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friends will flock to our support. Possibly there are in this city of Chicago numerous millionaires pledged to woman suffrage and all its consequences, who have thousands for a mixed school, but not a cent for the University of to-day. If there are such there is no longer room for jesting; a ladies' college we shall have. We suspect, however, that few of the present undergraduates will remain long enough to testify to the success or failure of the new system.

Yet we believe that the signs of the times are that, eventually, no first-class institution of learning will be established exclusively for either sex. It is news to us that any considerable number of those who hold the reins of the University favor the admission of ladies. Were it left to the students themselves many would vote against it.

In our opinion, no valid argument has ever been adduced against giving our sisters as thorough an education as we are presumed to acquire ourselves. Were this the place and time to discuss the subject, we could mention a column of reasons why it is unjust to teach logic and mathematics to one-half the human family, and painting and music to the other half. We await the report of the committee with a great deal of interest, though we can scarcely say hopefully.

We hold it to be one of the chief advantages which our University has over others of an equally high standard, that it is situated in a large city. There are many points of difference between a country and a city school, and the difference is in favor of the city. It is true that we are not an element in society, while the rural college forms the chief attraction of the place. Our little speeches and our modest names seldom find their way to the printers, while on the other hand a weekly correspondence is kept up between every country academy and the city papers. These things are not pleasing to our vanity if we seek notoriety. But whatever advantage a practical man has over a theorist; whatever good may be gained from observation and example, from witnessing how men build up success or failure—that advantage is ours. Here we are in medias res, where all the agencies of social, political, and business life wage their fierce battles, and where fortunes and reputations are the sport of the wind. To grow up, with the mental faculties constantly training in the parade ground of the school, and allowed to give an occasional hour to witnessing the actual encounters of bulls
and bears on "Change, is to have the only true education. If any spend all their time in coming formularies and writing Greek, they are neglecting the better half of their requirements. There are times when books want to be lapped, and when a half day's littering among the shops and offices is a satisfaction. Shakespeare's brain in his head and more money in his pocket, than a week of book knowledge. What the student wants most of all is to keep his eyes open, whether in the classroom, the street-car, or the courtroom. Familiarity with the forms of Greek roots gives one a knowledge of the language, and familiarity with the ways of the world, fits one to graduate from theory to business. Of all the places where colleges are established, a city like Chicago is the best, and when time and a discriminating public shall give us the money and the men, the apparatus, museums and libraries collected at Berlin, no other university in the world can surpass ours.

One of the most marked evidences of progress and good sense in our educational system in this country is the prominence which the modern languages, especially the French and the German, have acquired in our curriculum of our best institutions of learning. We do not propose to enter into any discussion as to the relative merits of the ancient and modern languages as a means of mental discipline. There is no desire to supplant the Greek and Latin classics which the universal verdict of centuries has pronounced essential to the highest mental development and culture. But an important place in the system of higher education, the time has come when no college should presume to send a young man out into the world, as educated, until it has placed within his reach the keys by which he can unlock for himself the rich treasure-houses of French and German thought. It is a matter of congratulation that the students who wish to learn in these languages, each other's customs, manners, and ideas. For it is a recognition of which we all can be proud. From many such considerations no person would be thought educated, and who would be "up with the times," as the saying goes, if he did not in some way attempt to neglect the study of modern languages. We are therefore happy that the authorities of the University of Chicago, showing themselves to be in this, as we are proud to say, in most other particulars, the enthusiasm which has been shown in the making of these two courses of study and the senior years, respectively. And, judging from the mass of material which is displayed in these departments, there is reason to believe that the wisdom of this measure will be fully vindicated.

When such men as Presidents McCosh and Eliot feel called upon to discuss the question whether or not it is best for students to attend upon a series of recitations in the study pursued, there must be something to say on both sides. There are those who, accustomed to the good old way, believe the beaten track the only proper one. There are those, again, who heartily endorse nothing unless it is an innovation. We would not too highly value the past, but we cannot but believe that to dispense with recitations would be to undermine the distinctive idea of a college or university. If one need not recite, where is the advantage of being enrolled in a member of a school? Students are generally poor. Would it not be better for them to pore over their books at home, and save expense? It is difficult to see how Harvard's future alumni can be taught to call her blessed, if she carries out her present plans. The two benefits derived from attendance upon recitations which are of paramount value. First, the actual assistance and information given by the teacher cannot be gained by private study in twice the time. But, of all the influence of the different members of the class upon each other in promoting study, and securing a spirit of emulation, cannot be equalled in any other way whatever. But now the arguments seem to be all on one side, but if the friends of the new order of things can offer sufficient reasons for a change, we are not disposed to rank ourselves with the old fogies.

