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MISCELLANEOUS MENTION.

"Human nature in its individual developments—human nature in the mass—may best be studied in its wishes."

The editor disclaims responsibility for all opinions set forth in this issue. Satisfactory reasons can be given if required.

"The lesson of life is practically to generalize, to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours, to resist the usurpation of particulars, to penetrate to their catholic sense."

A critic in the last *STUDENT* has made the astounding discovery that all people are not alike. We congratulate him on his powers of perception, we shall await with interest what great truth he will next evolve.

Julian Hawthorne has completed another novel. Critics speak favorably of it. He certainly has genius, although he lacks his father's power in the working out of his themes. His intellect is not so subtle, his strength is massive and does not diffuse itself.

Ah once more, I cried, ye stars, ye waters
On my heart your mighty charm renew.
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you.

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer;
Would'st thou be as these are? *Live as they.*

—*Mathew Arnold*

What is the use of holidays some one asks. Their chief advantage is to allow people to expend the folly they have been holding in check up to that time. For what person in his right mind would think of doing what is commonly the custom on such days. The first thing is to eat an extravagant amount of all the undigestible dishes that have been conjured up since the time of Adam, and a continual after fire is kept up throughout the day. After the system has become thoroughly demoralized the climax is capped by dancing most of the night. The next morning dawns finding each one demoralized physically and mentally, pondering this deepest of all conundrums, what's the use of being a fool?

Some one, speaking about college papers a few days ago remarked that they were a good thing for students to practice in, but he never pretended to read them as he did not care to be practised upon. There was some reason for this: the young writer is like the young pianist, his first attempts are painful to the hearer. He struggles, blunders, hesitates, gets away from his theme, uses the

wrong word to express what he wants, and finally closes completely foundered. And thus he labors on in this painful style, many times completely discouraged and disheartened. His productions after they are finished sound so stale and flat, because they fall short of his conceptions, that he feels like flinging them away in disgust.

One of the editors-in-chief descends from his dignity so far as to make a few remarks in a patronizing way about societies, doubtless aiming at us. We thank him for the society-code he has laid down for our benefit. We were in danger of getting a wrong idea of the subject, but perhaps by his timely intervention the calamity will be averted. We shall never forget his charity and condescendence, he has our eternal gratitude. To be sure we had always had the same opinion ourselves, but we needed corroboration of some stronger intellect before we dared to assert that it was correct. Our friend evidently is intended for a missionary, and we expect to hear from him in that field at no distant day.

The *Microcosm* has found its way to the University Library. To tell what it is would be impossible, our only hope is to say what it is not. It seems to be the organ of a certain class of clergymen, and the object, judging from the articles, is to crush Huxley and Tyndall,—yes even to trample them into the dust. We would judge from the abuse heaped upon them that they were the embodiment of all that is evil and demoniacal. One minister remarked that he would get up on a fence and crow as soon as they were put down. We advise every minister of such propensity to have a fence convenient, for as soon as this journal reaches Tyndall and Huxley they will be wiped out of existence. The editor discourses largely on sound, and we judge he is sound, not the adjective sound, but the noun sound.

Lincoln is now undergoing a series of revival meetings. It is a grand work, yet some of its results may be questioned. The methods employed appeal to the superficial side of man's nature, and sometimes the seed sown takes no deeper root. Many are driven away rather than attracted seeing religion put in such a light. Those of a sensitive temperament do not like to see this, the most sacred of all questions, treated in such a heterogeneous manner. The result is as George Eliot says, "Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable. Is it not one of the mixed results of revivals that some gain a religious vocabulary, rather than a religious experience?"