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(For the Hesperian Student.)

Henry VIII.

1

He was a married man—O, very much!
And had some trouble with his wives, they say.
He was a despot, too, or something such,
Who grew more crabbed, as he grew more gray.
Yet never was a man whose royal sway
Such blessing to the world, at large, has wrought:
For, every inch a king, he would not play
The role of traitor, when the fierce pope sought
To hold him down to tribute, and to keep
His kingdoms in a medieval sleep.

2

He would be king, or nothing. Bless the day
That made him master of so brave a land!
And let us not too many hard things say
Of one who hustled Rome with heavy hand.
They, whom he troubled, were a little band—
A helpless few: alas! we pity them.
But all the world is debtor to the grand
Impulsive monarch, whom their words condemn:
Since, if bluff Hal had not once nobly reigned,
In dungeon depths the Christ would still be
chained.

O. C. D.

Charles Sumner.

The life of Charles Sumner so notably conspicuous and so recently ended will be used for a long time "to point a moral" for ambitious American youth. And it is well that Providence raises up from time to time great men to warm our hearts with sentiments of love and admiration for their intellectual and moral nobility, and to inflame our minds with worthy ideas of the possibilities of our nature.

Mr. Sumner was a representative man—a statesman of a class which is now nearly extinct. His mind was enriched and cultured by broad and comprehensive scholarship, all the resources of which he made tributary to his labors as a statesman.

He confesses that he was a great reader of books, and in recognition of his obligation to public libraries, he bequeathed his own valuable collection to the library of his Alma Mater.

If it be claimed, as it may perhaps justly be, that he was not an original thinker, that he struck out no new or great ideas electrifying and shaping the age; yet it must be granted that he was master of the power to organize thought and to clothe it in such new and attractive dress of rhetorical beauty as to produce the effect of freshness and originality. If he did not originate the electricity, he knew how to forge the thunderbolt and hurl it with the might of Olympian Jove. His logic was impetuous and irresistible, and like the arrow of Achates in its path way through the sky, was itself luminous and left a track of light behind.

For young men the lesson is instructive that the highest literary culture may be made tributary to personal advancement and the conduct of public affairs.

When to this scholarly culture are added the greatest personal purity of life, official integrity, political conscientiousness, and devotion to the interests of humanity, the public life of Mr. Sumner has an imposing sublimity almost unparalleled in these days of venality and self-seeking. For all these high qualities he deserves, as he will receive the lasting admiration of his countrymen.

In the midst of all the encomiums lavished on this grand character, it may seem inopportune and ungracious to suggest the possibility of any failings that dimmed its brightness, or marred the perfection of its beauty. With the highest respect for a character so scholarly, upright and conscientious as his, it yet seems to me that his fame is not without some flaws which show at least the limitations of every nature however noble.

The first thing, which seems to have thrown a shade of unloveliness on this grand life was his inexperience of the tempering influence of woman. The eagle and the lion, types of daring sagacity and power, live solitary and without a mate. Like them, man cannot safely live alone, and keep alive those amenities and tendernesses which enrich his own nature and endear him to others.

As an intellectual leader he was without a peer, but as a personal leader he had no such following as Henry Clay or even Daniel Webster. The personal magnetism, and social attractiveness which he might have gained in the companionship of a refined woman were never possessed by this gifted man. It were better had this been otherwise.

Nor were the intellectual perceptions of Mr. Sumner infallible. A splendid theorizer, his inexorable logic sometimes carried him to impracticable conclusions, to which he adhered with singular tenacity.

Mr. Goldwin Smith says, America hates England. Why this so grave a charge, and so much to be deplored? Because Americans following the lead of Mr. Sumner, were clamorous in their demands for consequential damages in order to crush and humiliate England by an enormous fine. At his instance the treaty of settlement effected by a special envoy was rejected by the Senate, on the ground of inadequate reparation. The view urged by Mr. Sumner on theoretical and moral grounds, was utterly scouted by the international Congress which settled the Alabama claims, but had greatly embittered the feeling of England toward this country. Even intellectual giants will sometime trip in their steps.

But to the devout mind, the apparent want of religious sentiment and christian hope, which seemed to mark his last hours, will perhaps be a subject of bewildering conjecture, if not of painful regret. Friends, politics, all worldly ideas are in the ascendant. God, immortality, the upliftings of a heavenly hope, are ignored as the chimeras of a wayward imagination. Without doubt the thoughtful mind of this eminent man had at some time earnestly considered these great subjects. To think otherwise, would be to insinuate an insensibility and folly of which he was not capable. Scarcely an eminent man of the class to which he belonged passed away without recognizing at some time the superiority of the spiritual over the worldly, the eternal over the temporal.

