



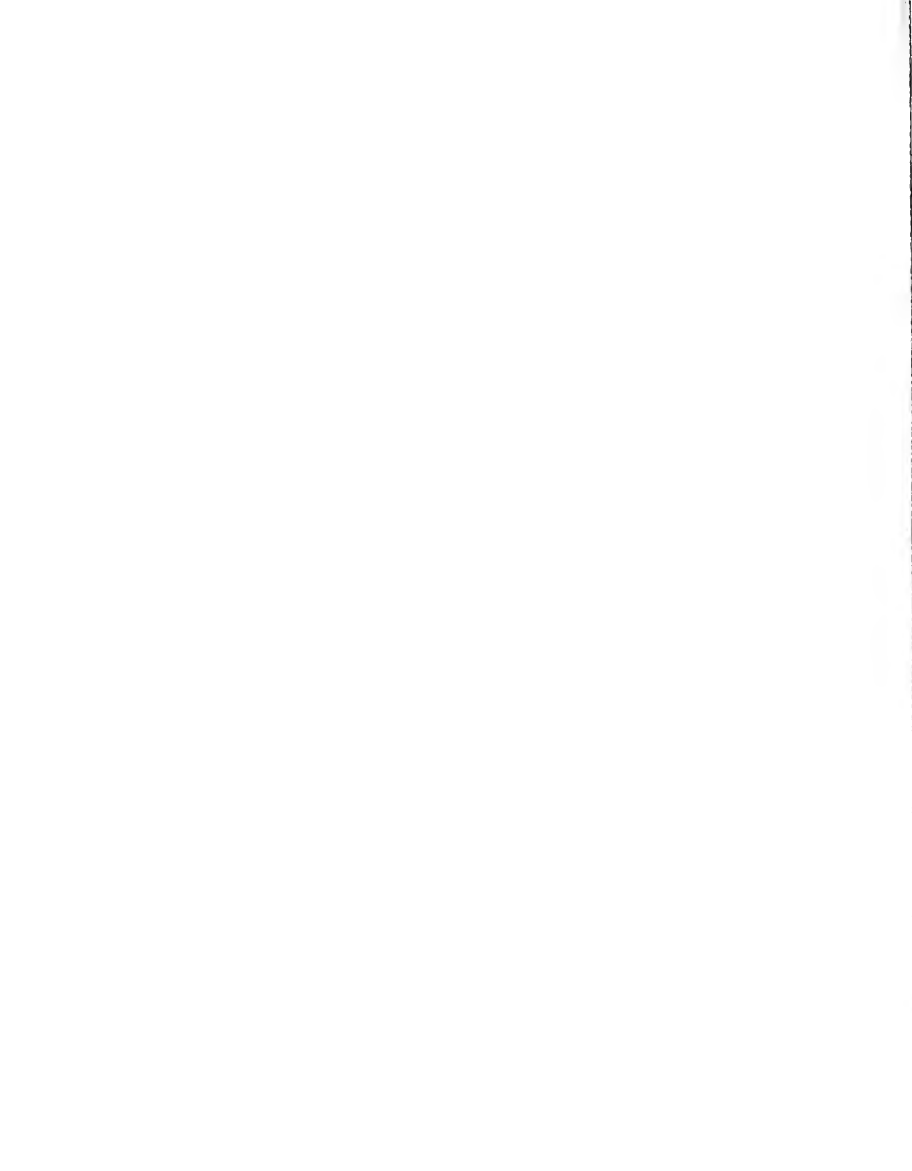




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The Symposium



*Important history page 1.*

# The Symposium.

Published at Taylor University.

FORT WAYNE, IND. SEPTEMBER, 1890.

Subscription Price—50 cents per annum, payable in advance.

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# THE SYMPOSIUM.

"That man is cultured whose soul responds to the Music of the Universe."

VOLUME I.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

NUMBER 1.

BURLINGTON R. R., AUG. 21, '90.  
E. B. JOHNS, FORT WAYNE,

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of Aug. 11 awaited me in Chicago.

I would be glad to help you in your project, and if I can get time before the date you have named would be glad to give you an article. But it is not possible to get it to you on Sept. the 1st, as I am preaching daily when not en route to the Camps.

Will try to send you something a little later.

\* \* \* \* \*  
God bless you in His service.

Your Brother in Jesus,  
WM. TAYLOR

The above is a letter received from Bishop Taylor, of Africa. His article alone would well be worth the price of a year's subscription to THE SYMPOSIUM.

Do not fail to send in your name before the next issue is published if you desire a copy containing Bishop Taylor's article.

## HOW TAYLOR UNIVERSITY WAS BORN.

Fort Wayne College lives only in its successor, the TAYLOR UNIVERSITY, and in the hearts of its devoted friends. It would hardly be profitable, however, at this time to go into a lengthy description of the difficulties that surrounded it, the coldness and want of financial sympathy to a sufficiency to keep it unembarrassed from debt with which it had to contend, and the many causes that seemed to make it necessary that it be sold. A statement of a por-

tion of the facts in the case will be sufficient for our present purpose.

At the last session of the North Indiana Conference the report of the committee on education, which was adopted, directed the institution to close with the college year, the property to be sold, and whatever remained after the payment of the debts to be invested wherever a conference institution might be located. A commission was also appointed, consisting of nine members of the Conference, one of the duties of which is to receive proposals, upon certain conditions named, for the establishment of a Conference Academy or Seminary. The Trustees of the College were thus placed in the position of funeral directors, with a commission appointed to look on and see that the obsequies were properly conducted. The first duty of the Trustees was to provide teachers for the remainder of the year to take the place of Prof. Rogers, who went to Boston, and of Prest. Herrick who resigned that he might give all his time to the pastorate at Anderson. This they did, and thus to the best of their ability fulfilled their contract with the students in attendance.

It was not very long until a prominent member of the commission gave it as his opinion that no new Conference institution would be started for a few years, at least. One or two others, and perhaps more, doubted whether any place would meet the conditions laid down by the Conference. The fact also developed itself that the College property could not be sold with the view of investing any surplus over debts, at some other point, without an expens-

*Important history.*

ive suit in court. It was also learned that the Roman Catholics were ready to buy the property should it be forced to sale, and as a matter of course at no higher price than would be necessary to secure the property. And its forced sale meant that some of its creditors would get nothing, whoever might buy. The very simple, yet exceedingly complex question thus confronted the trustees, How shall this property be so handled as that all these debts may be paid, the credit of the trustees, Conference, and Church saved, and if possible a surplus be saved out of the property to be continued in the work for which it was given by the original donors, that of education?

The idea of a new organization suggested itself—an organization so formed that it might receive the financial and social sympathy and help of the citizens of Fort Wayne, and of a larger constituency outside of Fort Wayne than the College had enjoyed, and at the same time might accomplish all that had been expected of the College. The subject was carefully considered and resulted in the organization and incorporation of TAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

As soon as the articles of incorporation were filed according to law, notices were sent to all the trustees of the College and also members of the commission that a meeting would be held on the 20th of May to consider a proposal from the Taylor University for the purchase of the College property. Three trustees from outside of Fort Wayne, and six members of the commission attended that meeting. One of each did not remain until the meeting adjourned. The subject before the meeting was fully discussed, and upon the unanimous recommendation of the members of the commission who were present, led by Dr. Birch, the trustees unanimously accepted the offer of Taylor University.

Upon this action creditors whose claims were in the hands of lawyers withheld their

suits, and the trustees of Taylor University began work in raising funds and organizing a faculty for the work before them. The work of securing subscriptions is going hopefully forward. A faculty has been organized, and we believe a very efficient and well qualified one; a catalogue issued, circulars sent out, and other necessary work done. Some much needed repairs have also been made in the College building, and others will be as soon as sufficient funds are secured.

We confidently believe that if the North Indiana Conference would have met at the time of the commencement in June, and had all the facts before it, just as they were before us here, it would have most fully approved what we have done. We have labored to maintain the honor and credit of all concerned, to carry out inviolate the demands of the charter of the Fort Wayne College, and the wishes of the fathers whose money is invested in the property of said College. We therefore feel that we ought not to be trammelled in our work by any attempt to start another institution within our conference bounds. All the work of a Conference institution can be done by Taylor University, and we believe that our preachers and people, and ought to *feel* themselves morally obligated to allow it to do that work without rivalry or hindrance.

We therefore appeal to our people to send us their young men and maidens as students. We can do as well for them in every way as the institutions where many of them are now going. The only favor, aside from sympathy and prayers, that we will ever ask of the greater part of those who read this article is STUDENTS.

TRUSTEE.

If you desire a full report of the National Local Preachers' meeting, with some of their addresses, take for the Symposium.



## ZOOLOGY—ITS NATURE AND STUDY.

W. P. WINTER, A. M.

The term, *Zoology*, too often suggests to us curious facts only regarding unseen and unknown tropical or submarine species—a mere agglomeration of Latin scientific names—something abstruse and devoid of benefit. Too often the study of Zoology as pursued in Public Schools and Academics, deteriorates into just such practice. The fault is two fold, and before taking up any special discussion of this topic I will briefly endeavor to dispose of objections to what has no reason to be called a dry study.

Often the teacher from ignorance or indisposition assigns a lesson by pages rather than by topics, hears it recited parrot fashion and dismisses his class. This would be a death blow to enthusiasm anywhere. Zoology is not in books: it is in the woods and fields about us. For a small sum I can purchase a guide to Chicago, yet my knowledge of that great metropolis avails little without my personal visit. Text-books on Zoology are mere guide-books, an invaluable aid but by no means a substitute. Opening the pages of a justly popular School Zoology I encounter such words as Ungulata, Hyracoidea, Cheiroptera:—that the Scientific name of man is *Homo Sapiens*, of the horse, *Equus Caballus*, of the sperm whale, *Physeter Macrocephalus*. Certainly to learn these is not the mission of Zoology. It would be as great wisdom to commit the words of the dictionary and ignore their meanings. It must be the aim of the teacher, or of him who is making a private study to do and to inspire as much original work as possible.

Follow the example of the famous Agassiz, who kept his pupil working several weeks on a single specimen of fish.

We have learned to require the Analysis and description of flowers and plants in Botany; is there any reason why it should not be required in Zoology that a fair num-

ber of insects be mounted, accompanied by descriptions of larger and rarer specimens from actual observation? Microscopical work, where possible, supplemented with copious outside reading on all familiar animals will make Zoology a delight and not a drudge, practical benefit and not a cypher in education.

On the other hand the pupil should have an ambition to acquire knowledge. I know by experience the almost hopeless task of prodding a class, whose minds are preoccupied, into anything bearing the faintest resemblance to enthusiasm. The Scientific names, if you do not purport becoming a specialist in this branch of Science, of the species you are most liable to meet and an ever handy book of reference with ability to find the classification and information relating to rarer species is all that is required. One certainly cannot carry all knowledge in his head, but much can be done in storing it handy for use. Such is the experience of our most successful men.

The study of Zoology does not imply the accurate knowledge of particular species so much as the tracing of the plan of life adopted by an all-wise Creator, and observing its uniformity, as we ascend the animal scale.

A musical composer will take a theme—a thread; so to speak, simple yet beautiful, and by endless modifications and variations weave from the original theme a most entrancing web of music. Just so it seems the Almighty has done with the life principle. There is a beautiful analogy between plant and animal life. In the animal scale it ceases to be an analogy and becomes a similarity. The animal creation reveals an endless diversity amidst unity; thousands of varied forms of life possessing similar organization, and depending on the same elements for life. But what is this analogy between plant and animal life? It is so close that biologists have found it a most difficult matter to determine where plant life ceases and where animal life begins.

Botany searches through the varied forms of vegetation and comes at last to inquire into the primal structure of plant life. It is not the leaf, the twig, the rootlet, but it is the tiny cell perfect in outline, complete in function, infinite in number. How does the little mustard seed which Christ declares to be the least of all seeds become the greatest among herbs? Surely by the patient elaboration from earth and air, and deposition one upon another of countless millions of cells—symbolic of the line upon line and precept upon precept method of the Master's teaching.

Taking a microscope in hand we find that the differences in plants are due almost wholly to modification of cell structure. The pollen-grains of different plants are always unlike; but the principle of plant structure is the same throughout. There is the enveloping membrane or epidermis, the protoplasmic matter containing the germ which by subdivision is to form new cells in endless geometric progression.

Notice the striking resemblance which after all exists between a tree and an animal. Both have a respiration; the tree by stomata, or breathing pores, situated on the under parts of leaves in immense numbers.

Both have a circulation for the sap is the blood of the tree. In the latter however, there is no heart, and the sap rises as does oil in the wick of a lamp. Both assimilate food. Both grow—one in size only, the other in power and function as well as size. Both are composed of cells which multiply similarly. Finally both reproduce their kind by processes that are strikingly analogous.

With this in mind let us look for a moment at the transition ground between plant and animal life, for it seems that the one merges into the other insensibly. Investigations of the greatest interest are continually being made here, as a result of which it is found to be difficult to restrictively define animal life.

Shall we say an animal is that form of life

having sensation and the power of locomotion? The Venus, Fly Trap of N. Carolina possesses sensation and voluntary motion, and it is stated that some of the spores of the sea weeds have the power of locomotion well developed. On the other hand sponges now fully recognized as animals and even Oysters for a greater part of their lives have no power of locomotion. Other differences between the two great forms of life are that animals usually but mark, not universally possess organs of nutrition, exhale Carbonic acid gas and inhale Oxygen, and develop with age.

Plants usually imbibe nourishment directly through pores and without the intervention of a digestive apparatus, absorb Carbonic acid gas, appropriate the Carbon and give back the Oxygen to the air thus making "plants and animals counterparts in the great system of Nature." DANA.

The little Ameba that lowest one-called embodiment of protoplasm which bears the name of animal, absorbs its food by merely wrapping itself about the desired morsel; by some little understood process assimilating what it derives and unrolling itself again from what is indigestible.

It has little or no sensation, or respiration, yet from this microscopic, insignificant cell certain scientists teach that the highest forms of life are derived by a process, diametrically opposed to the every day law of "reversion of species." So much has been wisely said and written on this long disputed subject of evolution that I will forbear to touch upon it, only as it is incidentally suggested.

It is certain that no forms of life were created in vain and as the little Ameba, consisting of one cell performs the necessary functions of life, so higher forms composed of millions of cells live, grow and fulfill the purpose of their Maker.

In the higher orders each cell does not perform all the functions of the Ameba, certain cells are differentiated as Scientists say, and thereby set apart for a particular

use. So we have layers of cells thru we use only to secrete the juices of the body, another set to pump the blood through the system, other layers which in noison contract or expand in producing muscular effort; still other sets of higher development and use that direct and control the remainder. The Amveba is your local machine who has his product performing every part of the labor himself; the higher animal life is the mammoth manufactory where capital is centered and labor organized and drilled, where each man does only a small part but does it well and knows nothing of the other processes. Over and above all are those men who direct and control the rest, the nerve and brain are centers of a vast manufactory. The Creator has adopted one plan of life, the cell, but it is made to do a myriad of duties by just and equal distribution of labor under the direction of Himself, the Master Mechanic.

It is often disputed as to which end of the string it is best to take off in commencing the study of this subject, the Amveba end or the man end, and the answer depends largely on the purpose for which the study is undertaken, whether he merely seeks an agglomeration of interesting Scientific facts, or whether he wishes to systematically acquire a knowledge of life development.

Some advocate that in practice Zoology always follows Human Physiology, hence we are best prepared to begin with man and descend the scale. Such a process has always seemed analogous to commencing at Cube root to learn Numeration or Notation in Arithmetic, or at Zoology to learn the alphabet. Zoology should be inductive not deductive. Commence at A, observe it thoroughly, then pass to B, learn its points of similarity and of difference to the preceding. Let progress be from the simple, the easily understood, to the complex and abstruse. Such is the law in all other study and it seems that such a method is calculated to inspire a greater reverence for the wonderful construction and perfect organization of man.

We can see better why God said:—"Let us make men in our image, after our likeness and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air and over the cattle and over all the earth."

Zoology usually divides the animal kingdom into five heads:—Protozoa, Radiate, Mollusca, Articulata Vertebrata, named in order of their anatomical development. These divisions are by no means clearly marked for transition forms between two classes are always occurring.

It is our purpose to treat briefly of each class pointing out the development as we ascend. All the lower forms are aquatic and most are deep sea species: the snail occupying a high place among the Mollusca is the first land animal, save a few parasitic Protozoa. The Protozoa, meaning first life, are all unicellular, already described, belong. The highest forms of this order are lined in places with minute hair like projections called cilia which by constant vibratory motion either create a current that brings food to the fixed species or enables the others to move about in search of it.

No nervous system of any consequence, no heart, stomach, eyes or other organ have been noticed. The animals of this class as well as of the two next higher seem to have but one purpose in life—to eat. No maternal instincts, no intelligence nor reasoning ability, no association with one another ever characterize them. A stolid indifference to surroundings, a self contemplation and introspection such as Irving assigns to the early inhabitants of Manhattan Island seems to be a fair description of Protozan character.

Immediately on passing to the next order, the Radiate family, we find numerous cells with certain ones differentiated or set apart for particular uses.

The lowest is perhaps the Sponge family a sort of submarine community, each sponge consisting of many few called sponge-animals living side by side along the canals which form the large holes of the sponge—

a Venice, as it were, in the bottom of the sea. From now on the cell structure rapidly becomes complex, and we soon leave this point of view to notice the appearance and development of the organs.

The word radiate means an organism arranged with reference to symmetry with a centre which is usually the so-called mouth and nerve center of the animal.

A star fish is a good example of this structure. In accordance with what we have said about the velocity of these lower animals it is interesting to find that the first organ of special use that occurs is stomach. Some of the radiates seem to be quite ignorant of its proper use, for certain species protrude this stomach from an external opening called the mouth, wrap it around the intended food, Amveba-like, then retract it within the interior of the body to digest and assimilate the morsel. The indigestible portions are disposed of similarly; and some species in too nasty greed sometimes discharge their stomachs which after a time can be replaced by new ones. A number of these lower forms much resemble sea-weed and so tentacles of life that the cutting of them into small pieces only multiplies the animal. They can even be turned inside out like the finger of a glove and life will go on without seemingly the least inconvenience, what was formerly the outside of the body becoming the inside or stomach and performing the offices of digestion. All these forms multiply very rapidly, indeed they must do so to maintain the species since in the young state they are the prey of nearly every higher order of marine life. As many as two hundred millions have been estimated to be the progeny of one individual in a single month. Sexual distinction can seldom or never be recognized as belonging to separate individuals, usually two sexes are combined in one, just as in the flowers of the higher species.

This rapid process of multiplication is carried on in three ways; by eggs which are left to hatch and care for themselves; by budding, a process which may be compared to the housewife's pinching of biscuit from the pan of light bread dough, or to the propagation of plants by

slips, and lastly by the division of the original animal, as in the Amveba. Viviparous animals those which bring forth their young alive, are never met with till we reach the Mammalia, the highest class in the great Kingdom of Vertebrates

Almost contemporaneous with the occurrence of a stomach a few cells are set apart to serve as a nervous centre to direct the movements of the organized animal. Then appear in quick succession swimming organs tentacles or feelers, long spirally coiled threads, tipped with a tiny dart capable of being projected with great rapidity in the exact manner of a whaler's harpoon. These are called lasso cells and they seem to secrete a poisonous fluid

To this extensive order of Radiata the family of Corals belong; many are the interesting and instructive facts which could be quoted in regard to them from men of note who have devoted their lives and means to a study of this remarkable little animal and the curious islands he has built in deep mid ocean.

A rudimentary circulatory apparatus appears in a few species of the higher radiates, with a contractile heart of one cavity, not four as in man and higher animals, and with cold colorless blood. The circulation of blood calls for the presence of some means to create it, so we have the first appearance of gill-like organs in a hard bony plate filled with fine holes like a sieve through which water enters and traverses the entire body in a water vascular system set apart for this purpose. Some Scientists also announce the presence of a liver and some other viscera though this is a disputed field and if they are present at all they are minute in size and feeble in function. That which widely separates these animals from those of a higher class is the entire lack of intelligence and reasoning power. As we ascend the animal scale we perceive these characteristics feebly appear and gradually increase.

The novice would scarcely be able to distinguish these forms from sea vegetation, even the highest radiate is called a sea-cucumber and bears a striking resemblance to his succulent name sake. Most of them have soft mucilaginous bodies no apparent head and manifest little or no motion, they fulfill a place in Creation far be it from us to say that anything was made in vain.

The Mollusca are the next higher class. The term is derived from a Latin word meaning soft and refers to the bodies of the animals. In nearly all cases this soft body is enclosed by a

shell composed mainly of carbonate of lime secreted by the animal itself.

Nature is prodigal in the fantastic forms and beautiful linings it gives to these houses of the sea. Even when taken from the water we hold them to our ears enjoying the delusion of believing that they echo the waves of their native home. Mollusks have not been given lasso-cells or venomous fluid for self protection. Nature in infinite variety has fitted them otherwise. A powerful muscle enables them to tightly close their fortress of pearl and defy their mutual enemies. Another prehensile foot-like organ enables them firmly to attach themselves and there they remain living solely to eat until as in the case of the luscious oyster they shall be eaten to live.

In organization these are more complete than the class just spoken of.

A stomach and mouth, a liver and pancreas and a short intestine describes the digestive system. They are gifted with a nervous system much more complex than the preceding class owns. It consists of a number of small nerve centers called ganglia connected by bands of nerve tissue. In the higher species a rudimentary brain appears, as do also eyes, which snails bear in the ends of a pair of long arms protruding from the head. They breathe by means of gills which also bring the water bearing animalcules and vegetable spores to the mouth of the voracious feeder.

Mollusks are gifted with well developed muscles, thereby giving their bodies a decidedly fleshy character and a noted absence of the jelly like material of lower orders. The higher members of this order have eyes and are almost entirely carnivorous in diet.

Without speaking of the various members of this numerous and exceedingly interesting order, well worth your careful study, we must pass it by for other topics.

The Articulata are so named because of their articulated or jointed structure, a kind of a skeleton or coat of mail covering the exterior of the body. They have no vertebral column, but in organization they are far above all the orders we have spoken of. To this class Insects, Spiders, Crabs and Worms belong. These are the lowest members of the animal scale with which in every day life we are familiar, and too frequently they make themselves the unwilling associates of man. Unsought friendship such as this does not usually inspire in us so much of a desire for study as a thirst for blood, and the community of ideas in man and insects becomes evident

when we reflect that the same motive prompts the mosquito in seeking us.

In the Articulates we have the first definite appearance of bilateral symmetry, that is a right and left side similarly furnished with nerves, vessels and special organs. Among these forms also there is a definite structure which may be called characteristic of the entire class. In the preceding classes you will be impressed with the great disparity in form: in this class one description of an organism almost suffices for the myriads of insects that swarm the air or over run the earth. The first well defined division of body into head, thorax and abdomen, the increase of special and complex organs, the added intelligence, the rapidity of movement all convince us of the wonderful advancement made.

We will briefly describe the anatomy of an insect. The term "insect" means 'cut into' and obviously refers to the threefold division of the body. If you have the fortitude examine for yourselves the body of a wasp, one of the best examples of the insects. This slender waisted creature has a head with two large compound eyes, consisting of from four to five thousand simple eyes, each having most of the parts that make up the human eye.

There are found to be slight differences of form and color in the simple components of these compound eyes, probably adjusted to the various functions required of man's simple eye, for the eyes of insects are immovable and not so easily adjusted to near or far vision.

Two stem-like bodies analogous to horns also project from an insect's head and seem to be exceedingly useful. They are called 'antennae' and are known to be organ of touch and perhaps of hearing. One author also considers them the nasal organs of the insect. If the 'antennae' are cut off the insect, unless cared for by his fellows seems to lose all interest in what surrounds and soon perishes. Herein is a great difference from the lower classes which were capable of renewing a dismembered organ.

The thorax usually consists of three rings and bears all the wings and legs of an insect. Each joint bears a pair of legs and usually the second and third joints have each a pair of wings.

The abdomen consists usually of eleven segments, some of which contain small breathing holes called stigmata communicating with tubes called tracheae. These permeate the body and are enclosed by tubes carrying the blood, thus does aeration of the blood take place on much the same principle as in man. Insects have a

complex digestive system:—jaws, oesophagus, crop, gizzard, stomach, intestine, liver, bile ducts etc., suited to wide variety of diet and a more complex digestion and assimilation than lower orders. The nervous system is much more complete, consisting of a ganglion or nerve center for each segment, all subject to the control of the brain situated in the head, very analogous to the spinal chord and its ganglia in vertebrates.

The muscular system is more perfect than man's, but muscles are not the end of man, save, perhaps, in the case of a few such as the champion of classic Boston.

Man has, all told, about six hundred muscles but some insects can boast of as many thousand. That the muscles of articulates are not less powerful relatively is proven by the fact that many can jump so many times their own height; that they are seemingly tireless on the wing and many fold more rapid in movement than vertebrates.

The flapping of a fly's wing produces the note F of the musical scale. To produce this note requires as proven experimentally in Physics, three hundred and thirty five vibrations per second or twenty one hundred and twenty a minute!

Think of the muscles of a fly's wing in connection with this statement. Books and papers are full of stories of the wonderful intelligence of insects. We ourselves have opportunities to observe many signs of reasoning. We call it instinct. Why not call it sense, intelligence the proper result of a comparison of ideas assisted by memory.

In such a rapid review of the animal kingdom we will not pause for anecdotes illustrating these points, nor to discuss many interesting forms and facts such as the adaptation in form or color of the insects to their places of abode, their musical sense, their wonderful metamorphosis in the larval pupa stages, their uses and their abuses.

Proceeding to the last and highest class we come to the Vertebrata one characterized by even greater diversity than the Articulates. The exterior jointed structure disappears and is supplanted by an interior, jointed vertebral column, with vertebrae decreasing in number from over a hundred in snakes and reptiles to twenty four in man.

There seems to be a wonderful diversity here, man, beasts, birds, and fishes.

The first point of difference noticed is that the Mammalia highest of the vertebrates produce

their young alive. Birds, reptiles and fish produce eggs and manifest more or less maternal interest in the offspring. Birds are higher in organization because of the possession of a four chambered heart and true lungs, while reptiles and fish have a two or three chambered heart and gills. Reptiles are aquatic when young, such as the familiar tad-pole or polly-wog which lays aside gill for lungs early in his career.

The appearance of true teeth characterize all Vertebrata except birds and fish. It is observable that fishes make amends for lack of teeth in the mouth by bony plates which in variety of whale is the source of whale-bone. Birds have a strongly muscular gizzard which by the aid of sharp stones grinds the food on its way from the store-house, the crop to the digestive organ the stomach. We can also perceive gray matter in the brain increasing in relative quantity and number of convolutions as we approach to man, indicative of increasing reasoning power. Except in fish we notice a well formed ear and an unmistakable nasal organ. In fish the ear is internal and sound is probably conducted through the bones of the head. In all except fish and reptiles the head is movable independently of the body, a feature that does not occur before.

We cannot open the book of minute description for to begin even would prolong this paper beyond limit. Suffice it to say there is a field here fraught with deep interest to the seekers for knowledge. To him who would know more of the Creator's wonderful work we say pay closer attention to the founts of your immediate surroundings, study and observe.

We have ascended the animal scale and have arrived at last at Mankind similar in physical constitution dissimilar in that which makes him a superior being.

The Bible tells us God made man in his own image.

Evolution teaching Scientists denying this and seizing on unity of life structure as I have imperfectly tried to exhibit it, affirm the gradual development of a higher from a next lower until they come to that lowest Protozoan the Amveba.

After trying in vain to prove that animal life can originate itself from inanimate matter, in despair they cry out: "There must have been a Creative Cause." This is the key to the whole situation. Once admit man's inefficiency and God's sufficiency and it must follow that he can as well create a man as an Amveba since the "life principle" is the same and almighty power is used.

A triumph greater than that of battles is won by the overthrow of Atheism on Scientific grounds. When Science becomes the handmaid of Theology; when the creature perceives the Creator in all created things the forces of Satan cannot long prevail.

"FROM THE GAS WELLS to SNOW FIELDS."

REV. R. M. BARNES, D. D.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 10, Dr. Barnes gave to a large congregation some pictures from his recent western trip.

The following is an abstract from his interesting discourse:

In reference to the terms used the gas wells clearly express the sources of wealth in our own state. In the discovery of gas is recognized one of the most important events in this country. The discovery of these hidden stores, which appear so inexhaustible has been a most important one to Indians, and as years go by we will realize that what God has given we augment in this great state our source of wealth.

The other term employed refers to vast snow fields in Colorado, not on the mountain peaks as they usually are snowless and black and barren, but lying in deep gorges through the summers of centuries, some of these vast snow fields hold the snows that may have fallen in the time of Abraham. The route taken on the speaker's journey was by way of the Wabash railroad, their line passing through remarkably fertile country, smiling with its vast corn fields. The prairies of Illinois, which in the summer time are a vast corn field. In the early part of the day the great bridge of St. Louis attracts us. That vast structure with its great piers spans the Missouri river, across which thirty to forty thousand people pass each day. It has roadways also for teams, and great trains of cars carrying passengers and freight; also a fine roadway. When James Eads first proposed building the bridge over the Missouri people laughed at him and thought he was insane, but he demonstrated the possibilities of American gold and American grit, and the bridge is a reality. We come quietly into St. Louis. People talk of quiet St. Louis and old French St. Louis. We may call it sleepy; it is a wealthy city, with its population of four hundred and fifty thousand peo-

ple there are fewer failures in business than in any other city in the United States. It contains a larger acreage of parks than any other city. In Shaw's gardens are found a greater variety of plants than any other garden in the world. Every rare tree or shrub that can be obtained is found there. The man that made that garden has a world wide reputation. There is nothing to see back of St. Louis for a hundred miles so we take the night train. The next place reached is Jefferson City, the capital, then to Sedalia, from there to the wonderful Kansas City, less in population now than it was two years ago, it seems like a city taking a rest for little while. We hasten now to Paoli. Through this part of the country great prairies stretch out for miles. The town next announced by the conductor is Ossawatimie. This brings to mind the dear hero John Brown; what recollections the name brings forth. We are told that the best chickens in the country are to be found at Ossawatimie. Being a minister I am supposed to be a competent judge, and I will say to you that of all the chickens I ever ate, and they are numberless, that I ate at Ossawatimie was the best, and I paid for it, for they did not know I was a minister. We next came to Ottawa, the western Chautauqua. Now to Council Grove. I had been here in '72 and I looked to see if I could detect any land marks, only the river looked natural. I had at that time gone there in a spring wagon. At the foot of these hills in the Neosha Valley the Indian held his council—now it is a city with fine buildings and street cars. Now on to Salina, at early morning is seen Pueblo, which seems to be the only city that has doubled the population in two years. It is a great manufacturing center. Its mountains are filled with coal and metal. Rents are high here and people are wild, as they are in most of the western towns, especially in the great manufacturing cities. One hundred and twenty miles more to Denver in the early morning the first thing we are asked of tenderfoot, and all are called tenderfeet who have never been here before, "have you seen the mountains?" You begin to rub your eyes and look around, for the mountains seem just ahead of the train, when in reality they are from ninety to one hundred miles away. We visited the Manitou, the Garden of the Gods. Never shall I forget those great stones—yellow, black, green and white. We hurry on as there is nothing especially at-

tractive but the stock farms—such beauties as are found among the stock there is seldom found elsewhere. You reach the suburbs of Denver a long time before you strike the city. There seems to be room enough here for a dozen cities like London. Denver is unlike most of the western cities it is a city of stone, the supply of stone in the surrounding country appears to be without limit. It is used in all structures and each one who builds a house and endeavors to make that house a thing of beauty, making a most beautiful city. There are in the city sixteen Methodist churches, among them several colored churches. From Denver we took a number of excursions, one of which was to Green Lake. The ascent up the mountain was very difficult but the beauty of the scene repaid the trouble—the lake was a transparent sheet of water—in it you could see the reflection of a petrified forest. We also visited Carson City. In this were seen people carrying bottles, some had three or four tied together. This was an unusual sight. I discerned they were going to the springs to get soda water, there are also iron springs and other mineral springs. The lecture was closed by advising those who had comfortable homes and were aged to remain where they were, but for the young who had energy and plenty of push and drive and wanted to win distinction they might seek their fortune and honors in the west; but wherever they went if they were christians God would take care of them.

