

Edith Frizzell

# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 2.

SALEM, OREGON, APRIL, 1891.

NO. 7

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## WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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Students and graduates and all others interested in higher education or our Public Schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

### LITERARY.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

O. N. NELSON.

(Awarded the prize for Historical Sketch.)

Our admiration for great men is not lessened because of Carlyle's belief that they are created for the purpose of solving a certain problem, nor because of Emerson's view that they are slaves to circumstances. For a truly great man is above philosophy. He cannot be classified. The sentiments of mankind compel us to adore, to love, to deify him. This is true of persons who distinguish themselves in only one department, who are ignorant in all other branches, who even commit the grossest faults. What then shall be said of a man who was a literary genius, an admirable statesman, the greatest general

of his age, and, above all, a true, just, noble, kind-hearted man?

Such a man was born in a country which had always been cut off from civilization, and which was just then emerging from barbarism. He lived in an age of religious persecution and excitement.

My hero, being a perfect type of his race, was tall, strong, and robust. His white body, yellow hair, broad shoulders, brawny muscles, florid complexion, and high forehead denoted courage, firmness, and determination. The quickness of his blue eyes marked him to be a man of intense feelings and passions. But, although he was courageous, firm, determined, and passionate, yet he was mild, merciful, polite, and self-possessed. He soothed the unfortunate with a voice of a mother and commanded an army with the voice of thunder. My hero loved with all the passion of youth and hated with all the hatred of righteous indignation. But love and hate were controlled by reason, moderated according to circumstances, and the man was master of both. Though he had a hasty temper, yet he seldom committed a rash act. He humbly apologized for what he considered his imperfections and willingly forgave the offences of others. The virtues of honesty and frankness were never outraged by him.

Early trained to reverence religion, and inheriting an eager desire for freedom, his happiness was communion with God, his ambition the liberation of mankind.

Looking at the cruelty of the past, glancing into the uncertainty of the future, and trying to suppress the wickedness of the present, tears of sadness rolled down his cheeks. But my hero was not a pessimist. Hope revived in his heart, cheerfulness

could be read in his face. And, with a determined will and a strong arm, he set to work to relieve present suffering and to better the future condition of humanity. Boyhood and failure were never introduced to him. From the cradle to the grave he was a mature, successful man. Though a soldier, yet he conquered more with the tongue than with the sword. Leaving home family, and native country, he suffered, conquered, died in a foreign land, for truth, religion, and the world. For my hero is Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

Though the Scandinavians had overthrown the magnificent Roman Empire, conquered France, and enslaved England before the eleventh century; yet, up to that time, they had remained in a barbaric, uncivilized condition, a terror to Christendom, the savage plunderers of Europe.

From the eleventh to the sixteenth century Catholicism swayed the religious faith of the North. During a great part of this time Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland were united under one government. But their history is merely a record of internal strife, war, and bloodshed. There was little advancement, no contact with the more highly civilized nations of the South. The rude, savage manners of the Goths were in general practice.

A hundred years before Gustavus Adolphus, his grandfather made Sweden independent of the Danish rulers, established the Lutheran religion, reformed the laws, promoted commerce, built factories, and created a national feeling of patriotism.

Gustavus Adolphus was only seventeen years of age when his father died. But, years before, he had been an active politician and a successful general. The Swedish crown was thus placed upon the head of a boy, who, nevertheless, by actions and deeds, proved to be a wise, daring king. His early education had been broad enough to prepare

him thoroughly for the duties of a Sovereign. He spoke, distinctly, several languages, knew the science of political economy, was well versed in Grecian and Roman history, and he had made a special study of the art of warfare.

This young ruler—a king almost from his very birth—commenced his glorious reign by greatly improving the school system. The University of Upsala was raised to European recognition. He was the first Swedish king who practiced state-economy. The mode of taxation and the manner of enforcing justice were reformed. Industry and commerce received his careful attention. Military science was improved by placing horsemen and footmen in closer relation; to-day the system of Gustavus Adolphus is practiced by all military armies. Even a Swedish colony, the first of its kind, was planted on the shores of Delaware by this far-seeing prince.

His country was covered with ice and snow, washed by the stormy Skager-Rack, Cattegat and Baltic. He was surrounded by the daring Norwegians, the cunning Danes, the jealous Germans, the wild Russians and the fierce Polanders. Nature and location combined to make him daring; experience and education taught him self-reliance. To him war was a business, a necessity, a passion.