Here is a paragraph that is written for every man who proposes to have his name appear in the catalogue for 1872-3. A popular magazine spoke of THE VOLANTE, a few months ago, as "the organ of the University of Chicago." Webster says an "organ" is a medium of communication. "We have tried to say, time and again, that our columns are open to every one who has anything to say about us as a school or about our work. What are we to understand from the fact that no one cares to write unless repeatedly solicited? Are we to infer that you consider the paper unworthy of your notice? If so, make its power known by means of your own goose-quill. Give us a line or two of your news; some facts about our work, and the members of our faculty, and speak a word in behalf of the paper among your friends. Or does this plentiful lack of communications signify that you regard the editors perfectly competent to shoulder the whole responsibility, and able to publish unassisted a college newspaper in very fact? If this last be your meaning, we are deeply touched by this universal recognition. The more, the better. We are highly grateful for your tacit suggestion of the column of "pithy points." If the paper is not printed the way you might have, we say, blame the fault at the feet of every student who keeps to himself all the good things he hears. Write for us, all ye literary aspirants. Here is the stepping-stone to a world-wide reputation in the field of letters. And once again we say, write, write, write.

Self-conceit seems to flourish in some colleges. A college journal of very great pretensions and no small ability, is astonished at the profound stupidity of its contemporaries in wasting so much of their valuable space in book reviews, etc. In our stupidity we cannot precisely say why a student-editor has not as good a right, and is not just as competent, to express his opinion in regard to the merits of a book which he may have read, and which he likes, or dislikes, as the case may be, as to give his views in regard to any other subject which interests him, be it more or less profound, be it "base" hall, "co-education," or "compulsory religion." This same jovial, if our memory is good, same time ago thought it a matter of doubtful benefit to place college exchanges in the reading-room, where students might be read by any one week enough to do so. Those editors will certainly not die of excessive appreciation.

We learn that two members of the University are suspended for doing the most natural thing in the world, viz., dancing in Jones' Hall when some one was fiddling. We trust nothing serious will result from the little frolic the boys had on last Friday night, since, we feel certain, they did not wish or intend to disturb the faculty meeting. The college officers will be wise if they let it drop now. Half of Jones' Hall would be too many students to look at one time, for they surely will not expel one unless they do all.

We would most earnestly invite all our alumni friends to read the following communication from Mr. Henry A. Doane, and we take the liberty to publish it, because it states in such an excellent manner some things which we would have all, whom it may concern, reflect upon. Let all do likewise: subscribe for THE VOLANTE; write to us, tell us what you think, and don't forget to volunteer the information for your interested friends and classmates in other parts of the country.

Chicago, Feb. 17th, 1873.

RIPRE VOLANTE.—The receipt one day last week of a copy of THE VOLANTE gave me much pleasure. The fact is, I never have quite understood why I was dropped from its list of subscribers, for I assure you I don't owe a cent to it, and have always been very prompt in paying. I might have attributed it to the fire which burned up my place of business with the rest, of Chicago, only I have since been occupying quarters in a sufficiently public place to have been easily found out. Your idea of sending the paper out to the boys is a good one, and if you do not let them forget it they will all subscribe, at least, I can say that for my own classmates. The only trouble is that they neglect and then forget it. Keep them stirred up and they will subscribe. They all like to know about the rest of "our fellows," and the easiest and almost only way is through our college paper. The paper speaks enough for its own goodness, without my adding anything on that score. Please accept my sincere thanks.

Very truly yours,

Henry A. Gardner, Jr.
BENEFICIARIES OF THE UNIVERSITY.

WILLIAM JONES.

BY J. C. BURBEECH, D. D.

CHICAGO has had few citizens of more original and strongly marked character than Wm. Jones. From his home in Buffalo, New York, so far back as 1802, he saw clearly the destiny of this city, before the name of Chicago was well known. A man besides old Fort Dearborn, a miserable, swampy prairie and wretched bands of Indians. To transfer his heart’s little all, to make himself a part of the movement to create a city in the wilderness, and to stake his chances for life on the chances of his beloved city. In a battle which he could not fight, he hesitated to leave his customary evening call; for his fond affection, quickly turned to annoyance. A whispered conversation in the hall. And then, to his mother—from Miss Jones—That he met, and you may guess he did not readily appreciate the charge; At her primary expression. It was so under the impression that she was making a digression rather strange to

but her next was very shocking, Metaphorically speaking, for his perspicacity lies in the air, and the exuberant Metaphor of the wilderness. By his own example, he would prove that all who live in the wilderness must be true mechanics. It was a great and successful enterprise; and the objects of horror which she encountered were, it must be confessed, not Cyclops or Circe, but the (to her) not less terrible “land speculators,”

the profanity and their tobacco-splittle. Besides, she saw one wolf! This was a terrible terror which she made to the “interior,” that is, clear to Joliet, in returning from which mysterious allinea thale, the animal was distinctly seen running across the stage only a few rods distant. Old citizens of Chicago have assured me that it was a big dog, which some fellow—probably “land speculators”—had “trotted out,” purposely for the occasion. The cut, at least, if not the perpetrators of the sell, received immunity at the hands of the distinguished English-woman.

