fate up to that date
Her French exams were blighting.
So honored be the faculty
Her Christmas thus delighting.

A COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR HESPERIAN STUDENT.

Dear Sir:

Seeing your advertisement for correspondents I seize the chance for writing to the public.

Now, I have not had a very extended experience as correspondent and have not sent many articles to papers like yours; in fact, I may say, without exaggeration, that this is the first attempt I ever made in that direction, and if it does not come up to your standard, please return it unopened, C. O. D. with forty-seven cents for my trouble in writing it. I am going to tell you about a Prep and a Soph. Now I am the Prep though I'm not a Prep either, but the Soph called me a Prep, so I'll stick to the name and call myself a Prep.

A Soph in the eyes of a Prep, is a fellow with a look as wise as an owl in day time, who carries with him a dignified expression and a big jack knife with which he goes round plugging knives with the Preps and breaking them (the knives, not the Preps) all up; who assumes a haughty attitude, touches his hat without lifting it, and jerks his neck, when a young lady addresses him. Such is a Soph.

A Prep in the eyes of a Soph is a sneaking un-prep'ossessing little fellow of no use to any-body, who cuts up in chapel and gets into all kinds of tricks. That's a Prep.

Well, a Prep together with numerous other Preps thought it would be quite romantic to learn all the mysteries of the secret room on the fourth floor of the University: the Soph thought this way too, but, alas, he had to sustain the dignity of his class and sadly gave up the scheme. Meanwhile the Prep, regardless of all risks gains access to the room while the inmates are absent hurriedly notices the interior and flees. He decides that the exploit is too venturesome to be repeated, but having a lust for fame, he invents a plausible story full of excitement, wonder, and interest which he relates to his admiring fellow-preps with so much ingenuity that they forthwith resolved to explore the hidden mysteries of the room, and unveil its dark secrets.

In their excitement, ardor got the better of prudence, and the result is a serious accident; namely the bursting through the ceiling of the Palladian hall. Of course no body knew who did it, but the Soph, still nursing the anger he had felt at being out-done by a Prep, sees a good chance to get even with him. He discloses his plans to his delighted fellow-sophs and in a body they wait upon the poor Prep, and Soph No. 1. boldly accuses him of the crime.—Silence reigns throughout the universe, the very breeze stirring up the rustling leaves is hushed, and even the ripples on Salt Creek ripple no longer. The unfortunate Prep grows home-sick; his cheeks assume the brilliant tint which ornaments the western sky at sunset, and great pools of salt water climb up into his optics. Now he moans in agony, his thoughts revert to his mother, and he looks around for a rat-hole in which to hide. Then the pent-up delight of the Sophs breaks forth in one wild demoniac laugh resounds through the building like the gentle murmur of a Nebraska zephyr. When the Prep recovers from his surprise and indignation he utters the impressive words of scripture,—“You lie.” Never did the rage of Scylla exceed that of the belligerent Soph at these words. He trembled in his fury, and gathering all his strength for one final effort he threw himself into a tragic attitude and uttered the terrible words,—“I wish you were a little bigger.” Then suddenly remembering the dignity of his position he was so filled with shame and mortification at