For centuries nearly every Swedish ruler had fought with Russia, Poland and Denmark. The three powers attacked Gustavus. He defeated them all, and, what was still better, learned the art of war which he afterwards used to such advantage on the plains of Germany.

From boyhood Gustavus had been in love with one of his subjects, with whom he intended to share his throne. Generally, an ordinary man can marry the woman of his choice; but not so with a king. The wishes of his subjects must be consulted, the inter

est and safety of nations must be taken into consideration. For these reasons the Lion of the North sacrificed his heart's love and wedded a beautiful and pure, but feeble-minded princess of Brandenburg. Yielding his passions to policy he ever remained a true, kind husband and an excellent father.

The flame kindled by Martin Luther had swept over the whole of Christendom. The ambitious, bigoted Emperor of Austria endeavored to crush German liberty and the Protestant religion. After a few years' struggle the German States lay bleeding at his feet; freedom of mind was in the greatest danger of being again enchained by the Holy Catholic Church. It remained for Gustavus Adolphus to give the death blow to that power which received its first stab when the German Monk threw the ink-stand at the Devil.

Every opposition to Monarchy and Catholicism had been crushed by the imperial generals, Tilly and Wallenstein. State rights and religious toleration had been erased from German soil. The wealth, the blood of the nation, was threatened with extinction. Cries against cruelty, prayers for help echoed and re-echoed through the whole of Europe. After a lapse of two hundred years the marks of oppression are still visible in Germany.

Long had the oppressed Protestants to wait for assistance. For England was ruled by the feeble James who shed tears when he saw a sheath. Richelieu had not yet appeared in France, and the most of the rest of Europe was in the hands of the Emperor. Well did the unfortunate king of Denmark try his warlike skill in order to set matters aright. But, a few iron-balls from the imperial cannon chilled his aspiration and his inspiration.

*(To be continued.)*

Old age is not so fiery as youth, but when provoked can not be appeased.

#### SYMMETRY.

Many men and women have failed in some point to reach the standard of excellence which has been their rule of action in their preparation for life.

When we look into the depths and consider why such is the case, we find that they have not made their lives symmetrical. They have built on the sand. Their structure could not withstand the storms of adversity, and it fell.

Perhaps some youth has set as his guiding star intellectual development. He follows it closely day after day. He is nearing the horizon when some disease overcomes him, and the star vanishes behind a cloud. Perchance it emerges and shines forth with its usual brilliancy, or it may have set forever. He has neglected nature's first law—self preservation.

Pale cheeks and heavy eyes too often betoken a loss of "tired nature's sweet restorer." The student who sees the morning stars before closing his eyes will soon find that the homely old maxim,

"Early to bed, early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

has yet a grain of truth in it.

Do not be too ambitious.

Remember that an hour of daylight is worth two of lamplight.

Health and intellectual development are two necessary qualities of a symmetrical person.

But are these enough? Do these make a complete man? Our ideal is higher. There is something deeper than the mere desire of body and mind. There is a yearning within us for something better and purer; a love for our Maker and Preserver. Without this all inspiring guidance can we have a well rounded life?

Longfellow says: "Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea

by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies."

There has always been a God of some kind to worship. In digging up ruins of ancient cities we find nothing so conspicuous as the traces of worship. The monuments and temples are indisputable evidence of an innate desire of the supernatural.

Even the Atheist who claims there is no God makes a god of his theory. It is more than bread to him. He places as much faith in it as the heathen did in a brazen figure.

Under the light of Christianity we can attain nearer to the perfect man, for we have as a model "One who was tempted like as we are and yet without sin."

With such an example ever before us we are induced to press on until we are worthy to be called symmetrical men and women.

M. C. L.

#### NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

To say that Washington is overrun by women is to put the case mildly. We are bounded by them north, south, east and west. They throng the streets, fill the stores, congregate in the hotel parlors and corridors and long processions wend their way through the Capitol. The rain, which has settled into a steady pour, does not discourage them nor detract from the sunniness of their smiles. The accommodations of many hotels have given out, but the delegates pack themselves three or four deep into one small room and accept their fate cheerfully as a feature of the great National Council of Women.

The leaders have been here for several days. Miss Willard, Miss Anthony, Miss Seymour, Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Eastman were on the ground at the beginning of the work, and varied their official labors by a little quiet visiting and sight-seeing.

