

Another legitimate result will be a tendency to rationalism. Materialism and rationalism are relatives, and the causes that directly produce the one, indirectly produce the other.

As mechanism of thought is produced by a material life, or the severity of rationalism so the natural sequence of materialism.

Two thousand years ago, on the wide plains of Italy, the Pelasgian tribes developed a severe, powerful and material nationality, while the same tribe on the peninsula of Greece, and surrounded by its cheerful scenery, assumed a very different form; likewise it must be a matter of care to us, lest we on these wide and fertile plains of the West sink in our national and religious life, and lest we become mechanical and sensuous, and lose the legacy and the better characteristics of Saxon fathers.

We must add to this inherent tendency the powerful foreign force brought hither each year by immigrants from abroad and especially by the Germans. Many of these are not in full sympathy with our method of government, and not only lack sympathy with our forms of worship and our religious beliefs, but even in many instances are apparently without much of the religious element in their nature. It is hard even now to compute the effects produced by these people on our methods of thought.

The sanctity of the Sabbath and respect for our common law, which in any way interferes with individual liberty, are losing their force, and Lessing and Schiller are crowding out the Bible and Shakespeare.

This question presents itself, What shape shall our politics and our religion assume in the future? Will our representative character be a compromise between the steady Saxon and the license-loving German, and will our religion be a compromise between the straight theology of Jonathan Edwards and the philosophy of Mill and Comte?

The foreigner brings us more muscle, he gives us vitality and force, he adds another element to our already many-sided and versatile character, he gives additional freshness to our people; but he contributes to our inherent materialism, he becomes a modifying factor, and beyond all doubt is changing the type of our American citizen and is leaving his impress on our customs and laws. More important than most questions of political economy or of domestic politics is this question of foreign forces. What the result of the working the present forces will be, can only be conjectured and not known. S. H. M.

#### Ambition.

Perchance you may ask, "What is ambition?" In answer we would say that it is the most noble trait of true manhood, and that grand feature that draws a dividing line between a man of honor and integrity, and one of unquestioned character.

In looking at the a man's face we can almost invariably tell whether or not he possesses that required amount of ambition that will give to him in society a standing, such that he will be looked upon as a man that has braved life's battles and come out conqueror over the almost universal difficulties that have overturned the canoes of thousands, while upon life's voyage, and precipitated them into the unfathomable sea of oblivion. Yet, "such is life," and such is the sea into which countless

numbers of human beings are irrecoverably tossed.

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, one who had baffled the storms of opposition, laughed to scorn the idea of criticism, cast in the shade his literary opponents, and finally come off victorious. His works are the chief cornerstone in the foundations of the English language, and his name will be revered as long as the language lasts. This one grand stage of the world may be divided into different parts, each and every one being a characteristic of a certain class of individuals. From the lowest to the highest they are stepping-stones that require culture, practice, patience and ambition to rise from one to the next.

Our imagination fancies a little newsboy going through the streets on a cold morning, selling his daily papers, his benumbed fingers beating his sides in a lively manner. Now and then he breaks forth in a wild and joyous whistle, his whole air portraying one of liveliness and mirth. The occasional passer-by stops, shakes his head omniously, gazes at the boy a moment, then points his finger towards him and says, "That boy has grit, he'll make his mark in the world." Thus it is, that while the world sleeps in ignorance of the ambitious lad or his business, he is silently and steadily working his road to fame, from the very fact that he has pluck enough to avoid the gambling hells, dens of iniquity, and companions of vice, crime and degradation—all of which tend to a great extent to allure the youth and lead him from an honorable standing to a contemptible one. Such a character was Horace Greeley, who, after scouting the giddy precipices of vice, finally became one of the chief liberators of 4,000,000 of human beings, by heralding far and wide the curses of bondage and exciting the minds of the American sympathizers to so great an extent that they arose *en masse* and struck the shackles of slavery forever from the American soil. We can say that he attained as high a position as is possible to be reached by any man in a free county: namely, to be acknowledged the greatest literary genius of his age.

Yet, when we see those around us that have obtained glory and honor by their persistent habits of trying to get a little higher, (although exceedingly few,) we still float along in the giddy current of life, not caring whether we live or die. Occasionally we take a peep back into the misty chambers of the past, where we see nothing but one grand string of errors when, had we had the ambition to overcome a few of those objects, the whole course of our lives would have been effectually altered, and we would be, instead of floating along so carelessly in life's drama, wending our way higher and higher, taking one step after another upon the golden stairs of fame, where we would be exalted by all humanity, while we are now plodding along in a dark and dismal atmosphere of absolute know-nothingness.

