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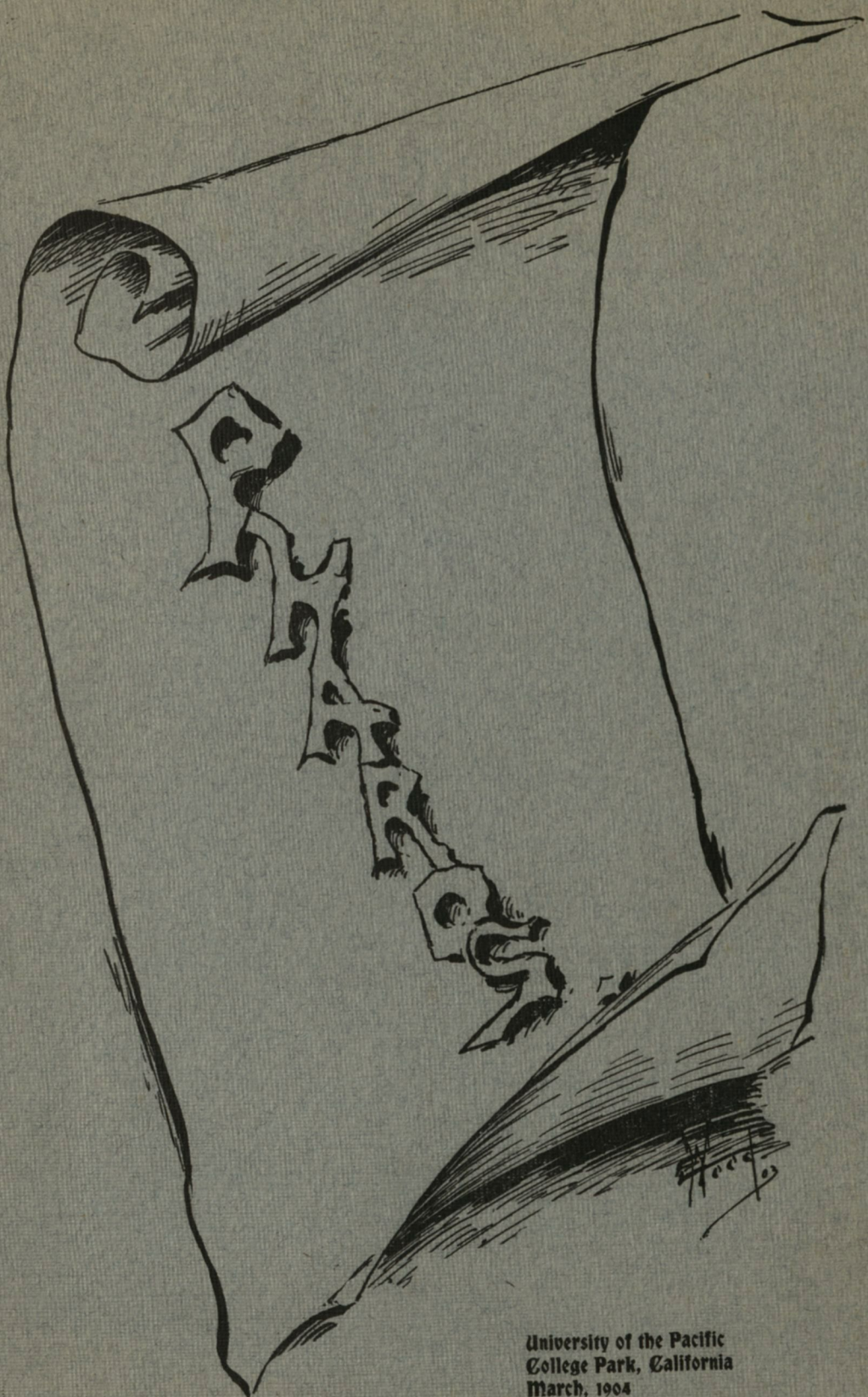