The Western delegate can readily be distinguished from her Eastern colleague. Take, for example, the Rev. Olympia Brown, of Wisconsin, who is on the programme for a Scripture reading Sunday morning. Wisconsin is written on every line of her face, and its bracing Western atmosphere shows itself in her voice, her walk and her whole-souled cordiality with the people she likes. She is said to have an exceedingly well-stored mind and a gift of oratory which has always won recognition.

A delegate who is attracting considerable attention here is Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, the noted woman farmer of Indiana. She has one of the finest stock farms in the State, and is sole manager and overseer. Her husband died after a long illness, leaving his affairs in rather an involved condition. His wife, knowing nothing of the work, bravely began to learn; she persevered and matters smoothed themselves out under her direction until all debts were paid off and the old Meredith farm took first rank in the Hoosier State. Mrs. Meredith isn't a bit spoiled by it all and finds time in the midst of her labors to take a helpful interest in other women and their work. She is one of the Board of Managers of the Columbian Exposition and will doubtless be prominent in next week's discussions.

Let me take you in the parlors of the Riggs House, where the interest and women have centered. Seated near the window and surrounded by an admiring throng you will see a woman, gray-haired, spectacled, and plainly attired, whose slightest word is listened to with interest. No matter how noisy the room may be or how much talk is in progress, when this woman speaks there comes a great calm. Of course it is Susan B. Anthony, and equally of course the dark young woman sitting beside her is Rachel Foster-Avery. The two are inseparable. Together they planned this National Council

for Women, together they worked for its organization, and together more or less they have been ever since.

Miss Willard will not be in the parlor. She is at another hotel, and besides she never sits during a woman's council. It is simply impossible to buttonhole her for one moment. A hair-pin here or a stray glove there are the only traces the little woman leaves behind as she flies from place to place. I saw her take a car yesterday. That public conveyance was half a block ahead and was bowling along merrily, but Miss Willard started after it with the serene determination which has carried her and her cause triumphantly through the years. Her glasses leaped wildly off her nose, her satchel flew open, she lost a handkerchief, a glove and several trifles, but she got what was left into that car.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

CRYSTAL.

ALMA MILLS.

AWARDED PRIZE FOR BEST STORY.

In South Dakota east of the Missouri rises a wall of chalk-rock bluffs. From their sepulchral faces high grassy hills slope eastward. In a valley among these hills stands a rambling old white house embowered in vines. Under overhanging willows a brook flows through the valley and woodland to the river.

After herald stars the moon rose over the woods; wierd night voices fell on the sultry air.

On a porch of the house a girl stood, her dark hair and white face shown clear in the pale light.

Her blue, deep eyes were full of half-sad longing.

"Crystal," said a soft voice within "Yes, mamma," she answered in tones sweet as those that called. She went to her mother's room.

The furniture, like all in the house, was rich and old; a dark eyed woman lay upon the couch of faded plush; a child with dark rosy cheeks was asleep on the floor.

Mrs. Hurst was an invalid. Crystal sat on the floor with her head on her mother's bosom. They were silent, content with the joy of each other's presence.

"Mamma," said Crystal as though she had thought of it much, "Why did we ever come here?"

"Because we thought best."

"But mamma."

"Can't my daughter trust me?"

"Yes mamma."

There was another silence. "My child, you love your father?"

"I suppose so, I never thought of it before so—still—"

"Yes I know. Could you love him if you knew that he had sinned?"

"Yes, with God's help."

Crystal waited for her to continue. She asked for her Bible, and read the seventeenth chapter of St. John. Its infinite love sank into the girl's heart. Tears were in her eyes. As a child she knelt at her mother's knee. She prayed as a woman with intense passionate longing for diviner life. When she ceased she pressed a long fond kiss on her mother's lips, and went up to her room. Here birds' nests, wild flowers, bits of rock, books and papers were scattered.

Crystal lay upon the bed. Her heart beat fast. The blood rushed to her head and away, leaving a dull ache. Her father played sweet, solemn strains upon the organ. She listened until she could think.

What did her mother mean? How had father sinned? Was this why he was so silent? If she had been more thoughtful of him he might have been happier. Would God forgive her selfishness? She prayed that He would, that He would help her to lose no chance to make happier and better

the lives that were about her. She sobbed with strong feeling.

Crystal never had a friend except the gentle mother, her books and the "dream people" with whom her fancy had peopled the valley. Suffering and close communion with self and nature had refined her life as few in this world.

In the morning she had a head ache. She felt strong to do right in the strength of her Lord. With a prayer in her heart she went cheerfully through the long day's work. For breakfast she had what her father liked best. She kissed him before he went to work. While he rested after dinner, she stroked his hair or played simple melodies. He went to his work with a ray of joy shining into his sad life.

