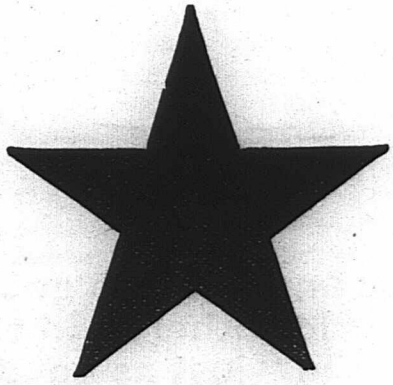
The Houghton Star



The Ethical Influence of Invention

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The Last of the Senecas

Volume II, No. 8

April 1910

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Lynde Bros., Houghton, N. Y.

THE ETHICAL INFLUENCE OF INVENTION

Waldo R. Emerson, '05.

We can readily see the influence of a great man or the power of the earthquake or hurricane, yet every wind that blows, every rain-drop that falls and even the dark silence of night have a controlling power as surely as does every deed of man or the manifestation of some great force.

Ethical influence has to do with man's duty to self, to his fellowman and to his Creator. It may seem strange at first thought that the mere inventive genius of man should impel his fellows to ascend a loftier plane of manhood, yet it is true.

Let us board the improved palace car of today and make our way backward for a century or more. Starting from one of our large cities, reclining upon a seat more comfortable than those found in the parlors of a hundred years ago, we cast a side glance from the window and behold a horseless carriage vying with the locomotive in speed; the electric car passing from street to street, a wonder to him who first beholds it, and over head we see a network of wires stretching hither and yon, representing a system of communication swifter than the mountain eagle in its hurried flight. We hear the shrill whistle of the factory with its multiplicity of improvements; the ocean steamer ploughs its way through the waves, laughing at the gale blowing against its prow; while the ponderous telescope points skyward to search out the wonders of the heavens, like Piso's leaning tower.

As the way is pursued all these ameliorations of man dissappear, the streets become rough and narrow.

The noise and bustle of manufacturing places is hushed, no cyclist speeds by, no electric lights sends forth its luminous rays. Lay aside that daily paper from which you have been reading the news of the world; step out of your palace car and take the ancient mode of the stage or horse back. Passing this way through the country we do not see the wheel plow and its rider, the self-binder gathering the golden grain nor the smoke of the steam thresher, and the weary traveler halting at the wayside well with its wooden bucket finds himself in the primitive state of civilization. Man is ignorant, immoral and superstitious. He toils from early morn until late at night to gain a sustenance. But as useful inventions were introduced the day of toil was shortened and lightened and opportunity was given for self-development. As one is thinking and studying how to form an easier method by which he may accomplish his task the mind is educated and strengthened and such education ever brings a better and purer atmosphere and causes man to see the beautiful and good about him.

There is an influence in art which today is being thrown broadcast over the world. Man's ingenuity makes it possible to copy and reproduce a work of art which may be placed in our museums and art galleries and where in time past but one was privileged to behold it, now thousands may gaze upon its beauty and be blessed through its benign influence.

Through invention man has been able to solve many mysteries of the heavens and with spy glasses and telescope he has discovered other worlds. He watches the movements of the planets as they glide by each other in rapid transit; he determines the time of eclipses and foretells meteoric showers. In studying the great forces of creation man is led to inquire after his Creator, the source of all elevating and purifying influences.

Man is a wonderful being,
  How great, ah who can tell?
His prestige is all-seeing
  On those who around him dwell

He seeketh out inventions
Which aid the sense of sight;
And still 'tis his intention
To soar away in flight

In valleys on the mountains,
On plains and rivers morge,
As gusheth forth earth's fountains
So doth man's thought enlarge

And by his mind enlightened
He rises day by day,
His moral tone is heightened;
Illumined is his way.

A BELATED DECISION, Concluded

Estella Glover.