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March, 1904

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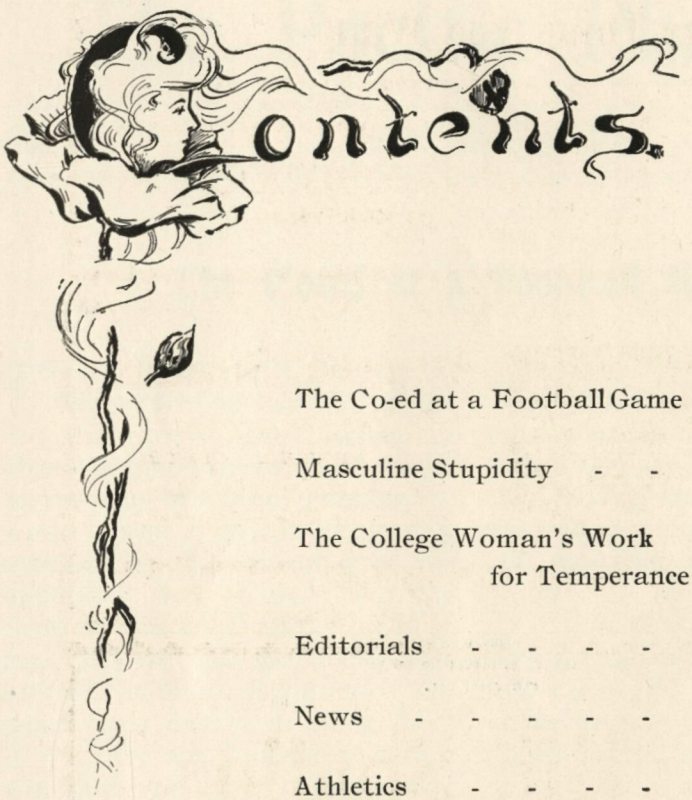

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The Pacific Pharos.

Vol. viii. U. of P., March, 1904. No. 6

The Co-ed at a Foot-ball Game.

THERE is not a girl, I'm sure, in this whole wide world who has not experienced that feeling of abject disappointment which comes to one who has been planning for weeks ahead a certain event and awakes on the morning of the appointed day to find that the elements have conspired against her. Let me ask—have you ever attended an intercollegiate foot-ball game on a drizzly dripping day? If you have not, I hasten to assure you that you have missed a rare and splendid opportunity of exhibiting to the world at large your marvelous lack of good common sense; provided, of course, you are equipped with anything like the proper amount of enthusiasm. But if you have witnessed such an occasion you will readily remember how, as you looked out in the early morning and viewed the dismal prospect, you questioned for one brief instant the sanity of venturing forth on such a day. However, it was but a passing thought and as the afternoon approached you realized that your determination to go was equalled only by your enthusiasm.

Just fifteen minutes before the appointed time you find yourself seated and expectant. A drizzling rain having set in, you also find yourself wishing vaguely, and at odd intervals, that you had not decided, at the last moment, to wear your new winter bonnet; but time for the consideration of such trifles is short. After what seems an eternity to you the first eleven appear on the field and with their advent the excitement begins in earnest. Amid the ringing shouts and cheers you rise to your feet, but—so does everyone else. Not to be deprived of your privilege to see, you mount with grim determination to what was your seat. The rest do likewise, and so accepting the inevitable with surprising grace you content yourself with standing on tip-toe and giving vent to your pent up emotions in a number of discordant shrieks.

Presently the rain pours down in torrents but any regret you may have experienced for your folly has long since vanished and now you are carried away on such a wave

of ardor and enthusiasm that you could not resist it if you would. At length the first half of the game is finished with the score-card reading 2-0 in favor of the Blue and Gold. Shame on the disloyal Californian who would let a few showery drops mar in the least degree the wild pleasure of such a moment. You at least would scorn to be counted of his number and this fact you amply manifest. Your umbrella which has hitherto lain at your feet, folded in quiet repose, is now snatched from its resting place and waved on high, utterly regardless of hats, heads or any other obstacles that may beset its path; nor is that umbrella any respector of persons, but sweeps on undaunted by the frowns and threats hurled after it in its mad career.

