

has so far been found to take the place of those principles, to substitute in place of those articles of belief, that have been handed down through the past from people to people, bearing with them civilization, contrary, and in opposition to the same old dogmas which many would adopt today. Nothing can take their place, performing the same duty to the world as they have done, let them be false or true. This we do not attempt to say. The world has adopted them, and in them is found consolation and happiness. And he who attacks that which is beyond his knowledge, beyond his comprehension, sets up manufactured dogmas of his own, and exposes a weakness more to be despised than respected.

Then do not do it. Do not attempt to gain notoriety by joining the small minority that assail and attack, upon all sides, that to which the world is indebted for the morality which now exists. If doubt arises in your mind, study and investigate for yourself. Do not make yourself odious in the eyes of those who would serve you as valuable friends. Be cautious, and before striking at that which would assist you in the accomplishment of life's duty, remember that evil will crown your attempt, that you alone are the loser.

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### JOHN F. E. McKESSON.

STANTON, April, 24, 1877.

"A melancholy tale—  
A tale of anguish which I wou'd not hear,  
Blighting the beauties of our flowery vale—  
Hath smote upon my ear."

Died, at Stanton, of a malignant form of erysipelas and rheumatism, about one o'clock this morning, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. John F. E. McKesson, who graduated last year from the State University. Deceased was a son of J. M. McKesson, formerly of Lincoln, but now in Nebraska City. The doctor was called to the bedside of his son, and arrived here last Thursday, 19th inst., and at once took charge of the patient, not leaving his side until all hope of recovery was gone, and

the end of all that was mortal was at hand.

Our deceased friend came among us about nine months ago, and taught the winter term in school district No. 2, where he was highly prized as a gentleman of rare qualities, and duly appreciated as an excellent teacher. In our little village his loss is deeply felt. He was a pattern of modesty, ability, kindness and generosity. None knew him but to admire and respect him; and all felt that his loss was irreparable, and one which only time and a hope in the beyond can assuage. The deceased has a brother, Mr. S. D. McKesson, residing here. To him, and his amiable wife, to the kind and sorrowful father and mother, and to all the relatives and friends of the deceased, the people of this place extend the sympathy of sorrowful hearts. Their loss is also our own. May this affliction and loss be to us all a means of grace, and one more lesson—oft repeated—teaching us to so live that when the end comes to us, we may not fear, but desire to depart, and meet and know our friends in the Kingdom not made with hands.

The deceased will be buried at ten o'clock, A. M., 25th inst.

"Friend after friend departs:  
Who has not lost a friend!  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end."

C. L. B.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

Once more does the harbinger of death awaken us to the realization of the gloom and sorrow that surrounds our walk through life. Again has one, whose name is fresh in our memory, been summoned away to his rest. Another link in the chain which binds the students together in friendship has been dropped. But a few short months ago, after the completion of his task among us, under circumstances not the most encouraging, displaying that energy and determination which was only the foretelling of a brighter future. John left those who by association had grown near and dear friends, and en-