As the light from beyond began to be refracted into his earthly horizon, it

seems strange that no word of welcome recognition should be vouchsafed to the celestial visitant; and our hearts are burdened with a sense of the incompleteness of a life so generally harmonious and proportionate. While, for the sake of example, we might wish some things in the career of this eminent statesman had been otherwise, let us be glad that the legacy of his pure patriotic life will be *kteema es aei*—a possession for us forever.

A. R. B.

The Pictures We Paint.

Before me hangs a picture—a family picture. How I love to study it! How often have I looked upon it, gazing now upon that father's noble brow, now on that mother's loving countenance, tracing the wrinkles on that aged face, catching that brother's laughing smile, and pausing to glance for a moment at that other form which stands at his side.

"Gazing still, I forget my open book, forget the burden of school duties, forget myself, forget everything but the picture on the wall. Those forms seem to speak; I can almost hear the accents of their voices: I feel their presence.

Fifteen years have come and gone since I first saw that picture, and these years have left their impress, both upon the picture and the forms there represented. The hand of that aged one, which I so often felt upon my head accompanied by her kind benediction, has long been folded over a pulseless heart. Time has left his silvery foot-prints upon the heads of that father and mother. Those brothers have grown almost to manhood.

But the picture itself grows dim—it fades. A few years more and those features can no longer be traced. Would that I could repaint it ere it fades away. But alas! if I could, my picture too would perish. The fairest picture fades; the chiseled marble, instinct with life, crumbles; proud cities are swept away—all is forgotten.

But through the darkness a light gleams. Over the silence comes a voice, assuring us that though one's works may perish, though the hand cease to work out cunning devices, the eye to send out light and the voice, music, the mind that moved all, controlled all, will live through all changes.

To us is delegated a noble work. We all have pictures to paint. We are all artists, who paint not for *time* but for *eternity*. Our canvas is not some perishing fabric of man's manufacture, but the imperishable tablet of the soul. Our every act, every word, every thought, every impulse adds a new touch to some picture. Our works will determine our painting.

O the joy that we *may* work! God works. The glittering worlds that bend above us are his creation. He created both the great and the small. The proud ocean, rocking and roaring in the blast, the silver stream winding its path across the grassy plain or the mossy hillside, the giant oak of the forest and the tiny flow-

er of the field, the insect sporting in the sunshine, all speak the praises of the Great Maker, and man, God's crowning work, is full of Him. All things tell of God and of his unceasing labor; and as we glory in life let us rejoice that we have been gifted with that precious boon of labor, that we were not doomed, like the tree of the forest, only to live and grow, but that a work glowing with immortality has been assigned to us weak creatures.

But let us paint carefully. The colors which we use to tint our pictures with are unfading. Yea! every touch we make is *indelible*. Alas! how many are painting things hideous to behold where God designed there should be bright pictures.

The landscape artist soon learns that his picture is not complete when he has painted the hills, the forests and the streams. He must represent the sky, the little clouds, the sunlight. How many of those who paint for eternity, in their ambition to leave the world a great picture, content themselves with painting mountains and oceans. In their lives they overlook those little deeds of kindness, gentle words, acts of mercy and love, without which their pictures lack beauty.

Our treasures, our graces were not committed to us to be selfishly hoarded. How many there are with richly gifted minds who leave no legacy of good deeds, no bright picture to an admiring, expectant, world! No hearts are made better by their influence, no minds richer by the precious "seed-thoughts" they scatter. The heart is full of generous impulses, high resolves, but they are not quickened into action; their lives are set to sweet music, but send forth no melody.

Oh ye gifted ones! Oh ye whose lots have fallen in pleasant places! Like the sweet sunlight let your influence be felt in the dark places of the earth; let sad hearts be gladdened by the brightness of your spirit, until from faces grown old in sorrow, and eyes dimmed with shadows, light shall leap forth. If you are richly endowed with intellect, turn not scornfully away from the babes in knowledge. Cultivate your powers. Drink deeply from the never failing fountain, but turn not away others, as if for you alone flowed the bright waters.

If God has given you beauty, look not disdainfully upon him whose soul looks out through a marred visage; whose eye lacks luster and whose cheek is pale. The soul enshrined within may be purer than your own. The prince of Morocco gained not what he sought when he chose the golden casket. He who chose the silver casket was also disappointed. The wished for prize was for Bassanio, who spurned that "gaudy gold" and that "pale and common drudge" and chose the "meagre lead." Beauty of form and feature will fade, but beauty of heart will shine on, making lovely the plainest visage.

If you have been gifted with friends and an attractive home, forget not in your selfish joy those who have no home. Take to your hearts and homes the wanderer, that the sorrowing may, for a little