And so throughout the entire game, although blissfully ignorant at times of the cause, you shout and weep and cheer with the multitude, until at last the second half is ended. Now, indeed, it is time to shout, and shout you do until it seems as if your throat must split. But what matter if it does; who would not gladly pay the penalty of speaking for a fortnight in whispers to seize the opportunity of joining in this last exultant chorus, and although owing to the peculiar and unprecedented use of your vocal organs you may not for days be able to rehearse the event with proper spirit, there is, nevertheless, ample compensation for what inconvenience you may suffer, in that satisfying feeling of having had a small share in a great victory.

'07.

Masculine Stupidity.

SALLIE was busy—she was very busy; she was making French knots. Now anyone who knows anything about anything, knows that of all knotty propositions, French knots are the knottiest, and therefore they require much concentration of thought and effort. This explains why Sallie's smooth, white brow was puckered up, and the corners of her rosy mouth were drawn down as she jabbed viciously with her needle, and now and then jerked the silk impatiently.

"But I can't see how that explains it," said Bob. Bob was occasionally permitted to sit within ten feet of Sallie and watch her make French knots or embroider collars and things. If he did not feel that his bliss was complete to be allowed such a privilege, he never made complaint. To have made complaint would have been to be sentenced to a distance of eleven feet, and that only once a week instead of thrice, as now. So Bob sat on a pile of cushions at her feet today.

"Nonsense, of course that explains it," said Sallie, "don't be stupid."

"But it doesn't," persisted Bob. "I say I can't live without you, and I want you to marry me. You reply that you cannot and then offer by way of explanation the statement that Daisy Blake is your dearest friend. And I insist that it is no explanation and I must beg of you to elucidate yourself. It's a serious matter, Sallie, and what Daisy Blake has to do with it is more than I can imagine. If only you would stop sewing and look at a fellow once in a while! O no, I didn't mean that!" as Sallie prepared to rise in offended dignity, "but really you are making wrinkles."

Sallie made three French knots before she spoke. Meanwhile he pulled disconsolately at the fringe of a big Persian pillow. Then without stopping work she said, "Most men are stupid, Bobby. In fact all men; but I did think you were a little less so than the majority." Bob looked meek. She continued, "I was mistaken, however, and will not form any such hasty judgment in the future." Bob looked crestfallen. "And I never could tolerate extraordinary stupidity in a husband, I'm sure." Bob looked crushed. The French knots were progressing rapidly. "That, of course, would in itself be sufficient cause for my refusing you. Which, however, would hardly be fair, for your imperviousness to reason (that's only another way of expressing stupidity, so don't look alarmed, Bob) as I was saying, the superabundance of this quality in you has been revealed to me through your utter failure to comprehend my reason for refusing you. I hope

I now make myself clear."

"Yes," this from Bob, doubtfully, "but you haven't explained Daisy's share in it yet."

"Block-head!" Sallie bit off her thread and looked over Bob's head as she threaded her needle. "You are too provoking! Well then, I'll just tell you that I know Daisy is in love with you and I want you to marry her."

Bob sat bolt upright and stared at her for a moment, then fell back on his cushions and roared. "You're not a bit of a gentleman, either, to laugh. She's a dear, and any man ought to be proud of winning her love. I really am surprised this time, Bob!"

She actually dropped her work in her lap and looked at him as she said this. Bob stopped laughing. He looked at her ardently, whereupon she returned to those everlasting little knots.

"Pardon me, my dearest girl, I was rude to laugh, but it is too ridiculous. What makes you think Daisy is fond of me? I've never seen any symptoms of it myself."

"You don't know her as I do. But I can read her heart. She talks of you incessantly. She admires you intensely, your good looks—yes, you are good-looking, one can't deny it—your mentality, (O what delusion!) your ambition, and I don't know what all. But you are her one theme, and I have divined her love for you. How then could I ever permit myself to find a spark of affection for you in my heart?"

"Impossible, of course!" sighed Bob. "But suppose she had not loved me, could you then, Sallie, could you have found a spark then?"