Mr. Jones had full share of the ordinary difficulties of reaching Chicago, and only achieved his object, if I remember rightly, after fighting from St. Joseph, where he had been promised a boat, but found none, around the head of Lake Michigan. Coming at that early day he had the advantages of the rapid expansion of the little trading post into the greatemporium, but he shared also the reverses which are the regular disciplinaries through which cities, as well as men, rise from immaturity to settled character. It was, accordingly, only late in life that he began to be recognized as among the wealthy men of Chicago. His generosity to public interests fully kept pace with his growth of fortune, so that it was only the suggestion of his own reputation, that he should be one of the first whose aid was sought when the University was projected. In fact, he was the first man to make a subscription to the object, and the history of that subscription I almost think worth recording, especially as it was unsolicited. I invited Mr. Jones to join me in trying to get a fund of about $5000, and he was about to go out with Mr. Douglas to see the grounds and to witness his acceptance of the severance. Characteristically remarking, “that he detested Mr. Douglas’ politics, but did not care a farthing for that, so far as taking him in a good piece of land was concerned,” he accepted the invitation. As the carriage drove up to his door, however, he inclined to reconsider the matter, suggesting that men who had money to give were the ones to go with that company; and even after his foot was on the step of the carriage he drew back and protested that it was unsuitable for him to go. “For,” said he, “I have no money to give, cannot give more than a thousand dollars at my rate, and will give that just as much as I should give.” That thousand dollars grew to about thirty thousand before Mr. Jones had done going to the University. Besides money, he also gave, what was equally valuable, his personal attention to its affairs, superintendence of buildings, &c. His almost unlimited credit was also freely used for the benefit of the University, and it is not too much to say, that, for his well-known responsibility, it would have been impossible, amid the financial disorder in which the crisis of 1857 had left the country, to build the same wing, as the consequence, the land would have re- and there would be no University of Chicago to-day. For nearly ten years he was the Chairman of the Executive Board, and gave to the meetings and all the business of the Board his strictest attention; and after the paralyzing, which he was afflicted for the last four years of his life prevented him from going out, the monthly meetings were held at his home. For clear and independent views in matters of business he had few superiors. In a manner he was sometimes abrupt and imperious, but those who knew him best knew that under the brusque exterior was a just mind and a warm and generous heart. We must regret to record the news of the death of Col. J. K. Jones, of Quincy, Mr. Norcross of Boston, a son-in-law, and other members of the family are among the most valued friends and benefactors of the University.

THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

BY W. W. KERVEN, JR., 57.

Just a century ago, in contemplation of the action of the Catholic powers in expelling the order, Pope Clement XIV. dissolved the Society of Jesuits. Though it has not recovered its former political status, its influence at Rome has at length overthrown that of the College of Cardinals, sowed the Pope, and called and controlled an Ecclesiastical Council. As subsequent events have proved, much foresight was shown in calling the council three years ago. A rapid change had been passing over the face of Europe since the revolutions of ’48, and especially since the close of the Franco-Austrian war ten years later. The long, scattered members of the Italian peninsula, in whose division the Papacy had found its only security, had united under Victor Emmanuel, and the results of the seven days carried by the other work, Isabella, the last obedient servant of the Pope, was driven from the Spanish throne, monasteries were suppressed by the government and opposed by the adherents of the inveterate enemies of the Italian populace of “On to Rome,” by the ever-threatening attitude of the Italian Parliament that delivered from holding its sessions in the eternal city only by foreign soldiers, a soldiery that France had placed there without warrant and might withdraw without warning; alarmed by the enormous army he must head every day, the Roman Catholic hierarchy was summoned from the ends of the earth to take counsel together. It was the 19th general council in as many centuries—a gathering of the dignitaries of the most ancient and wide-spread Catholic establishment. More than three centuries before the last council had met at Trent, to meet the issues of the Reformation, and the Council of Trent has continued with satisfaction the long struggle with Protestantism. Neither national nor territorial gains had been made by her in Europe, while in the old East and new West the church cannot control its personal interests. The city of Trent numbered but half as many legates and represented but half of Europe, whereas the 700 Bishops that came with their cardinals could not control the minds and oceans, after which he was afflicted for the last four years of his life prevented him from going out, the monthly meetings were held at his home. For clear and independent views in matters of business he had few superiors. In a manner he was sometimes abrupt and imperious, but those who knew him best knew that under the brusque exterior was a just mind and a warm and generous heart. We must regret to record the news of the death of Col. J. K. Jones, of Quincy, Mr. Norcross of Boston, a son-in-law, and other members of the family are among the most valued friends and benefactors of the University.
ing of Charlemagne and the triumphs of Pompey. And yet this magnificence was purely ecclesiastical. No monarch, not even the French revolution of the last century, might not have been able to summon and sit and dwell in this spirit. But Rome—Rome that had humbled a Barbarossa, a Henry, and a John—could trust. By the same token, however, the weighty word, the separation of church and state, was spoken for the first time in the history of the church. There was one difficulty not experienced before— forbearance and patience. Latin, though still the language of the mass, and somewhat familiar in the written service, is no longer, as it was even at the time of the Session of Trent— the common language of learning and law, of the library and the lecture-room. The difficulty of communication was heightened by the enriched acoustics of the hall of sessions, a baronial wing of St. Peter's, with a ceiling 70 feet high. The canvas swung across half way to the roof so that the colours did not offend the eye. To add to all this, the arbitrary withdrawal of the reports of speeches from the scrutiny of the Bishops, and the prohibition of conclusions, it may readily be seen what with intelligence the proceedings were conducted. Such treatment of Bishops was without precedent, but accorded throughout with the strictest Judicial management of the Council. The Pope assumed the right, formerly unheard of, of appointing, without consultation with the Council, the committee to decide upon the business to be laid before that body. He was thereby enabled to confine discussion as much as he pleased, and, what was far more important, to bring forward his own project, that he should have a voice in the proceedings, at the expense of his adversaries. This privilege had been denied him, the Council probably never could have pronounced the Pope infallible. Not content with this prerogative to prevent freedom of speech, it was ordered that intended remarks should be submitted in writing; that any ten Bishops could call for the close of discussion at any time, and the Pope or presiding Cardinal could adjourn a session at his discretion.