Two years passed, Phillis had finished her music and was ready to go home. It was the night before she left and Hugh said to her, "Phillis, how about Africa, I am going, will you go?" She hesitated; she thought of the spiritual teaching she had received in Houghton and the missionary talk she had heard when a little girl, but she thought also how she hated to leave Hugh and she said very modestly, "Yes, I will go." When Phillis reached home she found a hearty welcome; her mother idolized her, her father petted her. Grandma Lee never saw such a wonderful child. She said to Phillis, "Law me child you're dreadful thin, but granny'll fix you up some herbs and in a few days you'll be fat as Tuts." Tuts was Phillis' pet dog.

Phillis had been home only a few months when a strange letter came to her. It was short. Hugh had written, "Dear Phillis, The missionary board must have some new workers immediately. Are you ready to go? If so wire me and I shall be there at once. Yours truly, Hugh." As she sat in the garden she read and re-read the letter. Why hadn't he written more? Did he mean to wait until he got there to tell the rest? Again she thought of her parents, her home and her music and she did not say I am ready, but she said, "Of course Hugh will feel hurt, but we can go later, some one else can go now." So she sent the message, "Not ready." She also wrote him saying they could go later. Little did she think he would go without her. Hugh was human, the spirit was willing, but the flesh said wait. It was hard, the crushing realities of leaving Phillis were almost more than he could bear, but he said, "Not my will but Thine be done."

He boarded the ship and bade good bye to native land. He enjoyed the mission work very much and after some months he thought to himself, perhaps Phillis is ready now. So he wrote and begged her to come. Phillis had grown proud and hauty. She simply wrote, "I care never to hear from you again." But poor girl, she did not mean it. She soon repented. She felt she had been fighting the spirit long enough. But the letter had gone. One morning as she stood basking in the sunlight, she seemed to see God in everything and said to her mother, "If I had the wings of the morning I would fly to Africa.' Phillis' mother was a consecrated woman and said, "go." But Grandma Lee said, "Law me child, you can't do nothing with them niggers, that feller's a dunce for asking you to. You are too frail for that dreadful hot climate, it must be pretty close to the under place." Phillis said, "I must go." She turned back to take the last look. She saw the old farm house with its flower garden, her pet dog, Tuts, wagging his tail, her pony, Star, standing by her father, poor old Grandma, her face in her apron and her dear mother waving her handkercheif and shouting, "Glory! Glory!

Glory! If I had a dozen girls I would gladly give them."

It was several weeks before Phillis reached Africa. At Freetown she met a missionary who was there on business. She learned from him that Hugh was at the point of death. Her letter, received when he was already weakened by overwork, was too much for his nervous system. With great anxiety she starts out for the mission. As they near the house they hear weeping and wailing of the natives. Her heart almost stops. She leaps from the hammock and runs to the door where she is met by one of the missionaries who places her arms around Phillis and whispers, "Have courage." Phillis answers, I must go to him at once." The lady kindly leads her into the room and leaves her alone with her dead. She stands motionless before Hugh's lifeless body, her hands clinched, her eyes fixed Then she staggers, she almost falls. She drops to her knees and prays. Finally she becomes calm and almost as if by an audible voice she hears the words spoken softly and tenderly, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR

By Joan

The day had been dark and dreary—
The clouds still covered the sky;
My heart was sad and weary,
And I felt no comfort nigh.

I gazed through the gloomy midnight
At the cloudy sky above,
And longed for some little token
Of God's unfailing love.

When lo! through the mist and darkness
A glorious star appeared,
Shining in all its splendor,
And my lonely heart was cheered.

"Star of the East" they call it,
And straightway it brought to mind
The star that guided the wise men
The new-borned Christ to find.

It spoke of the love of the Father
As revealed on Calvary's tree,
And low there came the whisper,
"He suffered that for thee."

"Does He still love me," I queried,
The star more brilliant shone,
"Lo, I am always with thee,
Thou art not left alone."

"Enough," my heart gave answer,
"Thy word I do believe,
O nevermore let earthborn clouds
My yielding heart deceive.

"Thou lovest me how can I doubt?
Since Thou didst die for me,
And everywhere I turn my gaze
Thy wondrous love I see.