### ARE WE SOBER?

BY A. BAKER.

Most men will admit that "a sound mind in a sound body" is a good state or condition for a common working man to have or be in. Dr. G. Monro Smith in "Science" is reported as saying "that the daily destructive Metabolism, which is the great criterion of work done, does not vary much among different occupations." Premising that he does not consider moderate over eating injuries, he finds that very many men eat considerably more than the most liberal tables on the subject, it is not an uncommon thing for an average-sized man on very moderate work to eat twenty five or twenty seven ounces of chemically dry food a day.

Women eat much less than men, after making allowances for differences of weight and work. Where a man eats nineteen ounces, a woman of the same weight and active habits eats only fourteen or fifteen ounces. On a diet from which all meat is excluded, he has found that twelve to thirteen ounces per seim will comfortably feed a hard working man. A moderate use of stimulents appears to increase the average amount moderately free drinking diminishes it. A diet consisting of one part nitrogenous to seven or eight nonnitrogenous is a good combination: it is greatly "exceeded on the nitrogenous side by the majority of men and women especially the former. A diet of twelve to fourteen ounces of chemically dry food, digestible, with the ingredients in proper proportion, is sufficient to keep in good health an average sized man on moderate work;" when accompanied by about the same number of ounces of water or perhaps onethird more. We have made a lengthy quotation because of the importance of its valuable items. Are we sober? Is to ask, are the mental and physical systems in ballance? Are they out of ballance? Most frequently, perhaps we refer to the cause, in connection with the condition referring to the use of some chemical or medical agent as the disturbing factor producing an abnormal unballanced condition. Often these agents are what are called "stimulents." Stimulents have been defined as those "agents that increase vital action beyond their nutritive value," and may be valuable when such action enables the system to appropriate elements or nutritious matter which it otherwise could, or would not assimilate. We have physical stimulents and mental stimulents. When by the use of these excitants the mental or vital action or both become so exhaletd as to be thrown out of normal balance and into disordered action, distorting the mental or physical powers, or both, we then pronounce the man intoxicated, not sober, perhaps insane, or in ecstasy. Some powers exhalted, others weakened.



inactive, or perverted, at least the activities of the man are unbalanced. His supplies have been of an abnormal character and not entirely nutritive, he is not entirely sober. Injuries which more or less permanently disorder, distort, or pervert mental balance to that degree that makes the man a source of social disorder and perhaps dangerous through the use of stimulants, we pronounce inebriety, the man is not sober, but insane. The range of disordered mental, as well as physical action, is a broad one, and the question has been asked, "who is there in this world of sin and disorder that is just exactly sound," and well balanced mentally, physically and spiritually? Just how far are we out of balance? How can we correct our disordered state?

To parents & others  
**BACCALAUREATE SERMON.**  
 I should encourage  
 children to go to  
 school  
 "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER" ROMAN XV, 14.  
 WAS THE TEXT OF THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON OF THE CLASS OF '90, DELIVERED BY REV. J. FISH, D. D. PASTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH LIMA, OHIO.

The following is an extract of it, one of the most eloquent and thoughtful sermons that was ever delivered in Fort Wayne.

"What is a graduate?"

It is only one who has learned how to be learner. It is one who has found much only to realize how much more there is that he has not yet found. He is simply as one who has traveled through miles of space amid billions of worlds only to dream of the infinity of space beyond, in which countless worlds beside may yet be placed.

One of the benefits of knowledge is this; it enables one to compete with another. Life is a checkered path full of difficulties, full of hindrances, full of dark, hard problems. Men rub against each other, antagonize one another, seek the aid of one another. Knowledge enables them to help, or outstrip each other. To gain conquests and to reach success means struggle, just as it has meant it all along through college. God never wrote the word 'success' but once in the Bible (Joshua 1 8) and then it followed a persistent day and night application of the soul. Sometimes a graduate thinks he has now prepared himself for life's career, and has nothing to do but to enter the arena, and receive its crowns. Oh, what a mistake! He is entering a

world where others are already engaged for victory. They will pick him up, shake him, until they have learned the ring of the metal of which he consists. When the great world renowned chemical philosopher Faraday was ready to enter upon his career he boldly wrote the great Sir Humphrey Davy, asking for a place in the Royal Institution. Sir Humphrey said to one of his colleagues, "here is a letter from a young man called Faraday. He has gone through my lectures and wishes employment. What do you think of it?" "Set him to washing bottles," said his colleague, "and if there is any stuff in him we will find it out." Faraday was engaged, and beginning as he was told fought his way up until he became one of the most brilliant lecturers the Royal Institution ever knew. So knowledge is to enable the graduates to overcome obstacles.

"Knowledge to be a power must be constantly increasing. Absolutely, there is no such thing on earth as having acquired all knowledge, and to retain what we have the mind must be kept active and studious. Ours is an age of ceaseless and electrical activity. It is an age of lightning in thought and dynamite in action. There is no chance for sluggards, nor place for laggards. We must keep thinking. The most successful farming is now done by the book, and the trades are sciences. The constant, never-changing, pitiless demands of our age are facts, thinking, conclusions. We must be filling with knowledge. He who aspires to leadership must have these, and handle them or the world will write 'nil' upon him. Everywhere it is calling for brains compressed with facts, thought pounded down and crowded in along all lines, and in overflowing measure. But it has no patience with egotism and disdain to look upon one who is puffed up. In 1790 it called one such 'Tom,' and in 1890 it calls the other 'Bob.' To walk up and down this world as if one knew it all is simply to flash an electric light about one's own folly. Here is one who says, 'it is no use to convince me, for I have informed myself perfectly.' There is in my library 1,200 volumes, books of history, books of literature, books of theology, books on science I have been a quarter of a century gathering and arranging them. They have cost me enough to buy my family a home. But after all it is only a few shelves full of books. I go back to ancient Assyria, existing in an age without printing presses and I find a library of 10,000 distinct works. I go back to the hieroglyphic writings of old Egypt and find one of 37,000 books, some of them running back more than 2,000 years. B. C. I go back to the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, whose librarian the great Callimachus, bought up all of Aristotle's book and became the inspiration of the great Alexandrian library with its 580,000 volumes. Or, I come down to our own times and go into the public library of Indianapolis, and here are 35,000 volumes, or into the Merchantile library of New York with its 193,000 volumes, or into the library of congress at Washington, I find 398,000 volumes. Now I cross the waters and enter some of the mother countries, where centuries of national life have given them time to gather books. I find in the Empire, at Munich, a library of 1,000,000 printed volumes. In Russia, at St. Petersburg, the im-

*will be for the world to be a power must be constantly increasing. Absolutely, there is no such thing on earth as having acquired all knowledge, and to retain what we have the mind must be kept active and studious. Ours is an age of ceaseless and electrical activity. It is an age of lightning in thought and dynamite in action. There is no chance for sluggards, nor place for laggards. We must keep thinking. The most successful farming is now done by the book, and the trades are sciences. The constant, never-changing, pitiless demands of our age are facts, thinking, conclusions. We must be filling with knowledge. He who aspires to leadership must have these, and handle them or the world will write 'nil' upon him. Everywhere it is calling for brains compressed with facts, thought pounded down and crowded in along all lines, and in overflowing measure. But it has no patience with egotism and disdain to look upon one who is puffed up. In 1790 it called one such 'Tom,' and in 1890 it calls the other 'Bob.' To walk up and down this world as if one knew it all is simply to flash an electric light about one's own folly. Here is one who says, 'it is no use to convince me, for I have informed myself perfectly.' There is in my library 1,200 volumes, books of history, books of literature, books of theology, books on science I have been a quarter of a century gathering and arranging them. They have cost me enough to buy my family a home. But after all it is only a few shelves full of books. I go back to ancient Assyria, existing in an age without printing presses and I find a library of 10,000 distinct works. I go back to the hieroglyphic writings of old Egypt and find one of 37,000 books, some of them running back more than 2,000 years. B. C. I go back to the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, whose librarian the great Callimachus, bought up all of Aristotle's book and became the inspiration of the great Alexandrian library with its 580,000 volumes. Or, I come down to our own times and go into the public library of Indianapolis, and here are 35,000 volumes, or into the Merchantile library of New York with its 193,000 volumes, or into the library of congress at Washington, I find 398,000 volumes. Now I cross the waters and enter some of the mother countries, where centuries of national life have given them time to gather books. I find in the Empire, at Munich, a library of 1,000,000 printed volumes. In Russia, at St. Petersburg, the im-*

perial library, 1,000,000 volumes. In England, mother of literature and country of Shakespear and Pitt, is the library of the British museum, which contains 1,600,000 volumes, and 120,000 maps. Or I enter France where under the fostering care of such lovers of books as Charles V, Louis XII, Louis XIV, and the great Napoleon, the wonderful Bibliothéque nationale at Paris has been built up, containing 2,350,000 volumes, and having annual additions of over 45,000 volumes.

Young man, just about ready to defy the world of literature, be honest, and say, 'I have just commenced to read, and study and learn.

"Knowledge to be a power must have an object. Admonish one another, help another. Do something. Have some purpose. Knowledge is not simply a treasure to get and to have but it is a benefaction to be given and scattered. God's great underlying law is a law of sacrifice. The seed is sacrificed that it may give us a plant; the plant it may give the bud; the bud that the blossom may follow; the blossom that we may have the fruit; the fruit that again seed may be given. So of knowledge. It is not yours to keep, but yours to bestow, that others may be helped.

"It is the mission of light to reveal, but it must have a medium. So with knowledge. Shut it up in your head and the darkness reigns supreme, but turn its rays upon the world's need and life's possibilities, and its benign influence will be seen on every hand.

"The present age needs mighty brain power, which shall show itself in results. There are great, deep, intricate, puzzling problems to be solved. The great startling question of the rum traffic is one. Who shall point out the sure method of its overthrow and expiration? Where is the giant general who shall lead the marshalling forces of the land to a victorious day? God hasten the day when the knowledge which blesses others shall untie the knot and lead us out of the mazy entanglement, into which we have been thrown by that monster—the drink demon.

"Knowledge, to be a blessing, must be joined with goodness. 'Full of goodness and filled with all knowledge, ye are able to admonish one another.' It is the mission of light also to conceal. Light sometimes blinds as much as darkness. The eye cannot look upon the flaming sun at noon-day. Stars shine on but are hid from sight by the light of the sun. Many a student has suffered a little knowledge to blind his eyes and lead him astray. He has learned a few material and theoretical things and has closed his sight against the spiritual and real. I pick up a piece of flint, shaped into a spearhead. Whence came it? A philosopher of this class stands at my side and says, "That belongs to the age of the savage. He was a man far down in the scale, who lived in the remote past," and then he whispers in my ear, "scratch the back of the savage and you will find the monkey." He means to say the savage is a link in the descending chain of man which ends like a brute—but his sight is covered and he only sees in part. As I pick up the flint spearhead, I am constrained to say, "quicken the heart of the savage and you may find the Son of God. Why? Because I see toils in this flint." I see thought and plan in this flint. I see mighty and majestic movings of purpose in this flint. Ah! I seemore—I

see love of life, and love of friends in this flint. Brush away the dirt and you may see bright, beautiful, God-like jewel of sacrifice in this flint. Divide the ancient past into four ages, the drift, the stone, the bronze, the iron ages. This flint belongs to the second, the age of mammoth, the cave bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros and other strong ravenous animals of forest and sea. If man were only an animal, he and they must soon perish, for it was but a question of animal strength and perhaps, a little cunning. But man thinks, and he loves his life, and he loves his family and he says, "I can not see them go down before my eyes," and he plans to protect them. The spearhead is the result. The great animal perished from off the face of the earth, but man survives not alone because he is the fittest, but because he wishes to survive.

Ah! Man is not a chimpanzee sitting down like a tailor, tying a knot like a sailor, drinking wine like a fool, and attempting to commit suicide in the shame of his being, but he is a being of thought, and love, and hope, and purpose, seeing farther than the telescope has ever pierced, and grasping more knowledge than the universe ever revealed. He is the Son of God. He is the only creation by which God's qualities can be revealed. Suppose God should write in letters of fire all over the sky, 'I thy God, am just,' how could his meaning be known except, He first impart to a man a notion of justice. Suppose he should cry out, 'I, thy God, am Father and Son,' how could we understand him except He had first planted the love of nature in man.

Popular astronomy has taught us that the ray of light sent forth from a star, does not reach the eye at once, but at a longer or shorter interval according to the distance of the star. The eye follows the light of the star of the twelfth magnitude and sees it as it was 4,000 years ago, when Abraham looked up towards the heaven to count the stars and so to know the number of his descendants. So by the flint the eye runs back along the history of man, not as he is but as he was, yet ever the Son of God, as a star ever was star.

True education is essentially christain. Colleges are but the fruit of christain thought, and they are builded and kept with consecrated money. In the Koran is found a story of Abraham, who first desired to worship a star, but it disappeared and he cried 'hast thou died, oh star; thou art not my God then, for I cannot acknowledge a God that can die. The moon presented itself, but it too was soon gone, and was rejected: Then the sun, in a short time it had disappeared. Then Abraham said, 'Oh sun, thou art dead; I cannot know thee as God, but back of sun, moon and star, I will find Him who is the author of life of all these moving lights, and I will worship Him in whom is no darkness.' And then with up lifted hands, he cried: 'Oh! thou Mighty One, speak to me and guide me; and I will love thee and obey thee, and thou shalt be my God, forever and ever.

"Oh, student, in the fullness of knowledge, be filled also with goodness, and cling ever to God; and then shall come to thee the graduation into the higher spheres, where thou shalt see face to face and know as thou art also known."

*Keep knowledge to be a success  
it must be directed to a worthy  
purpose.*

*Lead on the origin of man*

# The Symposium.

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY,

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

## SALUTATORY.

The Symposium comes before the public as the official organ of the Taylor University and the paper of the Methodist Church of Northern Indiana and Ohio.

This consideration will govern the selection of its contributions and the gathering of its locals.

Although the price is only fifty cents per year a glance at its contributors will show that "The Symposium" is a paper second to none in its field.

On every side we are greeted with the question, "How long will 'The Symposium' live?"

We answer this by pointing to its contributions.

These men have all expressed the desire to have a paper of this character published and have willingly consented to contribute to its support.

But to those who are asking this question we must say that, "How long The Symposium will live" depends in part upon you.

Whether you give it your supports or not?

Whether you subscribe for it or not?

Solomon in one of his songs describes the church "as terrible as a host with banners."

Now let the Methodists of Northern Indiana, and Ohio rally around "The Symposium" with the spirit of "a host with banners," not fighting our neighbors, but welcoming every soldier who in the rush of the battle, lost from his own church, is willing to fight with us, let us strive to plant our banner first on the works of sin.

But some say "I subscribed for the Methodist Advocate and it went down before my time expired and all the attempts to publish a paper like your's have been failures."

What of all of that?

Cyrus W. Field in laying the Atlantic Cable, made two flat failures and sank millions in the bottom of the sea, before he moved the two continents within speaking distance.

Now we are engaged in a greater work than Cyrus W. Field was.

We desire to move men within speaking distance of Heaven.

We want to move the two worlds within speaking distance—"This world and the next."

The Symposium comes to you as a powerful means in this great enterprise.

A cable that may connect some poor soul with heaven.

You can afford fifty cents worth of capital in this enterprise. Especially can you when it brings to your home such excellent reading matter, in two lines of thought—In Religion and Education.

These two lines while distinct converge if followed and meet, declaring the greatness; goodness and the glory of the God of Israel. For it cannot be otherwise, for since God created all things, all things are a manifestation of His thought, and to think them is to think His thoughts.

Then to him who thinks the motion of a planet or the structure of a worm, is a source of religious enjoyment as are the "holy scriptures" for they all declare the glory of God.

To him who thinks, the song of the brook, the bird and the hum of the bee do all blend into one grand anthem far surpassing any anthem he hears in the church.

Then you can afford to invest fifty cents in this great work; yes, you can afford to do more.

You have neighbors who would subscribe for it but if they cannot afford it you can subscribe for them.

You have others, who read nothing but yellow backed novels, New York Weeklies or even the Police Gazette. Some of them live in mansions others in hovels, the atmosphere of whose homes are intellectually and religiously as impure as the "Black hole of Calcutta."

The inmates of these homes are gasping for Truth but they are so stupefied by poisonous literature they know not what they want.

Now the question presents itself to you "Can you afford to send The Symposium into some such a place as this?" We think you can.

Owing to the fact that so many of our people have been at summer resorts we have not been able to reach a number of eminent men that we are confident will contribute; our readers may expect to see new names appear in our list of contributors in the near future.

Prof. Winter's work at Island Park Assembly this summer has attracted so much attention that he has received some flattering praise through several of the Fort Wayne Dailies.

## HUMAN LIVING AN ART.

FROM THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON, GIVEN  
LAST JUNE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF  
NEWTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE N. J.,

BY DR. HILLMAN.

I say to you that the finest human achievements are wrought out not so much by being strong, as by being skilful. Prudence outwits brute force; strategy is victory. Satan may be foiled by skilfully checkmating him, as well as by stubbornly resisting him as the donkey balks in the traces. In other words, man in his better estate must be something of an artist. Right living is an art to be learned. Soul-life must be defended by art, as the body defends itself from winter's cold by house and fires. Soul culture is the highest kind of art. A soul, healthy and cultivated, is made so by the art of living wisely. The Christian art of living wisely is the art of so living that you may have nothing to unlearn forever, whether in the body or out of it; whether on this little planet Earth, or out yonder in the belt of brilliant Orion; or yet farther away in some one of those magnificent star-hives where God the great builder has set in thick clusters the shining habitations of his power.

Man needs guidance as well as instruction. Some of our duties come easy to us; to sleep, to eat, to vote, to pay taxes, to go to church, to speak the truth in the absence of temptation to lie, to weigh the grocer's sugar, to grade the highway, are not hard to do; but to tread safely the slippery pathways where ambitious and cunning manhood is striving to win the world's coveted prizes: to fill faithfully, honestly, an office of great responsibility and of complex personal relations, when excited passion, partizan zeal, and lust of power would mount and ride the judgment, as reckless jockeys ride the race horse; to keep the conduct close along the plummet line of strict integrity when greed of gold, and pallid fears, pace restless the

chambers of the soul; to walk in the low valley of patient labor the narrow path that leads up to the lordship of nature; to be master of the senses five when they have been overfed and fattened by free and full indulgence; to do the right thing because it is right and in scorn of consequence; to do these things is not easy, and how to do them is not sung into the soul by the songs of chance birds in the trees.

The Methodist people of Decatur are firm believers in the saying, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and are acting upon it in the building of their new parsonage. The house alone costs nearly three thousand dollars, and when finished will be beautiful without, and convenient, commodious, comfortable and handsome within. It will be ready for pastor work and family by the time the snow flies, and himself, family, and the people are to be congratulated.

Harlan has now the best Methodist circuit parsonage in the Ft. Wayne District. Heretofore their parsonage contained but four rooms and a summer kitchen, without cellar or well. A story has been put on the building; with four rooms, the old part re-arranged, a foundation put under it, a kitchen added on with a good cellar, and an excellent well put down; thus making a conveniently arranged house of nine rooms, with cellar and well. The well is called the White well from the following incident: Capt. White was asking Rev. Currie how he was getting along, and upon his stating the circumstances at Harlan the Captain gave him ten dollars, telling him to use it to the best advantage for the comfort of his family. Rev. Currie used it as a nest egg for a well, and secured the well at a cost to the circuit of about one dollar and a half. The pastor A. H. Currie has worked with his usual vigor and determination, the people have responded with their means, and a long felt necessity is satisfied.

The new Spencerville Circuit is moving in the work of parsonage building. Rev. J. J. Fréch, the pastor, who is in his first year in the work, has won all hearts, and the work moves on finely. The parsonage

age will be built, for the Spencerville people are not the failing kind.

Rev. M. C. Cooper, who had planned to go to Evanston to attend the Garrett Biblical Institute the coming College year, has changed his mind, and will remain with his people and pursue a course in the Taylor University for the coming year at least.

### THALONIAN SOCIETY.

BY MISS MAGGIE CARVER.

The Thalonian Society, which has ever been distinguished for the superior quality of its work, is, in every respect, in a thriving condition.

We believe that the past year's work has been productive of as much sound thought and the display of as much talent as that of any year in the history of the Society.

Great ability has been shown in debate, essay and oration; indeed, the Oratorical Prize of \$25 was won by Mr S. A. Shoemaker, a staunch Thalonian.

The Society has been successful, not only in this direction, but from a financial stand point as well. By the untiring efforts of the members, its coffers are groaning with their burdens, and ere long, the dream of all old Thalonians—The new carpet will be a reality.

During the Normal term, the membership was increased very materially, and great progress was made in all directions.

On the whole, the outlook for the Society is very bright. New students will do well to join it in its success and all who do so, can be assured of a most cordial welcome.

Thalonians will be interested in the following Personals:

Mr. C. O. Broxen and his charming little wife, formerly Miss Linnie Rich, are in Leadville Col., where Mr. Broxen has the honored position of Supt. of schools.

J. D. Metts, yielding other pursuits as the demand of health, promises to be one of the foremost farmers in the country.

W. C. Whittenberger and W. F. Carver are spending the summer in the extreme East, in the interest of a Chicago firm.

We have the pleasure of announcing that

Mrs. Byers of the State Normal is an honorary of the Thalonian Society.

While Mrs. Walmer rejoices over the advent of a boy into her home, C. E. Dudley, with a smile of superiority, shows to his delighted friends twin boys—"future prohibitionists."

Mrs. Frank Alderman, by her kindness to the Society, still displays strong Thalonian sentiments.

Mr. C. E. Smith and wife, *nee* Miss Sadie Mahin, will shortly make their home at Greencastle, Ind., where Mr. Smith will pursue his studies in DePauw University. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were two of the Society's best workers and will be greatly missed. May joy and prosperity attend them.

Miss Tibbals has had the opportunity of studying in New York, during the summer and returns to us better prepared than ever to do good work.

Much of the success of the Society during the Normal term, was due to the excellent management of the President, Miss Alice Hamil.

Mr. E. N. Eterick is very successful in his work in this city, as deputy prosecuting attorney.

Miss Hattie Stemen enters, this fall, upon a course of study in the Medical Department of the University.

Miss Eve Johns and Miss Meeks, well known Society workers, intend, during the winter, to devote themselves to teaching in this county.

Many will learn with regret that Earnest Bierman, will not attend school here this year.

Thalonians are anxiously waiting to hear that Mrs. W. F. Heath is to remain in the city.

S. A. Shoemaker has accepted a position as principal of the schools at Vera Cruz.

All the halls and rooms of the University are being carpeted, furnished and papered so that the old students will scarcely recognize the interior of the College.

We are to have natural gas this year. Just think of it, no wood or coal to carry, no fires to build and no dirt.

Miss Nora Alman, a graduate of the Ft. Wayne College and last year a student at De Pauw is in the city at 339 Harrison St.

Mr. Mager's sister spent a few days with him at the College.

Charles Tinkham, a student at the College last year will teach part of next year and keep up his work. Charley has his eye on a diploma of the Taylor University.

Depend upon it the Taylor University will be the pride of Ft. Wayne.

The National local preachers association will meet at the University next month.

Rev. A. J. Fish of Lima, O., visited the University on the 14th inst.

Bishop Taylor will be with us next Oct.

J. D. Merriman of '88 is now located at South Whitley; during the summer he held a very successful Normal and will be the Principal of the Public school next year.

South Whitley has one of the most convenient and tasty school buildings that it has been our pleasure to visit, and a population whose thrift and intelligence is above the average.

Grant Housh of '89 is spending his vacation with his Brother and friends in the city.

We are told that he led his class at the Southern Baptist Seminary as he did his class, at the Ft. Wayne College in '89. '89 is proud of Grant.

We challenge any University in the West to show a finer array of talent than is shown in our lecturers on Bible study.

Damon Dandridge was in the city a few days during vacation. He returns to the Taylor University this year.

Dr. Stemen's lecture at Island Park was well received. The Dr. always instructs and entertains on whatever subject he talks.

N. C. Heironimus of '85 and Paul Wilkie of '89 held a very, successful Normal at Pleasant Lake this summer. They were both very good students and are very successful teachers.

All of the old students are pleased to hear that Prof. Clippinger will occupy the chair of Mathematics next year in the Taylor University.

All we have to say is that if he works as hard in the class room as he has this summer lecturing, preaching and talking—

sometimes as many as three and four times a day, the students of Taylor University will be well pleased.

Subscribe for The Symposium and you will assist in building up the University, for it is the interest of every University to have a paper, besides "The Symposium" will be worth the money.

The students of Taylor University may well congratulate themselves on the fact that he is to be with us this year.

Rev. Van Slyke lectured at Spring Fountain Park Assembly.

We regret to part with Dr. Barnes, who goes to Denver Col., about the first of Sept. There he will be the pastor of Christ's Church, cor. of 22nd Ave. and Ogden St. It is a very beautiful Church costing \$75,000, built of white lava stone with red granite trimmings, and with a steeple one hundred and ninety feet high, having a membership of two hundred and fifty.

His successor is the Rev. Eldrige who has been in the ministry twenty years. Had charge of Christ's Church congregation four years, during which time he has built the church just described and he is spoken of as a very able man; so that while the Wayne St. congregation regrets the loss of Dr. Barnes they can well congratulate themselves upon securing such a man to fill their pulpit.

Martha E. Tibbals had charge of the Art department at Spring Fountain Park Assembly this year, and is now in the East studying Art. She will return no doubt filled with new ideas for her work next year.

Miss Jennie Bates left for Kansas City on Aug. 20.

The catalogues this year, owing to the shortness of time they had to arrange them and the delay in securing a faculty, are necessarily incomplete, leaving out some of the most important features of the University and not giving the public much of an idea of the work to be done.

There are some errors in them too, one of them is the way in which Prof. Winter's name appears. It should read A. M. instead of A. B.

Every one seems to be pleased with Dr. Hillman that meets him, and agrees that he is a very valuable addition to the faculty.

## COURSE OF BIBLE STUDY.

The Teacher's course in Bible study will open Monday, Oct. 13, 1890. A Bible reading or lecture will be given each day at 10:30, A. M., and 3: P. M. during the course of four weeks (Saturday and Sundays excepted.) A special gospel service will be held in the University Hall each Sabbath during the course at 2:30 P. M. Bishop Taylor, of Africa, will preach at 2:30 P. M., Oct. 12, and will open the special course in Bible study on Monday, Oct. 13, 10:30, A. M. He will lecture each session Oct. 13, 14 and 15, and preach each evening. Rev. E. P. Brown of Indianapolis, will give four lectures and Bible readings in the regular course, beginning Friday, Oct. 17.

He will conduct a special gospel service at 2:30, P. M., Sabbath Oct. 20.

Rev. Van Anda, of Indianaapolis, Ind., will give six Bible readings, commencing Tuesday, Oct. 21, 10:30, A. M. He will lecture at 7:30 P. M., Oct. 21, 22 and 23.

Miss M. C. Hedrick, Superintendent of the Calcutt's Girl's School, will deliver two lectures, Oct. 26 and 27. She will give Bible readings each session Monday.

Dr. Daniel Steele, of Boston, will lecture at 2:30 P. M., Sabbath, Nov. 2, subject: "How to teach the Word." He will give Bible readings at each regular session, Nov. 3 and 4, and will lecture at 8:30, P. M., in the University Hall.

Dr. L. A. Keen, of Cincinnati, Ohio, will give a Bible reading at each session Nov. 5, 6 and 7, and will lecture each evening in the University Hall at 7:30, P. M., subject: "Preparation to teach the Word."

Other noted workers are expected. All Christian workers who desire help in teaching the Word, should not fail to attend this special course in Bible Study.

Tuition for special course of Bible Study including lectures, \$5.00. Tickets for evening sessions only \$1.00.

## NORMAL COURSE OF SACRED MUSIC.

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A Normal course in sacred Music, commencing Monday, Oct. 13, 1890, and continuing for weeks.

Two lessons will be given each day at 9:30, A. M., and 1:30, P. M. (Saturday and Sunday excepted.) A chorus class will be organized and will hold two sessions each week during the Normal course.

All who attend the Normal course will be ad-

mitted free to the Chorus class. Instruction in the Normal course will include Notation, Expression, Articulation; Adaptation, Organization and Government. Teachers, Chorists and members of the different choirs, with all who desire a thorough course in vocal music as a preparation for teaching or leading in sacred song, should not fail to attend this course. A Chorus class will be organized and ten lessons will be given—two each week, commencing Oct. 10, 1890, 7:30, P. M. Tuition for ten lessons, \$5.00.

Prof. R. E. Hudson, who will give instruction in this department, is a teacher of seventeen years experience, also a leading author and composer of sacred song.

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## PHILALETHEAN SOCIETY.

The Philaethean literary society has prospered since it was organized and its once so formidable competitor, the Old Thalonian society, was left considerable in the rear a long time ago. In its hall has been fostered many noble ideas, and there many a young man or woman has laid the foundation for a character which may startle the world by its very loftiness of purpose, power and ability. The mere mention of a few of our more prominent members such as Merics, Kolloek, Hines, Youum, Labr, Hopkins, Seaman, Herrick, Weeks, Pepple, McKee, Holloper, Baldwin, Sarber, Little etc, is sufficient to justify us in the above assertion. Our aim is true literary attainment and our hall is open to lovers of literature and the art of discourse. To-day, we, the Philaetheans, in a body, extend a hearty welcome to all who may contemplate attending the University during the coming year.

The Misses McKee and Shives contemplate teaching school during the coming year. We wish them success.

Miss Mottinger, now a student of medicine in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and formerly a familiar figure in the Philaethean hall is at present visiting in Illinois.

Miss Baldwin, whose ever-lasting good humor and laughing eyes will be remembered by many Philaetheans, is here on a visit. She has transferred her field of activity to Nebraska.

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# THE SYMPOSIUM

Published Monthly at Taylor University.

VOL. 1. FORT WAYNE, IND., OCTOBER, 1890. NO. 2.

Subscription Price, Fifty Cents per unnum, Payable in Advance.

N. B. This issue has been delayed on account of Bishop Taylor's Contribution.

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VOLUME 1.

OCTOBER 1890.

NUMBER 2.

## SATAN'S SWAMP.

BY JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER.