Assembled as they were in a city, whose every palace and cathedral resounded still the pomp and pageantry of the days of papal glory, whose very soil is hallowed by the footsteps of saints and apostles, whose atmosphere fills the Protestant, even the least sentimental, with cordial reverence; there, amid the august ceremonies celebrated within the mighty walls of St. Peter's, it cannot cause us wonder if the Fathers desired to add the only remaining honor to their body, by dedicating their holy diviné. But there were other and less sublime influences that conduced to the same result. Every member of the Council owed it to himself to have a clear idea of the papal board, a third of them presided over Italian dioceses and had common interests with the Pope, fifty of them had been recently consecrated bishops long since abandoned, forty others came from Spain.

It was only too evident that favor or favor would rule the Council, and that the minority from Northern Europe, however independent, would be compelled to succumb to the power of numbers.

On Dec. 8th, 1869, St. Peters swung open its lofty portals to welcome the Council. Files of French soldiers guarded the long white line set in splendid procession, and pressed back the multitudes swelling to the tide. First came, preceded by two veppers bearing the golden crescent, and attended by a retinue of grotesque leckeyes, the long and solemn cortège, clad in white satin hose, with slow and solemn tread, two by two. Next the Oriental Patriarchs, with jowl-studded, golden crowns; after them the Cardinals, the Senate of the church, distinguishable by their crimson caps, then, at some distance, surrounded by his Swiss Body Guard in armor of Angelo's design, attended by chaplains and princes of the blood. At the head of the procession, in a glittering throne, in his glittering robes, bestowing benedictions on the kneeling crowd with upraised hand, the Pope, himself. A throng of fifty thousand surged in at the marble pavement of the broad nave and aisles of the Cathedral after him. At a dizzy height above them soared the grand dome, the masterpiece of Michael Angelo; on every hand there, inlaid in marble tablets of Popes and princes, the imperishable thought and skill of a Canova and a Thorwaldsen; above a score of altars the fading canvases of Raphael, Domenichino and Correggio are transformed and petrified in living mosaic; beneath the dome and around the high altar, saints and apostles tower enthroned on lofty pedestals, giants in stone. But the material grandeur does not attract the gaze of the multitude. The altars, the tomb of St. Peter are deserted by worshippers. The church is converted, to judge from the jargon of sounds, into another Babel, a great world's fair, in which every shape of costume, every shade of countenance is recognizable, to which all people, nations, and languages have assembled to worship the divine image that the Council had set up. The Doctors and dignitaries of the church sat in long rows in the right wing of the cathedral. The crowd gazes on tip-toe over the heads of the nobility down the long lines of Bishops, Archbishops, Patriarchs, and Cardinals to the papal throne. Arrayed in silver and gold, only equalled in the gorgeousness of his person and the blazyness of his pretensions by King Herod, the Pope looked down from his lofty seat upon the innumerable throng, and because he listened to their cries, saying, it is the voice of a god and not of a man, and gave not God the glory, the anger of the Lord smote him. A dark cloud burst over St. Peters during the impious ceremonies: a darker cloud covered the political horizons of Europe. The moon had waxed, France and Prussia were in arms, the Pope defenesian, his kingdom departed, his glory in the dust.

