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## A Cry for Light.

What is that, Haven?

"A Realist, child;  
One who by his name is styled,  
Because in what is true and real  
Alone he finds his high ideal,  
For every subjective thought in his mind  
Objective realities he does find,  
Ever a Realist be through life,  
In seeking your aim, your dinner, your wife."

What is that, Haven?

"A Nominalist, boy;  
He makes of reason but a toy,  
He holds that classes can't exist,  
On names alone he does insist;  
With 'types' solves every mystery  
Of this world's changeful history,  
Believe with him that love and fame  
Exist, like all things, but in name."

What is that, Haven?

"A Conceptualist, child;  
His look is strange, his manner wild,  
For all that does this world contain  
Is one vast thought in his full brain,  
A follower of pure thought is he,  
No solid matter can he see,  
Of Abelard a pupil be,  
And learn to trust not what you see."

What are you, Haven?

"Why, really, when you come to ask,  
You set me too severe a task,  
To-day, I'm Roscelinus' friend;  
To-morrow, Plato's to the end;  
The third, I swear by Abelard;  
The fourth—why, boy! this is too hard,  
Nay, nay, if you'd a text-book make  
Be whatsoever you think will take."

—Packer Quarterly.

## The Holy Trinity in the Rainbow, and in the Solar Light.

There is one God, and it is said of Him, that "He covereth Himself with light as with a garment." Consequently, as God is one, His covering is one; and that covering is the blended colors of the prism, or pure white light.

But, although there is only one God, there are three Persons in the Godhead. These three Persons are the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And, although the pure white light is one, in it is a Trinity of primary colors, the blue, the yellow, and the red. The blue is conceived to be the emblem of the Father, the yellow of the Son, the red of the Holy Ghost.

The three Persons in the Godhead are one and inseparable; so, in His covering of light, nothing can decompose, or permanently separate, the primary colors.

Neither the "Corpuscular Theory" which affirmed that the light "consists of particles darted out from luminous bodies;" nor the "Undulatory Theory," which asserts that the universe is filled with an *ether* that is in constant vibratory motion, which motion, being "communicated to the retina of the eye, produces the sensation which we call light," are capable of proof. The Corpuscular Theory has been abandoned; the Undulatory Theory is of no value whatever, for it has never been shown that there is such a thing as luminiferous ether. When it is proved that there is an *ether* pervading either the whole universe, or any part of it, it will be time enough to consider the "Undulatory Theory." Honor to Prof. Faraday for saying "If there be an *ether*!"

There is a flux and reflux of light. M.

Fizeau's experiments for measuring the velocity of artificial light, showed that "Oxyhydrogen light flowed back about 28,000 feet to the source whence it emanated." The *circulation* of light and of electricity, which are manifestations of one force, may probably account for the influence of the sun upon the planets, and of the planets upon each other. But light is not wasted. It is as a garment to God. He, and not an *ether*, stands behind it. And, as He Himself is spirit and not matter, so also light is not *material*. It cannot be decomposed and set apart into original and different elements.

In the Holy Trinity of God, *originiation* of all things belongs to the Father. Yet the Father is never seen, or felt, or heard. So in the solar light, the actinic constituent, which gives no sensible proof of its presence, except by effect, is "the great consolidant;" and "its more abundant presence and prevailing power are intimated by the prevalence of its proper sign, "the blue, the bright, the beautiful blue."

In the Godhead, the Second Person, or the Son, has alone been *manifested* to the senses of men. The luminiferous constituent of light, of which yellow is the proper sign, is, therefore, the revelation of the presence of the Second Person. The bright solar orb is His proper emblem.

The Holy Ghost, the Third Person in the ever blessed Trinity, like the Father, is not seen, nor heard. He is felt. His work is consumation; He perfects what has been begun. In the solar light, His emblem is the red color; His constituent is the *calorific*. As the actinic ray is the consolidant, so the calorific is the *solvent*. It is the Holy Ghost that melts the stubborn heart; it is His constituent in the natural light that gives warmth and heat.

Yet as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are *one* God, inseparably one, so in the rainbow, and in the solar spectrum, the lines of blue, yellow, and red do not run separately, but are intertwined and intermingled, so as to form one line of light. Yet is the blue readily distinguishable from the yellow, and the yellow from the red, precisely as God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, though one God, are yet three Persons.

The colors of flowers, of metals, and of all other objects in nature are derived from the solar force called light. Although there is ever a unity of this force, still, the actinic element is more apparently active in the winter and early spring, and in high mountains; the luminiferous element is seen in the spring and early summer, when yellow flowers are common; and the midsummer and autumn give evidence of the calorific element. But always and everywhere, the three elements work together, even as their author, the Holy Trinity of God.