The golden head was bent so low over the French knots that he could scarcely see her face. Was she laughing?

"I'm not gifted with such imaginative powers," she said, "I can't even fancy what the world will be like when we all travel about in flying machines."

"Now, Sallie, don't be frivolous, dear; it isn't becoming to one of your mature years."

"You might ask me to be an auut to you, since my age seems to be suitable. Aunts are useful in their way, and they never bore a man as sisters sometimes do."

Bob whistled softly a bar or two of "Comin' Thro the Rye."

"There! I'm all done with those French knots at last. Isn't it pretty, Bob?" And she waved before him a shimmering something that looked like a strip of rainbow to his masculine eyes.

"Very. Is it Battenburg?" he asked, with an air of wisdom.

"More stupidity! How many times have I told you that Battenburg is lace? This is embroidery."

"Does Daisy Blake do embroidery?" he asked languidly.

"O, yards of it! She just revels in it. I hate it, but I do it as a sort of penance," she sighed.

"May I live up to the reputation for stupidity you've given me, and ask for further light on the subject?" inquired Bob.

"Well, I embroidered today to

punish myself for allowing you to call on me when you should be paying your *devoirs* to Daisy."

He thought he detected just a trace of a dimple, but it vanished as quickly as it came, and he decided he was mistaken.

"I wouldn't dare," he sighed. "Morris is there all the time."

"What! Blair Morris? Why she seldom ever mentions him. Does he call there?"

"Well rather. He told me last night that their engagemeut will soon be announced. And yet you persist that Daisy loves me! Sallie, how could you?"

Bob tried to look severe, but the strain was too great.

"You're so rapid about telling your news, Bobby. Strange it didn't occur to you to mention it when we first spoke of Daisy." The tones were honeyed, dangerously so, as Bobby was aware. There was potent anger lurking beneath the soft words. He must plunge in boldy and stem the tide, or be lost.

"I thought you knew all the time and were trying to jolly me—but, Sallie, please forget it. I'm going to propose to you again right this minute and if you refuse me I'll continue to propose every time I see you, as long as we both shall live, unless you can give me a good and sufficient reason for your refusal." Bob's tones were thoroughly energetic and he looked determined.

Sallie did not hesitate a moment. "I'm not going to refuse you, Bob. I'll just take you up on it, and I'll get even with that minx of a Daisy! I won't tell her a word about it, you just see! Did you ever hear of such duplicity as hers! O you wait!" She looked vindictive.

"But, Sallie, don't you love me?"

"Stupid!" She sprang up and stamped her foot. "Of course I love you, and I always have. If you weren't so stupid you'd have known it without asking." She was out of the room and half way up the stairs by this time. Bob flew after her to the foot of the stairs.

"Not even a kiss, Sallie?"

"Wait till next time," she called from the top stair.

"Tonight at eight, then," said Bob. And the big front door slammed behind him.

'03.

The College Woman's Work for Temperance.

Awarded Second Prize in Local Contest.

SOME twenty-nine years ago in the towns and cities of Ohio the woman's temperance crusade broke forth. To us who have listened to the story of its trials and victories from the lips of white-haired women it has seemed like a page torn from a volume of Romance. Where in the history of chivalry; in the days of knighthood can we find courage more sublime? Where in the annals of the crusades of old, that the infidel be driven from the holy city, can we find a picture more pathetic or one more worthy of our admiration than the picture of that procession of women marching through the streets, singing their hymns, kneeling on the street corners and in the saloons, praying for the destruction of the liquor demon? Moving in the face of stubborn prejudice, sometimes meeting infuriated mobs, many times in danger of personal injury, those brave women laid the foundation of a great work. Home-keeping women they were, women, most of them, who had been taught to believe that all public work must be left to the men, but God had laid this burden upon their hearts; His voice was stronger than the voice of prejudice; the power of his presence more mighty than the power of fear. So led and so strengthened they went forth to their great work, a work which Frances Willard has spoken of as the whirlwind of the Lord. Throughout the nation, the movement spread. The two factors required were saloons and praying women and before the crusade became a thing of the past, an impetus had been given to temperance reform which has not yet lost its power. Forth from the crusade came that mighty organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and by its influence was brought into active service that great temperance apostle, that woman honored among women, Frances Willard. Of her work I need not speak. It is fresh in the minds of every one of you, the beautiful, courageous, tender woman's life, laid upon the altars of her country as truly as was laid the life of any soldier that fell at Bunker Hill. I believe I do not mistake when I say that one of the most striking features in the great reformer's work was that of arousing her sisters to action. She, more than any other leader, brought women to feel their responsibility in the protection of their homes, and the defense of their country against one of the most subtle evils that ever sapped the life of a nation. She it was who first made many shrinking, home-loving women feel that their duty lay beyond their own thresholds, made them see that if they were to dwell in their homes in peace, they must fight the