"Forgive me, O forgive
That I should e'er forget
That Thou art not like man, untrue,
But Thou dost love me yet.

"And though the clouds bedim the sky
And all is gloomy without,
Within, Thy glorious light of love
Shall dispel every doubt.

"And when the storm of life is past,
The clouds shall disappear,
And Thou the wondrous King of Kings
In glory shall appear.

"Then in that happy home on high
My soul shall dwell secure,
Sheltered forever in Thy love
Eternal, strong and pure."

THE PROHIBITION LEAGUE

Estella Glover.

For the past few weeks there has been a special interest manifested in the Prohibition League. Perhaps this can be accounted for partially because it is almost time for the State contest and partially because of our entrance in the journalistic contest. Meetings are being held every week and the

time has been extended to forty-five minutes. The attendance at the past few meetings has been better than before. The programs have been interesting and profitable. At one of the recent programs there was a discussion on the subject "Is the Prohibition League a detriment to Houghton Seminary?" The same day toasts were given in answer to the question, "what can I do for prohibition?" At the last meeting the toasts were to this question, "What have I done for prohibition?" Judging from the toasts there are not a few who are taking an active part in prohibition work in Houghton. Also a study has been made of the present condition in Chicago where there is a great fight on over the question of prohibition.

Another line of work which the league has taken up in the last two weeks is the circulating of a petition in favor of the proposed County-Unit Prohibition Law. This law has been proposed in the State Legislature of New York and the Prohibition Leagues of the State, thinking that it would be much better than the present law, are doing their utmost to get it passed. Members of our League have circulated the petition throughout the school, the town, the surrounding country and the neighboring villages, and after obtaining a long list of signers have sent the petition to our assemblyman.

The history of our present work would not be complete without saying more concerning the journalistic contest which we have mentioned. The League which has the greatest number of inches of printed matter on the subject of prohibition in any paper or magazine entered as second class mail matter, during the period of two months, wins the contest. Essays, orations, poems and stories have been sent in from members of our League and we are anxiously waiting the results of the contest in great hopes of winning out.

THE LAST OF THE SENECAS

LaVay Fancher.

(One of the interesting places near Houghton is the unmarked grave of a true American. It is the injustice that came to this survivor of his race that stirred another loyal heart.—Editor.)

Man clings to that with which he has long been happily associated. He does not wish to depart, even for a short time, from a true and loving friend. He becomes attached to the place which for a few brief years serves as his home. He loves, and hates to leave his fatherland. If the state should decree that he must go forth an exile and see no more life's morning haunts or early manhood's bowers, with what sad steps must this exile wander forth into the hated place. How often must he think at eventide of joyous days spent in his own loved home! How must he detest those who drove him forth!

The man who is robbed of his means of sustenance naturally seeks revenge on those who robbed him of it. He lies in wait to catch the robber in a snare. He longs to have his own and never can forgive the unrighteous deed. To rise above a thought of hate, to claim as friends those who drove us from our homes requires a superhuman grace.

Long years ago the Indians held all the land along the peaceful Genesee. Here was their hunting ground. Here they reared their tepees. They loved to linger here, to trap and fish; but sadly, murmuringly, all were sent away. All, did I say? No, not all; for Copperhead, the aged, pleaded to remain. They told him to be gone; to seek another place. "What right have you to stay—you, who would possess the land and leave it idle? Go with the rest—your family and

your friends. Go where the voice of kindred calls." Patiently he listened to their words but could not yield. How could he go? He who had lived by the peaceful Genesee so many moons? Spurned from his land, he loathed to depart. A sympathizer granted him a meager strip of land on which he made his home. Here, bereft of kin and friends of his race, Copperhead dwelt among the haunts he loved so well. Here by his forgiving spirit he became friendly with those who drove his tribe away. Here he lived and walked among the whites as a brother.