TEACHER AND TAUGHT.

In the term then of the Council, the Bishop of a remote country district, him who with pompous dignity superintends the village ‘graded school,’ and him who, crowned and titled, expands Blackstone, Calvin or Goldorn to a chosen few; I mean Brown Tom, in ‘the log school-house,’ and Goldman Smith at Cornell—and all the gradations between. There are certain qualifications which each of them must have, or not be worthy of the valuable position which nature designed to have tempered into polished steel. One of the chief requisites I esteem to be the ability, but most of all the disposition, to look into the heart and brain of the pupil, and ascertain what there is that constitutes him distinctively an individual, what peculiar gift of nature there is which possesses absolutely all created beings. For these plants naturally are as diverse as human thoughts, and the attempt to conform all to one man’s ideas is destructive of all originality, and hence of all intellectual growth. If I possess but a single grain of new truth it is my right to proclaim it, and the teacher who turns my thought into an old channel, and thus prevents my developing that truth, steals from me all that is especially mine, and from the world all that it could have gained from my having lived in it.

There is a class of self-styled educators who seek to curb all independent thought, and if the burning eloquence of an original idea urges a timid youth into the heroism of putting forth an opinion, as a turtle puts forth its head, a blow from the pedant’s feline causes it to be immediately withdrawn. If then the poor boy fails to take a prominent position in his class he is said to have no brains. Surely one of the designs of every man’s education is the promulgation of new truth. Our acquainting ourselves with known facts is not adding to the domain of knowledge one whit. Bayeux, in the midst of a high civilization, says of Hugh Miller, that he was one of the few men who have increased human knowledge. Then all you, who look into growing minds, be certain that your pupil is lifted against an impurity or an impertinence, and not against the peeping forth of an unknown law of the universe. The ancient century pedagogy, entrusted with the school-boy years of Bacon and Newton, would have made the Xenophobificus Anglorum an impossibility, and veiled the laws of gravitation through the ages. It is well for the world that filial obedience was not rendered less obliging by the homilemae and to Watt. "Here you have sitting for an hour, playing with the lid of the tea-kettle. Go read your books, and try to learn something!"

Many persons originally possessed sentiments and passions which they could have uttered in burning language, had they been the objects of an original style, but the acquisition of a false style has made them ingloriously mute. Usually, when a teacher of rhetoric desires his pupils to become fine writers, he teaches them the "authoritative style," that has all conform to it. Those souls may surge with a mighty passion, but they must avoid phrases which are full of meaning to them, and imitate phrases which movr full of meaning to Irving or Addison. The young pupil orator is too often cautioned against looking for his own soul for the words there quivering to be marshalled into line. He is told that the words for him to use are given inDodsworth's "Grammar", the manner of using them in "Hobbes," or some one has said, "in order to be the slave of their expression." Gradually he ceases to feel this burning, naie spontaneity which characterized his style, and assumes his "finishing touch of correct, fluent and elegant imitopacee." "Luther hurls his inaccuracy at the devil with some effect," says Weihe. "His style is not to be supposed that his modern imitators, though darkening the air with their inaccuracies, will succeed in blooting Satan out of existence." 

EXCHANGES.

The Yale Record recently censured Amherst College for advertising themselves as a merchant does his wares. Here is how The Student replies:

The money referred to was simply the $1,400 spent in the purchase and training of two crews which represented Amherst at the Springfield regatta, a slight memorial of which is a couple of flags in our college library. To advertisements in the press and in the national papers Amherst has been short-sighted—a past ten years at least. We can, however, excuse the Record its mistake more readily than other college journals. Times have changed since it was expected that the late War would have its report made to the world by the news despatch service of the evening papers, and that all that should ever present itself to a Yale mind in the light of an advertisement.

The Record has the floor!"
The Volante

The Chronicle started us recently by a savage attack upon the President of the Republic for his policy of excluding the use of such language with editorial dignity and college discipline. Either the editors of the Chronicle have fallen into a grave error and overstated the bounds of decency, or the Faculty are not the spirited and cultivated men we took them to be. For, can it be that they would allow such a state of things as the Chronicle declares exists there at the University? There is a tendency in all college papers to speak of Faculties as they thought they regulated that institution. We hereby deprecate it and hope it will be of short duration, and that, when relatives quarrel, strangers enjoy the laugh. There would need to be a lamentable state of affairs before we could countenance such language as the Chronicle has seen fit to use. To trust the wound has already been well dressed, and the patient is fast recovering.