liquor traffic with every weapon at their command. By her magnificent power of organization and her far-reaching sympathy she bound the temperance women of the world into one great army, fighting as she said, "To make the world wider for women and more home-like for humanity."

The Temperance reform movement has made great strides since Frances Willard began her mission, but it is still an unpopular issue, whose present followers may never see the crowning of their labors, whose leaders may be martyrs. A splendid beginning has been made. The fight is fairly on, but it calls for every inch of young enthusiasm and earnestness of our generation. The liquor forces are organized and have their influence in every department of our life. Hard as the fight has been, there are thousands yet who look upon the question with indifference. There never was a time when the movement needed more the prayers of women, never a time when Frances Willard's cry for consecrated women workers needed more to be sounded.

How are the college women of today to answer that call? How are they to uphold the lofty standard of the noble women of the past? On their shoulders must rest the responsibility of leadership, for it is to them the woman's movement will look for guidance. It is an old thought yet one which should be reiterated again and again, until it is moulded into life, that we are given privileges of development which broaden our intellects and deepen our sympathies, not for our own pleasure, but for the uplifting of humanity. To whom much is given, much is expected in return. More and more College men are fulfilling the sacred trust placed in them and are taking their rightful position as leaders in the great forward movements of the century. Is our responsibility less than theirs? Assuredly not. The woman of the past who was denied advantages of education and taught from babyhood that a woman's sphere of labor must not extend beyond her home, may have had excuse for inaction. There can be no excuse for us. The barriers reared by prejudice have been largely swept away. We are not forced to be pioneers, the battle has been fought for us. God help us to claim our heritage and nobly to fulfill the responsibilities laid upon us.

So far the college women have taken very little part in the work of the College Prohibition Association. There is much that we can do and we can not afford to miss the opportunity of training for larger fields of labor, but that alone should not impel us to action. There is no more vital question in the life of the average college than that of intemperance. Again and again it has been proved that men of mighty intellects and splendid will-power may be vanquished by the appetite for liquor. Strength shattered, intellect destroyed, moral fiber weakened, they become pitiful wrecks of the promise of their youth, or live out only half a life which might have meant long years

of noble work. How many illustrious names exemplify this awful truth! Hear the words of Charles Lamb as he cries out from the depths of a soul's destruction, brought by drink: "The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all who have but set a foot in the perilous flood." Edgar Allen Poe, a man gifted to a remarkable degree, a man of genius, wasted those gifts, dragged that genius to the earth because strong drink held sway. Beauchamp says, "The beautiful cemetery on the lake at Chicago has a monument, kissing the clouds, whereon the people of the great state of Illinois have told their love for their hero sleeping beneath, the little giant, Stephen A. Douglas. But that costly shaft fails to tell that lion-heart, electric brain, and giant will were conquered by strong drink."