Years passed away. Copperhead still lived in his little shelter, but now he had become very old and feeble. The bark of the fox no longer stirred his blood. There stirred within no longer a desire to catch the wary fish. Helpless though he was, he could—no, would not leave. Still here he lived on Houghton Heights, among the haunts and people that he loved. One cold, wintry morning in the spring no smoke arose from Copperhead's shelter. Kind friends came in. They found his prostrate form, but his passionate heart had ceased its weary beat. They buried in an unmarked grave where he had lived—him who had taught them to forgive.

For years the story was often told of Copperhead and his devotion to the spot. Now few tell the tale to their friends. None seem to know a brave heart lies buried in their midst.

A murmuring, restless brook has almost robbed him of his peaceful home—him who the ties of blood could not constrain to leave the place. Few know. Would I could tell to all who pass that way the story of that simple, earnest soul! Would that the heartless brook would never reach his grave and that a single stone might mark his resting place!

MISSIONS AS WE STUDY THEM

Lura Miner.

The program of the Young People's Foreign Missionary Society for this month was on the missionary work in Venezuela. From the parts rendered at this meeting we learned that Romanism has such a foothold there that it is a great hinderance to the establishment of Protestant missions. Nevertheless the mission work is progressing and much good is being done

On the evening of March 7, Mrs. L. E. Fenton of Bradford, Pa., spoke on the rescue work in that city where she and her husband are laboring. It was surely very interesting and encouraging to hear about the great work that has already been accomplished there; how the wonderful transforming power of God has been manifested in those who came from jails and the hands of sin. We were all greatly cheered to have "Aunty" Fenton with us again, although it was only for a short time.

In connection with the regular work in the text book this month the Mission Study Class have studied the life of Mohammed, his revelations, his work while living, and the growth of Mohammedanism. The class was favored by receiving letters direct from the field from Mrs. Hal Smith and Miss Hattie Crosby giving us a glimpse of their work and broadening our ideas of what a true missionary's life consists.

Renew Your Subscription Now.

The Houghton Star.

Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (10 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

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The paper will be discontinued at the expiration of subscription, hence the necessity of prompt renewal.

Advertising rates will be made known on application.

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Editorial.

There is a question which we have heard asked many times in one form or another, and which has been asking itself in our own mind, and which seems to demand an answer. The question forms itself something like this: "Is Houghton Seminary meeting, in a creditable manner, the sacrifice that has been, and is being made for her?' We are by no means able to answer this question fully, but there are some things so evident as to almost say themselves. We have also asked this question of several representative people, and nothing will appear in this editorial at variance with their answers. It is indeed not a question to which arithmetic, algebra or calculus may be successfully applied, though it must still be considered mathematically. One of our statisticians has estimated, perhaps accurately, the value of our annual "baby crop," but the basis of his calculation must necessarily be different from that which we must needs employ.

It needs little argument to prove that there has been no small sacrifice for Houghton. Several hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended on her in one way or another during the last quarter of a century. In hundreds of cases, some of which are known to nearly every one of us, this has meant a sacrifice to the very limit that the giver might have wherewith to give, or that a son or daughter or a neighbor's son or daughter might spend a four year's period at that institution.

What then has Houghton Seminary to offer to off-set this? What is an institution of learning? It has well been called the "finding-place" of the students; the place where the student, coming in contact with the various phases of life, finds to which one of them he is the best adapted. In an important sense, too, it is a sculptor's studio. Here it is, more than any place else in life, that a man receives those impressions which always remain with him, and which very largely determine the trend of his life.

It must be remembered first, that Houghton Seminary was created and is maintained by the Wesleyan Methodist connection as an aid in the dissemination of those truths and principles which it holds dearer than life. Perhaps it is necessary only to refer to the trend, and in may cases the decided character, of the teaching in so many of our educational centers to show that these sacred truths will not be very gently fostered there. Then when we consider that the mind of the student almost invariably takes on the character of his Alma Mater, it is surely not too much to conclude that there are some men today lined up in the defense of those truths who

would not have been so had not Houghton Seminary exerted her influence upon them.

But consider the proposition for a moment from a strictly financial stand point. Whereunto ought an educationl institution to look for its support? To many sources perhaps, but by far the most productive ought to be its Alumni.