Twilight came. Crystal rested her head on her mother's couch. Through the open window the cool breeze blew upon her. The cool soft fingers of her mother, passed soothingly over her brow. She felt as she had often felt that but for the pain in her head she desired to live for the joy of living.

"Mamma," she said after a long silence, "I don't think papa is happy. When I think of it I can't remember when he was. And mamma, all my life I've been so thoughtless. But my awakening time has come. I'll try to love him more for your sake."

"And for the Master's?"

"Yes."

As she thought of it now, it did not seem to the mother that sixteen years had gone since she clasped her child to her bosom, trembling lest her maddened husband would crush it.

"Crystal," she said, "When I was a bride, I lived in a beautiful home in Chicago. I had not been there long when I learned that my husband's father was a drunkard. One night as I waited his coming, there was a ring at the bell. Two men laid him on a

couch, drunk. As I stood before him weeping he struck me to the floor.

"Night after night he came home that way. When you came to me he was raving in delirium. The night after he recovered, he came to me sober.

'Helen, we're ruined he almost sobbed.'

"I said nothing.

'Helen don't you care? Oh! my poor darling, God only knows how I've suffered. Even when I held the cup to my lips I felt the shadow of my doom, and still I drank it. Helen, let us go.'

'Go where' "I asked.

'Anywhere, only let us fly from the place of my temptation.'

"I wrapped myself and my child and followed my husband to this place. Since then he has been a sober but unhappy man."

Crystal's eyes gleamed. Her bosom heaved.

"And there was no way to keep him from getting the drink?" She said almost fiercely.

"Oh mamma!" she stamped her foot.

"Crystal, God sees you!"

"But mamma I know God hates it, and I hate it; Oh! I *hate* it."

She stood in the star lit room, her little white hands clasped. A wave of feeling swept over her. She walked firmly away. In her room she knelt by the open window. Awful stillness rested in benediction on the sleeping world. God was so near that she feared to move. The resolve that she had made grew strong with the strength of Him who had breathed it into her soul.

(To be continued.)

#### CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

The Chameleon changes its color to agree with that of surrounding objects.

We all of us by nature possess this quality to such a degree that our character, habits and principles take their form and color from those of our intimate associates.

Young men are, as a rule, little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep.

Water will seek its own level, so do the various elements of society, and nowhere is this manifested more quickly and surely than at school.

When the Fall roll of students begin their duties at College, the interludes between "working hours," which have been filled at home by pleasant associations with congenial friends, have educated us up to a point where we feel that we must have companions of some kind, then the look of fellow lonesomeness on the face of those we meet, touches a sympathetic cord, and we must be very judicious in our choice, else we will begin a course that will cripple us for that school year, if not longer. If we sink into familiarity with persons much below our own level, we will be constantly weighed down by our base connections and although we may easily sink lower we will find it hard to rise again.

It is not alone the low and dissipated, the vulgar and profane, from whose society we will be injured; these, persons of reputation will despise and shun. But there are persons of apparently decent morals, of polished manners and interesting talents, but who, at the same time, are unprincipled and wicked, who make light of sacred things, and scoff at the suggestions and scruples of a tender conscience as superstitious. These are the persons whose society and influence are most to be feared. Their breath is pollution; their embrace death.

These are many in number; many a young man has thus been led on by his elders in iniquity till he has been initiated into all the mysteries of debauchery and crime, and ended his day a poor outcast wretch. Good company not only improves our manners but also our minds; and intel-

ligent associates will become a source of enjoyment as well as elevation.

Some may not know what "good" means when used here to modify company. Good company is that which is composed of well bred persons whose language is chaste, and good; whose sentiments are pure and edifying; whose deportment is such as pure and well regulated education and correct morals dictate, and whose conduct is directed and restrained by the pure precepts of religion. To have such company should be our aim and if we cannot have this or similar, we had better do without so that we may have a good conscience. And when we have the advantage of such company, it should be the object of our zeal to imitate their real excellencies, copy their politeness, their carriage, their address and their easy style of conversation, but we should remember that, let them shine ever so brightly, their vices are so many blemishes upon their character, which we should no more think of imitating than we should of making artificial warts on our faces because some distinguished person happened to have one by nature.

This is a question well worthy of our consideration. If our associates are having a degrading influence on our principles, or if after carefully considering them in view of a candid judgment, we cannot see that we are gaining some good by our keeping their company, let us have a change of base and commence a new line, it may be alone for a while, but better alone than in bad company

KRITIKOS.