No, the demon of intemperance does not limit its destructive power to the weak and ignorant. The college man can not count himself free from the temptation. How does his college life protect him from it? In many of our large institutions, the sentiment against the drinking of intoxicants is very feeble Many a boy has sat at the class banquet-table and there for the first time touched his lips to the wine-cup. Many a man has cut short his opportunity for education and wrecked his future career, because the social fraternity glass laid the foundations for an appetite which conquered all noble aspirations. Yes, the necessity for strenuous action is great and the college woman must awake to that necessity. Women do much to fix the standard of social custom. If only a strong temperance spirit could be aroused throughout the ranks of college girls, the wine cup at the banquet would be banished; public opinion, or college opinion, if you please, would be revolutionized and the social glass would be stripped of its garb of respectability, a ban placed upon it. Let not the college girl feel that it is enough to believe in the temperance cause, or enough to, herself, refrain from drinking intoxicants. Let her work with pen and tongue, with every weapon at her command to eradicate the awful evil that threatens the destruction of the best sons and daughters of the land.

If she neglects not her opportunities in the busy college days, the formative days when habits are becoming fixed and special gifts developed, she will be ready for wider fields. Many departments of reform will demand her attention, but can there be one more vital than the question of intemperance? Almost every phase of reform, almost every aspect of charitable work is linked to the evils of the liquor traffic. Whichever way one may turn this question thrusts itself forward, claiming attention, demanding solution; it can not be ignored.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is looking to the college women for reinforcement; the positions of honor and trust in that splendidly effective organi-

zation are theirs if they be awake to their privilege. Temperance literature has done much to forward the cause, and the pens of college women should be a power in laying bare the hideousness of the traffic in souls, in forcing the execution of laws, in pleading for effective legislation.

O may the women of America awake to the fact that a crisis lies before their nation, that an awful peril is threatening her. Only the highest sort of patriotism, patriotism which gives battle to an internal wrong as fiercely as to an external foe, can win the day. A Christian citizenship must be developed that will stand the test. No mightier political problem ever confronted our country, no problem ever struck more directly at the very soul life of the nation than that of the legalized saloon.

A political problem it is, I say, and on that basis must it be brought to issue. The college woman who becomes a leader in the movement must not shrink from this phase of the subject nor fail to do her duty here. Our English sisters have outstripped us in this particular department of temperance reform. Lady Henry Somerset and her followers, by campaign work and campaign addresses, have helped to elect many a temperance candidate. Into the mire of politics do you say? No, into the arduous, heroic, noble work of true patriots, toiling for the sanctity of the home, the welfare of the state, the up-lifting of humanity, are women called to-day.

Almost the last words of Frances Willard were "Tell the women not to forget their patriotism." That is my plea to-night. When the time comes, as it surely will, when the votes of Christian men, by whose sides we shall work in this great movement, will place in our hands the symbol of power, the privilege of the ballot, let us be worthy of that privilege. Let us not forget our patriotism.

MAUD BANKS, '07.

THE PACIFIC PHAROS

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The students of the University of the Pacific, San Jose.

Editor-in-Chief	O. C. Coy
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Alumni	Annie M. Mayne
Athletics	O. C. Coy

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San Jose, California - - - - March, 1904.

The Pharos.

The "Pharos" has just passed through another of its many transmigrations, and its future happiness is still a matter of much speculation. However brilliant and attractive a prize the editorship of a college paper may be, the luster of even this may become dimmed by too frequent handling. Considering this and also our inefficiency, it is with hesitancy that we accept this position which should be one of greatest honor. But there is a place in our student life for the "Pacific Pharos" and it must remain. The prosperity of the paper is not dependent alone upon the efforts of the Business Manager or Editor but also upon the action of every student, and not until each one does his full part will the paper reach its highest possibility.

To make the Pharos a complete success one thing is certain, we must keep it in our thoughts. A good josh or news item may be a valuable contribution. Then, too, the printer does not work for honor. Remember this. Patronize our advertisers, and in doing so don't fail to present your business cards. Again, are you a Pharos subscriber? If not, show the proper college spirit and own the paper you are reading.

Campus Improvements.

Through the skillful work and artistic taste of the gardner our campus is being rapidly transformed from a weed covered field into a veritable paradise of lawns and flowers. We always considered that we had here the possibilities of a very beautiful campus and now our hopes are being realized. It is with regret that we hear of any interference with this work. We cannot conceive that any student would in any manner hinder a work so profitable and so badly needed as this is. Let us observe some care that we may neither retard nor disturb the progress of this improvement.