This critic of the Magazine must be a terrible fellow. See how he has waded through the most profound essay (I) of the nineteenth century, for the simple purpose of exciting the envy of the Great American Traveller. It is the Edenic Temple in the Amistad, whence these great truths issue. In such a colossal scale was it "that fused facts back and down into the central force of a personal will, from and upon whose conjunction universes with their contents flowed, not floated, into true cosmic harmony." We learn, further on, that "in vital matters, man and woman are equal. In functional relation to the cosmic order, each is other's superior." This appealing fact should be borne in mind, and we do not doubt that our readers will share their future courses by the light herein afforded. Some of them, however, may be inclined to question the truth of the concluding sentence: "In sufficiency, fulness, simplicity, strength, sweetness, science has no such word as "even.""

"Ever," if Mr. Frail wishes to reply, our column will be open to him.

Here is how some fellows follow "does" the girl (in the nature) of Harvard, in a letter to the Magazine, dated 1905:

One drawback to our progress here is the badness of the instructors. When we advance an opinion in the class-room, and back it up with argument, the professor appears to draw back into his shell, and to declare war to us, because we are ladies. They needn't be so badly afraid of us. Mean- While, in the same way that a particular young man and teacher try to avoid them if they can, such a book has not been written, and can not be. The nearest approach to it is a collection of precepts and warnings and incitements that will help toward success in any calling. The work is designed to be read by persons of every profession and trade, and he who is not aided by this latest and best of prac- tical books, must be either an adept or a blackguard. The Lake- side critic forgets an important fact when he assumes that the "vanegated collection of wise thoughts" selected by Dr. Matthews are "familiar favorites" with his readers. The book is intended to fill into the hands of, not successful business men, not distinguished scientists and philosophers, but persons considering a change of vocation. It is in the grand habit that the good failure. The "wise thoughts" are not all "familiar" to such persons even though they be to reviewers.

The selection, which is called a "gravar fault" seems to refer to the morals of the book. Of this we do not care to speak, farther than to say that the first requisite of suc- cess of the man not the success is hidden from human vision, and fruits have gone to their long-continued, and "intelectual" of the evening begun by a very satisfactory and quite pleasant talk on the good post-hoc, the Students' Association, Mr. O.C. Weller. Mr. A. Mitchell, of the house, at the table, are, next to the toast, "Hash." He protested that he felt much embarrassment in approaching his subject. He is in a poor health. Has been boarding all his life, and to speak.

His convictions would call down upon him the wrath of myriads of landladies. He urged the students to rise betimes with the lark and work like the busy bee. Reference was made to claims and griefs that climb the first tree—the early worm—and there discovers and settles the had penis which always comes home to root. For the ben- efit of the poor old schoolmaster's, Mr. Jayne closed his speech by reading a very touching extract from a paper pub- lished immediately after the death of the great patriot. Dr. Burroughs was then called upon and responded to the toast:

"The University of the North-west." The Dr. at first ex- pressed some difficulty in apprehending the real import of the subject given. He first thought it had reference to the proposed ladies' department of the University, but finally concluded that it did not mean anything more than the University of Chicago simple reason. As both officers and students hoped it would be long before Washington's birthday, we all, in our hearts, responded, "Amen! So mote it be." Mr. Mountain, of the senior class, was indeed the recurrence of the excellencies of some of his classmates, and of course prophesied for them an elevated and brilliant future. Professor Denslow was next called upon, and responded in an appropriate speech, appropriate to the occasion. He concluded by reciting a couplet taken from the great poet:

"What makes a State." Mr. Lewis, of the freshman class, re- respond to the toast, "The Freshman class and their Whis- cons portent. They then called upon the freshmen to arise and were presented to the audience, and their waiters shown to all. It was a touching sight! Mr. Barlow of the frosh class, next responded to the toast, "Hash." He protested that he felt much embarrassment in approaching his subject. He is in a poor health. Has been boarding all his life, and to speak.
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CLASS elections seem to progress unusually slow in the University. Whether the reason for this is that no one wants an office, or that everybody wants one, we shall not presume to say.

Mr. Treat is about to re-establish "The Phrenological Society," of which we heard so much last year. We understand he is negativing the University Board in the purpose of securing, for exhibition, specimens of "undeveloped crania." He certainly can not fail from the want of specimens.

A SENIOR in the Astronomical class wishes to know how an eclipse of the sun will appear if it should happen when the moon was only half full. Another one in the same class proposed to the much-estimted professor this conundrum, "If the orbits of the inferior planets were as large as those of the superior planets, would they revolve around the sun in equal time?"

A Sophomore, who seemed to have some ill-will towards the class above him, coming to the passage, "adulturus juvenes," in Paradigms, and thinking for a moment, blurted out, "The adultarius juvenis." Is it a slander?