Three quarters of a century ago Oberlin College was started with no more favorable prospects than was Houghton Seminary one quarter ago. What Oberlin College is today with respect to property is due almost entirely to her Alumni. That her running expenses are met is due again to her Alumni. There have been and still are those with us who are not called to preach the gospel nor yet to teach, but who are called to a business life and hence are called to succeed in that life. A part of business success is the accumulation of wealth. These men in the days of their prosperity will not forget their Alma Mater, but will pay back, perhaps many fold, that which was expended on their development. It may be objected that they may not feel like doing this. It is not a question of feeling. That alumnus has a very beggarly conception of the value of a trained mind if he does not realize the debt he owes to his Alma Mater.

But Houghton Seminary has to her credit an entry of vastly greater value. We said that here the student finds his place in life, that here the trend of his life is determined, and today the principles taught here are being lived throughout the country by a thousand lives. Who can estimate the good those lives are doing to society, and the advancement they are bringing to the Kingdom of our Christ? Do you wish examples? The flame kindled here burns in the life of an alumnus now in Central, S. C., and every year that flame is kindled anew in a hundred other lives who shall go forth to burn their impress on the life and thought of the Sunny South. Another alumnus from his office in Syracuse is influencing the thought of fifteen or twenty thousands of his brethren. Through the workings of Him who sees the end from the beginning, another alumnus now stands at the head of his own Alma Mater and thus brings to her a heart of love and a rich and experienced mind. Nor can we even mention those who have heard the call divine and have gone out to be the spiritual leaders of hundreds of communities.

Near the close of his life, the prospects of the institution for which W. J. Houghton had sacrificed so much, were very dark. In speaking with his son of the conditions, he urged him to stand by the school, for it had paid and would pay. Conditions might be dark "But," said he, "I can count twenty-six men who today are preaching the Gospel who, no doubt, would not be doing it had it not been for the school." He knew that she had paid because he saw something of the value of twenty-six men commissioned to preach the eternal truth of God. How many times twenty-six could we count today?

Indeed, we can not answer the question fully, but if you will estimate for us the amount of money that will be rightfully paid her, if you will estimate the value of the lives that have been touched and lifted heavenward, the value of the light she is shedding in Africa today, the value of her ever widening and deepening influence, and the direct value that she is to the church that founded her, we will promise to return to her a tremendous balance in her favor.

The Syracuse Evening Journal of March 2, in speaking of the County Unit Prohibition Bill which was reported by State Secretary Cramer in the February issue of "The Houghton Star," says: "Saloon keepers all over the state are more stirred up over this proposed legislation than

anything that has turned up for years." There are some men whose endorsement of a project we earnestly desire, there are others whose opposition we prize as highly when it comes to the merits of our project. The same paper remarks, "every effort to defeat the measure will be made."

We are glad to know, however, that there are other people to whom "every effort" does not seem too large a proposition.

How fortunate that we do not permit our Presidents to leave home for what would the eastern world possibly do if a real President should happen to pass through?

It would be very convenient for such places as Pittsburg, Albany and Philadelphia if they had minature Etnas through which they might procure relief in case of internal disturbance.

CURRENT HISTORY

Prof. McDonald has been in Buffalo on business.

Rev. Gertrude Preston of Olean was in town a few days ago.

Rev. E. W. Bruce has had a telephone installed in his house.

Rev. A. T. Jennings resumed his course of bible lectures last Sunday.

Mrs. Floyd Luckey of Caneadea visited at President Luckey's a few days ago.

Prof. and Mrs. McDowell have entertained Mrs. G. W. Knapp, a cousin, this week.

Mrs. J. S. Luckey and children spent March 18th in Caneadea, visiting relatives.

Miss Isabelle Willahan has returned from Eagle Harbor where she assisted in special meetings.

Friday, March 4, Leonard Houghton visited chapel. His remarks were much appreciated by the students.

Miss Mary Edgar and her father have returned from South Dakota. Miss Alison Edgar will remain there.

