

'88.—The Y. M. C. A. recently received a letter from Roy Coddington, now a missionary in Africa. The following is an extract: "FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA, December 11, 1890.—Some of you may remember that I promised you a letter from Africa. I am glad to write it now, but it would have been pleasanter last year I suppose, for then I could have had some idea as to whom I was addressing. I must say that I haven't the least idea who is in school now that I know. * * A few words about this place. I don't know whether you know as little about it as I did a year ago or not, so you will excuse me if I tell you many things which you have long ago known. Sierra Leone is a British colony settled by slaves whom England freed something like a hundred years ago. Some of them came from Nova Scotia, some from the West Indies and some were taken from slave ships along the coast. To these are added the original settlers and many who have come in since from neighboring tribes. It covers an area equal to about two or three counties in Nebraska, as near as I can tell. Freetown, the capital, seaport and only town of any size, has 22,000 inhabitants, made up of the conglomerate mentioned above. I believe it is the most religious and at the same time the most wicked place I ever knew. For a large percentage of the people, at least of the English, speaking population are church members but very few of these show any signs of life of being born again. I think the fault is largely with the clergy, for there is good reason to believe that many of the pastors are unsaved men. You can readily understand then, why the churches here, with one or two exceptions, are doing nothing for the "regions beyond." * * Our work, we think, is "up country." We are still looking toward the Mandingoes, who dwell from two to five hundred miles east of here. We have been kept in Freetown for six months now by the rains which continue far beyond their schedule time. A big tornado, what Nebraskans call a thunder shower, fell this morning. Between Sierra Leone and the Mandingo country are the Timne people. We hope to begin work among them (when the rain ceases) this coming season, starting a chain of stations through their country. This is our plan unless the Lord shall lead differently. While kept here by the rains we have been able to help some of the churches a little and preach the Word to some of the people. We have also had a blessed time waiting on our God and studying His Word. Nine of us came. Four have already gone on before. * * I have not heard a word about you since my visit there over a year ago, at least nothing since I left the state in February. I hope to hear of the state convention by next mail. We have one, sometimes two mails a week each way. Mail is usually about thirty days between here and America either way. * * One word more. Daily I have occasion to remember those words of Robert Moffatt, of South Africa, Livingston's father-in-law, in speaking to young missionaries going to Africa, "Patience, patience, patience."

'90.—The following is an extract from a recent letter from A. J. McClatchie, from California: "It is pleasant to be in a land where there is no winter, the tomato vines are yet green and fruiting in the yard in view from my window, and roses, geraniums, etc., are blooming in profusion. Oranges are ripening and being shipped by the train load to Chicago and other northern cities. I tell you an orange orchard is a pretty sight at this time of the year. We are locating a conduit line now. I run the level and get along very well for a novice."

Wm. E. Johnson, a former business manager of THE HESPERIAN, was in the city for a few days last week. Mr. Johnson is in the employ of Funk & Wagnalls, of New York.

'85.—Professor A. G. Warner has been appointed superintendent of charities for the District of Columbia. The office is administrative with considerable power over the various charitable institutions of the district. The aggregate expenditures for these institutions during the last year was \$166,000. Professor Warner expects to accept the position and will go to Washington as soon as the appointment is confirmed. However, if the duties of the office do not demand his presence immediately, he will remain in charge of the department of political economy the remainder of the school year. The loss of Professor Warner will be deeply felt by his many friends here and by the University, though she may be proud of having one of her sons appointed to this position that he is so well qualified to fill.

'90.—F. Woods was recently reported married, but it was a false alarm. We called on Mr. Woods who said that by request he had acted as bridegroom in a mock Chinese marriage at an entertainment showing the customs of the Chinese. He did not think the vows were binding as his lady deserted him soon after the ceremony was performed. Lest his chances may be injured he wishes it distinctly understood that he is still single.

Llewellyn Bryan, formerly of '91, came down from the Black Hills a few days ago to spend a brief vacation among old college friends. "Lew" denies emphatically that he saw any Indians. Says they didn't get near enough to him to be seen.

A SOPHOMORIAN WAIL.

A student of the U. of N. lay dying on his cot; there was none of woman's nursing, but of grief there was a lot. His room-mate knelt beside him, as his pard prepared to "croak," while the patient smole a weary smile, in feeble tones he spoke: "Old boy I'll never stay up late, while trying hard to cram, in order to be in it," when the time comes for exam. Take this message to my classmates, and I do not mean to boast, but I hope that they will heed it, when I've "given up the ghost." I have been in this old Uni. more than three long years, and the way they've "soaked it on me," is enough to bring the tears. But I've managed by hard study yet to stay upon the bench, and I never, never "ponied," till I struck that soph'more French. Then it was the tempter caught me, "caught me foul" as I might say, and from that time till the present, I have "ponied" every day. But I'm weak—what mortal is not—and my spirits tend to droop, and I realize quite plainly that I'm slipping "in the soup." Tell them roommate tell them frankly, tell them every word I've said, let them read it, make them heed it, when "I'm numbered with the dead." Overcome by his emotions, which he could control no more, the soft-hearted roommate fainted, and sank down upon the floor. When they found him there next morning, looking like a mortal wreck, they discovered that his roommate had already "cashed his check."

The slate-bearer stalks through the hall.

He meets you wherever you go.

If he shoves the slate under your nose,

"Have courage my boy to say no."

For it's folly to scratch it at all.

When you dare not ask her, you know;

For she'll see the slate and get mad,

And swear with you never to go.

So, my boy, unless you've the gall

To ask her if with you she'll go.

You'd better steer clear of the slate-bearing man.

And "have courage, my boy, to say no."

Manley still has the cream of the candy trade.