Of the "boys" was out until a rather late hour the other evening, and, as may be gleaned from the narrative, did not think of returning until he had become "somewhat slightly." On reaching the corner of the street and seeing the street car, which he wished to take, pass by without being able to get it, he knew instinctively a lamp-post, and was heard to soliloquise thus: "Will, let by-gones be by-gones.

On the luxury of living in Chicago! Think of it—in one week Lucas, Kelling, Robinson, Ole Bull, Stanley, Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Gough, Phillips, and—and and Matilda Fletcher! All the warblings and the wallings and the eloquence of the East was over. Vertly this is the Hub. How we piloted the rest of the world, with only George Francis and Victoria to go into ecstasis over. And the genesis of these is Chi-ago.

The University Place Baptist Church has a new pastor, Rev. A. this term, and the Sunday School will, we believe, continue to be a great success. We have been told it is "far from being a success," but we are not at liberty to state the facts.

The freshmen have not yet held their election. The reason probably is they are all too timid to present themselves as candidates for office. Certainly?

We have always been of the opinion that the Chicago clergy (like everything else which has Chicago attached to it) is equal to that of any other city in the world. It is an open question now, since the pastor of one of the fashionable churches on the avenue portrayed in thrilling and palpitating colors the wretched life and unholy death of "Edgar A. Poe, the talented author of the 'Song of the Shirt.'"

The senior class attended chapel in full force the other morning.

Some of those who occupy rooms on the fourth floor of Jones Hall are prepared to testify that the jovial Cynics still live to make the midnight hour resound with heartfelt mirth and song.

The reading-room has a carpet, and now we have a cozy retreat as any one could ask for. And the boys seem to enjoy it, too, for after supper it is usually filled.

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compounded of Messrs. Twiss, Mitchell, Olsen and Rosey, did not so well as they probably would if they had had more opportunity to practice together.

After the dining-room ceremonies were over, numerous wide-awakes gathered themselves, "Moon behind the cloud, we won't go 'til the moon is out," and heard the violin play to a regular "break-down." Then late at night (early) hour ended another of the best holidays known to our college calendar.

If we may be pardoned for extending these already too lengthy remarks, we would offer one general criticism upon the literary portion of the evening's programme. It is a well-known fact that it is getting to be the next thing to an impossibility to induce the requisite number of students to respond to the committee has to go from one to another, in a vain attempt to get some one to promise to do something, within a few hours beforehand, when some philanthropist, rather than have a complete failure, will promise to make a merry of himself and speak without having sufficient time to prepare himself as he ought to. There are two causes of this state of things: one is that there is too much false modesty among the students on such occasions; a person will not do anything for fear he cannot do himself honor enough by his attempts. The other cause is that the students are too critical. It is an easy find fault with others for not doing well enough what you are not willing to do at all. With more modesty and less finding, we may in future years hope to see greater interest taken in the "speech-making," upon which the enjoyment of such a gathering so much depends.

"I laughed," said a student to one of the editors, "until my sides ached with pain, when I witnessed the stumpade in Jones Hall on Friday night. Little C.—was throwing his whole soul into the fisherman's horn-pipe, forty dancers were whirling through the hall, each keeping time to his own liking, and calling to himself. The fun grew fast and furious, the dancers danced more wildly, the youthful vioinst strained every aesthetic nerve (I) and sent the bow flying on its errand, when, as was expected as if Jupiter had joined the band in its wild frolic, Professor phined—appeared at the head of the stairs. Never did human eye witness such consternation. They fled in every direction. Locks did not keep the Professor out of the rooms. He dragged them from under the beds and sought them in every quarter until nearly every student had been in every direction. Streets they now were, poor fellows, fiddler and all, up before the aunts faculty.

Early last term, when we were called into the chapel to consider the "water-closet" question, the authorities informed the students that the "closet" would be kept in good order and cleaned twice a week. It promised to be kept. What has been the condition of the "water-closet," since that time? More than half the time the water-pipes have been out of order, and twice a week we have been cleaned four times, as far as we know; and the stench has been too intolerable. If any one doth this let him visit the place, if he can get within a mile of it. When introduced, the students congratulated themselves that they were not obliged to endure a costly and well-regulated affair, and many were the hearty praises bestowed upon the au-

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"The reading-room has a carpet, and now we have a cozy retreat as any one could ask for. And the boys seem to enjoy it, too, for after supper it is usually filled.