Mrs. Clara Fenton spoke in the chapel March 7th. Her remarks were given in behalf of the Bradford City Mission.

The members of the faculty with their families surprised the Rev. Clow with an informal gathering at his home March 11. Warm sugar and maple wax were served.

C. G. Wagoner left recently for Vale, South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Peasley are now residing on the Thayer farm.

Miss Emma Johnson and Miss Don McCarthy are on the sick list.

Mrs. W. Robbins recently visited his sister, Mrs. Harris, at Cuba, N. Y.

Prof. McDowell assisted Mr. Davy in quarterly meetings at Fillmore March 20th.

Henry Clark of Fillmore, who is an old student, spent Saturday in town taking pictures.

Prof. Bond of Miltonvale, Kansas, visited here over Sunday. His stay was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnahan and their little daughter have been visiting Rev. and Mrs. A. T. Jennings.

Mrs. Keeler of Olean has been spending several days with her daughter, June, who is now a student here.

Prof. Wm. Greenberg gave an interesting chapel talk on the physical geography of this region last week.

Mrs. Kathryn Greenberg Woodside has returned from New Mexico. She will spend several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Greenberg.

Friday, the 24th, a reception was given by the students and faculty in honor of Mrs. Clara Fenton and Prof. Silas Bond. An interesting program was rendered.

Mr. Leonard Fagan spent last Sunday in town.

Miss Gertrude Palmer has been suffering with quinsy.

Arlington Willahan, a former student, visited town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Thompson left for their home in South Dakota March 9. Miss Cita and Master John accompanied them.

Mrs. Earl Cookson of Kansas is visiting her mother, Mrs. Benton. Mr. Cookson expects to serve on the Olean charge during the coming year.

Pres. Luckey returned the 21st of March from the Allegany Conference. The next day he again left town to attend a meeting of the Educational Board at Syracuse.

Last Wednesday evening a farewell reception was given to the Rev. Clow who has finished his pastorate here and to Prof. Wm. Greenberg, who is leaving to begin claim life in South Dakota.

Mr. Clarence Dudley has left school because of illness.

Miss Edna Bedford spent a day in Rochester recently.

Miss Bessie Farnsworth is spending Easter at her home in Shirley, Mass.

Miss Alpha Bedford spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Bedford.

In the absence of Mrs. Wright, Miss Jennie Wright is keeping house for her brother.

Mrs. Wm. Crosby is visiting her mother, Mrs. Brooks, at Corry, Pa. She intends to leave soon for South Dakota where she will take up a claim.

Mr. Robert Fulton, lecturer and reader, lectured in the afternoon of March 18th on "Oratory." In the evening he rendered a program both instructive and entertaining, impressing on our minds the importance of self-expression and the fact that the successful man is the one who best knows how to express himself.

SPRING POETRY

Same old zephyrs, same old rills,
Same old tiresome daffodills.

Same old lambkins, same old bees,
Same old budding willow trees.

Same old robbins, same old dew;
Spring has nothing that is new.

Same old greensward, Nature's couch;
Same old poet with a grouch.

The hard heartedness of some chronic growler as shown in the above lines taken from the "Louisville Courier Journal" stirred the nature loving heart of one of our poets and he has breathed into the lines a different spirit

Soft spring zephyrs, dancing rills,
Pretty golden daffodils.

Skipping lambkins, humming bees,
New life budding in the trees.

Busy robins, morning dew;
Spring, we greet thee, ever new!

'Neath the greensward, Nature's couch,
Bury the poet with a grouch.

In the campground's pleasant shade
Strolled a lover and a maid,
Soon a ladder they espy,
By the auditorium high.
"Let us climb," they quickly say,
And they upward wend their way.
Safely seated calm and grand,
They are viewing all the land,
By the telescope's good aid.
Now a wanderer slowly strayed
Near the place, and at one view
Knew exactly what to do;
Quickly seized the ladder's base
Shoved it gently from its place,
Hastened quickly from their view,
Left them there to foam and stew.

—Anonymous.

