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## He Made the Stars Also.

On the morning of the third day, after God had created the world and clothed it in verdant garments, He turned His eyes toward heaven and said "Let there be two great lights." The sun, to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night; and then immediately "He made the stars also."

Astronomy teaches us that the sun is the largest of the heavenly bodies, being about 12,000 times the size of the earth. No wonder that it is the greatest light giving planet that swings in the great firmament of the heavens, sending forth its golden rays into the darkest corners of the earth, and illuminating the very soul of humanity. Think of a world of darkness, and your very being is overshadowed with gloom. Think of a world of light, and all is beautiful and glorious to the human soul.

We also learn that the silvery light of the moon, which illuminates the darkness of the night, is merely light reflected from the golden sun. But He made the twinkling stars also. Many a soul is glad that He did not forget the little stars, which are so numerous that they cannot be counted; but they are as much of God's creation as the golden sun or the silvery moon, sending forth their twinkling rays of light, when the sun and moon have disappeared.

When the sun in all of his splendor seems to cross over the sky, sending forth his golden rays and illuminating the world, and when the moon sends forth her silvery beams, dispelling the darkness of the night, it is easy for us to believe that these are wonderful creations of God; but when we view the countless stars and watch their little sparkling rays, it is a solace for us to know that "He made the stars also."

For our world there is but one sun and one moon, but there are numberless stars. And this is as true of the earth as of the heavens. Our very brilliant men are few in number, and if we come in contact with their transcendent powers, we must not be discouraged, because our light does not shine as brilliantly as theirs; but we must be content and remember that "He made the stars also." It is no disgrace to the star that it does not shine as the noonday sun. It must be content to shine as a star. Every man is not called to enlighten the world. Then, if we cannot be the most brilliant men, we can be ourselves, and live for the best that is in our beings, serving our fellowmen, honoring our country and loving our God, and remembering that just as God created the man that shines as a golden sun, just so He created the man whose light shines as the little star. Then we will give forth our little light gladly, realizing that its beams are not unnoticed or useless, but do their part in giving light to the world about us.

Sometimes we think the stars are small because they are so far away, and we consider them insignificant because they do not give much light to the world. But if we could traverse the millions of miles that separate us from them, and see them as they are, we could then see what a

vast part they play in the economy of the universe. And may it not be so too with the seemingly feeble lights of humanity? May these not be even the most brilliant lights when seen in the burning light of God? Every man has in him a light of some kind, for we are told that the true light lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But the most of us are possessed with starlight; but that is no disgrace, because the little star shines the brightest in the darkness of the night. Then can we not be lights that tend to illuminate a darkened world as the little star? Men do not differ as much as we think.

The trouble with many of us is that we do not even possess the little starlight, and we are worse than the star, because we seem so far away that we are not in touch with our fellowmen.

If we are not the most brilliant men let us thank God we are what we are, and not be discouraged because we do not shine as the noonday sun.

Each, like a star, may send his beam  
That helps to swell the golden stream.  
The stream of life with eddying tide,  
That flows to Heaven with Christ as  
guide. W. F. W.

## Character of Brutus—in Shakespeare and in History.

It is a peculiar fact of history that men have won immortal names through most wicked crimes. There was nothing great about Judas Iscariot, yet his name will ever live in sacred history, because he was the betrayer of his Master. Such was the character of Brutus. There was nothing great about him, and yet, so long as history lives, his name will live, simply because he was the murderer of a great man.

In Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" Brutus is portrayed as a man of amiable feelings and purity of mind—a man who seemed to love justice with a conscientious heart,—and a man, finally, with no will of his own. By some critics Brutus has even been thought the true hero of this tragedy. Some readers, no doubt, would take him as a model of citizenship—as the highest type of the gentleman and the patriot. But, it seems to me that he is not the hero of this tragedy, nor a gentleman to be emulated.

We cannot believe that Brutus was sincere—that he loved Caesar, but his country more, for had he loved Caesar, Cassius could not have so easily influenced him against Caesar. We believe that Brutus could not brook Caesar's supremacy. We find him a tool of mad jealousy. When Brutus' crime is laid to Cassius, injustice is done. For Brutus was already a fire, and only needed to be stirred by one who would be an accomplice to burn. Cassius, in glowing terms, makes Caesar's triumph anarchy, and then he turns to Brutus and says, "The trouble lies in you that you are not in Caesar's place today." Then Brutus, Caesar's dear friend, says, "How I have thought of this, and these times, I shall recount hereafter. What you have said I will consider."