It was called Satan's Swamp on account of its wickedness—a place where the only temples were those dedicated to Bacchus, and other gods of inebriety, licentiousness and death. It was an earthly pandemonium. Vice stood out in capitals and italics. Marriage was disregarded, virtue winked at, and children were ignorant of their parentage. Shame was dead, and Satan's Swamp was a name of their own choosing. Here I began my ministry, under appointment of the Presiding Elder, with a series of revival meetings.

I began in an old dilapidated hall which the proprietor, pitted with small-pox, with but one eye, and a sabre-gash diagonally across his empty socket and nose, rented for twelve dollars per week. I wish I could describe the scene the first night but that would be impossible. Immediately in front of me was "Reddy" Peterson who swore that he could "clean out any preacher that ever set foot in Satan's swamp." Behind him were his four brothers, all bearing the marks or dissipation and crime. Across the center aisle was a man, half reclining, who was my ideal of Diabolus. His head was massive, his face classical, and his voice melodious. His name was Radford Roundtree. A half-intoxicated woman, like him "a glorious but fallen angel," sat by him. She was his wife, and he called her Nan. Back of them were two policemen.

I opened with a hymn, lining it, and taking the lead in singing. My voice was thin and husky, and they were disposed to make sport but the policemen held them in check. I then prayed. God gave me wonderful liberty. Terror and timidity fled, and when I arose from my knees my motly audience was

awed into silence. When I began preaching, however, the old spirit of disorder returned, and there were many winks and nods, while others were seized with mock fits of violent coughing and sneezing.

That was the darkest hour of my life. Satan seeing my determination, put on boot and spur and came up against me. The powers of darkness rallied. The very air seemed alive with infernal spirits. Eyesight and hearing failed, reason reeled, and my tongue became rebellious. I was defeated.

The week ended without one omen of success. The second week was equally unsuccessful. But I was not discouraged. I announced services for the third week.

Monday night of the third week, Roundtree, to my surprise, invited me to a turkey dinner at his house the next day. I looked back and saw a number of the most debased characters almost convulsed with laughter. One of the policemen shook his head, but I was resolved to go. Before leaving the hall the policeman warned me that I was going into one of the lowest dives, and advised me to keep my face toward the door, my back against the wall, my hand upon a revolver, and, in case a number came in, to leave at once.

Promptly at noon I presented myself. The street was called Putnam, but Brimstone would have been more appropriate. Roundtree received me with cynical courtesy, the kind that is most humiliating. There were several creatures—candor compels me to use the word—as associate guests, who received me cordially; but remembering Roundtree's reception, I put a low estimate on their civility.

Dinner was ready and we were seated at once, Roundtree acting as host. I quickly observed that when he passed me the turkey, he did it in a grandiose style, and that every body laughed. He passed me the dish seven times and each time with increased merriment.

Opening my eyes, after saying grace, I observed that all were a-tehee and a-giggle, even the host himself. I ignored, however, their sacrilegious frivolity, and engaged in conversation with the proprietor of the Corner Saloon, who was seated on my right. Taking my leave at an early hour, not wishing to be first or last at the house of feasting, I invited all to the evening service. They smiled, thanked me, and promised to come.

On the street I was twitted about the turkey. "Was it good?" "Are you fond of turkey?" "Did you enjoy Roundtree's turkey?" Such questions were frequently asked, usually with a wag of the head, and a meaning look and laugh. Meeting Peterson I coaxed for an explanation until he said:

"Well, Roundtree and myself were down in the Corner Saloon yesterday a'ternoon a-gamblin', when a turkey was put up, and Roundtree won it. He then swore he would make you say grace over it. And the man, what you rent the hall of bet his only eye, his sabre-gash, and his broken nose he couldn't do it. We all then drank to your health and went down to the meetin'."

I went home discouraged. Not a soul had been saved, not a seeker had been forward, not even an enquirer had asked for prayers. And yet I had preached diligently for over two weeks. Never had I been so conscious of my utter helplessness.

Excusing myself at supper I spent the hour in prayer. Gradually my petitions crystalized about Roundtree's wife, and though I know not why, before I arose I had the assurance that my prayers would be answered, and that souls would be saved. Reaching the hall I found that my audience was unusually large. The turkey episode had created a sensation.

I trembled but a moment then falling on my knees I wrestled with God. The Rubicon was before me and I must cross it. The decisive moment was come and I was resolved to conquer. Either Satan must depart or I perish in his expulsion. As I prayed the

heavens opened and I beheld myself victorious. I was shouting.

I immediately began exhorting them. I recalled their childhood innocence reminded them that happiness and innocence are inseparable; that happiness and sin are mutually expellent and destructive. I talked about home and mother; birthdays and Christmases; death and eternity; heaven and hell; Judge and judgment. I stood with them beside their dead; we held again the icy hand; I recalled my mother's death; I re-lived the awful day when they tore me from her coffin, and held me lest I should throw myself into her grave. With streaming eyes I cried:

"O for a touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

I then told, as best I could, what the rewards of the righteous would be, and what the punishments of the wicked.

It was an awful moment. A death-like silence had seized my auditors, and many were weeping. I felt the fearfulness of the conflict. I could almost hear the clatter of hoofs. Once I fancied my cheek was scorched by the breath of Diabolus. But I was confident of victory, and closing with an old-fashioned Methodistic invitation, fifteen flocked to the altar, Nannie Roundtree taking the lead. Everybody wept. Satire died, and Cynicism fled. Even the unconcerned felt the touch and heard the tread of Him who getteth victories.

All, except Roundtree's wife, were converted that night. Nan.—as they called her—agonized until her sweet voice failed, and wept until her ebon eyes were dim, but her faith was weak and she went home in great darkness. Before dismissal Roundtree asked if I would hold a service at his house. I replied I would and appointed the next morning at ten o'clock.

I was on time at Roundtree's and eagerly scanned the faces; but they were still troubled. The fourteen were there, with beaming countenances. They were burning and shining lights. They were already illuminating Satan's Swamp. I expounded the fifty-first Psalm; explained the lofty place occupied by David; the blackness of his

crimes; his glorious restoration. I said: "Can violence exceed murder? Or guilt, adultery? And is not God unchangeable? And if upon David's repentance He restored him will He not likewise restore you? Ah, I am too great a sinner, you say. Are you worse than David? No! Yet David says: 'Purge me \* \* \* and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.'" Thus I exhorted them and finally called for seekers, four, including Roundtree responding. We then prayed, several of the young converts making fervent supplications. During the service three were converted, one of whom—Nannie Roundtree—came into the kingdom with shouts and hosannas.

I then called for testimonies, giving my own. Others followed and last of all Nannie Roundtree. She appeared inspired. I thought of Pentecost. She reviewed her whole career. She told of her girlhood home in a grand old mansion on the Mohawk; of affluence and honor. She waxed eloquent. She reminded me the same instant of Demosthenes and Raphael; her life of Paradise and Purgatory. Shakespeare could have thrilled the world with her story.

That night Roundtree himself was converted. Several others were gloriously saved and shouts of triumph echoed along Zions walls. It was a wonderful victory.

Before the meeting closed ninety were converted and organized into a class, including all the Peterson's, and the scar-marked proprietor. A modest church was erected soon after, and Satan's Swamp is now a conference appointment on the Lebanon circuit. Roundtree was appointed Leader, and Redwood Peterson was elected Sunday School Superintendent. Truly

"In the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives."

Soon after the meetings I heard that Nannie Roundtree was very sick. I hastened to see her. Reaching the house, I was about to enter, when a crevice in the door revealed a pathetic sight. Roundtree was holding her hands, and looking into her face with a

countenance I can never forget. Wretchedness, anguish and despair sat upon every feature. But her face! I could think of nothing but one of Raphael's Madonnas I had seen at Florence. Had the room suddenly become one of the "many mansions," I would not have been surprised.

My presence was soon discovered, however, and Roundtree advanced and said:

"I do not know whether to invite you in or not."

"Why Radford," said Nannie, "how can you speak so?"

"Because this God, whom he preaches, is about to rob me of you and I can never love Him again."

"For that very reason love Brother Driver all the more. Think, dear, how awful it would be for us now had he not brought us to Christ, and taught us concerning Him who is the Resurrection and the Life."

I quietly closed the conversation, and drawing a chair to the bedside tried to console him. I told them that heaven is a place; that death is not a cessation of life; that, as a matter of fact,

"There is no death; what seems so is transition;" that we are now in the land of the dying, but that Nannie would soon be in the land of the living; nor would sleep even, intervene—to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

I then prayed: prayed that God would sustain them; that her soul might continue triumphant; that he might be resigned. I found place in my prayer to say: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

While praying she had put her arms about his neck so that he remained kneeling.

"O Radford," said she, "I can see the temple spires, and the gates that open wide. See that angel! He is swinging a censer. O what delicious perfume! Do you not hear the singing? It reminds me of our marriage day in May, when all the villagers along the Mohawk came with songs and garlands. And I was their Queen, and you were my hero. And who are those two glor-

ified ones approaching? Why Radford they are our mothers. Do you not see them? And they are leading our darling Belle; but how she has grown—and so lovely and beautiful."

I now saw the end was near and taking her arms from about Roundtree's neck so he could rise I said:

"Nannie, have you any fears?"

"Oh no," she replied, "Jesus is my Savior."

She then began repeating the twenty-third Psalm, though I saw she could not complete it. She went on until she came to the verse: "Yea, though I walk—through the valley—of the shadow—of the shadow—of the shadow of death—"

She repeated several times the phrase: "Of death." Then with a bright smile: "I will fear no evil; for Thou—for Thou—Thou—"

She could say no more. I repeated the rest of the sentence, and, with a strange, glad light kindling in her eyes, she pointed upward. A moment more, and Nannie Roundtree felt the eternal birthday kiss of God, and the King had bedecked His crown with the brightest jewel in Satan's Swamp.

I preached the funeral the next afternoon, in a beautiful grove. It was now the middle of May. The sky was as blue and tender as the Blue Bells weeping at my feet. The trees were garlanded with buds and the Dog Wood and Birch were full of glory. Box Elders freighted the atmosphere with perfume. Their bloom was rapidly falling, and Nannie's coffin was soon covered with beautiful white, cream-tinted petals. The air was a-quiver with melody. A bird was calling pitifully for its mate, that had been shot but an hour before. My rude audience was visibly affected and my own eyes overflowed with tears. A volunteer choir rendered "Come Unto Me." A lady sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then all joined in "Jerusalem the Golden," Nannie's favorite. The body was then lowered into the grave and I pronounced the solemn words of the ritual, especially dwelling upon the words: "Looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of

the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead." Then pronouncing the benediction we turned away from Nannie's grave in which reposes the casket that once contained Radford Roundtree's dearest treasure—waiting to "hear His voice and come forth."

That was ten years ago. The scar-marked proprietor is now Superintendent of the Sunday School. Redwood Peterson is a missionary in India. Radford Roundtree is a member of the conference. He has never found another that could take Nannie's place, so he remains unmarried. Though chastened, he is not despondent. A marvel intellectually and oratorically, he is none the less gifted in giving consolation, or charming in miscellaneous society. Some say he will yet be a Bishop. He has erected a beautiful double monument over Nannie's grave bearing the simple inscription:

RADFORD ROUNDTREE, NANNIE  
 United on Earth: Christmas 1890.  
 Re-united in Heaven: \_\_\_\_\_  
 "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The Thalonian Literary Society is still in the lead, and is as ever one of the finest ornaments of the institution. It has been particularly fortunate this fall in securing among other new members, Mrs. McKann, instructor of elocution, and plans are being formed that will be highly edifying to the members. Keep your eyes open. Another valuable member has been secured from the musical department in the person of Miss Long. She has great musical talent and Thalonians are anticipating rare treats the coming season. Although the condition of the society is very flattering at present, it is confidently expected that the increased prosperity of the institution will better it in every respect.

The people of Fort Wayne regret to part with Prof. Heath and wife who go to Oshkosh where the professor will be engaged in the clothing business.



## PREACHERS IN CONVENTION.

Thirty-third Annual Meeting of National Association of Local Preachers, Held at Taylor University.

The 33d annual meeting of this Association met Saturday the 4th inst and adjourned on the 7th. The attendance was not large, but was attended with great good feeling and enthusiasm. The first session was held in the Philaethean hall. The meeting was called to order by the president, Chauncey Shaffer, LL. D., of New York. The devotional exercises were marked by great simplicity and spirituality. A new-comer would conclude that worship in its social and religious forms, aided by lively singing and fervent prayers, was a marked feature of these annual gatherings of the Local Preachers of the Methodist church. The christian catholicity of Methodism was manifested by passing a resolution offering to all ministers of the gospel, the privilege of participating in the discussions.

On Saturday evening the ceremonial reception of the lay preachers was held in the University chapel. The first speaker was Rev. A. E. Mahin, who in choice and felicitous phrases, for which he is noted, extended a cordial welcome to his fellow lay-workers. He said that personal feelings blended strongly with churchly regard for them, since he by birthright was an inheritor of that "blood right," which is securing a royal presence and has a kingly power to the great world-movements of these days that look toward social reform and religious culture, for his father and his grandfather were local preachers. Rev. N. D. Shackelford followed in fitting words of welcome and of earnest appeal for co-operative work between the lay preachers and the regular pastors. Dr. C. B. Stemen then added his word of hearty welcome in his usual pertinent, forceful, stirring style. He said it seemed somewhat strange to him to give the friendly greeting to others, since for the last twenty years he had received them. Nevertheless, he as-

sured them, in the name of the city, in the name of the Methodists, in that of the University in which they met and in his own name, that the kindest, heartiest of welcomes was theirs. For the last year he had felt burdened, and that burden was the needs of Taylor University, in order that this institution might be able to do its full share in the great work of christian education.

## THE RESPONSES.

The first response was given by Dr. Shaffer in his peculiar witty and suggestive style. He rather liked the words of cordial greeting that had been given, for they made him feel as though he was somebody. Work was needed. Africa was stretching out her hands for help, and Bishop Taylor was there, and God was there too. The Bishop was a sinner saved by grace, but he was a worker, and lay preachers must be workers, or they had better give up their license to preach. He gave an earnest exhortation to rally to the support of Taylor University, for they were now too near the shore to stop their rowing; it needed only a steady, faithful pull at the oars to make a safe and successful landing.

Rev. R. D. Callihan, of Kentucky, added his kindly and courtly response. He said he hardly knew where to commence his speech, after hearing so many good things, eloquently said and wisely put, but the one point other speakers have omitted he would use, namely, that in all the great enterprises of this age bearing on educational and social interests the ladies must be brought in. They would be mighty helpers whether in putting aside the saloon, extending the church or strengthening the power of Taylor University.

The sessions of the convention were marked by great good feeling. The resolution on the liquor question was up to the highest water mark of the ardent prohibitionist. That relating to the World's Fair at Chicago, was emphatic as to the observance of Sunday. The report on education, emphasized the necessity of a cultivated and evangelical ministry, and commended the interests of Taylor University as the in-

stitution whose support their hands, heads, hearts, purses and prayers should be heartily given.

The Local Preachers' Magazine, a quarterly, will be continued. Rev. Chauncey Shaffer and Rev. N. U. Walker were appointed delegates to the British Wesleyan Local Preachers' convention to be held in England next May. Revs. R. E. Hudson and Henry Date were appointed alternates. The sessions and special meetings were made specially pleasant and profitable by the superb music and singing of Rev. R. E. Hudson, of Alliance, Ohio. The place of the next annual meeting was fixed at Harrisburg, Pa., on the first Saturday of October.

#### SIMPSON CHURCH.

Mrs. Bell Evans renders excellent services as organist.

Simpson church sends greetings to the students of Taylor University.

A donation of \$75 on the 2nd inst., was a great surprise to the dominie and family.

Miss Carrie Schrader will organize an Epworth League soon from among the young people of Simpson church.

Sunday school is in a prosperous condition. The pastor acts as superintendent and is desirous of forming a Taylor University class.

Simpson church is entirely too small to accommodate the people who desire to attend. The sale of the present property and the erection of a new church is contemplated.

It is estimated that John Merritte Driver's sermons on the Labor Problem have been read by over a million people. They will be republished in book form between now and the holidays.

The eloquent Ross C. Taylor, son of Bishop Taylor, delivered a powerful discourse in Simpson church, Sunday evening, Oct. 12. The Sunday morning previous, the Rev. John Tearl, a London merchant and proprietor of the world famed "Beech-hurst," preached with great acceptibility.

Mr. Driver has been out of school five years, and is one the "boys" still.

He is a close student, and the 120 volumes in his library are well thumbed. He has written three books and dedicated three others. His three collegial degrees are neither purchased nor honorary. The last received was from the Boston University. His home life is beautiful and engaging, graced by most amiable wife and two children. The Drivers are fond of company and their doors are always ajar.

The grand complimentary concert given on the evening of the 26th ultimate was very enjoyable. The Misses Schrader rendered two beautiful vocal duettes. The amiable professor of bookkeeping in Taylor University, Miss Dyke Beals rendered "Nearing the Harbor," with fine taste. The Misses Fannie Hurlbut and Maude Vinson won golden honors as pianists. Mrs. Ella Flack and Mr. Seymour Hursh sang with acceptibility, the latter winning an encore. Miss Effie Getts, with her almost technique, beavure style and rare grace, never played better. Rev. and Mrs. Driver sang a duette and Mr. Driver rendered Matson's "Anchored." Miss Ollie Brown gave two fine selections.

#### GENERAL CHURCH NOTES.

The last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, cost that church \$27,000.

English Methodists purpose a general scheme for celebrating in a befitting manner, the centenary of the death of John Wesley, which took place in London in 1791.

Rev. J. J. Fred, pastor at Spencer-ville, is making an excellent record. As a consequence the people and presiding elder are happy.

Graham Tuttle, an old resident of Santa Cruz, Cal., left \$10,000 to Bishop William Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal church, for his work in Africa. The will is to be contested.

The Methodist people at Auburn will soon have one of the best churches in Northeast Indiana. It will be large, beautiful, and comfortable. Mr. Hoffman, of Indianapolis, is the contractor, and the work is being well done.

# The Symposium

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

OCTOBER 1890.

## THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

Half a bar, half a bar.  
 Half a bar onward!  
 Into an awful ditch,  
 Choir and precentor hitch,  
 Into a mess of pitch,  
 They led the Old Hundred.  
 Trebles to right of them,  
 Tenors to left of them,  
 Basses in front of them,  
 Bellowed and thundered.  
 Oh, that precentor's look,  
 When the sopranos took  
 Their own time and took  
 From the Old Hundred.  
 Screeched all the trebles here,  
 Boggled the tenors there,  
 Raising the parson's hair.  
 While his mind wandered:  
 Theirs not to reason why  
 This psalm was pitched so high;  
 Theirs but to gasp and cry  
 Out the Old Hundred.  
 Trebles to right of them,  
 Tenors to left of them,  
 Basses in front of them,  
 Bellowed and thundered.  
 Stormed they with shout and yell,  
 Not wise they rang, nor well,  
 Drowning the sexton's bell.  
 While all the church wondered,  
 Dire the precentor's glare,  
 Flashed his pitchfork in air,  
 Sounding the fresh keys to bear  
 Out the Old Hundred.  
 Swiftly he turned his back,  
 Reached he his hat from rack,  
 Then from the screaming pack  
 Himself he sundered,  
 Tenors to right of him,  
 Trebles to left of him,  
 Discords behind him  
 Bellowed and thundered.  
 Oh, the wild howls they wrought:  
 Right to the end they fought!  
 Some tune they sang, but not,  
 Not the Old Hundred.

—*Audre's Journal.*

The atmosphere of the studio is bringing good results from its workers.

OUR readers will notice an improvement in the appearance of this issue of the SYMPOSIUM over the first issue. We intend to keep in this line of improvement. This being our first attempt we realize that we have considerable to learn. When we received our first number printed on such poor paper and with its many typographical errors, we went to bed sick and have not fully recovered up to date. Fair visitors of what the SYMPOSIUM would be haunted us day and night, and when we beheld our number as it really was our hopes sank to the ground. We are now on dry ground and our paper will be a success. Although the present number is not our ideal, we hope by the co-operation of our friends to make it so.

THE Woman's Board of Missions of the Methodist church, south, is assured a gift of grounds and \$25,000—as soon as \$25,000 more are raised—from the estate of Dr. Nathan Scarritt, for the establishment of a training school for foreign missionaries and other Christian workers. Steps have been taken to secure the incorporation of the school, which will be at Kansas City, Mo.

A GRAND and noble band of men are the local preachers of the M. E. church. So long and so far they have fully served their mastet, that last week as the halls of the university echoed their songs and prayers, His love seemed to reflect from their faces. The very face of one of these old veterans of the cross is a sermon in itself.

SINCE the annual meeting of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, in May nine new missionaries have been accredited to the foreign field—five for China, one for Japan and three for Brazil.

SUBSCRIBE for the SYMPOSIUM.

Miss Carrie B. Schrader and A. E. Mahin have been selected to represent the Fort Wayne district, in the Epworth League convention of the 7th General Conference district, which is to be held in Frankfort, Indiana, Oct. 27th, 28th and 29th.

Rev. T. H. C. Beall, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Churnbusco, is unable to fill his pulpit on account of afflictions, which are a legacy entailed by his service in the union army. He is entitled to the sympathy of every soldier and patriot.

Rev. W. R. Wones, of Garrett, whose health was so bad that he could not attend the last session of his conference, is regaining his old time vigor. He is serving his fifth year in Garrett, but the people would take him for five more if Methodist law allowed it. But some other place needs him, and Methodism seeks the highest good of all.

The church work on the Leo charge is both active and interesting. Large crowds greet the pastor, Rev. Homer C. Ashcraft, at every meeting. The Leo church building has undergone repairs and the Cedarville people will beautify their church property. It is quite certain that the Leo charge is one of the most desirable fields in the North Indiana conference. The Rev. is one of our students of the past and he takes the "The Symposium."

The pastors of the Fort Wayne district, who were in the city, Monday, Oct., 6th, in attendance upon the annual meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers, consulted together and decided to take the vote on the question of women being admitted into the General Conference as delegates, on Nov. 13th, as far as practicable to do so, and the presiding elder joins with them in the request that as far as possible the vote of the entire district be taken upon that day, and reported to the presiding elder, by Dec. 1st. All members of church, women as well as men, who are 21 years of age are entitled to vote. The preachers of the Fort Wayne district so far as is known, unanimously favor the admission of women delegates

into the General Conference. The presiding elder has announced himself upon the same side of the question.

#### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

We number thirty.

The boys are anxiously waiting for gas.

We are impatiently waiting for cold weather and dissecting.

The insurrection was nipped in the bud by a graceful retreat.

The boys are congratulating themselves in having such a fine faculty.

Prof. Wood's genial face beamed on the students at his introductory lecture.

Dr. McCaskey's last lecture was exceptionally fine, likewise Dr. Buchman's.

Mr. Gross' lectures on Pharmacy are a credit to him, but no more than was anticipated.

We now have a Strong man, a fine young Dove and a Leather to boot, Todd and an Anderson to.

The right hands of the ten seniors grasp those of the eleven juniors after friendly quizzes in osteology.

Dr. Zimmerly's six feet greets our eyes, while Dr. Todd's wind still waves sweet strains to our ears and Dr. Ferguson is as jolly as ever.

It has been whispered down town for the week past that the university boys have a foot ball and plenty of muscle to back it. The town boys had better look after their laurels.

"PEPPERBOX."

A revolution is taking place in the drinking habits of the Japanese. The rice brandy called "saki" which has long been their national beverage, is being supplanted by beer brewed after the German method. In Osaka the number of beer saloons have increased from thirteen to almost 600 in the last four years, while the number of resorts where "saki" is sold has fallen off. Years ago the Japs were wont to drink 130,000,000 gallons of "saki" annually.

Each week brings new students into the Art Department.

## GRAND SESS.

## A Peep at an African Mission by Bishop William Taylor.

Written for the SYMPOSIUM.

This mission was opened in February, 1889. Brother Robertson preaches regularly in eight villages of the Grand Sess tribe. Her reports favorable of the mission farm, and eight small boys adopted from heathenism, who do much of the work, and are very happy in their new home, and well they may be, for the children in barbarous heathenism suffer a nightmare smothering dread of the devil—a man believed to be in possession of supernatural power. He lives alone in a dense woody jungle, and comes into town on dark nights, tooting a horn in the most peculiar sounds. The people old and young run and hide away in their huts to escape sudden death by the gaze of his eyes, or pointing of his fingers, so all their life time they are subject to this tormenting fear. All the mission children pray audibly at the family altar. Two little boys under seven years old were admitted one day, and one of them, little Grando, praying in his kru language the first night said, "Lord, we two little boys at this home. This is God's house. No devil here. Devil no hurt us here. Take us in thy hand and keep us. We want to learn about you, God, and do your work, that we may stay, and grow up good. Lord, save me." Brother Robertson teaches many children in the heathen towns, and some of them are beginning to read. Our space here will not allow Brother Robertson's full report of God at Grand Sess station, but in brief he says, "we have, I believe, about fifty converts, but wishing to test them thoroughly, I have baptised but five of them. King Davis, Grando, and the devil priest are coming over on God's side. By their invitation, I preach in their houses." Bro. Robertson says under date of May 11th, "I have been very sick for two months, but God is healing me as fast as he can. This scripture had been a joy to me. For to you it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe in his name,

but also to suffer for his sake.' Phil. 1. 29. We face the shot and shell of the devil, but shelter in the open port of Jesus' arms, and tell him all about it, and trust him for power to go at it again and conquer in his name, as it was with the ship in which I helped to fight the rebellion. A shell would burst on board and kill some of our men, and smash things generally. Then we would fix up again, and keep at it, till God gave us the victory, and slavery was smashed, so God help us to smash up the devil's strong holds in Africa."

## THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics is the most ancient and the most nearly perfect of all sciences. The fact that it is the most ancient science is evidence that it has always been intimately associated with the common affairs of every day life. Its being the most nearly perfect of all sciences, furnishes a basis for the statement that it is the instrument through which we obtain the highest form of mental discipline.

From the time that the first bargain was struck between men concerning a number of objects that were not immediately under the observation of the eye arithmetic became a necessity. Plato claims that arithmetic originated in Egypt. Josephus says Abraham taught it to the Egyptians.

The Greeks and the Romans used a system of notation, which represents numbers by letters. This system seems very awkward to us for most purposes of calculation. We use it for the heading of chapters because of its attractive appearance. The system of representing numbers by figures originated in India. From thence it was introduced into Europe by the Arabians in the latter part of the Middle Ages and was called the Arabic method because the Europeans received it from the Arabs. It was diffused among the people by means of almanacs.

Convenient as this method now seems, it was little better than notation by letters up to the sixteenth century. Three important features were added to it then, and made it complete. The

cipher was employed, the decimal system was introduced, and the rule of three became a part of Arithmetic. These improvements made arithmetic so valuable and easy that the learned people immediately used it, and a century later the common people of Europe understood its simpler processes.

Algebra had attained to some scientific merit among the Greek scholars of Alexandria in the fourth century after Christ. Like the Arabic notation of arithmetic, it originated among the Hindoos and was brought to Europe during the middle ages by the Arabs.

From the time that it became necessary to know the area of a plot of ground, or the capacity of any vessel or granary, geometry became a necessity. At first arithmetic and geometry were only arts employing disconnected facts for some immediate necessity. When the various uses of each were so associated as to show the dependence of one part upon the other, and to make a systematic course of reasoning, then they became true sciences.

Plane and solid geometry first became a science among the Greeks in the school of Plato, about 400 B. C., and was brought almost to its present state of perfection, as far as its methods are concerned, by the time of Euclid; hence this science is often called by his name; so that in plain language we may say we study geometry, rhetorically we may say we study Euclid. The geometry of Euclid is known in all schools by the simple name geometry. It is sometimes called special or ancient geometry, to distinguish it from the higher analytical geometry of more recent date.

This higher modern geometry was thought out when the disciplined human mind found that there were questions of nature whose answer would be of the utmost interest to mankind, but which could not be understood until new methods of investigation were discovered. The most skillful use of the old methods fell short. Facts of surpassing attractiveness and grandeur glimmered just beyond the reach of the ablest and most patient effort. At

this juncture, early in the seventeenth century, Descartes, a French philosopher, discovered the principle on which modern or analytical geometry is based. Soon after his great discovery, calculus, or higher algebra was brought forth by the great thinkers, Leibnitz, Newton and Lagrange, to apply the methods of the new geometry.

There are two divisions of mathematics, abstract and concrete. Arithmetic, algebra and calculus belong to the abstract division. Geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, and mechanics are concrete.

While abstract mathematics must always take its rise from previous concrete knowledge, yet so many relations of natural phenomena are known by everybody, that arithmetic and algebra are usually studied before geometry, although in a scientific sense, geometrical knowledge is the basis of the calculations that are made in arithmetic and algebra.

#### SENSE AND NONSENSE.

It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. — *Talmage*.

A philosopher, who married an ignorant girl, used to call her "brown sugar — sweet, but not refined."

If a woman always thought twice before she spoke, how busy she would be thinking. — *Atchison Globe*.

"I have been in the harness forty years." "Yes, and you have done nothing but break the back-straps." — *Pacific Herald*.

Her first contract with the Wasp Poor Effie (who had been stung) — First it walked about all over on my hand, and it was so nice! but oh! when it was down! — *Punch*.

Reporter Why were you compelled to leave your native town in Kentucky? Rich Man — Because I offered to present it with a public drinking fountain. — *N. Y. Journal*.

A writer wants to know "how to discourage profanity in youth?" Well, he might bear on less heavily when the small boy is turning the grindstone. — *Norristown Herald*.

NICKNAMES OF GREAT MEN.

FROM THE TEACHER'S WORLD.

Uncle Robert	Robert Lee.
Fighting Joe	Joseph Hooker.
The Silent Man	U. S. Grant.
Black Jack	John A. Logan.
The Corporal	John Tyler.
The Rail Splitter	A. Lincoln.
The Honest Man	Jas. Monroe.
Goldsmith of America	W. Irving.
Bachelor President	Jas. Buchanan.
The Apostle of Peace	Wm. Ladd.
Light Horse Harry	Harry Lee.
The Teacher President	J. A. Gartfield.
The Swamp Fox	Francis Marion.
Old Hickory	Andrew Jackson.
The Tailor	Andrew Johnson.
Colossus of Independence	John Adams.
Poor Richard	Benjamin Franklin.
The Little Giant	Stephen A. Douglass
Pathfinder of Rocky Mts.	J. C. Fremont.
The Little Magician	Martin Van Buren.
The Poet of Nature	Wm. C. Bryant.
The Poet of Love	H. W. Longfellow.
The Tanner	Gen. U. S. Grant.
Black Dan	Daniel Webster.
Mad Anthony	Anthony Wayne.
Silver Tongued Orator	Wendall Phillips.
Mad Yankee	Elisha K. Kane.
Father of Greenbacks	Salmon P. Chase.
Old Rough and Ready	Zachary Taylor.
Milk-boy of the Slashes	Henry Clay.
Old Man Eloquent	John Q. Adams.
Sage of Monticello	Thos. Jefferson.
The Indian Apostle	Geo. Elliot.
Lady Rebecca	Pocahontas.
School Master of Our Republic	N. Webster.
Log Cabin Candidate	W. H. Harrison.
Wizard of the North	Sir Walter Scott.
Little Mac	Geo. B. McClellan.
Little Phil	Philip Sheridan.
The Black Horse and his Rider	Benedict Arnold.
Grand Old Man	W. E. Gladstone.
	<i>E. J. Herald.</i>

POINTS LOCAL.