The city editor of one of our dailies gets sadly mixed in the water in front of the University Building sufficiently to admit of their ingress. A sidewalk will be by the same time our ladies' college is completed.
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We predict a rare musical treat for those fortunate ones who come early enough to get admittance to the University Place Baptist Church on Thursday evening, March 20. This is the time fixed upon for the first production of Dr. Geo. F. Root's charming operatic cantata, "The Haymakers," by the "University Chorus," under the direction of Dr. Root himself. The chorus, composed of accomplished singers, and lovers of music in the vicinity of the University, has met for drill and practice every Tuesday evening during the winter, and, if an enthusiastic and skillful leader is any guarantee, we can promise all who will attend the public performance an unusually fine exhibition of chorus singing. The ladies and gentlemen who assume the leading parts are too well known in musical circles in this part of the city to require more than a mere mention here. They are as follows:

MARY, (the farmer's daughter,) 1st Soprano, Miss Netty Everts.
ANNA, (" " " ) 2d Soprano, Miss Fanny Root.
DAIRY MAID, Mezzo Soprano, Miss Georgia Leonard.
FARMER, Baritone, Mr. Charles Root.
WILLIAM, (first assistant,) Tenor, Mr. G. S. Stebbins.
JOHN, (second assistant,) Bass, Mr. Wm. R. Roney.
SNIPKINS, (a city gentleman,) Baritone, Mr. F. W. Root.

The chorus parts will be rendered by the full chorus, numbering eighty voices.

Tickets to this entertainment can be had for the small sum of fifty cents; and, in view of the fact that, in addition to the entertainment itself, the proceeds are to be devoted to the improvement of the University grounds, we urge upon all the students in particular, and all our friends in general, to help make this financially, as it will be musically, a grand success.

ABROAD.

Mr. E. McClish, of the junior class, at Evanston, the man who opened the debate between the Adelphic and Athenaum last November, has gone and got doubled, according to the Tripod. Bless the laws, O ye juniors of Chicago, that keep you from this fatal plunge!

The Vassar Miscellany, after poetically telling the story of Rex Midas, how his daughter, when he kissed her, turned to gold, and his coffee was strangely metamorphosed, deduces this delightful and incontrovertible truth: Hoc table docet plain to see, Quamquam the notion's old, Hoc verum est at girls and grub, Much melior sunt than gold.

A promising youth of Lafayette attending church on Sunday night, espied a young lady whom he decided to beaux home after service. They had a delightful trip home, and were ready to walk in, but to their repeated pulls at the bell, no answer came from those within. Locked out, eh? What now to be done, our gallant youth was thinking, when the lady proved the man for the emergency and suggested that he go around in the alley and climb in through the window, which, of course, he promptly did, and pulled her in after him. Truly where there is a will there is a way. Just see how this dilemma was disposed of.—Lafayette Monthly.

These, then, are our long looked for reforms. A resignation by the sophomores of their time-honored prerogatives; forty cents' worth of old examination papers done up in book form; the right to smoke in the holy precincts of the Yard without scandalizing the feelings of some conscientious proctor; and as a climax to the remarkable category, men who are averse to cuts, and have been heard audibly to groan when an occasional one has been given, are to be informed that they may cut whenever they please.—Magenta.

There was a vast number of jokes perpetrated last fall during the raging of the epiphemic. The jokists are all quiet now—except while they are sneezing. They solemnly affirm that the epanthropic is not a proper subject for jest. There is just one of our professors who has not had it, and when a student pleads sickness as the excuse for an absence from recitation, the answer is, "Sic semper!"

It is surprising what strange blunders will be made by intelligent people. Think of a junior who spells the greatest of tragedies, "Hamblot;" or a senior who spoke of John Bunyan as a young man of "education and correct habits," or another who has never heard the word "Repository" and thought it a "funny name," or a senior again, who wrote a letter applying for a school and took it to a senior for correction, who found in it only nineteen errors!—Amiel.

Many persons besides school boys and college students—use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin! It is said that King Agisilaus, being asked by an ambassador from Epirus, why they had no walls for Sparta, replied "We have." Pointing to his marshaled army, he said: "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick."—Harper's Weekly.

Many years ago an effigy hung from a window in Darmouth Hall as the students were going to prayers. The only allusion President Lord made to it in the chapel was in this wise: "Some young gentlemen will do well to mend their ways, or they will be like the poor figure outside the window, suspended from college." Conspicuous absences from our ranks to-day intimate that this old admonition has not recently been heeded.—Darmouth.

Sophomores find the mock programme business unprofitable at Beloit College. At least those three or four are supposed to think so, whose occupation for the present is gone, and who are now looking wistfully about them for some other classic shades where there are less eccentric juniors to afford too tempting subjects for the effusion of sophomoric satire.

The new site of Trinity College, Hartford, is pronounced "magnificent." It consists of eighty acres on a height overlooking the Connecticut river, and the future buildings will be "conspicuous objects" to attract the attention of travelers for miles around.—University Herald.

A Soph at Michigan, who thought himself "some on draw poker," challenged a fresh to a little game, the loser to build the winner's fires for the winter. Said Soph now draws a poker through the clinkered intestines of said fresh's stove early every morning. Hard luck!—Chronicle.