Napoleon, too, through his never-ending perseverance and ambition, made for himself a title and a name that caused monarchs to tremble at its very sound. Kings and princes, at his word, were hurled into prison side by side with murderers and thieves. Monarchies, at his invincible charges, trembled, tottered and fell; and upon their ruins new crowned heads were placed, at his command. For all this his ambition knew of no bounds,

and at Waterloo the Duke of Wellington had to have thousands added to his already vastly superior army, before the invincible guards of Napoleon could be beaten down. That awful carnage ruined in a single day what it had taken him years to establish. He was precipitated from the throne, and died the death of an exile, despised by millions of even the lowest classes of humanity. While we ponder upon this subject, we are led to believe that although the world is in an unparalleled stage of progress and development, men do not attain as high a standing in society, literature, oratory and the arts as they did in the days of Aristotle, Demosthenes, Plato and Cicero. Because in those days a man that made himself notorious as a great philosopher or orator must arise from the common ranks of society, through his unrelenting zeal, unceasing energies and persistent perseverance. No political or literary friends stood at his back with an incalculable amount of the "evil treasure" and said, "If you have not the ambition nor even the ability to rise to an honorable position we will put you there if it costs all we have," but, on the other hand, if a man of no ability came before the public, he was hissed, scorned, and if he still remained before the people in his hypocritical garb of intelligence, forcible means were taken by which the victim was forever silenced. In this day and age of the world, a man, no matter what may be his ability to fill a position of public trust, his political friends at once employ means by which he is immediately ushered into his desired position. Now-a-days there are bribery, crime and treason; glaring frauds and high-handed robberies committed in the world, that stand upon every page of public record to show the villainy, treachery and abominable selfish ends of supposed civilized humanity. Yet these vile fiends, whose words are as the hiss of the venomous serpent, are allowed to go on perpetrating their horrid outrages in this enlightened age—the 19th century. You may perhaps ask why we are clamoring upon public corruption when our subject is ambition? It is simply because thousands of the people of to-day have not the ambition to earn an honest name, an honest living or an honest penny—cannot deny themselves society and even the necessities of life, as did Demosthenes, to learn the art of oratory. It is because the people are not plucky enough to lay their hands on these base impostors and swing them between the heavens and the earth by the gallows, or sever their vile heads from their bodies by the use of the guillotine, or the block as they used to do. Although believing in ambition to a great extent, yet we believe in the old saying, that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world." According to this saying there are people who have no ambition, nor do they care whether or not they ever arise from the mire of sin and oblivion into which they are sunk. In this manner we see them groveling along from day to day, from month to month, and finally years have passed them in this manner, and still they are the same unchanged, uncaring and undeserving individuals they were in years gone by. BRICK.

Amos E. Gantt, from Nebraska City, has been acting Local Editor this month, in the absence of W. L. Sweet. He will continue to manage this department until the return of Mr. Sweet.

#### On the Wing.

Traveling in Nebraska at this day is among the wonders of the age. We are seven years old, at the age when other states have been able only to "toddle" about. Now behold us! nearly 1,000 miles of rail has been laid, and fifty iron steeds are rushing, with their trains freighted with thousands of precious lives, in all directions. We are living in an age when living is sublime, when intense activity characterizes every department of humanity. It is especially so in Nebraska.

We seat ourselves in the comfortable cars on the B. & M. R. R. and take our course toward the setting sun. We roll on at the moderate rate of about twenty miles per hour, which gives the traveler a fair opportunity to note the various changes in scenery, and enjoy the panoramic-like view as the train sweeps steadily onward.

From Lincoln to Crete the landscape is varied; from the valley of Salt Creek the pathway of our fiery steed is somewhat tortuous and ascending. The land seems broken and unattractive to the western eye, but to the eye of the dweller among the Catskill or Green Mountains it has many charms. It is like the grateful palm and cooling waters of an oasis in a weary desert of burning sand.

It is a little strange what custom will do for man. The Swiss in his mountain home envies not the peasant of France in his vine-clad cottage on the lovely plains that skirt the mountain fastnesses, nor does the versatile Frenchman desire to leave his lowly domicile for the more elevated and rugged hills of the Swiss, and thus Nebraska will, in some slight degree, give satisfaction to the hardy mountaineer and less rugged nature of the dwellers on the plains.

And this broken country between Lincoln and Crete shall yet astonish the observant traveler with its magnificent orchards and well cultivated graperies. The whistle sounds while we dream on the future and we are now in Crete.

As I am writing for the STUDENT, you will pardon me if I exhaust my space allotted for this place, on the present and prospective College located here, for Doane College is slowly, quietly, unobtrusively laying carefully its foundations.

Is it not presumption in a few individuals thus to attempt, at this early day, to commence such an institution—almost within the sound of the University bell? I think not if the school is inaugurated in the proper spirit and does proper work. It will not probably deter a single student from attending the University, but will rather awaken a spirit for higher education among the citizens of Crete and that vicinity. I am inclined to honor the founders of the College for their wisdom in thus early laying the foundations of their denominational school. I have met Prof. Perry who is at present at the head of the institution, and believe him well qualified for the work. He has spent a year in Germany and has made good use of his opportunities.

We are moving again. Here we cross the Big Blue, one of the mighty agents in the future history of Nebraska. It is not like the rollicking, rattling torrents of New England or New York, yet time will witness its peaceful current turning hundreds of busy wheels and thousands of dextrous hands will find employment through its utilized motive power. Nebraska must have manufactories, and this stream must contribute much toward their