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#### EDITORIAL.

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Many noticeable events in the history of our nation have occurred in April.

It is a curious coincidence that the War of the Revolution and the first bloodshed of the Mexican War had their beginning in April, while the War of the Rebellion began

ended and had one of its bloodiest battles, Shiloh, in that month. In April Washington was inaugurated as the first president, and amid the sunshine and showers of April the rejoicing of a people once more at peace was turned into lamentation over the sad death of the beloved Lincoln.

But April is remembered for another reason by all English-speaking people, for in it occurs the birthday of one whose influence in literature is still unbounded, though born more than three centuries ago, the unrivalled Shakespeare.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive his powerful rhyme."

In spite of Donnelly's Baconian cipher the majority of readers retain their faith in Shakespeare as the real author of the works ascribed to him so long, and are likely to do so until their just demand that the cipher reading manifest at least some share of the ability of the plays themselves is satisfied.

Another English poet, Wordsworth, whose descriptions of Nature are still unsurpassed, and who proved that the joys and sorrows of common life were the noblest motive for verse, and who released poetry from the bonds of artificiality, was born in April, and died on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday.

"There are no heroes now, the race is dead," is the cry of some who mourn the degeneracy of the age. But let us see whether this is true. We are now in "the twilight of the nineteenth century," and we may well look back upon the day that is almost past, and note a few of those who have nobly borne their part, and judge whether they are not worthy of a hero's name.

At the dawn of the century Asia, Africa and the isles of the sea were shrouded in darkness. Now the beams of a Christian civilization are dispelling the gloom of ignorance and superstition, but it was begun by such as the Judsons in Burmah, Living-

stone, Moffatt, and Taylor in Africa, and many others no less heroic although comparatively unknown.

Our own land still mourns the loss of Grant, Sheridan and Sherman, while England remembers with pride her Wellington, Havelock and later still "Chinese" Gordon, but we have learned that some who are unstained with powder and around whom the battle-smoke has never curled may be as truly heroic as those renowned in war. What nobler man than Lincoln can any age produce? Stainless in character, wise in judgment, he guided the nation through the most perilous crisis of its existence. If he was not a hero the world has never known one.

We must not forget Stanley, the explorer of the Dark Continent, whose name the world deems worthy of a special place upon the roll of honor, nor Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, and Kate Shelly, the Iowa girl who crept across the broken bridge to warn the coming train.

There is another class of men and women who have the courage to stand as champions of a just but unpopular cause. They are not called heroes now, the world has named them "cranks," but the next generation will recognize them at their true worth.

#### EXCHANGE.

In no one of our exchanges have we noticed greater improvement since the first of the year than in "The Pacific Academician." We note that the enterprising people, who are backing the Newburg Academy, contemplate extending the curriculum to a full college course. We congratulate them for their enterprise.

A skeleton was recently unearthed in the West, holding a one-cent piece clenched in one hand. Some wicked and uncharitable newspaper has since intimated that it was

probably the remains of some college editor who tried to take his wealth along with him.—Ex.

The Compendium, published at Roseburg, Oregon, is one of our most esteemed exchanges.

It is the official organ of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and is devoted to the advancement of popular education.

Every teacher in the State of Oregon should subscribe for it.

This is the description of Harvard a young Japanese sent home: "A very large building where the boys play football, and on wet days they read books."

The richest American college is Columbia with an endowment of \$9,000,000; Harvard comes next with \$7,000,000.—Ex.

The Student speaks to the point, in the last number, on the importance of individual effort on the part of students.

It also contains the following advice in the exchange column: "Worry kills, not work. Never go to bed hungry. Breathe through the nose. Late to bed and early to rise weakens the stomach, the brain and the eyes." We doubt whether the students boarding at the hall can heed the advice contained in the second clause which reads: "Never go to bed hungry."

There are 100,000,000 postage stamps used in the United States yearly. Some mathematical Dutchman revealed the fact that owing to the change some time ago made in the size of stamps, the citizens of this country have two acres and a half less to lick than formerly.—Ex.

The Columbia College Library is said to be the best managed library in the world.

Writing materials are furnished for the visitors and light meals are supplied to the

students too busy to leave their work.—Advance.

In a certain college of western Pennsylvania it is customary for the Junior class to furnish the music for the Senior address. On a recent occasion, as the Seniors were marching to the platform headed by the President of the college, the Juniors began to sing, "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."—Ex.