Let us organize a foot-ball team.  
 Mr. Warner left for Ann Arbor on the 20th inst.  
 Rev. Homer Ashcraft was in the city September 19.  
 Rev. Will Murray attended the Thelonian, Sept. 19.  
 Mr. Stults looks down upon a district school this winter.  
 Mr. Hurd teaches about one and one-half miles north of Arcola.  
 Charley Bectel spent Sunday, Sept. 27, at Huntington, visiting his parents.

"I believe there is new life in the Taylor University."—Mrs. Kate Aull Heath.

The Fort Wayne Sketch club will probably hold its meetings this year in the college studio.

The sketch class from the Art Department is out making the most of the sunshiny weather.

Old students subscribe for the SYMPOSIUM and read what we are doing at Taylor University.

Rev. M. C. Howe registered at the University on the 14th inst. He is from the Ohio Wesleyan, leaving there in his senior year and enters the senior class of Taylor University.

The students under the command of Prof. Clipinger and his valuable lieutenant, spent Saturday beautifying the front campus. Of course our editor did most of the work while the rest of the students talked.

Prof. Winters has resigned the chair of natural science to accept the principalship of the normal department of the New Orleans University. He leaves many warm friends and carries within himself those qualities which insure success.

A look into the Art Department the morning hour before chapel, reveals the room full of busy workers either at their easels carefully studying the form of objects before them or outlining memory drawings on the blackboard. One morning we overheard one of the workers say, "I thought I knew all about that thing, and when I come to draw it, why! I had not seen half there was." Very true our friend had discovered what every student of nature must discover, that however simple the form, it is never really understood until the effort is made to reproduce it. The world is full of beautiful forms of wonderful harmonious color, exquisite gradings of light and shade. Think of our blindness, our utter blindness, when thousands of these wonderful beauties are pictured on the retina of the eye, and we, unconscious that they are there. It is wonderful what a little study will do, as our friend in the morning class discovered.

## EVENTS HISTORICAL.

It is said that a bloody civil war is imminent in Chili, between congress and the president.

In July, Japan held its first parliamentary election. Everything was conducted in a practical and business like manner. There was about the same sort of electioneering that one sees in the United States, minus the purchasing of votes. The polling places were open from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night, and the ballot boxes were locked up and taken away to be opened and the votes counted at leisure the next day. This change is one of the most remarkable experiments in all the history of government. The former government of Japan was one of the most ancient in the world, having existed since nearly a thousand years before the Christian era. America first opened the Island Empire to the world. In 1860 the Tycoons were overthrown and the Mikado made supreme. In 1871 feudalism was altogether swept away, and for the first time politics became a matter of popular interest. In 1881 the constitution was promised. In 1889 it was actually granted. Now the first election has taken place, and in November the first parliament will meet. Japan will then be a limited constitutional monarchy, very much like Great Britain. The first definite political party was established in 1874. It was called the Association of Men with a Purpose. (Not a bad name for one of the parties in the United States.)

In the flood of gossip concerning Stanley and his achievements, we should not lose sight of two other African explorers, who, in a quiet way, strongly rival Stanley in this field. We refer to Emin Pacha and Dr. Peters. Both represent the German government, and their mission has been to make treaties with the different tribes and enlarge the German sphere of influence. Both were successful in their undertakings, though the recent agreement of Germany and England to divide Eastern Africa greatly diminishes the practical results of the expeditions.

Revolution has broken out in Buenos Ayres. In 1866 the Argentine Republic entered on a career of marvelous prosperity, but with this prosperity came extravagance and speculation, especially on the part of the government officials. The public treasury was robbed right and left, and bribery was a common occurrence. A year ago the currency became greatly depreciated, entailing great suffering upon the common people and causing them to rise against the government.

A cyclone in New England is something new. On July 26th, South Lawrence, Mass., was nearly destroyed by a tornado. There is a record of only one other cyclone in New England, and that was in 1851, when West Cambridge was laid waste. The United States government supports a meteorological department at great expense, but little attention has been given to the consideration of these deadly storms, their causes and how they may be foretold.

The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union is said to have more than 2,000,000 names on its roll. It has 70,000 secretaries. There is also a similar organization of colored men, the membership of which exceeds 1,000,000.

An imperial order has recently been issued in Russia, permitting women to be employed as station masters, signal women and traffic managers on railroads.

Magistrate: "Your husband charges you with assault." Madam: "Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would ever love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your honor, [tears], and a woman's life without love is a mere blight."

Within a few weeks more than fifty agricultural exhibitions will have been held in this state; and our farmers will begin the winter with some new ideas concerning horse trusts, but of no other brand of agriculture. — *Norristown Herald*

Tramp — Say, mum, your dog bit me.  
Lady — Well, never mind; I'll wash his mouth. — *Good News*.



## FACULTY OF LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## FACULTY OF MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

C. B. STEMEN, M. D., LL. D.,  
Acting President, General Financial Agent and  
Professor of Physiology.

S. D. HILLMAN, A. M.,  
Professor of Philosophy and Latin.

C. L. CLIPINGER, A. M.,  
Professor of Mathematics, Astronomy and  
Greek.

W. P. WINTER, A. B.,  
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# THE SYMPOSIUM

Published Monthly at Taylor University.

VOL. 1. PORT WAYNE, IND. NOVEMBER, 1890. NO. 3.



JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER, A. M., S. T. B., EDITOR.

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# THE SYMPOSIUM.

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VOLUME I.

NOVEMBER 1890.

NUMBER 3

## A Visit to Longfellow's Home.

BY JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER.

Often I had passed by the residence of the greatest of American poets, and looked in upon it and upon all who chanced to be about it, with a feeling akin to awe. Perhaps my bump of reverence is largely developed. I am half disposed to confess that it is; that had I lived in an era when Hero-worship prevailed, I would have been the sincerest of devotees. Persons and places have always interested me profoundly. This may be a weakness; if so, I freely make open confession. I remember running a dozen blocks once, and scaling a picket fence, in order to see the President of the United States. Sitting in church one Sabbath in the same pew with the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, I thought more of him than I did of the sermon; although the preacher was of world wide celebrity. In the courtroom in Boston, when the youthful-appearing Holmes, for the first time put on the judicial ermine, more than I was attracted by judge or audience, painting or statuary, were my eyes fixed—riveted—upon the proud father, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table—Poet, Novelist and Essayist—Oliver Wendell Holmes. At the obsequies of Grant and Phillips and others I stood as in a supernatural presence. At Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, Lexington and Concord, Gettysburg and Brandywine, I have dreamed as one enchanted. What emotions, unutterable and indescribable, will surge through my soul if I am ever permitted to visit the classic waters of the Mediterranean and the cities and countries contiguous; not to mention the land and city of David made forever sacred and illustrious by the holy ones who have "lived and moved and had their being" there. I think, perhaps, I know something of the emotions of the sleepless Themistocles who "said that he could not sleep for the

trophy of Miltiades;" and of Theseus "entertaining such admiration for the virtue of Hercules, that in the night his dreams were all of that hero's actions, and in the day a continual emulation stirred him up to perform the like."

Mr. Longfellow had exerted a strong—almost a magical—influence upon me. Before I became a christian, he was a sort of prophet, priest and king; afterward, in my secret devotions his words were a constant aid; in the dawning of my love for learning and literature he was inspirer and guide; when, by the Spirit of God, I was called to the holy ministry, the affinity of thought and expression did not cease, gaining more help, and quoting oftener from him than from any other poet—any other uninspired writer. For years I had pictured him as the center of a group composed of Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz, Luigi Moni, and a few others, always with a radiating nimbus about his head to distinguish him, and declare his superiority. I had greatly desired to look upon that group, hear the accents of their voices, and drink in the rare wine of their conversation; a desire, alas! never fully gratified, for both Bryant and Longfellow—and Agassiz also—had passed into the "Silent Land" before the coveted opportunity came.

But the next thing to seeing him was to visit his home, roam through his study, dream in his library, sit at his table, pore over his books—the very books he himself had handled and read and loved, many of them presented to him by their authors—authors of world-wide celebrity—and some of them from crownheads—and touch things, listen to voices and enjoy associations which had been his solace, delight and inspiration. And this privilege was, at last, mine.

On the seventh of October—Mr. Longfellow's best beloved month—I started for this favorite Mecca, with a letter of introduction from a Cambridge

merchant, a friend of Longfellow's, which read as follows:

"CAMBRIDGE, October 7th, 1886,

Miss Longfellow.—This will introduce to you the Rev'd. J. M. Driver, A. M., S. T. B. of the Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. Driver is a resident of Illinois, and one of the chief causes of his visit East is his desire to visit the residence and last resting place of your beloved and illustrious father.

Any attention you may show him will certainly be appreciated, not only by the bearer but also by the writer of this note, whom your father honored with his friendship.

Very truly, your ob't servant,

ALEXANDER MILLAN.

17 Brattle Square."

As I approached the residence, almost hidden by a high hedge of white and purple lilacs, and ascended the fifty yards from winding Brattle street, I recalled the history of the house. Built in 1759, seventeen years before the birth of the revolutionary war, it had been the home of George and Martha Washington, during the siege of Boston, of Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, Miss Sallie Lowell, an aunt of James Russell Lowell; of Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and of Longfellow since 1836, belonging to him since 1843. Erected by Colonel John Vassal, it was inherited by a son, who during the struggle for independence turned Tory, and forfeited it. After the war it was sold to one Thomas Tracy, a pirate, whose nefarious business and drunken orgies were the scandal of the community. Passing through many hands it at last became the property of Andrew Craigie, a wealthy commissary-general under Washington, who bankrupted himself in building the bridge between Boston and Cambridge, and then died. Finally in 1843, Captain Nathan Appleton, Mrs. Longfellow's father, purchased it of Mr. Craigie's relict, and presented it to his distinguished son-in-law.

Ringing the bell and presenting my credentials, I was cordially and graciously admitted. As I stood in the hallway what trains of thought were set in motion. In front of me were "stately

halls," "cavernous recesses," and "secret crypts;" from one of which hiding places came forth mysteriously, dropping night after night upon the stairs, those letters yellow with age, and recording some dire secret,—which is the theme of Saxe Holm's best story: "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters." On a landing half way up the stairs, stood a tall clock, but not "The Old Clock on the Stair," it being at the head of the staircase in the home of Mr. Thomas Gold Appleton, at No. 10 Commonwealth avenue, Boston,—and unpurchasable souvenir and heirloom.

An open door reveals the interior of Martha Washington's drawing room. Here the "first lady," in antique and unique attire, received and entertained her Cambridge, and more distant callers. Carpets and furniture are covered with gay vines and flowers, the body of the upholstery being white satin. A large mirror adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. Copley's, "The Grandchildren of Sir William Pepperell," a gorgeous picture rests in a massive bed of gilt and gold. An *étagère*, laden with rare treasures, contains among other things, an agate cup from Benvenuto Cellini, "clear, exquisitely carved, graceful in shape, and guarded by two tiny open-mouthed dragons"—a present to Mr. Longfellow from the collection of the Poet Rogers; he who wrote the lines:

The good are better made by ill;  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

A glance into the dining room is rewarded by visions of costly china-ware and portraits of the family, one of them the historic "Longfellow's Daughters," by the Poet-Artist T. Buchanan Read—the "blue-eyed banditti," so charmingly apostrophized in "The Children's Hour:—

Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair."

But the Study was the "Throne Room," and, at last, I was ushered into it. What associations and interest center here! Here was Washington's headquarters. To this room he returned after receiving command of the American army under the historic elm, but a few blocks away. Here he received, with the utmost frigidly, Gov-

error John Hancock, of Declaration of Independence fame, who had affronted him. From this room he had issued his orders. Here he had planned his campaigns. In this room Mr. Longfellow had written or edited no less than thirty volumes, beginning with *Hyperion* in 1839, and ending with *Ultima Thule* in 1880,—including *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, in fact, all of his works best known and admired. Here Charles Dickens and Wm. Makepeace Thackeray had been guests; the Duke of Argyll had been entertained. Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Sumner, Holmes, Hawthorne—nearly all the celebrities of oratory and literature of America, and many from beyond thesea, had gathered about that large round table in the center of the room, plain to the eye, yet redolent with recollections.

The architecture of the Study is of the Georgian era—the handsomest room in the house. To the left, as you enter, is a tall book-case, framed in drapery of dark cloth, and filled with rare books, in several languages, many of them superbly bound. On either side of the book-case is a picture of the poet, one taken recently, the other years ago. To the right is another tall book-case; also a tall desk which Mr. Longfellow used when tired of sitting. This wall is also adorned with two pictures of the poet, taken at different periods. The opposite side is deeply interesting. On a fragile rest, is a large painting of Mr. Longfellow's, tastefully framed, the work of the poet's son, Mr. Ernest Longfellow, about a year before his voice was hushed. I am told that this is the most accurate and life-like picture extant. On a small table near, among other articles of interest, is a marble bust of a young college-mate at Bowdoin, and who died very young—a Mr. Greene. Back of these, on the wall, are the pictures of Franklin Pierce, once President of the United States, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the first of American novelists; the latter a classmate and both of them college-mates of Mr. Longfellow. On the remaining side of the room, to the extreme left is the grate; and, high

above, and on either side, hang the pictures of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charles Sumner, the latter a kinsman of the poet.

On the large table in the center of the room, already referred to, besides many books, are other articles of deep interest. In a glass box is a piece of wood, taken from Dante's coffin. Six hundred years ago it had touched Alighieri's bones. Samuel Taylor Coleridge's inkstand, presented to Mr. Longfellow by S. C. Hall, Esq., of London, occupies the place of honor. Used by the author of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," a long time, and by our own poet eleven years; how eloquent is it in suggestiveness. The pen, received from the "beautiful Helen of Maine," with its "iron link from the chain of Bonnard," "its wood from the frigate's mast" that wrote on "the sky the song of the sea and the blast," and its three jewels from the sands of Ceylon the mountains of Maine, and the snows of Siberia, was highly prized by the poet. Looking at Tom Moore's waste-basket I wondered what gems had rested there; if, perhaps, the original drafts of the *Irish Melodies*, and of *Lalla Rookh* had not quietly slept in its embrace, not dreaming that some day they would be worth more than their weight in gold. I placed my hand in the basket and was almost conscious of

"—The touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

An agate cylinder, brilliant African beetles, two canes, one made from the spar of the ship on which the *Star Spangled Banner* was written, and the other from *Arcadia*, from whence came *Evangeline*, are but a few of the many curiosities that throng that rare old mansion. I seated myself in Mr. Longfellow's chair, made from the "spreading chestnut tree" at "the village smithy," and presented to him by the children of Cambridge, drew it up to the poet's table, took his pen, dipped it into Samuel Taylor Coleridge's inkstand, and, as I wrote, threw fragments of paper into Moore's waste-basket. Alas! I must have appeared ridiculous. I was but a pigmy in a giants armor.

The spacious, elegant parlor had a

melancholy interest for me. Here Mr. Longfellow last rested in his earthly home; here his revered brother, Samuel Longfellow, pronounced his eulogy: from this room, "gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale" inanimate form to "the place where human harvests grow." I was shown where the catafalque stood, and pictured the aged and tremulous Emerson leaving his seat again and again, during the service, and gazing tearfully into the face of his departed brother singer. He, himself, was at the threshold of his Father's House. Here, also, is the fine picture of Franz Lizst, the only one painted from life, in America—painted as Mr. Longfellow first saw him and at the poet's special request. It was formerly in the Study. Alas! He too has joined the immortals and heaven's melodies and harmonies have been wonderfully enriched. And who knows but as the greatest musician of the Old World welcomed Mr. Longfellow to his convent one dark and dreary night, so the greatest poet of the New World welcomed the spirituelle rhapsodist to the "Better Land?"

A large, three-cornered concert-grand piano stands a little to one side. I fancied those wonderful Saturday afternoons when Longfellow would invite in Charles Sumner, Louis Agassiz, Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a few other kindred spirits, and Luigi Monti would entertain them on the piano-forte. What a player! What an audience! What rapturous hours! The gates of heaven would seem to swing ajar and celestial music would flood the room. The piano is indeed there yet, but

"Where are now the happy voices?"

"Some from earth, from glory some  
Severed only—"Till He come";"

"Some have crossed the swelling tide  
And some are crossing over."

A special privilege was accorded me which I must not forget to mention. It is well known that a crypt has been set apart in Westminster, London, and dedicated to the first of American poets. Visitors from America to that venerable resting place of sages, kings and poets, have been proud to see their

own countryman so highly honored, and the pride is intensified by the fact that the magnificent statue of Mr. Longfellow, which looks down upon them, so life-like that the eyes seem to kindle and the lips to break forth into articulate speech, is the work of an American artist. The family naturally desired its counterpart and so the same artist was persuaded to make another precisely like the one in Westminster from the same exquisite slab of Parian marble. This statue stands veiled on a pedestal, in a retired nook in the parlor. It was my good fortune—a privilege rarely accorded—to see this statue unveiled and flooded with light while its excellencies as a work of art and its resemblances to the poet were tenderly and appreciatively pointed out to me. The faultlessness of the marble, the perfection and inspiration of the art, and my love and veneration for the subject conspired to make it the most interesting piece of statuary I had ever seen—thrilling in spite of Byron's spiteful couplet:

"I've seen more beauty, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."

It was now time to go. Slowly I retraced my footsteps, taking one farewell look, and listening to voices I perhaps would never hear again. Standing in the door and looking across the vacant meadows I could see the river Charles. How naturally his words leaped to my lips:

"River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!"

"Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson, deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
I can give thee but a song."

Beyond, in the distance, were the steeples of Brighton draped with the autumnal tapestry of blue and gold, and bathed in the mellow sunshine of October. Gratitude was expressed, hands clasped, goodbyes said; there was a clanging of doors, and I was again in the hurrying turbulent world of sober, somber, prosaic reality. Since that hour, I have wandered through galleries of rarest art, and libraries of richest lore, lost sight of land upon the domain of fickle Neptune.



beheld and heard the "lions" of our greatest cities, gazed upon silver and golden rivers, and seen the Alleghanies at sunrise, dripping with glory from summit to base, but the memory of that day like imperishable perfume, and indestructable beauty still remains.

"Say not the poet dies!  
 Though in the dust he lies,  
 He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,  
 Unsphered by envious Death!  
 Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll:  
 Their fate he cannot share,  
 Whose, in the enchanted air,  
 Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,  
 Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul."

#### A CAPITAL UNIVERSITY AT THE CAPITOL.

PROF. S. D. HILLMAN A. M.

Sundry notices have appeared in the papers, of the proposed Methodist University at the national capitol. We also call attention to it as a movement wisely and timely intended to meet certain national, as well as educational and ecclesiastical, demands. There should be no more reason for an American college-graduate to go to Germany for post-graduate studies, than for a German to come to the United States for his. The United States have become quite independent of the old-world methods of political economy, and wisely so; they are also moving toward the advance part of the front line in the mechanical and industrial arts; and they need now, as a part of our national life, well endowed, and thoroughly equipped Universities with special instructors, and large libraries. There should be no need for the American graduate to go to Paris or Berlin to study philosophy, or history, or art, or science, or Egyptology, or Assyrian antiquities; home institutions should supply these wants. If our graduates go to Europe for special studies, combined with the study of foreign languages, just so should the graduates of the European schools come to this country to take a post-graduate course and study the American language. We need and must have, the scholarly independence, literary eminence, and large mastery, that well endowed Universities give. The proposed University

ought to meet the hearty approval and prompt help of our wealthy men. Its founding is a response to pressing needs of the national life and churchly growth.

Moreover the founding of such institutions is now needed in behalf of Protestantism, as well as for the advance of the higher education. The Roman Catholics have already established one in the capitol of the nation. The two most aggressive bodies in this country are the Romanists and the Methodists. The former are compactly organized and better drilled and disciplined than the latter. Their working power, whether in the political or ecclesiastical field, is admirable. Along the line of parochial schools they are doing immense work, and doing it quietly, but rapidly. Soon there will be a demand for a division of the public school fund, so that a part will go to the parochial school. We all understand what are the final aims of this scheme. Now for the aggressive work of Protestantism, and the defense of the American public school system, there must be not only denominational schools, but the University also. Therefore we wish good and speedy success to the new University at Washington, for which the land has been secured and plans are being matured under the leadership of Bishop Hurst, for erecting buildings.

#### THE PRACTICAL IN ART.

MISS M. E. TIBBALS.

-In our last article for the *Symposium*, we were discussing, not natures hidden beauties, but the things she holds out before us in open palm; which, though our eyes reflect them, we see not, until we set down before her with earnest intention to reproduce her charms. Just now another saying of the people has come up before us: "That Artists are a Race of Dreamers." Never was a saying more untrue and unjust. None are more practical. The man who has delved through the sciences and on along the rugged paths of fact, may dream and present his theories. So the artist must reach a limit of fact before he can attempt to por-

tray his dreams on canvas. The eminently successful pass through the practical era. The practical is the period of our studio work at the present time.

A gray stone jar stands on the bench which has seen family service for more than fifty years. It is cracked now, but acts as a most sedate and excellent model; not a very knotty subject, though the two sides are alike, and it takes no little practical, concentrated effort to bring out those curved sides and that brown rim; and no less study to trace the shadows and the bright light that shines out on one side, and the dark interior just visible at the top, resembles an eclipse. Yonder is a small bit of pottery, one of our young girl brought in. It has a slender neck and large body, with a handle near the top. The upper half of the jar is a light stone color; the lower a dark brown; and there is the point of study in this object, to show that the shadow must partake of that upon which it rests. It must not be too dark upon the upper and lighter color; one after another of their various points our student work practice ally upon. Other suggestions of interest, for our corner, will probably come to us by the next issue, which may please and possibly aid our artistic friends.

#### TAYLOR UNIVERSITY TATTLE.

I would have my wood, that is what I would.—*Leathers*.

Weeks and Barton are chamber janitors. They have the right kind of pluck.

Miss Minnie Hollopeter wields the birch and book in Allen county this winter.

The disciples of Esculapius went home to vote. The University excused them. That's right.

The Rev. Mr. Reeves, of Fremont, looked in on faculty and students the other day. Come again.

The Rev. and Mrs. Hemphill were guests at the University several days. Their son is a student here.

Miss Grace Winton is greatly missed this term by her many friends. We

hope to see her back again next term.

*The Symposium* has doubled its subscription list in the last fortnight. Have you subscribed yet? Every student should take it.

We are to have a fair for the benefit of the University in February. Hope it will not be a vanity fair. Mrs. Hugh McColbaugh is to be the chief fairy.

Professor and Mrs. Miles are domiciled at the University. The students of the school are honored by the presence of such genial and cultured associate guests.

The Misses Knouse, Lutts and Lee and Mr. Weeks, Sundayed recently with Miss Laura Lee, at Huntington. Our reporter is heavily bribed else we would a tale unfold.

The physiology class dissected a cat last week. They were unable to discover whose pet it was. Even science has its limitations. We have since learned that poor puss was cat-napped by Frank Alderman.

We make our profoundest bow to Mrs. Frank Alderman. Two hundred guests arise and pronounce two hundred "thank you's" and "God bless you's." She ought to go to general conference, and, if it is in order, be elected a Bishop. 'Sh! President Stemen is listening, but it is so anyway.

Mr. L. J. Garretson returns to his first love. Two years ago he was a student here.. He now returns to complete his musical studies. Music hath charms to soothe the savage—. When Mr. Garretson completes his studies, he will be able to soothe the other savages.—breasts. He is now at the head of the First Regiment orchestra.

Mr. Johns, our publisher, deserves to be called the busy bee. He gathers honey from fields far and near. He is keener of vision than an eagle and quicker of scent than a blood-hound. He swarms every day, but never swears. The question with him is never, "To be or not to be." He proposes to bee as long as a flower blossoms on the slope. Nor will he ever be bee-addled. Hornets may come and wasps may go, but he bee-s on forever. And the queen bee? I dare but say, some day we'll see, them

fly away. We have our little tin tooter ready for the early Sarah-neighed.

### SIMPSON SQUIBBLES.

Simpson church lives.

She justifies her existence.

Her social meetings are spiritual.

Her Sunday school is alive and progressive.

Her Epworth League is at the forefront in zeal and works.

Her membership is united, harmonious and most aggressive.

Her officary is earnest, competent and very enthusiastic.

Her brothers-in-law never have to be apologized for. They are gilt edged.

Her neighbors, of other churches, rejoice in her prosperity. This shows that they are Christians.

Her outside constituency are all of the family of Cornelius. "They love our people." The love is reciprocated.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, of West DeWald, entertained the Simpsonians in elegant style the 12th inst. The collation was *recherche*.

Mr. and Mrs. Driver are elegantly domiciled at 386 Calhoun street. They have a spare room and an extra plate. The latch string hangs outside.

How the workingmen and their families have thronged the Simpson church! But with a workingman in the pulpit, preaching a workingman's gospel, how could it be otherwise?

O ye Methodists of Fort Wayne, pray for Simpson church! Visit her, encourage her, and, if possible, put your shoulder under her burden, or chock a wheel. Your youngest daughter, now convalescent, pleads and prays.

Methodists south of the Wabash railroad, attention! Your homes are here, your schools are here, your society is here, here you live, here you will die—why not have your church home here? Why not rally around Simpson church? Why not take this daughter, so long preyed upon rather than prayed for, to your heart? Do you believe in home protection? Do you believe that charity begins at home? Do you believe

that Christ smiles upon your neglect of the only church in the city that really needs your help? And the church at your own door too! *Begin* at Jerusalem, and then go to the uttermost parts. *Simpson church is the Jerusalem of South Wayne Methodism! BEGIN at Jerusalem.*

### WAYNE STREET WARBLER.

MISS MAGGIE CARVER.

Quite a number of new members have been recently added to our church.

The Wayne Street *Herald*, edited by the pastor, is a bright newsy paper. Subscription fifty cents a year.

Mrs. Rev. F. G. Browne and children, of Mishawaka, have been the guests of Mrs. L. O. Hull, for a few days.

Rev. Eldridge and wife receive their friends on Thursday, and it is fast becoming known how agreeable they are.

The Schubert Quartette has a return date for some time in January, thus affording all lovers of good music another opportunity of hearing them.

The Sunday school is in a flourishing condition. More pupils are coming in and new classes are being formed. In fact, the attendance at all the services is increasing.

The election of officers for the Epworth League took place two weeks ago. A junior league has been formed and much interest is being manifested in both organizations.

Weddings seem to be in high favor this fall, with the members of Wayne Street church. Recently have occurred the nuptials of Miss Grace Hayden, Mr. Green and Miss Brinsley, Mr. Wilding and Mr. John McCurdy.

### BERRY STREET BULLETIN.

The general social given by the ladies, November 6, was a financial as well as a social success.

Miss Carrie Schrader, of this church, organized an Epworth League in Simpson church, on the afternoon of the 9th.

Monday evening, November 10, the committee on Christian work met to

plan work for this department of the Epworth League.

Twelve members united with the church, Sunday, the 9th, by letter and on probation. Interest is increasing in all departments—in both church and Sunday school work.

Historic Berry Street M. E. Church has an enviable location. But one block from the principal street of the city, in the midst of hotels and fashionable boarding-houses it should be crowded at every service.

Rev. G. H. Hill, pastor of the Methodist church at Huntington, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Van Slyke on the 2d instant. Rev. Hill is an able minister, and his large congregations were well pleased with his sermons.

Thursday, November 13, from 4 to 8 p. m., we voted on the eligibility of women to a seat in the General Conference. The young people of the Epworth League gave an oyster supper the same evening, from six to nine. An enjoyable time was had by all participants.

A new departure was held at the church on Sunday evening, the 9th. The pastor arranged a platform meeting for the discussion of the question of admitting women to the general conference. Brief addresses were made by a number of members of the church, and the evening proved a profitable one.

On Friday afternoon, the 7th inst. the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society met in the church parlors to elect officers for the ensuing year. The result was as follows:

President—Mrs. Mary McLachlan.

1st Vice Pres.—Miss Martha Wohlfort.

2d Vice Pres.—Mrs. G. W. Brackenridge.

Rec. Sec.—Miss Alice Durfee.

Cor. Sec.—Miss Carrie Smith.

Treas.—Miss Florence Clark.

It was unanimously decided to give a missionary tea on December 4th, and a cordial invitation to hold the same at Sister Van Slyke's was gladly accepted. The program will be interesting and profitable. Come!

SUBSCRIBE for the SYMPOSIUM at once.

## A WESTERN EPITAPH.

HICK JACKET.

he'll never Return!  
thats in this hear Urn  
but, we Don't give A darn  
anyway

his Name was jim brown  
he tride: Upp and Down  
to Pant Redd! the Town  
tother day

Ole Nicke musta gottim  
heda hung ef thade cottim  
but "At East" sum 1 shottim  
An "cut short" His Song

An "N. B." awl sich Galutes  
that gits on sich Toots  
will dy in Their boots  
b 4 Long "E"

Morrell, strangir doant bite of Mourn you  
kin Chaw.

## FUNNYGRAPHS.

Upon the rugged rocks they sat,  
He held her hand, she held his hat,  
I held my breath and lay quite flat,  
And no one thought I knew it;  
He held that kissing is no crime,  
She held her lips up every time,  
I held my breath and wrote this rhyme,  
And no one saw me do it.

—Bicycle World.

The first type setter—Adam.—*Harvard  
Lampoon.*

—:—

How to catch fish is a study. How to lie  
about it comes natural.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—:—

Miss Cadaver.—"How do you give your little  
doggie exercise?"

Miss Sweetbrier.—"I speak kindly to him  
and he wags his tail." —Puck.

—:—

Miss Purple.—Sav, Miss Garnet, did you  
know our friend Jones is the best red man in  
town?

Miss Garnet.—The best red man? Why  
no, I thought he was wholly uneducated.  
Please explain.

Miss Purple.—Ha! ha! ha! I meant red  
man. He's a strawberry blonde, you know.

—:—

Freshman—My lord, at which bell should  
classes be dismissed?

Senior—Good sir, at the first bell.

Freshman—Is it a custom?

Senior—Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind—though I am na-  
tive here,

And to the manner born—it is a cus-  
tom

More honored in the breach, than  
the observance.

# The Symposium

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY,

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

MR. JOHNS is sole business manager of THE SYMPOSIUM. He alone is responsible for the contracts he makes. Business men will find him prompt, affable and reliable. This is written and published without his knowledge or consent.

BLAINE is preparing an elaborate reciprocity scheme for extending our commerce and Democratic principles in South America. He is the brainiest man and the astutest politician in our country. Were his integrity as unquestioned as his greatness he would be our next president. He may be anyway.

DAVID, in his haste, declared that all men are liars. So far as gas-fitters and plumbers are concerned we can say as much at our leisure. Our observation and experience lead us to conclude that for absolute, unblushing and immeasurable lying they stand at the head of the list; and that David especially saw them with prophetic eye when he made his hasty, though undeniably true, remark.

EVERY student should obtain a copy of the Boston *Post* of the 31st ultimo. President Warren there sounds a bugle-blast against the trend of Harvard in lowering the educational requirements for the bachelorate of arts. Harvard is evidently retrograding. Yale, Brown, Dartmouth and Amherst demand a higher grade of preparatory work of their matriculants. Harvard proposes to grant A. B. to three year students. Thus lowering the educational standard, making daily chapel-workshop wholly optional, championing a religion of negations, and producing an era of vandalism "fair Harvard" is becoming decidedly clouded. President Warren says:

ALL matter intended for the editor should be addressed to him at 386 Calhoun street.