SOME OLD STUDENTS

In our January issue we stated on rumor's authority that Miss Nora Lawrence was married to a wealthy bachelor. We have since heard from our old friend and make a correction by publishing the following taken from a southern publication:

"A beautiful home wedding and one of much interest was that of Miss Nora Lawrence and Mr. Roy B. Smith of Cohoes, N. Y., which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawrence, on Wednesday afternoon at two oclock in the presence of a large circle of friends.

This wedding is the culmination of an attachment formed while the parties were at school at Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N. Y. The bride is a woman of unusual intellectual attainments, and in the newspaperwork, her chosen field, she has done much for the advancement of South Georgia. She is a member of the Georgia Press Association and from her annual papers before this body and from the columns of her own paper she has become widely and favorably known throughout the South.

The groom is a successful young business man of Cohoes, N. Y., holding a lucrative position with E. B. Laughlin Co. He is a young man of attractive personality and by his manly bearing and sterling worth he has won a large circle of friends in both the social and business world.

Immediately after the wedding the couple left for an extensive trip, visiting many points of interest in the North, terminating in a visit to the groom's family at Lisbon on the St. Lawrence, after which they will be at home at 274 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y."

A few of our southern friends have been heard from. Preston Smith is in Central, S. C., having recently taken to himself a wife from Mississippi. Mattye Armentrout is working in a bank at Ashburn, Ga. R. J. Ross is a carrier on a rural route starting from Ashbun. Mrs. Mary Williams Giddens lives at Tiblon, Ga. Mary Lawrence is enjoying her year's work at Central. Sara Wright is now Mrs. Medin and lives at Greenwood, S. C.

Mr. Frank Rogers is at his home on the St. Lawrence. Howard Hyde is working on a farm at Pottsdam, N. Y.

Dr. I. H. Woodhead and wife of Forksville Pa., recently spent a few days with us. Sullivan Co. looses a good two hundred pounds whenever the doctor goes away.

In a letter to the Wesleyan Methodsit from Rev. W. R. Emerson we read, "We are rejoicing over the advent of our firstborn son, who came to us February 1st."

May we ask here that our old students send in information concerning other old students and be sure not to forget to tell us who and where you yourself are.

THE WONDERINGS OF A MIND

Style credit to Walt Mason.

One more winter is gently ending, one more winter of snow and rain; and I am sitting deeply thinking of the season just now gone, and I am wondering, deeply wondering, of the opportunities that have past, and all through my being creeping comes the sense of them so fast. I've been cranky, cross and crabid and I've slung things right and left, til I almost feel like "Nothing" when I think what I have done: and I've criticised my teacher and perhaps not missed my friends, till it seems as if

my "Talker" could almost have cursed the sun. But I've changed my methods lately and I am waiting for the chance, and determining with each moment that for others I must live, till I feel my utter weakness and cry out to God for help. Yes, my friends, I've truly vowed it, that I'll help the needy ones, and that forever cranky, cross or crabid I will not be, nor will I gossip around the town about my neighbors or my mother-in-law.

Man at his best is but a bubble on the strenuous sea of life. He rises on the surf, takes a few glances about, does his little duty and perishes. But what of that duty? Let each one find his duty and adhere to it. Be sure that the duty you choose for yours is not for self pleasure or gain. Make your will coincide with the will of God and extend a lifting hand to the needy and pleasure will be yours without the asking and your life-bubble will be a benediction to the world.

(All honor of which I will to Mr. David Scott at death.)

Solemnly yours, Theos.

The following bit of humor on "The Coming Race," copied from the New York Sun, would be more amusing were the possibilities it suggests not quite so imminent.

Tell me, mother, is it really
True, as jokers love to state,
That when you were young as I am
You had meat to masticate?

People tell such funny stories,
Things that cannot be, you know,
So I thought I'd ask you, mother,
If this fairy tale were so.

Tell me, mother, are they joking
When these foolish people say
You had butter on the table
Sometimes even twice a day?

Eggs, I know were once quite common,
This I learn from books I read,
But that you ate meat and butter
Seems incredible, indeed.

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