Local Notes.

Miss Blanche Harter has returned to her home in Modesto

Miss Nettie Chamley wishes to be informed through the Pharos that the Six-ten train is a week day train and even though Miss Chamley stand for three quarters of an hour, waving a lantern expecting the train to come thundering around the corner, it does not and will not run on Sunday. She wishes, also, to be informed that it is a mere waste of time this waiting for trains that are not running.

As we go to press interest is being directed toward the Cartesia-Adelphia Debate, to be held Mar. 25.

A letter has been received from an ex-Sopholechtian, Miss Julia Boone, who is living in San Francisco. Miss Boone is at present employed as bookkeeper for a business firm in the city.

Miss Julia Kinsey is teaching music in Haywards.

The wedding of Miss Grace Chilson, an ex-Sopholechtian, to Mr. Chester Naramore took place in San Francisco on March 15, 1904.

Col. John Sobieski, the well known temperance lecturer, addressed the Student Body and Faculty, Tuesday Mar. 22.

Robt. B. Gray who spent some weeks in attendance at the University has been compelled to return to his home on account of illness.

An addition has been made to the Humboldt Colony by the coming to the University of Miss Mabel Look, of Rohnerville. Miss Look will study music.

Tennis enthusiasts are beginning to make themselves evident. There was a sufficient amount of enthusiasm manifested recently to hoe off several dozen weeds.

The entertainment given by Miss Bessie Yard in the chapel on the evening of March 4th, was enjoyed by a good audience. Miss Yard possesses rare ability in her line and the recital was most thoroughly enjoyed.

Alfred C. Millican, traveling secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, spent a couple of weeks here in the interest of the oratorical contest.

If you desire the finest tamales go to the ——.

Archania and Rhizomia held a very enjoyable joint meeing recently. The occasion was enlivened by the presence of several co-eds.

Rain!

Arbor Day?

Campus Improvements.

A large delegation of the young men of the University attended the meeting of the city Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, Mar. 20. Dr. McClish gave an impressive address

and the College Park choir under H. Tregoning furnished the music. Miss Nella Rogers rendered a vocal solo.

L. B. Briggs, R. S. Kuykendall and H. Buchanan represented the University of the Pacific at the meeting of the Bay District Student Volunteers, which was held at Stanford, Friday and Saturday, March 3rd and 4th.

"Is that you, Paul?"

Since the last issue, Emendia has given an open meeting to non-society girls. The society is enjoying a year of prosperity, having taken in several new members.

One of the most exciting forensic contests of the season, in which the U. P. was represented, took place in the Unitarian Church on Mar. 18th. This was the occasion of the Annual Oratorical Contest held under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. The contestants represented the University of California, Stanford University, California College and the University of the Pacific, Jesse D. Kuykendall '07, contesting for the U. P.

As the time for the contest approached, enthusiasm arose in the student body culminating at the contest in an outburst of songs and yells worthy of great commendation.

Altho Kuykendall's physical condition promised nothing short of a breakdown we were surprised and gratified at the showing made. If under these circumstances a U. P. Freshman can compete so successfully with the upper classmen of the larger universities we should be proud of our orator and our school. The credits of the judges indicate that the contest was very close and altho we must accept the second prize this year, we look forward with bright prospects to the time when our orator will be victorious over all.

Sopholechtia initiated the following members during the last month: Katherine Ritchie, Grace Burrel, Ella Brand, Stella Pullman, Francis Huffman and Florence Burwell.

Miss Ethel Beard, as we have all noticed, spends every other Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Kirtner of Warm Springs. Rumor has it that a Mr. Kirtner of Berkeley, spends every other Sunday with his cousin, Mr. Arthur Kirtner of Warm Springs. Whether there is anything strange about this or not, we must not say, for cousins sometimes wish to visit cousins as well as sisters wish to visit sisters.

A number of students attended the Epworth League Rally at Campbell recently.