THIS number of THE SYMPOSIUM is far below our ideal. We have in mind a number of important changes. We propose to make it the best college paper in America. In order to do this we shall employ the best talent at home and abroad. Each month we shall give a *resume* of the best things in literature, art, science, music, and philosophy. We shall seek to present the trend of educational movements on both sides of the sea. We shall have something to say concerning current politics. We believe the great issue is the abolition of the liquor business by state and national prohibition. In this contest we stand where Wendell Phillips stood in the anti-slavery crusade. Our doors are open wide to aspirants for literary fame. All contributions will be read. If they are satisfactory they will be published; if they are unsatisfactory they will be returned, provided necessary postage is enclosed. We shall try to build up Fort Wayne Methodism. We envy no church; we are jealous of no preacher. We want our brothers to have glorious success, in paying off debts, furnishing and beautifying their parsonages and church buildings, and in increasing the number and piety of the membership. If our people were as active, true to the church, and as generous with their money as the Catholics are we should capture the city for God and Methodism. Shame on our idleness, stupidity and stinginess! We shall champion Taylor university. Every Methodist in Northern Indiana, Western Ohio and Southern Michigan should pay and pray for it. Methodist parents should patronize it. Fort Wayne people should take it to their hearts. If Methodism and her kin-folks and friends within the patronizing territory of Taylor university were to do their duty toward it there would be over one thousand students enrolled next term. Let Taylor university be the Mecca of our young people and Fort Wayne will become the Athens of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan Methodism. We ask a generous moral and financial support for the prosecution of this work.

THE genial professor of mathematics and astronomy preached a grand sermon in Simpson Church the 9th inst. Professor Clippenger's theme was, "The External and Internal Evidences of the Historic Verity, Genuineness and Authenticity of the Bible." He will favor us with an article next month on "The Poetry of Astronomy."

COMING to the editorial tripod suddenly and unexpectedly we have prepared this number in one week. The week was crowded besides with other work—moving our effects from one house to another, preparing sermons for other publishers, a book for a Chicago publishing house, pulpit preparation for Simpson church, three evening engagements out, a burdensome correspondence, proof reading, and a host of book agents and miscellaneous canvassers who came not as single spies but in battalions. Yes, and a general set-to with plumbers, gas-fitters, etc. But why such precipitate haste? Because the magazine is almost one month behind time.

SPEAKING of the Romish Church openly coercing her members to vote for certain men and measures in Wisconsin and Illinois, the wholesale bribery and fraud in Lincoln, Omaha, Chicago and elsewhere, and the general decadence of faith in parties and politicians Dr. Edwards of the *North-western* says: "We are optimistic, and fully believe that these revelations will in time awaken good citizens, and so procure a better era. Easy-going business men, waiters in restaurants, street-car drivers, newsboys, and people of many kinds, have said in our hearing during the past week: 'One party is as bad as the other; all try for office in order to steal, and all buy their way to victory.' It should not be assumed that these pessimistic opinions are correct, but it is calamitous that much of public faith is gone, and that men utter convictions of the kind as if that state of things were normal. Of course reforms will come, for cities and states cannot exist under permanent conditions of that kind. The day of the honest voter will dawn presently, or all American dawns will suddenly cease."

HARVARD COLLEGE is the one institution whose leadership the other colleges of the country will gladly accept and follow so long as she is true to her own illustrious traditions. If just now these other institutions break with her and revolt, it is because they can not recognize her in a strange new role. She is not herself. Her face is set the wrong way. She is marching, not at the front forward, but at the rear backward. The warmth of our remonstrance is simply an index of our habitual love and loyalty.

As an alumnus of our Methodist Boston university we are proud of the stand taken by her president in favor of a broad, thorough, and symmetrical intellectual culture. The Boston university is faced the right way. She is marching at the front forward.

#### ABOUT WOMEN.

Over one hundred women are studying dentistry in the University of Maryland.

October ushered in another woman's newspaper, the *Wives and Daughters*, conducted by Mrs. John Cameron and Ethelwyn Wethereld.

Mrs. Martha Strickland is filling the chair of Parliamentary Law, in Mrs. Ednah Chaffee Nobles famous law school, with great *eclat*.

Miss Alice Longfellow, "grave Alice" as her poet father called her, is a fine amateur photographer. Her brother, Ernest, has also won high honor as an artist and is a prime favorite in the *salons* of the Bostonese.

Miss Louise Lawson is the designer of the proposed statue at New York city, in honor of the late Hon. S. S. Cox. She is also engaged by the city of Albany to finish a design for a mammoth and elaborate public fountain.

A woman's sentiments may be read from the ribbon she wears in her button-hole; white for the W. C. T. U., purple for the King's Daughters, and yellow for suffrage. Not infrequently the three colors are worn together, and are no more obtrusive than a pansy blossom, which they resemble.—*New England Farmer*.

Her majesty, Queen Victoria, may have a more royal, but not a greater or more impressive funeral than that accorded the other day to Mother Booth, of the Salvation Army.

Cincinnati tried to exclude married women from teaching in the public schools. Cleveland would like to exclude them. Chicago employs the best teachers regardless of marriage. Boston rarely employs a married woman, and then makes it an exception. St. Louis has a rule that for a woman teacher to marry is equivalent to resignation. New Haven has no use for married women teachers. St. Paul has a rule which says married women shall not be employed. Minneapolis wants the best, even if there is a male attachment. — *Journal of Education.*

The *Union Signal* says: "Mrs. Judge Merrick, of New Orleans, writes in a private letter: 'Margaret Haughrey, the bread woman of New Orleans fame, otherwise known as Margaret the Good, was loved by everybody for her noble, disinterested, lavish benevolence, which was poured fourth like the sunshine regardless of country, race or religion. She could not write her name, but put the sign of the cross on all her documents. "By this sign conquer" might well be said of her, for if ever there was a Christian she was one. She never owned a silk dress or wore a glove, but went about in her calico gown and old-fashioned sun-bonnet, when we had the awful overflows of our great river, and gave loaves of bread to the hungry. I cannot tell how much money she made or how much she gave away; but she worked hard, and was prosperous, all the time giving unceasingly, so that she did not leave a very large fortune—I should think about \$100,000. Doubtless she gave away over half a million in her lifetime, as has been somewhere stated. Margaret was first a milk-woman and afterward a bread woman. She had a large steam manufactory of bread, crackers, etc. She was a Catholic, but at her funeral the leading Presbyterian minister of the city officiated, as well as the priest—something unparalleled in the annals of Protestant and Catholic."

Kutlogaropf Hanum, is a full-fledged M. D., the first Mohammedan woman ever thus honored.

#### LITERARY LORE.

Every student should read Bigelow's biography of Bryant, and Zabriskie's fine portraiture of Greeley.

For a mastery of the most incisive yet statliest English study Lowell's prose. He is often as swift as Shelley, as stately as Macaulay, and as majestic as Milton.

For the most vivid putting of a most dramatic period and a figure combining the beauty and eloquence of Apollo and Demosthenes read Martyn's new life of Wendell Phillips.

A gay female Parisian translated seven of Whittier's poems and published them as her own. When confronted with her theft she boldly charged Whittier with having purloined them from her.

John Fiske is the best writer on the historico-philosophical side of our life and government. His volumes should be in every home. We read everything he writes with the keenest zest and greatest profit.

For a clever bit of "assimilation" read "Hiawatha" and "Kalevala" side by side; also Mrs. Browning's dedication of "Aurora Leigh" and Owen Meredith's dedication of "Lucile." Edgar Allan Poe would call it plagiarism.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has a delightful home on the Storm King mountain on the Hudson. She lives here with her daughters and entertains many friends. After the death of her husband, who was a minister, she struggled for many years to maintain her family by writing for daily and weekly papers. During a period of confinement from an accident she wrote her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife." Since that time she has written two novels each year, all of which have been received with popular favor. She is now in Europe collecting material for a novel on socialism, and has in mind one which will deal with the sterner elements of the Calvinistic creed.—*American Methodist.*

George Vanderbilt proposes to collect the finest private library in America.

Gladstone's library numbers about 15,000 volumes. Large departments of it are devoted to theology, to Dante, to Shakespeare, and, of course, to Homer. Dante, Aristotle, Bishop Butler, and Augustine are the four authors to whose influence the "grand old man" is said to owe most.

#### ABOUT MEN.

Blaine, of Maine, still leads them all.

Bishop Thoburn sailed for India the 16th.

Henry M. Stanley and party arrived in America November 5.

D. L. Moody begins a series of meetings in Chicago the 23rd inst.

That was a magnificent speech of Cleveland's at the Thurman banquet.

Quay is being roasted, so the papers say. He reminds us of Chairman Barnum ten years ago.

Robert T. Lincoln is at home until the holidays. He brought home from London the remains of his precious boy beloved.

Murat Halstead, formerly of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, makes his bow as a magazinist in the current number of *The Cosmopolitan*.

John Sherman says: "The women did it. They found the prices higher when they went shopping, and the men had to vote against the tariff bill."

The son of Philip Phillips, the singing pilgrim, has entered the Methodist ministry. He preached his first sermon in the old John Street church Sunday morning the 16th instant.

Marshal Count von Molke was rarely honored in Berlin on the 13th ultimo. One is reminded of the grand ovations accorded Wellington, Marlborough, our own Grant and many of the classic chiefs.

The "Old Roman" was crowned and laureled on the evening of the 13th inst. The people, independent of political creeds will rejoice in his serene and beautiful sunset. May the evening be long and cloudless.

Harrison is busy preparing his annual message to Congress:

Our Bishop Taylor is on the high seas between England and Africa.

Thomas Harrison, never busier or more successful, is engaged in New York City.

Bancroft has at last laid aside the pen. He says: "I wait the future summons. I can do no more."

Sam W. Small winters in the East, working among the wealthy in behalf of Utah University, of which he is president.

Henry Date, beloved by every Methodist in Fort Wayne, and by all who know him, is meeting with success in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, members of the British parliament, are in America pleading for the "Green Isle beyond the sea." We bid them God-speed.

Mr. Charles Watson, "Napoleon of tract distributors," is dead. In this work he toiled over forty years. In one year he distributed eight million tracts.

Phillips Brooks celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his pastorate in Boston on the 2nd inst. He is the fastest preacher in the world, having been known to utter 400 words a minute.

Quoth Reed: "Well, you know the Republican party always did like big things and always strives after big things, and this time has surely got a big thing—the biggest licking it ever got in its life."

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, of the world, has eclipsed Stanley as a writer, if sale of books is a criterion. "Darkest England and the Way Out of It" was so eagerly purchased that the first edition was exhausted in three hours. We glory in the man, his book, and his army and navy.

Robert E. Pattison, a right, royal and loyal Methodist, was whirled into the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania by the recent cyclone on the Democratic ticket. With Dr. Bristol, of Chicago, he represented Methodism at the general conference of the Methodist Church, South, recently. He deserves the high honor bestowed upon him.



The Bishops held their semi-annual meeting in Washington City, beginning the 30th ultimo.

Rev. John O. Denning, A. M. S. T. B., is now in mid-Atlantic en route for Bombay, Indiana. We write these lines with mingled pain and pleasure. For three years we sat side by side in the Boston university. When the semi-centennial of Methodism was celebrated at Myrick's-by-the-sea, under his pastorate we delivered the two Sabbath addresses, one on "The Distinctive Doctrines of Methodism and Their Influence on Other Denominations," and the other on "Wesleyan Christian Perfection." Both of us drifting westward, following the Star of Empire, we became members of the same conference. At Champaign, Illinois, we had the pleasure and honor of being a guest at his home. He will be a valuable addition to Bishop Thoburn's forces. Thoroughly educated, intensely pious, wholly and absolutely consecrated, wedded to a beautiful woman of the Susana Wesley type his life will be more eloquent and unctious among the heathens, than his truly eloquent lips. May God accompany my dear brother and his heroic and devoted wife, and permit us to hear from their lips the triumphs of grace in that land of which Byron sang :

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their  
clime?

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the  
turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,

Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams  
ever shine;

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed  
with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gool in her  
bloom;

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of  
the sky,

In color, though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they  
twine,

*And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?*  
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the  
Sun—

Can He smile on such deeds as his children  
have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales  
which they tell.

Secretary Noble refuses to recount the New Yorkers.

"Chaplain McCabe's message to Col. Ingersoll: "Dear Colonel: Ten years ago you made the following prediction: 'Ten years from this time two theatres will be built for one church.' The time is up. The Methodists are now building four churches every day—one every six hours. Please venture upon another prediction for the year 1900."

## BING! BANG!! BOO!!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TAYLOR U?  
She's All Right! The Debt is Paid and the  
Property is Ours.

The tenth of November was a fateful day in our history. An ominous debt obscured our sky and many feared the sun had gone into permanent eclipse. And, but for the herculean efforts of President C. B. Stemen, and his able and tireless lieutenants, we believe that such would have been the case. But during the spring and summer the president was well-nigh ubiquitous. He rallied helpers in all directions. In the autumn the school opened most propitiously. Then came the National Association of Lay Preachers which, through the persistent and most winsome wooing of the president, fell in love with the institution. Then followed the Bible school, bringing to its aid the world-famed Bishop Taylor, after whom the university is named, his son Ross, the eloquent sub-bishop, and the greatly loved Prof. Hudson. All of these occasions were utilized. Then a canvas was made of the city with gratifying results. Through all President Stemen, though doing the work of ten men in other lines, like Henry of Navarre, was ever at the head of the column with hand and voice and plume hurrying on his helpers. Victory is the result. The sisyphian stone rests on top. The university is saved. To President Stemen: Honor, sir; and congratulations. To donors on both sides of the sea: Our heartiest thanks.

BING! BANG!! BOO!!!

*What's the matter with Taylor U?*  
She's all right.

## POETICAL SOLITAIRES.

Red-lipped love.  
 Drowning kisses.  
 Bat-winged sleep.  
 Azure-lidded sleep.  
 Spilled-out sunsets.  
 Marble of memory.  
 The lip of the foam.  
 Knowledge is sorrow.  
 Ear-kissing arguments.  
 Wrinkled husk of care.  
 Lie tangled in soft sighs.  
 The Past's golden valleys.  
 Love renews the beautiful.  
 Sharp-toothed unkindness.  
 Valves of birth and death.  
 Death, the servant of God.  
 Threading dark-eyed night.  
 The Future's rough uplands.  
 Much thought is much care.  
 Down tracks of quivering blue.  
 Shoulder of the monstrous hill.  
 The kiss-crease on his ruffled lip.  
 Desire forever hath a flying foot.  
 The forehead of this restless time.  
 Like leaflets sere in avenues of time.  
 There Beauty all her breast unveils.  
 That wonderful night flower, Memory.  
 Deem these words Life's good night.  
 First love strangled in his golden hair.  
 With thoughts our pale lips left untold.  
 A single sunbeam from the sleepy west.  
 Nurse of an ailing world, beloved night.  
 Leans her breast against a thorn all night.  
 Mounts up the royal chambers of her blood.  
 With shut mouth half-unfolded for kisses.  
 My soul, by thy beauty, was slain in its sleep.  
 The king, with a kiss, woke the sleeper.  
 The breath of many a balmy dim-blue dreamy vale.

Mid hushed cool-rooted flowers,  
 fragrant-eyed.

When the gods were more human  
 men were more divine.

Her words seemed to fall with the  
 weight of tears in them.

And what best proves there is life in  
 a heart? That it bleeds?

More precious to me is my love than  
 the throne of a king that is old.

## POLITICS.

The people spiked one loud-mouthed  
 Cannon in Illinois.

The principal game for which gun-  
 ners just now have a decided *penchant*  
 is Congressmen. They naturally *quail*.

"What's the matter with the Prohibi-  
 tionists?" They are all right. "But  
 they polled such a small note." Yes,  
 but every vote weighed a ton. God's  
 one vote counted for more than the  
 united suffrages of Egypt. Whoever  
 votes with God will, in the outcome,  
 be in the majority. The principle or  
 the party is anointed for the throne.  
 And some party will champion the  
 cause, and all the rest will be opposed.

"What fools these mortals be!" Three  
 years ago on the eve of the election  
 Cleveland tinkered with the tariff and  
 lost his head. Now Reed, McKinley  
 & Co., with boundless compositivity have  
 been guillotined at the same game.

The greatest political revolution of  
 this generation occurred in November  
 1890. Many people are absolutely  
 stunned. Politicians are busy telling  
 how it all came about. Especially is  
 this true of defeated candidates. No  
 two of them agree. They are all color-  
 blind. Self-interest and party pride or  
 humiliation render their vision oblique.  
 Only a disinterested spectator, who is  
 neither elated or dejected, can see the  
 real situation and tell, with approximate  
 accuracy, what were the determining  
 forces. This epochal revolution is to  
 be accounted for.

1. By the unpopularity of the Mc-  
 Kinley Tariff bill. The rank and file of  
 the Republican party were not in sym-  
 pathy with it. All other parties were  
 opposed to it *en masse*. Even Blaine

is said to have turned black in the face with rage when he read it. He made no secret of his antipathy to it. He was too astute a politician to champion it. Even the foremost Republican economists denounced it. The Republican senate knifed it under the fifth rib. The people hated it. The only parallel is that of 1828, when the "Tariff of Abominations" was enacted. But for Old Hickory four year later South Carolina would have gone out of the Union. The North now joins hands with the South in a common denunciation.

2. The Lodge Force bill. Here again the Republicans were profoundly disagreed. Even the most obsequious Republican organs rebelled against it. Then an appeal was made to the press to support it and create sentiment in its favor—a confession of weakness at Washington. But it was of no avail. The *Atlanta Constitution*, *New Orleans Picayune*, *Memphis Appeal*, and *Louisville Courier-Journal* had local co-adjutors among the Republican press in every northern city.

3. The hypocrisy of the Republican party on the temperance question. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other Republican states, having large majorities, have belied their oft-repeated pledges. In Iowa and Kansas the Republicans are clamoring for re-submission, with the avowed intent of sweeping away all prohibitory legislation. In Maine the Republicans in all the cities openly bid for the whiskey vote. In the two Dakotas there is a strong element favoring a repeal of the temperance foundations on which those commonwealths were laid. And now the staunch and virile Republican Nebraska rolls up an anti-prohibition vote of 30,000. Democrats and Republicans went in, check and jowl, to defeat the new proclamation of emancipation and all-hell yelled and screamed with delight. If Jeff Davis represents Democracy on the temperance question, Vallandigham represents the Republicans. It is bad enough to be a whiskey man; it is worse to be a whiskey man and a hypocrite—to profess temperance and vote whiskey.

4. The American Cæsar. Bossism has played out on this side of the sea. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is a nineteenth century anachronism. Matthew Quay should have been quieted long ago. The unit rule was killed in 1880. Bossism was stabbed in 1890. Men of the Ingalls type, though brainy and brilliant, have done the Republican party irreparable injury. This is an age of thirst for ideas and refinement and vituperation and sullivanism are boundlessly offensive to the rank and file of the people.

5. The disreputable character of many of the party leaders. The name of Quay is a stench in the nostrils of even those who have profited by his vice, and unscrupulosity. A distinguished Cincinnati Republican editor well says, "By and by the Republican party will learn that the Republican stomach cannot carry everything. If our own General Bob Kennedy needed any vindication, he certainly has received it." And a St. Louis Republican editor says: "Worse still it—the Republican party—tolerated such a political manager as Senator Quay." Along with him place Dudley, Clarksou and other doers of dirty work and the cup of iniquity is almost full.

6. The administrations flagrant disregard of civil service principles to which it was pledged. As a matter of fact the Democrats are just as much in favor of civil service reform as the Republicans are. This is simply saying they are both opposed to it only so far as it enables them to hoodwink conscientious voters and vault into power. They are all agreed with the dictum of Mr. Marcy: "To the victors belong the spoils." All their stump and platform pledges are the merest buncombe. What has been accomplished thus far has been prompted by fear of the people rather than by love of the principles. Mr. Fry well says that Harrison's duplicity "produced a world of discontent."

7. The compulsory school question in Illinois and Wisconsin.

8. The farmers' movement. "The movement among the farmers was an unknown but potent element, fanned

into a sudden flame by the McKinley bill, and in Kansas and other parts of the west swept over it like the prairie fires of twenty years ago."

9. The President himself. He is a second, though vastly inferior, edition of John Quincy Adams. Though a good man perhaps, he is neither great nor *en rapport* with the masses. But for his ancestry he would never have been a candidate. The people never enthused over him. In an ordinary contest he would have been defeated. He will never be renominated. The Republicans are sorry he ever was nominated. Had John Sherman or Walter Q. Gresham been in the white house the situation would have been far different. The *Globe-Democrat* with its usual sagacity three years ago said "John Sherman will be the hardest man to nominate, but the easiest man to elect in the Republican party."

10. The loss of woman's championship. Women were won to the Republican party by the cries and groans of the slave. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" thrilled the soul of American womanhood. From that hour until the shackles fell and the ebon race was redeemed there was but one sentiment among the women. At the fireside mother, and wife and sister and daughter plead and prayed until father and husband, and brother and son voted for the abolition of slavery and the salvation of the Union. That task is done and another waits to be done. Another slave crouches at the door. The lash falls and the cries and groans of wrecked and ruined manhood, and desolated womanhood and childhood again fill the air. Despicable as was the plantation slave-driver the liquor slave-driver is by far more repulsive. Women begin to hear the piteous pleading. Heart and conscience are a-stir and a-throb. The hearthstone campaign is begun. The Douglass, Breckenridge, Lincoln and all other parties of 1890 will fall before her persistence and power. A quarter of a million of white-ribboners are already in line. Others are waiting to enlist. They will carry the war into Africa. They will fight it out on that line if it takes all eternity,

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S. A. Shoemaker

Volume I.

DECEMBER, 1890.

Number 4.

# THE SYMPOSIUM



John Merritte Driver, A. M., S. T. B.,  
EDITOR.

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Fort Wayne, Indiana:

Published by the Symposium Co.

E. B. JOHNS, Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice at Fort Wayne, Ind., as Second-class Matter.

50 Cents a Year; 10 Cents a Copy.

Sold by News Dealers Generally.

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# THE SYMPOSIUM.

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VOLUME I.

DECEMBER, 1890.

NUMBER 4.

## - ROMANCE. -

### FROM TUB TO TON.

A Christmas Story.

BY JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER.

AH, Frank, my bonnie boy, my heart bleeds and breaks to-day. I dreamed last night of your father. His face was so wan and sad, it haunts me still. I wonder, my boy, if spirits really do come back to earth and revisit persons and places once dear to them; and if, coming back, they realize the wretchedness and oft-times despair of those they have left behind. I remember one of our poets says:

"I have read, in some old marvelous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Besieged the walls of Prague.

"Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

"White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful deep sound,  
The river flowed between."

And I thought that your sister Ruth was with him. Once I thought I would clasp her in my arms, but something held me back and I could neither move nor speak. Her face, too, was inexpressibly sad as she gazed long and earnestly at me—

"With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies."

At last the air became so dense and heavy I thought I would die, when

suddenly they became radiantly beautiful, a light that never was on sea or land glowed and scintillated about them, glad smiles and the old-time looks of love and hope swept over their faces and, stooping low, they kissed me and then suddenly vanished.

And how do you interpret the dream, mother? Surely there must be some deep and mystic meaning to such a dream as that. Say, mother, do you believe in spirits? Did not our minister last Sunday say something about ministering spirits? And did he not say he believed his mother often came to him urging him forward in the right, restraining him from the wrong, and comforting him when down cast and heavy-hearted?

I remember it well, my boy. To such a belief I have always clung, that is, in a general way. But dreams—I have always ridiculed those wild, unbridled flights of feverish, uncertain fancy. But this dream I think is prophetic. This dream—

Sweet mother—fairest prophetess—tell me the meaning. Why hesitate? Am I too young? Is it beyond my comprehension? Are you afraid to trust your boy?

Oh no, my child, I do not distrust your head, much less your heart. I only fear you will deem me foolish.

Foolish, indeed! Did not father always say you were wiser than he? And was not father wondrous wise? And were you not the leader in every class when you were at Kent's Hill seminary? And did you not decline many flattering offers to teach and write? I am the foolish one, yet not wholly so, for am I not your child?

What mother could resist such an appeal as yours? Hear then the interpretation of my dream. The sad look on our loved ones' faces was indi-

cative of sorrow for our present unhappy lot; and the wondrous light and winsome smiles and kisses were prophetic of some strange but glorious fortune that is about to come to us.

To which they both, with folded hands and upturned faces, as if in prayer, ejaculated: "God grant it."

Brave Frank Ellinwood was a sailor, and never did handsomer and jollier tar climb to the top of the mizzen mast and hurl defiance at the maddest storm. His father before him was a sailor, and Frank was born at sea. Before he had reached his one-and-twentieth year he had circumnavigated the globe. He was an ideal sailor. His father was proud of him and when he reached his majority made him a present of his noble ship, "The Madagascar," only requiring a small annuity sufficient to secure him against want in his declining years. Five years before he had met in Brussels a Miss Ruth Alden, of Portland, Maine, a descendant of "Priscilla, the puritan maiden." A deep and fervent attachment ensued, mutual vows of eternal fidelity were plighted—

"Till the sun is cold,  
And the stars are old,

And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold," and they began that most difficult of all tasks, to wait and be true. But their affluities were genuine, their confidence in each other's integrity was boundless, and time but the impression deeper made as streams their channels deeper wear. Now that Frank was the master of the finest merchantman on the Atlantic, and the parents of both were highly pleased with the proposed union, there was nothing to prevent the consummation of their long-dreamed-of bliss. Accordingly, on Christmas day at high noon in the Chestnut Street Methodist Episcopal church, Portland, Maine, Frank Ellinwood and Ruth Alden became to each other husband and wife.

It was one of those marriages that is made in heaven. Long before that brilliant Christmas scene before the altar in Portland God had declared the

twain one, angels had stood as witness, and archangels and seraphs had chanted and harped congratulations—congratulations anticipative of the coming time when heaven's chief Beloved shall espouse an earthly, yet immaculate, bride. He was a manly man; and she—

Her heart was pure as seraph's love,  
As gentle as the cooing dove,  
As tender as the budding rose,  
As guileless as the lily grows.

Never were the words of Avon's bard more true:

"He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be completed by such as she;  
And she, a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

Years, with silken wings and flight more noiseless than circling sea-gull or descending albatross, sped away. Two children were born—both at sea—whom they christened Frank and Ruth. At last Mr. Alden fell sick, and though not anticipating the near approach of death, longed to have his only child with him. Deep and fervent as was her love for her husband she felt that she must obey her father's anxious and tender request.

I will think of you constantly awake, and dream of you sleeping, she said to her husband. And, O, I will pray for you always.

Yes, Ruth, but how can I get along without you? Why, I believe the crew will mutiny if they find out you are going to leave us. Yes, and old Madagascar, too.

But duty, Frank—remember, dear.

That was enough. It was arranged that Frank should remain with his mother, and that Ruth, the picture of her mother, should return with her father. I have no heart to picture the parting scene. My pen absolutely refuses to write the last words and looks—so manly and womanly, yet broken; so heavy with tears, yet so arched with rainbows. Reader, do you believe in premonitions? They parted that night—forever. On the awful Devil's Bridge, off the coast of Massachusetts, the gallant Madagascar and all her

crew went down. Only a few passengers were saved. The last that was seen of the heroic master he was holding with his left arm his darling Ruth and with his right arm clinging to a broken mast. Their bodies were never recovered.

Much must be passed over rapidly now. Sorrows came not as single spies but in battalions. Within the brief space of three months Ruth Alden was called upon to surrender husband and child, and father and mother. But one reminder of a past so crowned with sunshine and immeasurable happiness remained, and that was her boy, bearer of his noble father's name, and face and form in miniature. Had not heaven helped her she would have died. Though God's providences are inscrutable, and his chastenings sometimes unto death, His mercy and upholding are boundless, and infinitely tender. But her deep and poignant anguish was but the opening symphony to a long and wailing *miserrere*.

Though the Madagascar was heavily insured, by a technicality which the law sanctioned, she received only a pittance. Next in turn came the dissipation of her patrimony through the rascality of a high bank official, and she who had never known the value of money and had been the idol of two hearts strong as knotted oak yet sweet and tender as a peri's dream of paradise, found herself without a home and with less than a thousand dollars in money. Nor was this all. Always delicate, accumulated sorrows and misfortunes had reduced her to but a shadow of her former self. Never did a frailer craft put out to sea, and upon a sea more unpropitious. But she had a brave heart, and all her life was now swallowed up in one deep, silent, ceaseless longing, and unbroken prayer that she might live to rear her boy to a nob'e manhood.

"What will not woman, gentle woman dare,  
When strong affection stirs her up?"

And especially if she be

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

With the remnant of a once ample fortune she procured an humble home in the village of Walden and began the battle for bread. Only the penniless widow knows how fierce the battle is, and what difficulties hedge in every pathway. In a large city she might have gained lucrative employment as a teacher, or clerk, or agent, but she feared the contaminating influences of city life for her boy. Besides every city was suggestive of other happier days—

"So sad, so fresh the days that come no more."

So in one of the loveliest New England nooks she settled down with heart heavier and braver than Penelope's, to weave the web of a noble life, and to crown her devotion and fidelity as a mother. Sometimes as a seamstress, sometimes as day-help in a neighbor's house, occasionally as the music teacher of some embryonic lover of the concourse of sweet sound, and at rare intervals as a heroine of the tub she eked out a daily maintenance. In all her tasks her noble Greatheart, as she delighted to call her boy as he grew older, was a joyful helper and companion.

It was on one of those days of unusual drudgery and darkness that the mother broke forth with the exclamation that opens this humble record and recited her wonderful dream.

Frank had grown to be a noble youth. His face was suggestive of the poet, while his bearing was that of a chevalier. Perhaps his lofty debonaire manners were partially inherited, for his father was one of the knightliest of men. But be that as it may, his ready wit, his fearless chivalry, his unquestioned integrity, and withal his gracious and tender regard for all and especially those who were in trouble, made him an almost universal favorite. His mind had been carefully cultured by his mother, not only in the prosaic rudiments of the school curriculum but also in music, art, and polite literature. Not, indeed, that he had achieved a phenomenal culture, and

yet he had far surpassed the humble villagers about him. But his unsullied character was his crowning glory. Though Byronic in beauty, Moorish in love of the rhythmic and beautiful, and Chesterfieldian in social grace he was as rigid in all the moralities as Simon the Stylite. He scorned the hero of the salacious escapade. For the sower of wild oats he had a boundless contempt. For the retailer of villainous stories at the expense of virtuous girlhood and womanhood, he had indignation unspeakable and unfathomable. For the village bully he had

"The front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

Tyranny, however petty, was more galling to him than was the cup held to Henry's lips at Canossa. He had his faults, of course. What boy or man has not? But they were of the minor sort, and were never coarse, or brutal or repulsive.

Frank, my dream is prophetic of some rare good fortune. What it is I am unable to divine. My heart was heavy an hour ago, but already the clouds are breaking away. Better days are coming. From whom, from whence, I cannot tell. In the glad light that wreathed their smiling faces last night I read a message of cheer and hope. And listen—next Monday you are going to Boston.