There are many people that look with prejudiced eyes upon anything that the great infidel (Bob Ingersol) would write, but can anyone read the following, however prejudiced he may be, without being touched by its beauty: "The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp string with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touches of the organ keys! Blow, bugler, blow until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves charming the wandering lovers on the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy larch—the laugh that fills the eye with light and dimples every cheek with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care."—Mephistophelian.

#### PERSONALS.

Wm. T. Watt is at his home at Scapoose, Oregon.

Miss Acta Forest is a successful teacher at McMinnville.

Mr. V. S. Smith has entered on the classical course. Mr. Smith has been quite a traveller in his time, but has concluded to settle down and tussle with Greek roots and mathematical problems.

H. F. Pierce has returned home to manage a large tract of wheat land for his father.

A. A. Stafford will soon go with a surveying party, on the Coast near Yaquina.

J. H. Scott, of Howell Prairie, put in his appearance at the University one day last week.

Wm. T. Rigby, who has been teaching at Adams, Oregon, has closed his school and is thinking of editing a newspaper at Athena, Umatilla County, Oregon.

G. A. R.—Do you think Professor would care if I should accompany you home? Young lady (about half way home)—I think Professor would care. They separate.

Misses Lillie Aitkin, Jennie Wade and May Harris will return, at the close of the term, to their homes at Enterprise, Oregon.

Jas. A. Bartel, who was a student of Willamette in '89, having finished the Medical Course at Columbus, Ohio, has returned on a visit. He is intending to practice in Washington. May success attend him.

#### LOCAL.

Spring has at last arrived with the flowers and the usual spring fever and homesickness among the students.

Many are the conjectures as to what the building, on the north-west corner of the campus will be when completed; some say a real estate office, others the new college.

The Epworth League, at Salem, has decided to spend two evenings of each month in the cause of temperance. May success crown the work.

Mrs. Mamie Brown, (Miss Parvin) a former student of Willamette, is visiting with her parents in this city. She was agreeably surprised Friday evening, March 27, by a party of her former friends, who had come to spend the evening with her.

The prizes offered a few months ago by the COLLEGIAN have been awarded as follows: For excellence in historical production, O.

N. Nelson, in poetry, E. B. Fletcher, for the best story, Miss Alma Mills.

Down the Murray River was the subject of a lecture given recently in chapel.

The graduating class of the Conservatory for 1891 gave a concert at the University Chapel on Wednesday evening, March 18.

The future home of the University has been decided to be north of the fair grounds, the trustees having met Wednesday, March 25, and so decreed.

On Friday evening, March 13, quite a number of the students met at the University and enjoyed a very pleasant social time, the evening was spent in games, etc., and an oyster supper was served which some of the boarding hall boys say was the best part of the social.

Nearly a hundred of Willamette's students spent Saturday, March 21, on the river going as far south as Albany. Although the forenoon was not so pleasant as might be desired every one reported to have enjoyed himself, and the only accident which occurred was a pair of overshoes fell over board for which the owner was at first inconsolable but has been seen to smile once since. On the return home the S. T. F. C's rendered some music which was very much appreciated by their audience.

The commencement of the Law Department of the University will take place on the 25th of April. The class consists of five young men from 20 to 35 years of age. They have procured an eminent jurist to make an address on the coming occasion.

Students! Before you get your pictures taken, go to Cherrington Bros. Gallery and look at the work done. You can not fail to see its superior qualities. Reduction to Students.

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FROUDE.

A book is a living voice. It is a spirit walking upon the face of the earth. It continues to be the living thought of a person separated from us by space and time. Men pass away; moments crumble into dust—what remains and survives is human thought.

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### TO CRUSH THE SLAVE TRADE.

All the nations that took part in the recent anti-slavery conference, at Brussels, have now signed the General Act in which the result of six months' deliberations are embodied. The General Act will doubtless be ratified by the seventeen governments which took part in the conference, and this year will probably witness the beginning of one of the greatest humanitarian movements of the age. These nations propose to co-operate in connecting with the coast, by good roads, regions which are being depopulated by slave raiders. They will establish stations where helpless natives may receive protection, and from which armed forces may issue to stop the slave raider in his work. They will place steamboats upon the large rivers and lakes, will try to stimulate the natives to habits of industry, will patrol the high seas to stop slave exportation, and from the center of Africa to the sea will further every enterprise which will help to crush the slave traffic. This work will have the sympathy of the entire civilized world, and the most of the leading powers will have a hand in carrying it out.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

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