

tered into the arena of active life, there to baffle with the trials and discouragements of the busy world. Honored for his ability, respected for his truth and veracity, he commenced the battle of life under circumstances bright and flattering, well prepared to meet the obligations that were his to fulfill, ready and eager to perform that duty. Society loses a valuable member. But He that doeth all things well saw fit to take this one, before his life's task was accomplished, removing from our midst one whose ability, energy, and determination, destined him for services great and useful among his fellow beings. One whose future was laden with valuable assistance to man, and of whom, even at his youthful age, it might be said, "well done, good and faithful servant."

A change can readily be observed among the students, in this issue of the STUDENT. In former times, 'twas only a few of the more advanced students who contributed to these columns, until from them alone did the STUDENT look for support. Consequently, the STUDENT was managed by, and represented the literary talent of only a small minority. We have endeavored to perfect a change. We have endeavored to show through these columns, what existed in the University, and not what one or two were capable of doing. So far we feel encouraged. Students, both young and old, have taken hold with a spirit of enthusiasm that promises abundant success for the STUDENT. All have shown a spirit that never before existed, and which abundantly rewards us for the undertaking. Many who never before furnished the STUDENT with their productions, who always shirked the task, are now constant contributors, and find in this work a pleasant and profitable duty. Nothing can be undertaken of a more profitable nature, promising greater reward, than writing for the paper. Never mind if it does not equal something produced by your neighbor, so it is yours.

Try it, and we venture to say you will not weary of your task.

During the preparation of the first forms of this number, we were unavoidably detained from the University. We are under many obligations to the local and assistant editor for assistance rendered.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF M. WILL WELSH, BY A CLASSMATE.

Some time has passed since the death of our young friend, but who of all his loved acquaintances will ever forget the surprise and sorrow with which we received the news of his death?

The parents of the deceased have lived in Peru for a number of years, and gave him the advantages of good schooling. At an early age he entered the Normal, and in due course of time graduated in June, 1876, being not quite twenty-one years of age. In September following he commenced teaching at Sarpy Center, where he remained till overtaken by death, February 14, 1877. During the last few months of his life he was subject to very severe attacks of headache, and at such times dwelt largely in the realm of fancy. The purity of his thoughts was really sublime.

While under one of these attacks, he raised his head from the sofa, (apparently listening to some very distant music,) and said, "Who is that singing?" After lying in quiet rapture a few moments, he said, "That is the sweetest music I have ever heard. If I could only live within hearing of that for all eternity, I should be perfectly happy." Near the close of his last illness, which only lasted about forty-eight hours, he roused himself under similar circumstances, and said "I hear that very same music I heard a week ago, and it is perfectly heavenly." He slept during the last six or seven hours of his life, not realizing himself so near the source of that music.

He was a young man of strong religious convictions and determinations, and