Mother!

Frank!

You astonish me. Have you been reading the Arabian Nights?

Hear me, my boy. Next Wednesday begins the University year, and you must be there. Nay, hear me through. You are old enough, and sufficiently advanced in your studies, to matriculate, high as their standard is. The years are slipping away. I cannot suffer you to remain longer here, dearly as I love you and sorely as I shall miss you when you are gone.

But mother, the money.

Yes, I have thought of that. I have saved \$300. That is enough to begin with. It will pay your tuition and

board and other expenses at least one term.

And then, mother—

And then, my boy, we must look to heaven for help. Believe me, it will come. Something within me gives me confidence. I have the assurance that all my prayers for you, my bonnie boy, will be answered. A brighter day is going to dawn. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

O mother, sweetest mother! I can never leave you.

But you must go. Heaven ordains it so. All nature teaches the solemn lesson. There are no birds in last year's nest. This home nest of ours must sooner or later be broken up. Go, and may all good angels attend you.

And what will you do while I am gone?

I'll toil for you by day, and dream of you by night. Ida Riley wants to live with me and prosecute her studies in French and German. I will grant her request until your return at Christmas, and then—

What mother?

We will leave to heaven the rest.

It would be difficult to describe Frank Ellinwood's emotions as he retired that night. He felt years older than he had when he arose in the morning. Pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, were strangely intermingled.

"A feeling of sadness and longing,

That is not akin to pain,

And resembles sorrow only

As the mist resembles rain."

Great and grave responsibilities were settling down upon him. He had a vague conception of a great approaching crisis in his life. He felt that he was standing on the verge of a new life and a new world. Yesterday seemed years ago. His village friends, even bosom friends, were now comparative strangers. Their paths would nevermore be parallel. The past appeared to him like a great temple out of which he was passing, and whose lights and voices he could only faintly see and hear. His relation to his mother even had somehow changed.

From henceforth he was to be a man. She would indeed call him by the old endearing names; she would kiss him and caress him just as she did when he was newly born; she would still watch over him, and do and yearn for him, for

"A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive;"

but he would never again be her baby-boy. He would be her man, her protector, and at last he would carve out a fame and fortune for her.

He was unable to sleep. A strange unrest had gained the mastery over him. Hearing the deep breathing of his mother in an adjoining room, telling of sweet and refreshing slumbers, he quietly arose and went out. All nature was in repose. He walked down the principal street, but he felt as one in a strange city. The night was warm and he walked far out into the country. With uncovered head and upturned face he tried to cast the horoscope of the future. A sense of quiet and peace stole over him and he had an unutterable sense of the presence of God. The deep-mouthed barking of the distant watch-dog, the occasional sleepy tinkling of the sheepbell, and the grunts and groans of beasts of burden, peacefully at rest, soothed and quieted him as he strode along. At last he came to a deep glen. Fatigued, he sat down to rest. Darkness shut him in. Only here and there a curious star peeped at him through the deep umbrageous foliage. Birds of prey hurried over his head, and in the distance an owl upon a ruined tower hooted out its melancholy tale. Turning his face heavenward with deep and tremulous emotion he exclaimed: "O, awful, awful Name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! O, Name that God's people did fear to utter! O, Light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are they who now are so familiar with it!" Then with a fervent prayer for future guidance he slowly retraced his steps.

God had spoken peace to his soul. The air seemed to be dripping with perfume. Supernatural voices were whispering words of cheer and hope. An hour later

"The innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second  
course,  
Chief nourisher in Life's feast,"

had kissed his eyelids down. When next we see him he will be in grand old, historic, cultured Boston, city of poets, historians, orators and heroes, of painters, artists and sculptors, at the threshold of the greatest of all our American universities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

He had played for his lordship's levee.  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was weary,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said—too late—"He is weary,  
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed;  
"Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!" was the last he said.

## THE FUGITIVE.

Is it true, O God in heaven,  
That the strongest suffer most?  
That the noblest wander farthest,  
And most hopelessly are lost?  
That the highest type of nature  
Is capacity for pain?  
That the sadness of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

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## - CONTRIBUTIONS. -

## THE POETRY OF ASTRONOMY.

—  
 PROF. C. L. CLIPPINGER.  
 —

The first sentence of one of John G. Saxe's lectures was "Poetry is beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed." Astronomy is surcharged with beautiful thoughts, and thus is an inviting field to the imagination of the poet.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
 to heaven.—*Shakspeare.*

*The Music of the Spheres* is a poetic creation of the ancients who supposed that the accordant movements of the celestial orbs produced harmony of the most exstic nature. The patriarch Job may have had this thought in mind as his rythmic soul caught at the beginnings of terrestrial existence in the words—

"When the morning stars sang together,  
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Shakspeare lends the weight of his genius to the same idea when he says:  
 "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings."

Israel's Sweet Singer probably used similar words in a figurative sense, but they are appropriate here:

"The heavens declare the glory of God;  
 And the firmament showeth his handiwork.  
 Day unto day uttereth speech,  
 And night unto night showeth knowledge."

So also are the words of another poet—

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice.  
 Forever singing, as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine."

While only the gifted few may dare to express poetic thought and poetic emotion in verse, yet I suppose the most prosy nature is often touched with the poetic thrill, certainly so when the beauty and greatness of the unclouded skies are contemplated in

an hour of leisure. The little child, looking upward on a calm evening, feels if he does not say—

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
 How I wonder what you are,  
 Up above the world so high,  
 Like a diamond in the sky."

At the thought of the blue arch above us, with its rolling planets and stars, Addison turned from his delightful prose to pen the noble poem which contains these words—

"The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue eternal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim,"

and multitudes catch his inspiration as they sing his hymn.

Drake added to the charm of our beautiful national emblem when he used his poetic gifts to portray the astronomical origin of our star spangled banner. The poet's patriotic thrill is contagious as one reads the words—

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
 By angel hands to valor given,  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven."

And the venerable grandfather of the household is sensible of the poetic fire as he sings—

"My latest sun is sinking fast."

People who lead a mere animal existence find no charm for them in the poetic fields of astronomy;

"Their minds, fair science never taught to  
 stray,  
 Far as the solar worlds or milky way."

But the intelligent observer of nature loves to explore

"The dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth  
 and height,  
 And time, and place are lost."

For

"Those lamps that nightly greet the usual  
 powers  
 Are each a bright capacious sun like ours.  
 The telescopic tube will still decry  
 Myriads behind that 'scape the naked eye,  
 And farther on a new discovery trace  
 Through the deep regions of encompassed  
 space."



If each bright star so many suns are found  
With planetary systems circling round,  
What vast infinitude of worlds may grace,  
What beings people the stupendous space?"

General conjecture in regard to astronomical objects does not often aspire to literary immortality, but occasionally a great poet presents poor astronomy in verse. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, following the prevailing idea of the times concerning the sun, moon and planets, wrote the following lines in early English:

"Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe;  
Mars iren, Mercurie silver we clepe;  
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,  
And Venus copper, by my faderkin."

Halley's comet, which has frightened superstitious people every seventy-six years, and will appear again in 1907, found a rhyme-maker who essayed a description of it in these words:

"Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail."

Astrology, which has had so much to do in exciting hope and fear in the past, has had its day. It lingers in the harmless form of weather prophecy, affording some patent medicine dealers the opportunity to advertise their wares. This delusion, with many kindred "signs," can not thrive where the fundamental facts of astronomy are clearly understood, and it will never get into permanent literature as did the horoscopes of the ancients. As near to the Middle Ages as was Shakspeare, he had the courage to combat the then common notion that a child's future was settled by the stars which were in the ascendant at his birth. He represents the belief of his age in the influence of the stars and planets on the fortunes of the new-born child when he makes Glendower boast—

"At my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes  
Of burning crests; know, that at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shook like a coward."

But the poet expresses his own belief when he assigns to Hotspur the reply—

"So it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kilted, though yourself had ne'er been  
born."

Butler, in *Hudibras*, ridiculed the folly of those who believed in horoscopes and nativities. The following lines are a sample:

"As if the planet's first aspect  
The tender infant did infect  
In soul and body, and instil  
All future good and future ill."

Shakspeare and Butler could make light of the delusions of astrologers as earlier poets could not do because the revival of learning was enlightening the masses.

The twelve constellations of the zodiac were known to the ancients when history first lifted the curtain from the mystery of the past. Job calls them Mazzaroth. In the following lines he mentions them along with star-groups that are well known now, and that have been popular in all ages:

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of  
Pleiades,  
Or loose the bands of Orion?  
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in their  
season?  
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

The zodiacal constellations are known in astronomy by their Latin names, beginning with the one which was at the vernal equinox two thousand years ago when Hipparchus made the first chart of the heavens; viz: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpius, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces. An old but cheap rhyme translates these into English, as follows:

"The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins,  
And next the Crab the Lion shines,  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea Goat,  
The Man who holds the Watering Pot,  
The Fish with glittering tails."

Two lines of English doggerel verse which have come down to us are con-

venient to remind us what day of the week the first day of the month is. They are:

"At Dover Dwells George Brown, Esquire,  
Good Christopher Finch And David Friar."

*A* represents the first day of January. The first day of February and of March each begins three days later in the week than New Year's Day, for the letter *D* is the third from *A*. Then April begins on the sixth day of the week after the day on which January begins, for *G* is the sixth letter after *A*, &c. In leap years we must count one letter forward after the first of February; that is, the second *D* would become *E*, &c.

Whenever the poet touches astronomy he is interesting, and the more nearly he expresses the true idea of the vast magnitude of the celestial bodies, or their distances from each other, or the perfect system of their various motions, or the wonders of their creation and development, the greater does he become, and the more nearly does he represent the thought of the Creator.

"The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;  
The world is a rose-bud from the bower of His beauty;  
The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;  
And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power."

## PERIWINKLES.

I met that feller in '49 aout in Californar, an' he was a powerful sight on-handsome. I've heerd o' folks who could drive nails an' blast rocks by lookin' at 'em, but this feller 'ud a took the ribben-frum ary one uv 'em. Onst they was a'rippin', snortin', yellin', screamin' aveylanche come a-tumblin' down the mountain right at that feller; an' I knowed it 'ud jest tear him all tew pieces. But I swow, ef that feller didn't give that aveylanche one sorter scared look, an' may I be eternally goldinged, ef that ere aveylanche didn't turn around an' scoot

right back up that ere mountain an' down tother side 'fore you could 'a said Geewhilikins. An' that's Gospel truth. An' once he—

But I had fled.

—*The Adelbert.*

A dentist is like a politician; he has a big pull and generally takes the stump.

"My wife's quite a lecturer."

"What's her subject?"

"Her husband."

The ear is possessed of certain musical qualities which cannot be beat—the drum for instance.

I wrote a tragedy; engaged a hall:

'Twould draw, I thought, like sixteen yoke of oxen.

The first night came and showed what one would call

"A beggarly account of empty boxes."

The snoring grows louder and deeper,

And this problem I meditate o'er:

If this is the snore of a sleeper,

O, what if the sleeper should snore.

—*On a becalmed sleeping car, by M. Nicholson.*

She was a little girl of seven years of age, who always knew what she wanted at breakfast. On Christmas morning her mother inquired:

"Mary, will you have some oatmeal this morning?"

"No, mama," was the reply. "I won't waste my stomach on oatmeal to-day."

Taylor University is marching grandly forward. There is no reason why it should not occupy the same relation to Fort Wayne and the surrounding states that Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth hold to the New England states. The faculty is of a high order, the directors are men of fine business qualifications, and the accommodations in every department are strictly first-class. It is non-sectarian and non-political, yet is true to the highest code of social, moral and religious ethics.

## - EDITORIAL. -

## FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

The present congress has our sympathy. Ordered by the country to retire, its policy condemned, its chief lights extinguished—all by an almost *viva voce* vote—it must cling to the fringes of power three months yet and attempt to do that which the country condemns, and which their masters have forbidden them doing. Scylla or Charybdis is inevitable. To continue the course condemned at the polls will but deepen the wrath of the opposition; to change its policy will be a confession of incapacity and assiduity. Let the people once feel that a party is incompetent to administer the government, or is untrue to the best interests of the whole people and it will have to step down and out. 'Twas this that dethroned Democracy so many years. Has the Republican party's turn come? Evidently our system is imperfect. The present congress has no more right on capital hill now, in a legislative capacity, than it will have six months hence. The people have registered their will. It should be promptly done. The people have spoken. Let them be instantly obeyed. If law and constitution interfere, change them. They were made by men; hence they are imperfect. They are to fashion destiny, national and perhaps individual; therefore they should be made as nearly perfect as possible.

## DELILAH AGAIN.

Parnell is to-day at the aphelion; Gladstone is at the perihelion. The great Irish leader ten days ago fell—fell like a snowflake from heaven to hell—a hell of infamy. Character must always precede achievement. The world has no use for a debauchee, though he be a Byron in genius, or an Elizabeth in executive ability.

Ideas are great, noble deeds are greater still, but an unblemished character is the greatest of all. Let no young man imagine that fine sentiments in a verbal chariot of gold, or noble deeds in the name of liberty or humanity can atone for moral perfidy. The people demand, and rightly too, a pure and spotless private life of all their public servants. The decree has gone forth that no immoral man shall wear a crown. The moral leper must live apart from *men* and cry at every accidental approach, "Unclean! Unclean!" Sir Charles W. Dilke, the most brilliant of English statesmen, is hid in his French chateau, Schuyler Colfax, believed by many to be untrue, died in a day. The world believes with Pope that

"And honest man's the noblest work of God;"  
and with Whittier that

"When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead."

Will the Irish cause suffer on account of Parnell's retirement? Not in the least. The fate of no nation or cause hinges on one man. Independence would have been declared, the British yoke would have been broken and slavery would have been abolished had Henry, Washington and Lincoln never lived. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

"Right is right since God is God,  
And right the day must win."

Whatever may be the failures of men, whatever apparent reverses may come to every good cause, or suffering people, we know that

"Behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping  
watch above His own."

As Lowell says:

"Get but the truth once uttered, and tis like  
A star new-born that drops into its place;  
And which, once circling in its placid round,  
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

Good old Republican Nebraska rolls up an anti-prohibition majority of 40,000. "The first concern of all good government, etc."

### Disintegration and Reorganization.

Mugwumps are in high feather. The old parties are in a ferment, and character and principles are gaining notable victories. Combinations are in order and new parties are making themselves felt. To one who owns allegiance to no party, and who worships no party fetich the situation is exceedingly interesting.

*The New Democracy.*—A coalition is being formed between aggressive Democrats and moderate Republicans. Staunch old Republican Massachusetts elects a Democratic governor, and a true son of William Lloyd Garrison, holding with enthusiastic veneration to his father's creed, rejoices. Four congressional districts, hitherto Republican, now send Democrats to Washington. All over the country men of weight and influence are leaving the Republican party and joining the progressive Democrats.

*The Farmers Alliance.*—This party is drawing largely on the Democracy. In South Carolina they elect their governor. Here, as elsewhere, the Democracy is in a state of disintegration. One wing of the Democracy is highly pleased with the Governor-elect, while the other wing is bitterly indignant.

*The Prohibitionists.*—In Nebraska at the recent election the *principle* polled about 85,000 votes. It is no exaggeration to say that not less than a million of voters in the nation are in favor of prohibition—perhaps two millions. But they are loath to leave their old party associations. As anti-slavery men, with mingled hope and hopelessness, clung to the Whig party and the Democratic, so anti-saloon men cling to the Democratic party and the Republican. Old party leaders, from 1830 on down to the war, rallied their forces under the "non-partisan" banner. Keep slavery out of politics, was the constant exhortation. Such subterfuges to-day are being resorted to. Many honest, conscientious men are

being hoodwinked. Under the cry of Moral Suasion, or Non-partisan work, or Prohibition does not prohibit the old party organizations are marshalling their broken ranks. But sooner or later the American voter will demand that party and principle shall harmonize; declare that he is responsible only for his vote and that God is responsible for the result; and that he must vote according to the dictates of conscience even though he stands absolutely alone. Then the prohibition *principle* will triumph; and back of the principle there will be a party.

### GREAT PAN IS DEAD.

No idea is more fallacious than the one so often voiced concerning a certain party: "It is bent on ruining the country." The accusation is a serious one no matter by whom made. It impugns the honesty and intelligence of the party. It charges incapacity or malignant cunning. It proclaims certain millions untrue to their own interests, the interests of their fellow-citizens, and to their country. The elections of 1872, 1876 and 1880 were largely decided by the constant cry that the Democrats would wreck the country should they come to power. Wendell Phillips in 1872 frankly said he believed Greeley was the better man, but he feared the party that was championing him. But that troubled dream is broken. The clean, conscientious and courageous administration of Mr. Cleveland broke the spell. The country was quite as safe and prosperous during his administration as it was during the preceding Republican administrations. It is true he was retired at the end of his first term; but so were Johnson, Hayes and Arthur. So will be the present President. Mr. Cleveland's retirement was due to the financial policy he espoused, or rather the policy the Republicans made the people believe he advocated. The recent Waterloo is Mr. Cleveland's vindication, and an expression

of the people's confidence in the Democratic party. The idea that Republican ascendancy is essential to the salvation of the country is now properly labeled and laid away in the museum of antiquities. The party of Lincoln masquerades in the garments of the long ago. Its crown is dissolved, and its sceptre is broken.

#### GREAT PAN IS DEAD.

"Earth outgrows the mythic fancies  
Sung beside her in her youth;  
And those debonaire romances  
Sound but dull beside the truth.  
Phœbus' chariot course is run!  
Look up poets, to the sun!  
Pan, Pan is dead."

#### BRIEFLETS.

Mr. Harrison was elected on a platform which declared that "The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people." Has Mr. Harrison heard from Nebraska yet? And is it not strange that in his long message he wholly ignores "The first concern of all good government?"

If President Harrison has an eye to his future, this message improves his prospects. His party was running around without a leader. He calmly steps to the front and takes command. Confusion ceases. Stragglers find their colors. The lines are re-formed and swing forward to their old position. The genius that accomplishes this is not Major McKinley, or Senator Sherman, or the Plumed Knight. His name is Benjamin H. Harrison. —*Western Christian Advocate.*

For boundless puerility and quixhotan bombast the above takes the blue ribbon. Drivel is divine. Braying is beautiful. Commonplaces are wonderful. Listen, O earth! Give ear, O heaven! Tom Reed, Bill McKinley and Jim Blaine, you little imbecilic pickaninnies, shut up! The bright, particular Star now speaks. The injeanny grandson has the floor. Hist! Did you not hear the thunder? "The genius"—bah! By the way, what about "The first concern, etc?"

Our readers this month will find rare pleasure in reading Prof. Clippenger's

article on "The Poetry of Astronomy." Periwinkles will please the smilers; the poetry the sentimental; Cathedral chimes will arrest the attention of church-goers, and Taylor University talk will interest students, past and present. The work of the editor must speak for itself.

Mr. Johns last month exchanged the tripod for the desk. Mr. Andersen, the former business manager, made an advantageous sale of his interest in the SYMPOSIUM and retired from the management. Mr. Andersen is a prompt, courteous and efficient business man, and we wish him boundless prosperity in whatever enterprise he may embark.

Thanksgiving was a red-letter day in Fort Wayne Methodism. Culture and charity, wealth and wisdom, grace and elegance, piety and devotion, in one splendid conspiracy, made Berry Street church the scene of a rare service. David was there with his harp, and Asaph had charge of the choir. The Rev. A. E. Mahin was *arbiter elegantiarum* and solicitor of alms. The preachers of all our churches were at their best: Cooper, solemn; Van-Slyke, statistical, and Eldridge, vehement. The enforced absence of the Rev. N. D. Shackleford was deeply regretted. The editor of the SYMPOSIUM delivered the first address and the Rev. Dr. Spellman pronounced the benediction. The occasion will be long remembered.

#### *Te Deum Laudamus.*

Much important matter is necessarily crowded out of this number. The January number will be unusually rich and attractive. We hope to have it out on New Years Day. After that it will reach subscribers on or before the first of the month.

The Rabbi Guttmacher contributes a fine paper to the January number of the SYMPOSIUM. He wields a facile pen. Mr. A. W. Davis contributes a poem.

## CATHEDRAL CHIMES

### BERRY STREET.

MISS CARRIE B. SCHRADER.

Rev. Dr. Spellman, a veteran minister in the Lord's army, preached us a soul cheering sermon Sabbath evening, Nov. 22. The congregation were thoroughly in sympathy with the venerable saint, the effect of whose sermon was manifested in the after meeting which followed. The doctor is one of the first members of the North Indiana Conference. He is now out of active service. While in the regular work he was one of our strongest preachers. The Lord blessed his labors abundantly. We are always glad to receive the gospel message from his lips.

Our young people's meetings are well attended. Come and enjoy them, for yourself; 6:30 o'clock Sabbath evening.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is decidedly awake. The members seem to have learned the lesson of being intensely enthusiastic in the work they undertake from their Lord Jesus Christ.

Prof. O. Robinson, of the Conservatory of Music, played the coronet during the Sabbath morning services. It was a pleasant surprise to many of us.

Every Tuesday evening, from now until after the holidays, there will be held cottage prayer meetings in different parts of the city. There will be seven each week, led by persons appointed by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Van Slyke.

Dr. Smith's 9 o'clock class, Sabbath morning, is well fed on gospel truth. We always come away refreshed.

### SAINT PAUL.

Rev. M. C. Cooper, the pastor, is closing his fourth year in this charge,

with all of the interests in a very prosperous condition. There have been about fifty probationers received into full membership during this conference year, thus far, and eighteen by letter. A recent revival meeting of two weeks resulted in nine conversions and eight accessions to the church. Large congregations greet the pastor at all of the services, and a glorious work of grace is expected through the winter months.

The Epworth League has a membership of thirty-eight and is doing a good work with Miss Alto Wonick as president, and Mr. S. B. Cory as secretary. The League holds two services a week, which are largely attended.

The Merry Gleaners, a society of girls, organized a few months ago, and assumed two hundred dollars to the church debt. They have already raised two hundred and twelve dollars. These girls are great workers.

The choir, under the leadership of Mr. A. L. Schweder, is large and is a great support to the pastor.

The Sabbath School is larger than ever before in its history. Mr. J. E. Pike, the superintendent, is ably supported by a full corps of earnest, consecrated teachers, and conversions are frequent.

On Thanksgiving evening a concert was given to a crowded house. Miss Long and Miss Mease, from the Taylor University, and Mrs. D. F. Bower, wife of the popular Y. M. C. A. secretary, took part and together with songs by the choir and recitations by the little folks made the occasion unusually interesting.

### SIMPSON.

ROY RYERSON.

Mrs. Dell Evans, our new organist, plays with excellent taste.

Have you worshipped at Simpson church lately? You should come and hear the fine congregational singing.

No choir, no *executed* anthems, no solo *screeching*, no operatic *floritures*—the PEOPLE sing. Every person has a book with the music and the singing is a part of the worship.

Mrs. Mason has a fine class of young ladies. She is also an earnest Epworth Leaguer.

Mrs. J. R. Driver, of Drivers, Illinois, the honored mother of our pastor, has been visiting at the parsonage.

Mr. T. W. Wilson is an efficient and faithful teacher. He has the Bible class that was formerly taught by Mr. Driver.

Miss Roseboom and Miss Spaulding are valuable accessions to our corps of Sunday School teachers. They are very popular with their classes.

Our Miss Hattie Hinton was missed, for a few days, recently. She is now Mrs. Charles Scott and resides on Melita street. Both husband and wife have our best wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. B. Freeby entertained the Simpsonians on the evening of the 12th. The occasion will be long remembered. The escutlens were of the first order, the cuisine prime, and the company thoroughly enjoyable.

The Elsie Driver alliance is rendering royal service. They have the touchstone of success. Their dinners and teas are always timely and toothsome, their entertainments are tasty and artistic, and their general work is always up to concert pitch.

"All roads lead to Rome." No! That's a mistake. All south side roads lead to Simpson Church. Northside people desiring to attend Simpson Church will just cross the Pennsylvania and Wabash tracks and follow the crowd.

Mrs. Driver is perhaps the busiest woman in the parish. Pity the preacher's wife. More is expected of her than any sixteen women could do were they to never stop to eat or rest and were to work forty-eight hours per

day. By the way, are preacher's wives also hired by the church? If not, what right has any church to ask—yes demand—so much of her? Speak up and answer.

-----  
TRINITY.

MISS OLLIE E. ARCHER.

Trinity church welcomes all.

It is situated on the corner of Cass and Fourth streets.

The pastor, Rev. N. D. Shackelford is doing a grand work for God and humanity.

Northside people should take this church to their hearts and give it their generous support.

Mr. Coverdale makes an admirable Sunday school superintendent. A fine class of young men has been organized recently.

The Ladies' Aid Society gave an elegant social at the parsonage on the 13th ultimo. Such occasions are promotive of church unity, harmony and aggressiveness.

Our parsonage enterprise is progressing nicely. For generous outside help Trinity is deeply grateful. Our pastor, Mr. Shackelford speaks highly of his neighbors.

Mrs. McMullen, wife of the city editor of *The Daily Press*, is rendering most efficient service as a teacher. She may be sure that she has a warm place in our hearts.

The Young Ladies' Aid Society, the 2nd inst., gave a highly enjoyable entertainment consisting of songs, recitations, etc. Mr. Waffle sang twice with great acceptability.

Mrs. Jones, of Garrett, will conduct revival services in Trinity during the month of January. She comes with the highest recommendations and we confidently expect a gracious revival both in the church and among the unsaved.

## WAYNE STREET.

MISS MAGGIE CARVER.

The Ladies Foreign Missionary Society gave an open meeting at the church December 3. The program was highly profitable and entertaining.

Nothing need be said about large congregations and increase in membership at Wayne Street Church. If any one doubts it let him come and be convinced.

The Christmas Cantata to be given under the direction of Professor Wolsey promises to be unusually pleasant and entertaining this year. Every effort is being made to make it a musical success and to make glad the heart of every little urchin so fortunate as to be present.

Thursday evening, December 9th, occurred one of the most interesting events of the season, in the representation of a Quaker wedding. The plan was formed by the Misses Luella Boles and Abbie Keegan and the proceeds were for the liquidation of the church debt. Priscilla Copeland and Nathaniel Makepeace, the bans being duly announced, were united in marriage by a very impressive ceremony. A large number of Friends were present and joined in the marriage feast afterwards.

Rev. A. E. Mahin and family were highly honored Thursday evening, the 11th inst. Enjoying the sweets of domestic felicity in the quiet of their own *for sure* home (not a hired tenement), they were aroused from their idyllic dream by the sound of multitudinous foot steps. Opening the door they found a small army before them—the young and old, the humble and *elite* of Fort Wayne Methodism. Of course they were welcomed. Doors and hearts were flung open wide and each of the happy party might have said with Cæsar, "*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*" Then followed a genuine, old-fashioned house-warming. Wit and wisdom enriched the conversation—a feast

of reason and a flow of soul. Laughter and song rang through hall and corridor, and all went merrier than a marriage bell. The next morning the good dominie's wife going into the dining room was dazzled by a vision of fine china-ware, a complete tea and dinner set. This the merry marauders of the night before had left as a souvenir of a most delightful occasion and as a token of their regard for their honored servant in the gospel, and his none the less honored family. Mrs. Cass Smith was the splendid chaperone of the scheme.

## - UNIVERSITY. -

## UNIVERSITY TALK.

E. B. JOHNS.

P. W. Ashcraft is a frequent caller of late at the University.

Among the University visitors on Thanksgiving was W. B. Campbell, of the Auburn *Dispatch*.

Have you heard of Carpenter's latest invention? It is a fire alarm. "Hemp! Hemp!! Hemp!!! My room's on fire!"

Miss Simons had a distinguished caller the other day. He was a professional gentleman, a. Mr. Colt, we believe.

Germany sends one of her sons to Taylor University for instruction in the art of healing. His name is Herr Blumich. We welcome him.

Professor Tibbals has returned from a delightful tour of inspection. She took in the schools of Muncie, Indianapolis, Green Castle, Terre Haute and Arcadia.

Professor Miles is kept busy at different places in the city teaching and will in a short time bring about a decided change in voice culture in the city. He has several pupils at Taylor University, also at the Conservatory of



Music. He says there are many beautiful voices in Fort Wayne and with the proper training will become excellent vocalists. The professor thinks there is a good future before the Beethoven Society; that in a short time they will be able to bring out some grand *oratorios*. He is engaged with the Baptists and will soon make their choir one of the best in the city. He also directs a chorus at Huntington. We wish him abundant success.

After a brief, but most vigorous and persistent effort the plumbers have introduced the gas. They began soon after the flood. We compliment them on the speedy completion of their work, as we did not expect them to get through until after the millennium.

The Thalonians gave another of their brilliant musicales on the evening of the 5th inst.

The Business Department is having a steady and healthy growth. Professor Beals has a large class in penmanship.

#### ABOUT MEN.

Bishop Foster soon sails for the Orient.

Governor Will Cumback is meeting with unusual success in the East this season as a lecturer.

Rev. Thomas Harrison led 400 people to Christ during his recent four weeks' meeting at Trinity church, New Haven, Conn.

P. B. Shillaber has joined the silent majority. He fell asleep the 25th ultimo at his home in Boston. He deserves a monument.

Professor Charles F. Bradley, the brilliant Greek lecturer of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, is pursuing post-graduate studies in Europe.

August Belmont is dead. He deserves the gratitude of all Americans for his herculean efforts in behalf of the Union in the dark days of the Rebellion.

The German Emperor is very simple in his habits. He rises early and takes a simple breakfast, dines at one, lunches at five, suppers at eight, and retires at ten.

Stanley, though comparatively young, shows the effects of his great exposure and almost super-human labors. His hair is white and his face is deeply wrinkled.

Gen. Butler is a capital sleeper. Despite discomfort of every sort he falls asleep at pleasure. This, no doubt, accounts in a large measure for his vigorous afternoon.

James Russell Lowell is in failing health. The prayers of many people will ascend for his recovery. Beloved and honored as he is, the world does not yet fully realize his greatness.

A few weeks after its delivery in Boston, President Warren's last baccalaureate, entitled "The Story of Gottlieb," was redelivered in Arabic, in Zahleh, a village in the heart of Northern Syria.

Henry E. Abbey has offered Anton Rubenstein, the composer and pianist, \$100,000 for a tour through America during the coming season. The composer has not decided yet whether to accept or not, as he fears the fatigue of the long journeys. He is about to resign the post of director of the Imperial Conservatory of St. Petersburg.

'Rah for Halstead. The redoubtable field marshal attacks the drink-habit of the Old World, in the current number of *The Cosmopolitan*. Indeed the gentle preacher of pitchforks, while excoriating vice on both sides of the sea, has an off-hand compliment for foolish prohibitionists. He says: "Our temperance sentiment is much misled by demagogues of various degrees in politics, but it is earnest and active, and however perverted and diverted of *immense value as an influence of restraint*." Thanks Halstead! We will speak now as we pass by.

Edward Everett Hale, whose facile pen we always enjoy, in the December *Cosmopolitan* has an able and thoughtful article on temperance. Strange how this subject is taking precedence in our foremost magazines. The mills of the gods are gaining momentum rapidly.