The conspiracy is perfected at night, and in the day, Brutus, in feigning friendship, and in the name of patriotism, slays his benefactor. The dying man realized the treachery of his trusted Brutus and he cried out from the anguish of his soul, not from the anguish of his body, "et tu Brute." And can we after all believe that Brutus had tears for Caesar's love, or any joy in his fortunes, or any honor for his valor! We will not believe that he slew Caesar because of Caesar's ambition; but we believe that he revealed that which prompted him to be a murderer when he said, "Who is here so base that would be a bond-man?" Brutus was ambitious. Brutus was jealous.

In history we find Brutus a man of moderate abilities, sober and temperate, but nothing above the average Roman of his day. He was no general, had no high political views, and has never been accused of being a statesman.

As Shakespeare reveals him a man ignorant of men and ambitious, so does history. When the civil war broke out we find him allied with Pompeius, although Pompeius murdered his father. In murdering Caesar in freedom's name he was treacherously murdering the one who had given him all the rank and honor he possessed. To kill Caesar would mean freedom, for he was only one of the party, yet Brutus aimed only at Caesar. In the name of justice he plots without planning; he dreams of success without thinking of the means to that success. His conduct after the assassination was feeble and uncertain, like that of a traitor; and it was as unwarranted and illegal as the usurpation of Caesar. "He left Rome as Praetor without the permission of the Senate; he took possession of a province, which, even according to Cicero's testimony, had been assigned to another; he arbitrarily passed beyond the boundaries of his province, and set his effigy on the coins." (Drummond.) He plundered Asia; robbed without measure and without mercy; and in the name of liberty exercised over the helpless people a tyranny never surpassed by any Roman.

For his country he had nothing to propose, even though for his love of her he slew Caesar. He made virtue a hand maid of jealousy and mistook himself for justice. Caesar was monarch and Brutus could not endure that, for he himself was ambitious.

When we read Shakespeare and when we read history we find the same Brutus—the same ascetic, passive and ambitious Brutus. He was "a man of unknown family, the son of a woman whom Caesar had debauched, pardoned after fighting against his mother's love, raised by him to the praetorship, and honored with Caesar's friendship—he has owed his distinction to nothing else than murdering the man whose genius he could not appreciate, but whose favors he had enjoyed." (G. Long.)

A. C. H.

## A Heart to Heart Talk.

A young thing had a heart that ached,

her honey-boy having taken his affection elsewhere, and her father recently shu himself up with her to reason with her.

"That honey-boy averaged spending fifty cents a week on you," he said; "here's a dollar a week to take his place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator; your mother will see to it that your brothers do this in the future. He kept you up late at night; your baby sister is cross, and hereafter you will let her do this for you. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker on the porch; when you look at that rocker in the future it will not be empty, bringing the pang to your heart that your silly novels talk about—it will be occupied by the man that paid for it, and that's me. Your mother and I stayed by you through colic and teething, and we're going to get you through this if we have to take turns spanking you. Now take your eyes off the moon and look at the dust around you."

## The Value of Good Manners.

The value of good manners can not be overestimated. We realize their value only when in the society of those who possess them. We are to a large extent judged by our manners, and although we may possess many good qualities, if our manners are not pleasing we shall not stand very high in the estimation of refined and cultured persons. We often hear it said of some one whose manners are coarse, but who has many redeeming qualities, that he is a diamond in the rough. This may be a very appropriate name, but if he possessed the polish of good manners he certainly would be esteemed more highly, just as the cut and polished diamond is valued far more than the rough and unpolished one.

It is one of the facts of science that a magnet increases in strength by drawing objects to it, and a person who possesses good manners may be compared to a magnet in that he gathers strength and inspiration from those with whom he comes in contact, making his life a pleasant one; while one whose manners are coarse endeavors to jostle his way through the world, looking on most persons as his natural enemies and seeing only the dark side of affairs.

Our success in life depends a great deal upon our manners, since others form their opinion of us from our speech and manners; and since our career depends so much upon others, if we wish to secure their aid and approbation we should endeavor to be worthy of it. By cultivating good manners we are fitting ourselves for the higher duties of life, and making ourselves more worthy of the aid and respect of others.

## The British View Too.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a kaiser. Tommy, what is a kaiser?"

"Please ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up and disturbin' the earth."