The Choir of the College Park Church rendered a sacred concert of exceptional merit. Dr. Cross presented a very instructive paper on "Beethoven, the Prince of Musicians." The concert was well attended and highly appreciated.

Mr. Nagata recently entertained the members of Cartesia with an interesting account of Japan, the land of his birth.

Athletics.

THE dawn of a new age is breaking and with it comes new ideas and new conceptions of college life. The conditions and circumstances of the times demand of the college student a well developed body both physically and mentally in order that he may cope successfully with the great problems that are now forcing themselves upon him.

In all the prosperous colleges of today we find that special attention is given to athletics in its various branches of activity. Gymnasiums have been built and foot-ball and track work encouraged. And mark you, the men of tomorrow will be those men who have turned aside from the rush of school life to devote a proper time to the physical side of man's nature.

Man is so constituted that he cannot develop his mental talents at the neglect of his physical nature without paying a priceless indemnety. He soon becomes inactive, irritable, slow to think, and finally a nervous wreck which is a misery to himself and an object of disgust or pity to others.

Prof. White says, "Woe to that college whose faculty and students do not encourage athletics for it will soon fall to decay if it has not already reached that condition."

Will the students and faculty of our University shake off the rust of the ages and take unto themselves the new responsibilities and new ideas of this new period or will they sink deeper and deeper in oblivion until they cease to exist in so far as the true activities of life are concerned. May God hasten the day when we shall give athletics her rightful place side by side with our intellectual ideals, for then, and not till then, will our institution command proper respect and commendation.

The regular annual field-day was held on the campus, March 5th. Although the track was in very poor condition, the boys made a good showing for their first meet of the season. H. J. Smith broke the P. A. L. Record for the half-mile run making it in 2-10. H. Darling made a good showing in the sprints and high jump. P. S. McClish surprised himself by getting first place in the shot put and the hammer throw. E. Smith ran the mile in 5 flat, with W. Owens and S. Smith a second and third. G. A. Richardson, W. Johnson, Billy Withrow nnd P. McClish made good time in the sprints and relay. Flanders is making a reputation for himself in the pole vault.

A field-day will be held with S. J. H. S. on April 2nd. We believe that our faculty and students will be there to cheer our boys on to victory. A new era in U. P. athletics has arrived, and the orange pennant will reclaim its lost honors before the track-season closes.

Place of the Christian Associations in College Life.

CONSIDERING this subject from an entirely unselfish standpoint, we may approach the discussion with the question: What does the world demand in men and women? I mean by the world, that restless, unsatisfied and needy mass of humanity which much be lifted by the force of strong men.

First, it needs men of high ideals, men who see the possibilities of growth in the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual life; men who desire purity in the home, purity in society, puriety in politics. Furthermore, it needs men who express those ideals in their own lives. Unselfishness, sincerity, persistence, characterize their acts. Neither prejudice, nor policy, nor cowardice force them to fail in the real tests of character. The world wants, yea demands, "fearless, faithful, patient" knights who feel the dignity of life and love the truth more than their own souls.

How will the Christian Associations of the College help men to meet these demands? They will help men to reach these standards by bringing the noblest souls into close fellowship; and, from such associations, great movements have been inaugurated. We find John Wesley surrounded by a few earnest souls and united in the "Holy Club" of Oxford seeking to know the truth and to live in accordance with it. Methodism is the result. Here the deepest feelings of the heart are revealed; holy ambitions are enkindled; the weak are made strong. But this is not all; for not only are men laying the firm foundations of character in their own lives, but are leading the willful to see their responsibility to become true men, obedient servants of truth and of God.

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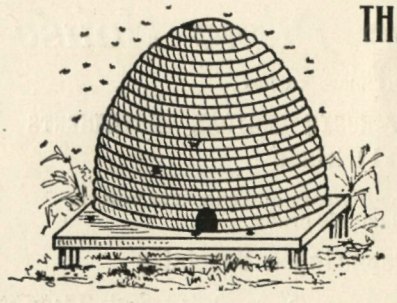

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