The brainy, tonguey Senator Evarts, of New York, wishes he had been an editor instead of a lawyer and politician. He says: "I thing now that if I were standing where I was fifty-three years ago and journalism was what it now is, I should choose as the business of my life that of a journalist. I can see in it greater possibilities than are embraced in other professions"

---

#### ABOUT WOMEN.

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Isabella Thoburn is now *en route* to India to join the missionary forces of her Bishop-brother. "No church woman carries the love of so many hearts and wields the influence of Isabella Thoburn."

Lady Roseberry is mourned by all England, and by many in other lands. To great personal beauty and unusual intellectual endowments, she added the superlative charm of a blameless life and a most benevolent heart.

Princess Willhelmine is now Queen of Holland. Her husband, William III, is sleeping in the escorial of his illustrious ancestors. One of the greatest houses of Europe, if not the greatest, thus ends—idiocy first, then death. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Christine Nilsson, the renowned Swedish singer, is falling a victim to deafness. The malady began two years ago, and notwithstanding the skill employed, it appears to increase. Should it continue to do so, it will rob the world of one of its sweetest singers.

Frank Leslie's wife, whose genius for business has won the plaudits of two hemispheres is winning fresh laurels

as a lecturer. The *New York World*, speaking of her, says: "Her course is planned, the 'talks' are prettily typed, and bound in vellum and pink and silver cords, and she has a new frock and gloves and aigrette for each subject." Her subjects are: "The Queens of Society," "Woman's Worth," "Self Help," "Social, Ethical and Physical Culture," etc.

Have you read Frances E. Willard's address before the National W. C. T. U. at Atlanta? For breadth of thought, catholicity of spirit, noble diction, superb vocabulary and genuine perspicuous eloquence we know of nothing superior. What wonder governors, senators, representatives, distinguished prelates and civilians, and the *elite* of the chivalrous and eloquent south were charmed and carried away in a very tempest of applause. And yet the state de-citizenizes her, and the Methodist church refused to admit her to the general conference. Would she be far out of the way were she to say with Shakespeare:

"If I shall be condemned  
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies await; I tell you  
'Tis rigor, and not law."

---

Cape Colony exported last year \$22,500,000 worth of diamonds.

---

The late Matt Carpenter, who as a lawyer was acknowledged as great, once said to a Catholic divine, "Purgatory is simply a motion for a new trial."

---

According to Dr. H. Gradle, the progeny of the microscopic beings known as bacteria may, with plenty of food, amount to over 15,000,000 within twenty-four hours.

---

The muscular substance of the body, occupying about two-fifths the entire weight, is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, in distinction to the fats which contain only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen.

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# THE SYMPOSIUM



JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER, Editor.

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Fort Wayne, Indiana :

Published by the Symposium Co.

E. B. JOHNS, Manager.

Entered at the Postoffice at Fort Wayne, Ind., as Second-class Matter.

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VOLUME II.

JANUARY.

NUMBER 1.

## - CONTRIBUTIONS. -

### THE NOVEL.

BY RABBI A. GUTTMACHER.

THIS is the age of printer's ink. The invention of printing is one of the momentous facts in the annals of man. Without it universal progress, true democratic enlightenment and the education of the people would have been impossible or at best very slow. We place Gutemberg, the inventor of the moveable type, into the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work has raised the human family. Reading was at no time so universal as it is today. Thousands of books are printed every year, the best thoughts of man are translated into all living tongues, the whole world is brought into intimate connection with its philosophers and scholars. The power presses supply the wants of civilized men with millions of daily newspapers, weeklies, and monthlies of all descriptions. In former days reading was but little known among the lower and poorer classes of society, because books were too expensive and schools were not supported by the public at large. But to-day education is in the reach of the poorest and humblest, the little red school house is the harbinger of progress. Besides, books are so cheap that the poorest workingman and artisan will find them in the reach of their limited means. Libraries with reading

rooms are found in all the larger cities of the civilized world, offering the best books, periodicals and dailies to the public free of charge. Reading is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy, it introduces us into the society of the best and noblest of ages. It enables us to listen to the voice of all times. It annihilates space and time. We wander with Moses through the desert, with Pericles, the Athenian statesman, through the crowded streets of ancient Athens, with Cæsar we cross the Alps, with Napoleon we wander through Egypt, the land of pyramids and sphinxes, with Stanley cross the dark continent of Africa, we talk with Spinoza and Spencer, listen to Shakespeare and Goethe and peep into the laboratory of Huxley and Koch. All these wonders are revealed to our eye by the magic of the type.

Among the great factors of civilization we must give a prominent place to the newspaper. They are the food of untold millions, who gain their entire information from that source. The newspaper has indeed a great mission to perform; where the lecture room and the pulpit reach the few, the newspaper reaches the many. Being such a power, wielding such an influence, it ought to endeavor to be pure and truthful. But, alas, how often does it become a power for evil and impurity, how often does it become sensational in order to cater to the lowest passions in man. The proceedings of the divorce court and the accounts of prize fights to which a prominent place is allotted in our press, should entirely be

excluded from its columns. But there are some newspapers which endeavor by their pure and chaste language to educate the public, to raise public morals and to instil a better spirit into the partisan political mind.

Next to the newspaper press, the novel comes in importance. Life, with all its obligations, does not allow everyone to devote much time for intellectual improvement; most men can spend but a small portion of their time for education. Philosophy, with its investigation into the causes and effects and very being of things, attracts but the few who are eager to delve into the hidden mysteries which meet us on the rugged path of life from the cradle to the grave. Theology being the philosophy of the highest, requires a depth and breadth of comprehension far beyond the ordinary mind. Science demands close attention to the exclusion of everything else. History is the search into the past doings of the human race; into the customs, manners, habits of peoples and races. This requires patience, hard labor and critical acumen. In all these branches a lifetime must be spent in arduous research in order to accomplish anything at all.

But most men, after the toil and struggle of the day, do not feel inclined to tax their minds with dry and complicated theories, they need amusement and they find, naturally enough, their pabulum in the novel, which offers both mental excitement and amusement. Where one takes delight in the heavier production of thought, a thousand quaff of the perennial waters flowing from the fountain head of fiction. Therefore the novel grows in demand and will keep on growing as long as man's struggle for existence becomes keener. Many millions have gained the knowledge they possess from the novel. Their

geography, history, science, philosophy, religion are all taken from that source. Popular conceptions are formed from the reading of novels, for the ordinary, but little accustomed to thinking, accepts without hesitation the theories and opinions of the author.

We are charmed by the Wizard of the North, we laugh and weep with Dickens, we admire the biting sarcasm of Thackeray, we marvel at the minute investigation of the broad, deep, philosophical mind of the greatest of female novelists, we study and ponder over the versatile mind of England's greatest dramatist and of the many lesser lights which revolve about this sun.—But the novel does not at all times represent truth, it strains only too often a point in order to suit the taste of those who are morbidly and sentimentally inclined. Virtue is not always exalted, but often we find sin and temptation painted in attractive and bright colors. For novelists have the virtues and faults common to all men, they write not for the sake of teaching the truth but for the purpose of making money, and that which pays best they most naturally write. Surely there are many exceptions, the better class of novelists do intend to convey by their writings good and noble examples. But alas, too often does the author imprint upon his novel his narrow prejudices and his illiberal thought, then the novel disseminates fallacious theories and illiberal ideas among the classes and thus it becomes an evil, the consequences of which are far reaching. "Be sure then to read no mean books. Sit un the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour." In closing this article I recommend for valuable hints about reading to Emerson's Essay on Books and to "The Choice of Books," by Frederic Harrison.

- ROMANCE. -

FROM TUB TO TON.

BY JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER.

II.

MY readers would smile were I to record here all the fairy fancies, and the deep and solemn thoughts, that marched or capriced through Frank Ellinwood's busy brain as his train sped southward to the Hub. It must be confessed that he was highly imaginative. But how could he have been otherwise when his antecedents and earliest years are considered? His father before him, many of whose traits he had inherited, was a world-wide wanderer, with a keen sense of, and appreciation for, all that is sublime in thought and form and color. At Florence, Rome, Ravenna, Naples, Venice, Brussels, Berlin—indeed, in every European art centre—he had made, *con amore*, an enthusiastic, and yet most critical, study of the various schools of painting and sculpture. I shall not soon forget one night in summer as our gondola drifted down the Porto di Malamocco,

"And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon."

Dipping my hand in the warm, blue, murmuring Canalazzo, after we had passed through and beyond the sighing Lagoon, I listened to his wonderful story of Venice, dwelling especially upon its historic buildings. Such fine discriminations between the ideals of architecture back of the Byzantine, the Gothic, the Renaissance and the Lombardine schools I had never heard before. His

verbal pictures were flashed on the trembling canvas of my imagination until I saw the city rise, vision-like, as in obedience to some wizard's wand, from the retiring and horror-stricken sea. I remember one of his fine sentences. Speaking of the splendor of Venice, in the season of high tides, he dwelt on the indescribable reflection of the palaces in that "green pavement, which every breeze breaks into new fantasies of rich tessellation"—referring to the undulations of the sea in the watery streets. Dwelling on Ruskin's disparaging remarks concerning modern Venice, he sided with Byron, in language that only a wrapt soul could have felt and uttered. Said he: "Think of one being so dead to the glory that still lingers here, as the perfume clings to the shattered and dismantled vase long after the oleander and the eglantine have flung down their censers and fallen asleep at the foot of Flora's shrine, uttering such words as these: 'The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first rays of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner, whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserves sympathy, ever crossed that Bridge of Sighs, which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on

Seraphic = angelic; pure.  
Seraph = an angel of the highest  
4 order.

the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal, that renowned entrance, the painter's favorite subject, the novelist's favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute,—the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court, and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them forever." Yet he warmly praised the critic's language, and especially the sentence, "A city that was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the seasurges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth, in world-wide pulsation, the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor."

From Venetian architecture he passed to Venetian art. Could Titian Tintoretto, Bonifacio, Giovanni Bellini and Paolo Veronese have heard his high and exalted words, they would have turned over in their graves and fallen into sweeter dreams than had ever kissed their eyelids down. Nor did he confine his eulogies to one school. The Roman, Teutonic, Umbrian and Italian, each, in turn, received wise and hearty praise. To my surprise he expressed grave dissatisfaction with Leonardo da Vinci, and when I rallied him on placing the Venetian School above the Umbrian, and Bellini on a higher artistic throne than Raphael, he answered me with such keenness and subtlety of insight and perception that effectually silenced my tongue, though my mind and heart still gave the highest

pedestal, and the brightest tiara, to the seraphic Raphael.

It will also be remembered that FRANK ELLINWOOD and RUTH ALDEN first met in Brussels, in one of the famous resorts of the loftiest spirits in art and literature. Her father, being a gentleman of large wealth and fine culture, had taken his daughter abroad to complete her education, and through the American minister had obtained the *grande entre* into the foremost circles. Here, in spite of a few superannuated bells who feigned to despise the "American Pocahontas," as they covertly called her, she received more than ordinary attention.

But our hero's ideality was still farther stimulated by the myriad colors, and moods and movements of the ocean, on which he had spent his earlier years. As the rose-lipped shell will murmur of the eternal sea no matter where you take it, so the heart that once has learned the secrets of the great deep, wandering by day along the pebbled strand, and floating away in sleep by night, the more refreshing and reposeful for the wild roar and turbulence of thundering waves and furious breakers, can never be happy unless it can

"Behold the threaten sails,  
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms, through the furrowed sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge."

One of the dearest memories he cherished of his father was of a day in mid-Atlantic, fit day for celebrating the nuptials between heaven and earth when, in obedience to his father's request, he recited, for a company of tourists, those magnificent lines of Barry Cornwall:

"O thou vast Ocean! ever sounding Sea!  
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!  
Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled

From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!  
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.  
Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no  
life

Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.  
O, wonderful thou art, great element,  
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,  
And lovely in repose! Thy summer form  
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves  
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters  
teach,—

Eternity—Eternity—and Power."

It was but a childish performance and the almost babyish pronunciation of the ponderous words, and the stately sentences, were suggestive of the heavy-weight gymnast's child struggling with burdens that might well have taxed the endurance of Hercules; or of the boy David donning the armor of King Saul. But the tourists were charmed as well as amused, and greeted the infantile orator with a salvo of applause that would have thrilled the heart of the kings of the Forum and the Parthenon. But what pleased him most was the evident pride and pleasure of his father, who, as he took him down from the improvised rostrum, devoutly said; "God bless my baby boy."

After the dire calamity that bereft him of his father, and made him an exile from the realm of Neptune, he feasted his aspiring soul on those highly-wrought lyrics and dramas of the sea, often reading aloud. Little did he dream of the anguish in his mother's heart until one day he was reading the Wreck of the Hesperus. As he read the lines:

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word  
A frozen corpse was he,"

he thought he heard his mother sob, but looking at her she was gazing steadily out of the window. No outward sign was there to mark the inward tumult. But when he reached the lines,

"The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from the deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horas of an angry bull!"—

she swooned in her chair, whiter than the "carded wool" of the poet. Another time, preparing for some sort of a school exhibition in which the children were to recite short selections, he, with unerring instinct, chose a lyric of the sea. Before leaving home for the entertainment he requested his mother to hear him "say his piece." She assented; but when, with his rich and tender voice, now subdued in harmony with the sentiment, he reached the stanza,

"And the stately ships sail on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"—

her eyes so filled with tears he suddenly stopped. Nor could she persuade him to recite the closing lines.

I thus linger about these earlier years, and paint the portrait and environments of our hero with a greater attention to details than ordinary, because it is necessary in order to understand his moods, and spirit, and ambitions; yes, and because I am personally in love with him. Was not his father my bosom friend? And was he not the counterpart of all I knew his father to be except in the maturity and enlargement that years only can bring? And do I not often start even yet when, sitting in the deep gloaming of the ebbing

twilight, I hear him speak in the same tones, and utter the self-same sentiments, I must forever associate with my dearest earthly friend, at least, among men? So, if my readers sneer and say: "Your hero is extraordinary; he is an ideal character; he is above common mortals," I hotly answer, "What you say in satire I repeat in sincerity. He was extraordinary; he was an ideal character; he was above common mortals in many respects. His parentage was extraordinary; his training was extraordinary; his surroundings and associations were extraordinary—the result was necessarily extraordinary."

### III.

The twentieth of September was an epochal day in the life of FRANK ELLINWOOD. Having successfully run the gauntlet of examiners, he was admitted on that day as a student in the literary department of the Boston University. The school was then situated at 20 Beacon street, just around the corner from Park, and almost opposite the capital building, with its massive dome of gold. Of the faculty I need not speak. Their fame has gone out into all the earth. Either as teachers or authors, or both, their names are familiar to all who cultivate, or delight in, polite and scientific literature. Of the impressions made upon him, by the people and by the haunts of book worms and the adorers of art; of the thoughts that thronged his brain as, on the first Saturday, he went over to Charlestown to see Bunker Hill monument, and to stand where so many heroes went down on that fateful 17th of June, and among others WARREN, who "with the dew of heaven upon his brow, and the light of liberty in his eye, fell e'er he knew whether his blood would fertilize a land of freedom, or a

land of slavery;" of his visits, at subsequent times, to Port Hill and Dorchester Heights, to Concord and Danvers, Cummington and Salem, Cambridge and Plymouth, and the many other homes and haunts of central and southern New England our space forbids us to write. To make a faithful transcript would fill many entire numbers of this magazine. It is enough to say that he was both humbled and exalted—humbled at the thought of his meager attainments and accomplishments; exalted by the almost limitless possibilities that were spread out before him and which, with a winsomeness surpassing that of the syrens that lured the Peloponessian sailors on to death and doom, beckoned him onward and upward. But one barrier seemed to block his way, and that was poverty.

"Oh, if I were only rich!" he exclaimed over and over again. "Something within me assures me I could succeed. Had I the wealth of THOMAS LORD, or JAMES CUTLER, or ROBERT ECKLES, or a score of other boys I have met, I would fairly revel in the tasks they complain of, and rejoice in a future, the thought of which seems to fill them with dismay. But what are my \$300 compared with their six, eight and twelve hundred dollars, and the promise of more as they shall need it. Half of mother's hoard is already gone. Only a few weeks more and I will have to bid farewell to these dear halls. The weeks I have spent here have already unfitted me for my old life. The thought of my mother's humble walk humiliates me. For her to be at home, busy with manual toil, fills me with shame."

Returning one day from Mount Auburn, the American literary Westminster, whither he had gone to read aloud at LONGFELLOW'S grave, some of that

poet's tender, aspiring, lays through the brightest of which minor strains occasionally wander like lost spirits, an almost unbearable melancholy overshadowed him. Thinking of the rare advantages of that child of poesy and providence, of his wealth and wanderings in distant lands, of his favored lot from the threshold of time to the threshold of eternity, of the unusual privileges and opportunities that were his, and then gazing from that dazzling effulgence to the dark background of his own station and prospects he fell a prey to the deepest despondency. The contrast, it must be confessed, was indeed suggestive of Plato's midnight, and especially to such a sanguine, aspiring, and highly-wrought spirit as that of Frank Ellinwood. Reaching his room, and flinging himself into a chair, he exclaimed:

"What are three brief months away, when years are necessary to complete the course, and to achieve a sublime destiny. Each day I remain here will only add to the depth and bitterness of my discontent. Oh, that I had never had this glimpse into a world of such rich and rare delights. Mohammed was wise in refusing to enter Damascus lest he should be forever discontented elsewhere, even in the Paradise of his fertile fancy. I, alas! have entered a little way into a world wiser than Athens, and more beautiful than Damascus. As one who has beheld the celestial gate slightly ajar, and caught, for a moment, the breath and minstrelsy of that Better Land can never rest on earth again, so I must bid farewell to all these scenes, unable to go farther and unwilling to remain where I am, and as I am. Alone, I could fight the battle through. With one hand I could maintain myself, and with the other I could gather the golden apples

of knowledge in the fair gardens of Hesperides. But I must care for mother. How unfilial I am. Here I am quaffing nectar out of a jeweled goblet, while yonder she is drinking the dregs of poverty out of the iron cup of necessity. Last night as I stood upon the beach and thought of dear father and sister sleeping away somewhere in the depths with seaweeds for their couches and pillows, and sea monsters as their only watchers, I cried, out of the depths of my soul:

'Waves of the ocean that thunder and roar,  
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

Tell, as ye dash on the quivering strand,  
Where is the crew that comes never to land?  
Where are the breasts that unfeared and gay,  
Broke from the clasp of affection away?

Where are the faces that shining and bright,  
Sailed for the death-darkened region of night?  
Waves of the ocean that thunder and roar

Where are my loved ones that come never to shore?

But to-day I turn my face heavenward and bitterly enquire: Oh, Heaven, where is thy boasted tenderness and mercy? Cannot a widow's tears, and an orphan's anguish touch thee? Why were father's and sister's lives cut so tragically short? Why could we not all have gone down together? Or, being spared, why are the living brought so low? Clouds and darkness are indeed round about thee, but are righteousness and judgment the habitation of thy throne? Oh, God I doubt—no, I do not disbelieve, but faith is sorely tried. I cannot remain here any longer. Why dream and aspire when I am assigned to a plebeian level. If I strive longer I shall awake, and the awakening will be almost more than I can bear. Let the Lords and Cutlers and Eckles—let the proud and affluent—walk the empyrian heights. My fate is sealed. My destiny is decided. I can, at least, be a true son. I can bear

my mother up and comfort her as the sun of life sinks, and the shadows lengthen toward the east. I can close her eyes, and train the flower and vine above her sacred ashes. I can sleep beside her at last with an untarnished name, and, if Heaven be merciful, rejoice with her and all our sainted immortals throughout eternity. To-night I shall attend the reception at the University, in honor of England's greatest living novelist, and to-morrow—yes! I might as well make the decision and abide by it. Why harrow my soul any longer? Why be hauling and irresolute? To-morrow—Oh, if the struggle be so fraught with pain to-day, if decision be so difficult to make now, what will it be when the Lethean waters have washed away the last vestige of my will, and, like a ship dismantled, with pilot and captain dead—yes, like the once proud Madagascar—I am flung against the rocks and reefs of a stern and pitiless necessity. To-morrow—say it I will, and with Heaven's help abide by my decision—I will turn away from this world of enchantment, from a future I was mad to believe could ever be mine, and return to my home. To-morrow—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In WHATLEY'S Annotations on BACON'S first essay, "Of Truth," page 10, he says: "Any one may bring himself to believe almost anything that he is inclined to believe and thinks it becoming or expedient to maintain. Some persons, accordingly, who describe themselves—in one sense correctly—as 'following the dictates of conscience,' are doing so only in the same sense in which a person who is driving in a carriage may be said to follow his horses, which go in whatever direction he guides them."

## POETRY.

### AN INVOCATION.

WILL A. DAVIS.

O, Father of all things that are,—  
The billowy sea, the air, the land,—  
Wilt Thou along life's rocky steep  
And over seething waters deep  
Clasp us within Thy loving arms  
Or lead us by Thy kindly hand?  
Dost Thou from baneful pleasures form  
Remove her robe of gaudy sheen,  
And make her in loud tones to cry  
To each and ev'ry passer by,  
As lepers in the days of old,  
"Unclean, unclean, unclean, unclean!"  
O, show the youth within the cup,  
The dregs, with adders hidden in;  
Before their poison-spume is thrown  
And strikes him, and he sinks alone,  
Without a home, without a friend,  
And hopeless engulfed in sin.  
With showy colors and deft hand  
Paint sin and folly as they are;  
Let Vice's throne be overthrown,  
And Virtue rule the earth alone;  
And teach us Thy dear self O, Lord,—  
Be Thou our constant, guiding star!  
Fill Thou, our souls with conscious peace,  
That permeates like rich perfume.  
Forbid that we, like Israel's king,  
Should Thy kind council from us fling,  
And then invoke some Eudor's wretch  
To call a shade to read our doom.  
O, blight affliction ev'rywhere!  
Make light the burdens of the old!  
Take from the miser, mean his greed,  
That Charity may clothe and feed  
Pale Poverty, and in her hand,  
Give her a coin or two to hold.  
Louder the gospel trumpet blow!  
Send the glad tidings near and far,—  
From land to land, from sea to sea,—  
Where e'er our human kindred be,  
And let refulgence o'er them stream,  
From Orient's Bethlehem star!  
O, teach us blessed Lord to say,  
"Thy will be done in earth," and then  
The world will be a brotherhood  
With universal creed, "Do good,"  
And with one voice we'll shout the praise  
To Thee, our Father, God, Amen!



## - EDITORIAL. -

## THE DIFFERENCE.

*Republicans*—Pour whiskey into the boy through a \$1,000 funnel, and put him in the gutter.

*Democrats*—Pour whiskey into the boy through a \$500 funnel, and put him in the gutter.

*Prohibitionists*—Pour the whiskey into the gutter, and *save the boy*.

Of course you are a—

You cannot run a saw-mill without sawing up logs.

You cannot run a flour-mill without grinding up grain.

You cannot run a saloon without—

## IN SWEET ACCORD.

Down with Prohibition.—JEFF DAVIS.

Down with Prohibition.—*Democratic Party*.

Down with Prohibition.—*Republican Party*.

Where do *you* stand? Can *you* join in that chorus?

Democratic Texas, Tennessee, and Georgia have overwhelmingly voted prohibition down. Republican Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Nebraska have done the same. Republican Rhode Island, having prohibition, voted it out, and re-instated the brothel. Republican Maine, Iowa, Kansas and the two Dakotas clamor for re-submission, with the avowed intent of going back to the drunken wallow. Thousands of men, and millions of money—not to mention the widow and orphan—are going over the Niagara of destruction,

## SILVER AND SORGHUM.

Secretary WINDOM has the honor of having presented the ablest state paper perhaps of the present administration. We cannot, however, see why he should lament the fall of silver from \$1.29 per ounce to \$1.14 per ounce. We heartily join in the sentiment of one of the foremost writers on economics: "Let us leave the silver owners to the same just laws of supply and demand, for the regulation of the price of their commodity, to which the rest of us have to submit when *we* have something to sell—whether pigs or pig-iron, barley or books, corn or cotton. If the Government has to use blankets or beef it pays the market price for them. If it has to use silver, why not pay the market price for that? Is the man who sells silver entitled to any more favoritism than he who sells cattle or corn?" No less than five bills, by five different congressmen, providing for the free coinage of silver, were introduced the first day of the present session of Congress.

## NON-PARTISAN TARIFF COMMISSION.

We are pleased to see the movement to take the Tariff question out of politics. Senator PADDOCK moves for a permanent commission clothed with ample power to compel manufacturers to make a full exhibit of their business. Possessed of such data, including the cost of material, wages paid, and final cost to the consumer, Congress can legislate more wisely than heretofore. A leading New York paper well says: "This may seem, at first, like an intrusive power to grant a government commission; but how can an equitable protective tariff be framed without such

information, and how can the government make sure of correct and complete information in any other way? As it is now the Ways and Means Committee has to depend upon the knowledge its members chance to possess, and that which they can manage to extract from the different parties who rush before it for reasons of self-interest, telling as much as they wish, concealing whatever they choose, and deceiving with impunity if they so desire."

### WORLD-WIDE RECIPROCITY.

The best thing that has yet been heard with regard to the President's message is the cable dispatch to the effect that the London papers do not like it.—*Globe-Democrat*.

Such editorials as the above are both unhappy and unfortunate. We were about to also say, un-Christian and unpatriotic:

1. Because they inflame race prejudices. Certain political papers have not yet learned that the Revolutionary War is over. Either this, or else they stoop to gain political ends by inciting the American people against their nearest kin. Papers that deplore our prejudices against the African, show their hypocrisy by continually stirring up prejudices, a century old, against the Englishman.

2. Because they assume that Great Britain and the United States have no common interests. As well might our South American cousins argue that their interests and ours are diverse. Our relations to the South American countries, commercially speaking, are practically the same that Great Britain's are to the United States. If, therefore, it is to the interest of the South American states to come into close reciprocal relations with us, then it is to our interest to come into close

reciprocal relations with the Island Kingdom. If her Majesty's government is hypocritical in urging us her way, then we are hypocritical in urging South America our way. If it be a sound policy for us to choose what Britannia hates, then it will be a sound policy for the equatorial powers to decline everything that Columbia proposes. If reciprocity is a good thing for all parties concerned South America-ward, then reciprocity is a good thing for all parties concerned Europe-ward. Brilliant BLAINE has furnished us a splendid segment; who will win an immortality of fame and gratitude by completing the circle?

3. Because they assume that there is no magnanimity and straightforwardness in the affairs of state. Shakespeare perhaps referred prophetically to such papers when he makes one of his characters say:

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind," and another to utter the humiliating confession:

"I perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not."

In matters involving diplomacy each party is anxious to get the better of the bargain. This is natural and proper. But where there is no diplomacy involved, where no individual reputation is at stake, where it is purely an economic question, we believe there is a growing disposition on the part of nations to rejoice in each others' prosperity, and to hail each forward movement of other nations with genuine pleasure. The financial downfall of America would be an irreparable misfortune to Great Britain and indeed to every country in Europe. At the same time the commercial wreckage of England would be disastrous to the whole

world. Rarely does a man increase his fame, or a nation its wealth by the disparagement and dethronement of another man or nation. We know the masses of Britain sincerely regretted the secession of the Southern States. We believe they sincerely rejoice in our altered sentiment on the tariff. At any rate, we need to disabuse ourselves of the idea that what is advantageous to us is therefore necessarily disadvantageous to our big English cousin, and *vice versa*. The very opposite is true. JOHN BULL and JOLLY JONATHAN have innumerable interests in common; belligerency in commerce is as deplorable as it is where the weapons are steel and iron. Here, as on gory fields, the sword and spear are to be tabooed. A greater than a BLAINE will lead us up to the sublime ideal of world-wide reciprocity. No interest will suffer. All the true interests of humanity will be advanced.

### THE ANNEX.

The Columbia College Annex for women is declared to be a great success, and wealthy New Yorkers are asked to contribute generously to put the institution on a firm financial foundation. To all such movements we are opposed. The "annex" idea is wrong. It is based on two false premises:

1. The intellectual inferiority of woman. Only two classes believe now in this mediævalism, namely, hen-pecked husbands, and men who have to depend on their wives' shrewdness and industry to make a living for them. Find a man who is unable to read, and whose wife has to do all the letter-writing and book-keeping and he is a loud preacher of the intellectual inferiority of woman. Man is no longer mon-

arch of all he surveys. A woman sits beside him on the throne. And often, in pure brain power, she is vastly his superior.

2. The moral inferiority of woman. Opponents of the co-education of the sexes urge that young women cannot resist the temptations of young men—are morally inferior—and therefore they must be walled up and locked in. Such a suggestion must make the cheek of every noble woman blush with mingled shame and indignation. We do not believe in needlessly exposing man or woman to temptation. We believe, on the other hand, in throwing every wise and praiseworthy safeguard about the young. But young men and young women are in the world. No wall is high enough to keep them apart. No wall should be high enough to keep them apart. "Annex" girls, in spite of all rules and regulations, will mingle with men. They will exchange looks, and words, and notes on the street; they will bow to each other, and speak by signs, at the church, the concert, and on the promenade; they will meet in social life. As well try to fence a sunbeam in, or an eagle out as to try to keep young men and young women apart.

Moreover, women are morally superior to men. Their influence is refining and enobling. College life is on a lower plane where women are excluded. The vandalism of Harvard and other universities is the normal outcome of excluding women. Man without woman is a vandal. There is no better place for young men and young women to begin, what must necessarily be a life-long association and battle against wrong, than the recitation room where men of wisdom and exalted character sit in the chairs, each day is opened with solemn invocations, and the very air is

surcharged with sublime ideals of life.

We believe that the culture of the co-educational college is more full-orbed and symmetrical than that of men-colleges. Woman is spiritual and intuitional. Her touch is defter than man's, her vision keener, her conceptions of truth, with its myriads of relations, subtler and more exact. Man, too, has his distinguishing characteristics—ponderous, logical, massive; but slow to see, often mistaken, blind to his own short-comings, reluctant to rectify, and impatient with restraint. Only when men and women share with each other their highest gifts and peculiarities do they attain to the loftiest culture and usefulness. The action of Harvard, Yale, Columbia and other colleges, in organizing and establishing annexes, is significant. The trend of the times demands the co-education of the sexes. Methodism, as usual, takes the lead. In this forward movement TAYLOR UNIVERSITY occupies a proud position.

#### PRESIDENT STEMEN.

The *Indiana Medical Journal*, and an eight-page manifesto from the faculty and trustees of the Medical College of Fort Wayne, are placed on our editorial table. To whom we are indebted we do not know. The object, however, is plain. The obvious intent is to slander President C. B. STEMEN, anonymously. To begin with, a "W. B. R." satirizes Dr. STEMEN's treatise on "Railway Surgery." It is enough to say that it is, in no sense, a *review*. It is simply a tirade. The whole burden is to show that "Railway Surgery" is defective in its literary style. If all scientific treatises must sink or swim according to their literary excellence, or lack of it, most of them will speedily follow McGinty, including the *Indiana Medical Journal*,

and the belligerent "W. B. R." But, despite its literary deficiencies, we presume the above mentioned medical journal is a valuable professional periodical.