The revelation of God to man is not perfect; that is, much is left in darkness. So, in the solar spectrum, are lines that are called "non-luminous," or "dark lines." Yet in God is "no darkness at all," and the non-luminous lines will, perhaps, at

some far future time, be cleared up.

It would be interesting to follow these matters further. They are as old as Nicene Christianity, and some knowledge of them is necessary to understand stained windows and ecclesiastical emblems. In the domain of science, they are well set forth in a little book called "Solar Hieroglyphics," edited by Rev. J. Grier Ralston. From this little book, I quote the following to show how the rainbow might be, and probably was a new phenomenon in the days of Noah, and not an object of familiar notice from the earliest times.

"Such objections though they allege and truly allege that the laws of light and the refraction of light were the same before as after the deluge, cannot thus excuse their skepticism. For before they can offer an excuse for their professed disbelief, they must first prove that the electric condition of the earth and its atmosphere was the same before as after; and that clouds were formed, and rain descended on the earth. And this they are not able to do.

It is impossible to prove, by any kind of evidence, that the temperature of the atmosphere above, in relation to the surface of the earth, was the same during the ante-diluvian period as at present, or was similar thereto. And it is well-known that 'when the temperature above is higher than on the surface, no cloud can be formed;' and hence, as a general rule or fact, Egypt is without rain.

And in the cosmogony of Moses there is a reference to an early antediluvian and pre-adamic time when 'the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.' And it cannot be reasonably denied that a corresponding condition of the atmosphere prevailed until the time of the deluge; neither can it be rationally denied that the first appearance of the rainbow was at the time, or soon after, when God announced His unconditional covenant of providential goodness and mercy on behalf of all the creatures upon the earth, and said 'I do set My Bow in the cloud; and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth.' Hence our belief that the rainbow was first seen by the post-diluvian inhabitants of the earth."

O. C. DAKE.

## Three.

THEIR SAYINGS, BOTH WISE AND FOOLISH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISRAEL. *A wise person.*  
MARIE. *A handsome blonde.*  
EUPHROSINE. *Neither wise nor handsome.*

Sunday afternoon in dog-days finds our trio on the vine-shadowed veranda—the nearest approach to coolness we can discover, though far from being an Arctic region. Israel reads, stopping occasionally to cast glances in Marie's direction; but that imperturbable damsel gives no sign from the lounge where she lies playing

with Tattycoram, before the open window. Tattycoram is a kitten which Marie adopted while she was reading Little Dorritt. As for myself, I am day-dreaming, as usual, between the snatches with which Israel now and then favors us.

"Nothing so this, but has two faces; and when the observer has seen the obverse he turns it over to see the reverse. Life is a pitching of this penny—heads or tails."

ISRAEL: (throwing aside his book.) What have you to say to that, Marie? Does that meet your views of life?

MARIE: (starting.) Did you speak? I believe I did not catch what you were saying. I was watching the shadows of that ivy leaf dancing in the sunlight. What was it?

Israel repeated. I have noticed, that somehow when Marie opens wide her blue eyes upon a young man, with even the most trivial request, she is sure to get her wish. It is their babyish look of innocence that does it, I suppose. I can seldom resist it myself.

MARIE: What do I think of it? Well, I don't see but that it is true enough, though the simile is not very elegant if it is Emerson's. Ask Sis about it: she always has views. I haven't.

ISRAEL: (lazily.) Well, Sis?

MYSELF: (promptly.) True enough so far as it goes. Only it is a game between ourselves and some mighty power with a formula somewhat after this fashion; heads, I win; tails, you lose!

ISRAEL: Rather an unprofitable game that, on our part at least. But I can not think so. The game seems to me to be in our own hands chiefly. To continue the thought, often a dextrous turn of the hand will bring us heads if we wish, or again some carelessness will turn the reverse side of the penny, to the detriment of ourselves and the advantage of our opponent. Life is not altogether controlled for us by either a good or an evil power. We make or mar it ourselves irrespective of fate. Do you not think so, Sis?

Just here it may be proper to remark that I was christened Euphrosyne. Why my long-suffering parents saw fit to inflict upon me this high sounding cognomen I have never yet discovered. However I seldom get the full benefit of it, except when some unusually heretical opinion expressed with my accustomed audacity, calls forth the despairing protest of the whole family to whom my shortcomings are a never failing source of grief and amazement. Among the many "pet names" with which I am saluted, "Sis" is my most cordial detestation. Israel delights in raising my "ire," as he calls it, and that is his special form of address. This fact doubtless added some little acidity to my reply.

MYSELF: As for me I do not wish to claim any part or lot in it. I prefer to shift the responsibility on some one else rather than to own to such a ruined piece of work as most men's lives are. Of what use are we, and why was such a miserable race created?