Then follow two attacks on President STEMEN, one headed, "Cheapening Honors;" the other, "The Preacher Doctor Dont Like It." As to how President STEMEN obtained his literary and professional titles we do not know. But if reports be true the medical profession is noted for its self-conferred, or purchased, titular prefixes and suffixes. Even the editor and publisher of the *Indiana Medical Journal* prefixes "Dr." to his own name, and requests his correspondents to so address him. But we think it unfair to take even "Dr." FRANK C. FERGUSON as a sample of all medical men, or to belabor him for so small an idiosyncrasy as the adding of an innocent title to his name, no matter how obtained. Were not "Dr." FERGUSON his own publisher we would presume that the business manager, or publisher, were the culprit. Perhaps people living in glass houses, etc.

"The Preacher Doctor" editorial is certainly a very low piece of work for a magazine of the pretensions of said *Indiana Medical Journal*. It is such talk as we would expect to hear in some low dive, or that place whither the orthodox believe DIVES has gone. And how about that high-bred, chivalrous courtesy we are so often told is common among the secular professions?

As to the merits of the case in the attack of the Faculty and Trustees of the Medical College of Fort Wayne we are uninformed. But all candid and disinterested parties must confess that the attack is unmanly, unprofessional and indecent. To make out a case they go back to 1879. The burden of the raillery is something that occurred ten

years ago. The failure of the printer to do a good job of work is charged to Doctor STEMEN. An announcement of the Fort Wayne College of Medicine in 1880 is made the text of a page of the bitterest villification. The fact that the Methodist Church has made him a local preacher is another of the dreadful things laid to his account. It would seem that all preachers—especially if they combine physical healing with their work—are villains of the deepest dye. Were Doctor STEMEN a drunken, lewd, Sabbath-desecrating, infidelic abortionist, according to the theory of these aspersionists, he would really be quite an admirable man. A forged prescription, of several years ago, is also made to do service. The fact that Doctor STEMEN fills two chairs in the medical department of Taylor University, and the Doctor's name appears twice in the list of the faculty, is another of the frightful enormities of which he is guilty. The following extracts show the spirit of the attack. "A preacher-doctor;" "Like ALEXANDER the GREAT, he has been known to weep because there was nothing else for him to tackle;" "Charged with falsehood and deceit;" "Mingled pity and contempt," etc.

All such mad attempts to hurt a hated person are boomerangs. This manifesto will make Doctor STEMEN a host of new friends, and will intensify the friendship of his old friends. It will make the unhappy and malignant assailants a multitude of enemies, and will but add fire to previous animosities. Even though their grievance is real, and their displeasure is just—on these questions we do not presume to speak—the attack is often far-fetched, always bitter, undignified, and insinuating, and sometimes unchaste, and indecent. Let me commend to the Faculty

and Trustees of the Medical College of Fort Wayne the last part of the first editorial in the November number of the *Indiana Medical Journal*:

"There is nothing so disastrous to the dignity of the profession, so nourishing to the schismatic pretenders of our art as the bickerings and backbitings of the jealous, and the angry retorts of those impugned. These home-brewed broils engender the bitterest dissensions and the most lasting hatred. They are fatal to friendship, disastrous to professional unity, obstructive to progress, injurious to character, and destructive of professional reputations. *There is no good thing grows out of the boorishness of the soured man, who can not endure to witness the success of his rivals. Superficiality, deceit and assurance usually form his stock of qualifications, slander his chief weapon of offense and defense.*"

We have italicised the last lines for their special consideration. As these words come from an M. D., we believe they will weigh them well.

"I heard the clink and fall of swords  
And Cassio high in oath."

#### THE CLEMENCEAU CASE.

The recent presentation in a few cities of the infamous Clemenceau Case raises a question of ethics along two lines of business.

*Local Play House Management.*—We say "local" play house management because the theatrical profession is not supposed to consider itself amenable to any of the laws of ethics. The two brightest stars that shine in the theatrical world, the one on the lyric stage and the other on the dramatic, openly defy the Decalogue, not to mention the Sermon on the Mount. To be sure there are some exceptions, such as EDWIN BOOTH and the late CHARLOTTE

CUSHMAN. Perhaps the exceptions are more numerous now than they were some years ago. The truth remains, nevertheless, that the professional actor and actress are, as a rule, such people as no honorable man would be willing to receive into his family, or for his children to form life-long alliances with. The family of our honored Secretary of State blushes in crimson on account of such a *mesalliance*. The stage, generally speaking, is morally corrupting and degrading to the people on both sides of the footlights.

But the local management of the mimic world is supposed to live among common mortals and to be under obligation to observe and honor the ordinary laws of common decency. "Legitimate plays," and "legitimate acting," are phrases coined by actors themselves. The theatre thus confesses that there are plays and performances that are illegitimate, illegitimate because they are indecent. But, as when a gambler confesses that certain forms of gambling are bad we infer that they must be terrific, so when a people that defies the ordinary decencies of life confesses that certain plays and performances are illegitimate—illegitimate because they are indecent—the conclusion is inevitable that said plays and performances are unspeakably and immeasurably rotten and vile. As a drinking man will not confess that he is drunk until he is beastly, so a theatrical player will not confess that a play is bad until it is unfathomably iniquitous in every sense, and teetotally repulsive and revolting from every standpoint.

The management of the Masonic Opera House in this city have not only put such a play on their boards, but have actually done it unblushingly and with elaborate defences. Now as re-

gards the "Legitimate" drama there is a wide difference of opinion. A large class of people believe that there is no legitimate acting, morally speaking, now. On that perhaps debatable question we do not enter. But on the illegitimate, indecent, immoral, degrading, corrupting, destroying character of the Clemenceau Case there is no debate whatever. The "legitimate" stage itself hisses at it, and cries, "Shame! Shame!" while the community looks on amazed at such an exhibition of defiance and shamelessness.

*Newspaper Management.*—If there be guilt in the presentation of such a mass of obscenity as the Clemenceau Case the heralds of such a nasty uncovering and parading are perhaps guilty in a profounder sense. The local play house management could not have successfully presented the Clemenceau Case without the assistance of the secular press. Had the various dailies made a stand and said to the Masonic Temple management: "No sir! We dare not outrage the moral sentiment of the community, and imperil the character of boys and girls in homes where our integrity is unquestioned! To advertise the Clemenceau Case is equivalent to our invitation to attend it; to publish defences of its licentious, provoking parts is nothing short, *in effect*, of our personal endorsement of its salacious situations." Such an exhibition of courage and conscience on the part of the daily papers would have effectually squelched the Clemenceau Case in this city.

We believe the majority of the stockholders of the Masonic Temple, and of the various Fort Wayne dailies, are professors of religion and members of the Christian Church. We believe that they are personally opposed to all such immoral monstrosities. We still farther

believe that they would have resented an invitation to attend such a performance as a colossal and almost unpardonable insult. The question is: How can we retain our moral integrity, and publicly advertise and defend, what we privately condemn, and denounce? Or, as members of a corporation, how can we permit our agents to do those things for us which we ourselves inwardly loath and despise? In Great Britain the question is: Is a public man responsible for his private acts? In Fort Wayne the question is: Are our play house and newspapers morally responsible for their public acts?

The object with both is the same: MONEY. Are there two codes of ethics? Can a man, in all honor, publicly advertise, commend, and recommend, what he inwardly believes to be wrong, and from which he conscientiously refrains? The *Dispatch* of this city says:

"The Temple management is getting down to very 'queer' kind of plays. 'The Clemenceau Case' is a nasty, filthy, immoral hotch-potch, which has been suppressed in cities where public decency has been considered. The Temple is putting plays on the stage that would disgrace a fourth-class variety dive in eastern cities."

All this would be impossible without the co-operation of the daily papers. We are told that some of our papers refuse to advertise saloons because they are productive of drunkenness. But at the same time they publish, *for so much a line*, announcements and commendations of another institution that is productive of licentiousness. But perhaps there are two codes of morals, one for private life and one for public life—business or professional. Or perhaps the good old code that was revered and obeyed in the epoch of heroes and martyrs has been amended so as to

read: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not, unless IT PAYS to do so." It affords us pleasure to note one honorable exception, namely, the Fort Wayne *Daily Press*, which made a gallant fight against the presentation of the nude and scarlet woman.

Harvard and Michigan universities publish daily papers. We admire their enterprise and rejoice in their prosperity.

The entertainment of the STANLEYS on the 6th inst., by President HARRISON, was a graceful and well deserved compliment.

O Gladstone! Gladstone!

Had I but served my country with half the zeal  
I served O'Shea, it would not in my fall  
Have left me naked to mine enemies

## - LITERATURE. -

REVEREND CALVIN FAIRBANKS DURING SLAVERY TIMES. Edited from his manuscript. Chicago: Patriotic Publishing Company. Fort Wayne: Siemon and Brother. Price, in cloth, \$1.25.

Reminiscences of heroic characters are always interesting. These are the reminiscences of the most daring, fearless and successful of all the conductors on the Underground Railway in ante-bellum days. Mr. Fairbanks was an honored and confidential friend of Phillips, Garrison, Gerritt Smith, Parker Pillsbury, and other famous men. He here records many sayings and incidents never before published. The hairbreadth escapes of Ned Buntline pale before the marvelous deliverances of this hater of slavery and champion of universal liberty. We wish especially to call attention to the fact that Rev.

Mr. Fairbank is now living at the age of 74, and that the royalty on this book will help him to live in comfort, which he cannot do without it. Chaplain McCabe has borne personally the cost of the plates for the volume. We hope our readers will bear this interesting book in mind.

STUDIES IN CRITICISM. By Florence Trail. New York: Worthington and Company. Fort Wayne: Siemon and Brother.

It would be difficult to find a more enjoyable volume than this. The mechanical work leaves nothing to be desired. The book is prepossessing to both sight and touch, an ideal that should always be before the eye and mind of the launcher of books. An indifferent publisher has not unfrequently been the ruin of a very masterpiece, damaging both himself and the luckless author. It will be a happy day for the Knights of thought and expression when the Kings of the art destructive, as well as preservative, will be amenable to the law for *biblicide*. The opening paper, "Pools filled with Water," is a vivacious defence of, and plea for, metaphysical studies. The author especially champions the "experience philosophy," though he concedes that intuitive philosophy "seems to be most in harmony with the truths and teachings of revealed religion, and therefore with the only trustworthy standard of morality." Nevertheless there is a field for both schools. They are each other's complement: one is analytic, the other synthetic. Paul and Gamaliel represent the outward effect of the two schools: Gamaliel the experience; Paul the intuitive. He says: "The spirit of Gamaliel was far more useful for the practical purposes of truth than the spirit of Saul, the persecutor. But Gamaliel

could never accomplish the work that was reserved for that same Saul. By not checking, not persecuting, not demolishing, he might make it possible for truth to exist on earth. But Gamaliel fades from the page of history as Gamaliel still, while Saul, the persecutor, is transformed into the devoted Paul, the slave of Jesus Christ. And the world has always recognized this: it can freely pardon the wrong that is done through an over-ardent, even a misguided enthusiasm; but it cannot forgive the wrong that is done through prudence, moderation, or indifference." HERBERT SPENCER is also warmly eulogized.

"Glimpses into French Literature," is the title of the second paper, of seventy pages. The following passage is the keynote of the brilliant essay: "The French have not solved the problem of politics; they have not sounded the depth of art in any of her forms; they have not scaled the heights of religion; they have walked with uneven steps in the highways of philosophy. Let all this be granted; when we ask what they have done, we find that 'in depicting humanity rather than the man of a century or a country, in seeking absolute and eternal truth rather than local and passing truth, the French have made of their literature the literature of all centuries and all countries.'" Following this comes a magnificent pageant of literary celebrities. Every page glows with genuine enthusiasm. It would appear that only a person dominated by *une grande ame* could have penned such lofty encomiums as this: "There is in it (the Court-literature) the most perfect equilibrium of style and subject-matter; the most exquisite adaptation of form to idea, the clearness and the brilliancy not of the natural crystal, but of the polished gem."



Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Boileau, LaFontaine, Bossuet, Massilon, Mascaron, the Pascals, Mme. de Stael, and many others, are painted with glowing colors, and in heroic measure. The author, suspecting that he will be charged with writing a eulogy rather than a critique, says: "I am tired of the widely prevailing ignorance of all that is good and pure in French literature; and where I could not praise I have preferred to keep silent." Other chapters are on "Genius and Religion," "Genius and Morality," "History in Literature," "Skepticism of the Heart," "The Decline of Art." With a swiftness suggestive of Shelley, a series of verbal tableaux scarcely surpassed by Moore, and a moral purity that is statuesque, "Studies in Criticism" is one of the most inspiring, fascinating, and withal instructive books we have read in many days.

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- EDITORIAL. -

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THE SYMPOSIUM.

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With this number The SYMPOSIUM begins its second volume. Our readers will observe a number of improvements. First of all, the fine typographical appearance is worthy of mention. New type throughout has been provided expressly for The SYMPOSIUM, and the result is most pleasing and artistic. We invite comparison, in this respect, with the foremost American magazines. Then, second, eight pages of reading matter are added, making it one-third larger than it has been heretofore. The quality of the contents has been eulogized by those whose approval we prize the most. The editorial department has especially excited wide comment. The SYMPOSIUM being the organ of no

party, church, school, or clique, is absolutely unfettered in the expression of its sentiments. Its praise and its denunciation are genuine. We believe the people are tired of the "organ." The phenomenal success of independent periodicals is exceedingly suggestive. In this day of investigation, and heart-searching, the real sentiment of the writer is desired. Honest men desire nothing else. But the "organ" must do the bidding of its master. It can only be a telephone through which its party speaks. If its party says, "Champion this man or this measure," it must do it. The "organ" is thus a weathercock. It stands in any direction at the dictation of the power behind the throne. The first breeze from the Chicago Convention in 1888, veered every Gresham paper into an out-and-out Harrison "organ." Likewise, in 1884, papers that had villified Mr. Blaine for years became his loudest champions. Such organs, from a moral and patriotic standpoint, are not worth the paper they are printed on. As well take in seriousness the utterances of the King's fool who, having no sentiments of his own, or having sentiments, stifles them, is ambitious only to divine the sentiments of his master, and to utter them in a manner that will please his Majesty most, and make his situation at Court most secure. We believe the people are sick of sycophancy. We believe that the work of the "organ," and of the professional jester, are practically of the same sort. Kings have dispensed with jesters; the country will sooner or later bow the "organ" out.

But while we shall use a free lance in the tournament of public discussion we aspire to occupy a literary field also. We believe there is a demand in the West to: a high-toned magazine that, along the lines of literature and literary

criticism, will more nearly, and more truly, represent our peculiar genius than do the great magazines of the East. We believe the people will support a magazine that will encourage and develop Western literary talent. CRADDOCK, of Missouri; HABBERTON, of Illinois; RILEY and WALLACE and EGGLESON, of Indiana, and HOWELLS, of Ohio, are all compelled to appeal to the East for recognition and patronage. Others in the West, less confident, but not less talented, allow their gifts to remain undeveloped. We are ambitious to cultivate this field. In this ambition, as a magazine, we stand alone. We believe a host will rally around us. And, to all who believe in manly independence in the discussion of current history, and who would like to have a literary magazine, such as we have described above, we appeal for aid.

It will also be observed, that the subscription price, per year, beginning with the present number, is advanced to one dollar. The price, per single number, remains the same, i. e. ten cents. Canvassers, upon application, will receive such terms as will enable them to make not less than \$5.00 per day in cash during the next ninety days. Those who subscribed, before the advance in price, will receive the magazine according to contract. And now, to our more than 100,000 readers, in twenty States of the American Union, and in lands beyond the sea, the SYMPOSIUM sends the congratulations of the season: A HAPPY NEW YEAR, rich in love, high in hope, and faith in God and man.

"The irrevocable Hand

That ope the year's fair gate, doth ope and shut

The portals of our earthly destinies;

We walk through blindfold, and the noiseless doors

Close after us, forever."

Address the Editor of the SYMPOSIUM at 386 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.

TALLY ONE FOR THE POPE.

The PARNELL defeat in Kilkenny, on the 22d *ultimo*, must be attributed, in a large measure, to the stern and relentless adverse attitude of Rome. Had not the Pope spoken Parnell would have been temporarily triumphant. His defeat, in the first pitched battle since the disgraceful *denouement*, is of incalculable advantage. PARNELL was believed to be irresistible in Ireland. With many people, his adroitness and foresight savored of omniscience. He had successfully parried the blows and thrusts of Britain's astutest diplomatists and parliamentarians, and held the whole empire in check and dread, so many years, often almost single-handed, until in Irish affairs his word was law and his power omnipotent. Had LEO XIII kept silent he could have defied Tories, Liberals, Unionists and all the rest, that is, awhile. In the meantime that modern Gethsemane would have been plunged into deeper darkness and distress than ever. Thank God he spoke, and made the nightmare brief. The armor of the Irish ACHILLES has at least one vulnerable place, and the popish lance has pierced him through. This modern GOLIAH falls before the patriarch of the Vatican. To many of the dogmas of Rome we can never assent; the pilgrimage to Canossa we never will make; but for this prompt, sturdy, uncompromising dethronement of an adulterer, a man who, for a beastly passion, would squander an empire, and plunge a race into an Iliad of woe, we feel like saying: God bless LEO XIII.

## CHURCH AND POLITICS.

The hand taken by the Pope and the Romish Church in Irish politics last month is suggestive of the influence the Church might wield in American politics. Six years ago the Democrats proposed to elect to the presidency, and did elect, a man confessedly immoral. When charged with drunkenness and licentiousness he made no defence. His crimes, in some respects, were of a deeper dye than those of the Irish leader. If half is true that the Reverend GEORGE BALL, and eight other Buffalo clergymen, testified to, under oath, his conduct would have often shamed an oriental seraglio. And yet Catholicism and Protestantism were as mute as mice. It is not enough to say that the choice was between a man who had broken the Seventh commandment, and another who had violated the Eighth. There was a third candidate who had been tried in the affairs of state and had not been found wanting. Twice he had been Governor of one of the great Commonwealths of the American Union. Both terms he had filled the high office with conspicuous ability and fidelity. Nor was the platform on which he stood widely fallacious in finance whether measured by the Republican or Democratic system of economics. Besides, he stood as the special champion of virtue and sobriety. Yet, out of a total vote of several millions, he received only 152,000 votes. Had Catholicism and Protestantism voted in that election as it did in Kilkenny, GROVER CLEVELAND would have been defeated, JAMES G. BLAINE would not have saved a single plume, and JOHN P. ST. JOHN would have been President of the United States. While our ideal is, A Church without a Bishop and a State without a

King; and while we are opposed to the union of Church and State, as the Roman Pontiff would have it, we do believe that both Romanism and Protestantism ought to speak in unambiguous terms in politics when morality and decency are at stake; and, if men will deliberately vote for the coronation of wicked candidates, declare them no longer members of the Church—not because they favored this or that candidate, or this or that party, but because they knowingly promoted those things that the Church, the Bible and high heaven, in all ages, have anathematized, and have by thus voting scandalized themselves, their profession and the faith pretend to espouse and practice. Only by so doing can the Church justify its existence; and when the Church can no longer justify itself in consuming the time and labor of a host of people, and countless millions of money, by real, genuine, heroic service for righteousness it would better close up and go out of business.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Of all the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,"

none is more prized by us than those of WENDELL PHILLIPS. And though six years have sped away since

"God's finger touched him and he slept,"  
and we instinctively said:

"It cannot be!

It was but yesterday he spoke to me;  
But yesterday we saw him move along,  
His head above the crowd, swift-paced and  
strong,

But yesterday his plan and purpose sped;  
It cannot be that he is dead,"  
his face and form, graceful, beautiful,  
instinct with lofty thought and action,  
are still before us as though we had  
just returned from one of his innumer-

able oratoric coronations. His physique, by actual measurement, was that of the Greek Apollo. His complexion was marvelous. Oftimes people were startled by an almost supernatural radiance that glorified his countenance. It were as though an angel was seen, trying to break through a tissue of transparency, and being unable to penetrate the quivering meshes, retired again. His head was finely set above a deep chest and broad shoulders. The face was classical in its perfection, with blue eyes, and that hue of hair that artists love so well:

"The golden treasure Nature showers down  
On those foredoomed to wear Fame's golden  
crown."

His bearing was always superb:

"He looked a god, and he walked a king."

In moments of high thought and deep emotion his every movement was picturesque; his every position statuesque—and yet as unconscious of his art as the oriole is of its grace as it balances on the top-most bough and warbles its mandelay. His voice was in keeping with the rest. Not quantity, but quality and mastery, were the most striking characteristics. It has been likened to the tones of PAGANINI's violin. He had a faculty of intensifying his language, without italicizing his voice. His oratory was colloquial and always reminded us of OLE BULL's inspired playing on a single string. In one of his platform performances, speaking of his rambles in Florence, he said: "As I walked the pavement I suddenly came upon this inscription, under my feet: 'On this spot, three hundred years ago, sat DANTE!'" The utterance was simple; yet somehow the people saw the sombre Tuscan poet, who had been to hell, with such vividness that the orator's masterly pause was punctuated with ejaculations from the audience.

Yet he was no elocutionist, in the modern meaning of the term. His perfect art was wholly artless. His language was always impressive and sometimes startling. His vocabulary reminded us of golden coin, newly minted. Though the word or phrase used was common, it having passed through the crucible of his rare genius it had all the freshness and brilliancy of a word, or idea, never uttered before. But he was also a great coiner of phrases. In inductive, and epithet he had few equals, and perhaps no superior. And yet, while he was the immensest and intensest of agitators, his manner and countenance were as mild and suspicionless as virgin innocence. This led the Richmond *Inquirer*, before the war, to say: "WENDELL PHILLIPS is an infernal machine set to music." His mastery of mobs was a marvel to even HENRY WARD BEECHER, himself an oratoric JUPITER.

But his crowning glories were most resplendent in private life. The daily tenor of his life was as pure, and chaste, and rhythmic as one of EDMUND SPENSER's poetic idyls; his devotion to his wife, a life-long invalid, is an epic of domestic love and fidelity for which I know of no parallel in the world's literature; his faith in Christ was of the martyr type. Among infidels, and scoffers, and Unitarians—everywhere, in the drawing room, on the platform, among the howling mobs—he championed the divinity and deity of Jesus, and in that sublime faith he took the

"Golden Key

That opens the palace of eternity"

and was ushered into the presence of the immortals.

We chanced to be looking into his face, as he lay a very conqueror and king in appearance, in Faneuil Hall, so redolent with historic and heroic recol-

lections, as FREDERICK DOUGLAS came along, saying: "I loved him, and I wanted to see this throned, to feel the grip he had on the community; it is wonderful."

We favor our readers with two illustrations of Mr. PHILLIPS' eloquence. Nevertheless we must remind them that they miss more than half in the absence of the orator. The printed words, lofty, intense, thrilling even, as they are, must be supplemented by the imagination, as Fancy enlarges upon the odor of the mountain pink that art cannot portray. The first is from his lecture on "Idols," which has been pronounced "The Most Tremendous Climax on Record;" the second was declared by O'CONNELL to be "The Most Classic Short Speech in the English Language." The latter speech was occasioned by a monster petition of seventy thousand names from Ireland, headed by DANIEL O'CONNELL and Father MATHEW, urging the Irish in America to unite with the Abolitionists. It was delivered in Faneuil Hall, January 28th, 1842.

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 "THE MOST TREMENDOUS CLIMAX ON RECORD."  
 —

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Yet this is the model which Massachusetts offers to the Pantheon of the great jurists of the world!

"Suppose we stood in that lofty temple of jurisprudence,—on either side of us the statues of the great lawyers of every age and clime.—and let us see what part New England—Puritan, educated, free New England—would bear in the pageant. Rome points to a colossal figure, and says, 'That is Papinian, who, when the Emperor Caracalla murdered his own brother, and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went

cheerfully to death, rather than sully his lips with the atrocious plea; and that is Ulpian, who aiding his prince to put the army below the law, was massacred at the foot of a weak, but virtuous throne.'

"And France stretches forth her grateful hands, crying, 'That is D'Aguesseau, worthy, when he went to face an enraged king, of the farewell his wife addressed him—'Go! forget that you have a wife and children to ruin, and remember only that you have France to save.'"

"England says, 'That is Coke, who flung the laurels of eighty years in the face of the first Stuart, in defense of the people. This is Selden, on every book of whose library you saw written the motto of which he lived worthy. 'Before everything, Liberty!' That is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed,

'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free.'

This is Romilly, who spent life trying to make law synonymous with justice, and succeeded in making life and property safer in every city of the empire. And that is Erskine, whose eloquence, spite of Lord Eldon and George III., made it safe to speak and to print.'

"Then New England shouts, 'This is Choate, who made it safe to murder; and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal.'"

—  
 "THE MOST CLASSIC SHORT SPEECH IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE."  
 —

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"I hold in my hand, Mr. Chairman, a resolution expressive of our thanks to the seventy thousand Irishmen who have sent us that token of their sym-

pathy and interest, and especially to those high and gallant spirits who lead the noble list. I must say that never have I stood in the presence of an audience with higher hopes of the rapid progress and success of our cause than now. I remember with what devoted earnestness, with what unfaltering zeal, Ireland has carried on so many years the struggle for her own freedom. It is from such men—whose hearts lost no jot of their faith in the grave of Emmett, over whose zeal the loss of Curran and Grattan could throw no damp, who are now turning the trophies of one field of victory into weapons for new conquests, whom a hireling press and prejudiced public could never sever a moment from O'Connell's side—it is from the sympathy of such that we have a right to hope much.

"The image of the generous isle comes to us, not only 'crowned with the spoil of every science, and decked with the wreath of every muse,' but we cannot forget that she lent to Waterloo the sword which cut the despot's 'shattered sceptre through;' and, to American ears, the crumbled walls of St. Stephen's yet stand to echo the eloquence of her Burke, when, at the foot of the British throne, he took his place side by side with that immortal rebel (pointing to the picture of Washington.)

"From a priest of the Catholic Church we might expect superiority to that prejudice against color which freezes the sympathies of our own churches when humanity points to the slave. I remember that African lips may join in the chants of the Church, unrebuked, even under the dome at St. Peter's; and I have seen the colored man in the sacred dress pass with priest and student beneath the frowning portals of the Propaganda College at

Rome, with none to sneer at his complexion, or repulse him from society.

"I remember that a long line of popes, from Leo to Gregory, have denounced the sin of making merchandise of men; that the voice of Rome was the first to be heard against the slave-trade, and that the bull of Gregory XVI., forbidding every true Catholic to touch the accursed thing, is yet hardly a year old.

"Ireland is the land of agitation and agitators. We may well learn a lesson from her in the battle for human rights. Her philosophy is no recluse; she doffs the cowl and quits the cloister, to grasp in friendly effort the hands of the people. No pulse beats truer to liberty, to humanity, than those which in Dublin quicken at every good from Abolition on this side of the ocean. There can be no warmer words of welcome than those which welcome the American Abolitionists on their thresholds. Let not any one persuade us, Mr. Chairman, that the question of slavery is no business of ours, but belongs entirely to the South.

"I trust in that love of liberty which every Irishman brings to the country of his adoption, to make him true to her cause at the ballot-box, and throw no vote without asking if the hand to which he is about to trust political power will use it for the slave. When an American was introduced to O'Connell in the lobby of the House of Commons, he asked, without putting out his hand, 'Are you from the South?' 'Yes, sir.' 'A slave-holder, I presume?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then,' said the great liberator, 'I have no hand for you!' and stalked away. Shall his countrymen trust that hand with political power which O'Connor deemed it pollution to touch?

'We remember, Mr. Chairman, that,

when a jealous disposition tore from the walls of the City Hall of Dublin the picture of Henry Grattan, the act but did endear him the more to Ireland. The slavocracy of our land thinks to expel that 'old man eloquent,' with the dignity of seventy winters on his brow (pointing to a picture of J. Q. Adams), from the halls of Congress. They will find him only the more lastingly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen.

"Mr. Chairman, we stand in the presence of at least the name of Father Mathew. We remember the millions who pledged themselves to temperance from his lips. I hope his countrymen will join with me in pledging here eternal hostility to slavery. 'Will you ever return to his master the slave who once sets foot on the soil of Massachusetts?' ('No, no, no!') 'Will you ever raise to office or power the man who will not pledge his utmost effort against slavery?' ('No, no, no!')

"Then may we not hope well for freedom? Thanks to those noble men who battle in her cause the world over. The 'ocean of their philanthropy knows no shore.' Humanity knows no country; and I am proud, here in Faneuil Hall, fit place to receive their message, to learn of O'Connell's fidelity to freedom and of Father Mathew's love to the real interests of man."

That was a fine gathering of men in Fort Wayne recently—the International Barber's Union. Delegates were present from almost every state and territory in the Union. Canada and Mexico were also represented. The most conspicuous man in the body was an African. On every question his white brothers sought his judgment, and at last made him a member of the Executive Committee. His post-prandial address was far above the or-

dinary in both matter and delivery, and was received with marked demonstrations of approval. A more genteel, cultured and finer appearing company we have not seen. There annual banquet was elaborate, elegantly served, and most thoroughly enjoyed. A number of the knights of the blade and brush spoke with genuine force, perspicuity and eloquence. The Editor of the SYMPOSIUM delivered the annual address.

THE SYMPOSIUM is now taken regularly in twenty states of the American Union. From every quarter we are receiving warm words of hearty praise. It has been elaborately reviewed in many leading and influential periodicals, receiving encomiums we personally feel are far above our just deserts, but yet far below the high ideal toward which our face is turned. To our hosts of friends we present, with highest heart and hope, the compliments of the season. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE. GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

We also send herewith the greetings of Taylor University. Our championship of Taylor University is purely a labor of love. The Editor of the SYMPOSIUM has spent ten years in university work. Several of those years were devoted to study and observation in the foremost school of America. After almost a year of familiarity with Taylor University, we most heartily commend it to parents and students. We earnestly request our readers from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate to send hither their sons and daughters and to remember Taylor University in their benefactions, whether large or small. Parents in moderate circumstances, and young men and women

who have to earn their living while they pursue their studies, will find it to their advantage to make Taylor University their *alma mater*.

#### WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.

Cotopaxi, in 1838, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1854 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tuangurangua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1337, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 32,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1703, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone of two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1816 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while, in 1860, Etna disgorged twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ash as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance

of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles.

#### THE DOLLAR MARK.

"What is the origin of the sign 'S' for the American dollar?" was the question propounded at a London dinner not long ago. The American Consul did not know; neither did anyone else. An extensive research resulted in this theory: The American dollar and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. On the reverse side of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription "Plus ultra." This device in the course of time has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollar—"S." The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

#### THE MEN OUTNUMBERED.

In New York there are 25,271 more females than males; in Philadelphia, 36,780; in Brooklyn, 23,872; in Boston, 18,422; in Baltimore, 18,631; in Washington, 10,673; in New Orleans, 17,806; in Louisville, 5,794; in St. Louis, 8,522; in Kansas City, 8,213; in Denver, 7,440.

He that labors is tempted by one devil; he that is idle by a thousand.—*Italian Proverb.*



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"Having written Lindsley's system of Takigraphy for ten years, and having taught it also, I take pleasure in testifying that it is easier learned and easier retained than other systems of Shorthand with which I am acquainted, while at the same time it is quite as **RAPID**."

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Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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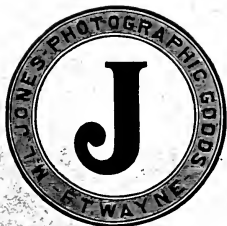
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