

THE CHAPEL HILLIAN.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

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CREDO.

I believe the sea holds treasures
Of which man can never know;
Precious things of rarest beauty
Buried fathoms deep below.

I believe the brown earth covers
With its brown and sandy mould
Brighter things than yet discovered,
Sparkling gems and shining gold.

I believe the dark woods shelter,
Nestled in the cradle green,
Flowers of a beauty fairer
Than the eye of man hath seen.

I believe the wild birds warble
Melodies so sweet and rare,
That could we but hear the music
We would think the angels there.

I believe that noble actions,
By the world unseen, unknown,
Pass from earth like white-winged angels
And surround the Saviour's throne.

—From the *Souvenir*.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Labor the True Key of Success in Life—A few Excellent Maxims.

Renewed feelings of ambition are synonymous with the opening of the new year. More resolutions are made than at any other time, and as often are they alas! broken. But with some the resolutions made with the dawn of a new year have been carried through to its close. Numerous lives of honor and achievement can be traced to some determination of purpose made upon an occasion such as the first day of the year affords for a fresh start in the journey of life. We all desire success; the problem of life is its winning. Every person carries in his or her own hand the key that unlocks either the door of success or failure.

The true key of success is labor, and it requires a strong, resolute will to turn it. It is hard, earnest work, step by step, that insures success, and never was this truth more potent than at the present time. Positions of trust and eminence are no longer secured at a single leap. Men and women have ceased to succeed in a hurry. Occasionally there will be an exception, but the instances are rare. Success, a writer has said, is the child of confidence and perseverance, and never was the meaning of a word more clearly defined. The secret of many successful careers is the thorough performance of whatever has been undertaken.

An excellent maxim is that which counsels us never to put our hands to anything into which we cannot throw our whole energies harnessed with the very best of our endeavors. Perseverance is essential to success, since it is often achieved only through a succession of failures. In spite of our best efforts, failures are in store for the majority of the race. It remains, then, for us all to do the best we can under all circumstances, bearing in mind that races are not always won by the swiftest feet nor triumph in battle secured by the strongest arms. It is not so much the possession of swift-

ness or strength as it is the right application of them by which success is insured.

In starting out upon the journey of life it is well:

First, to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach.

Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you.

Read books for what they can teach you. Next, see what your temperament best suits you for.

Mark your tendencies and apply them.

Be sure you have not mistaken your calling.

Once certain, apply yourself to your chosen work.

Then work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

Don't consider anything beneath you.

Be patient, honest and pleasant in manner.

Treat all persons alike, high or low.

Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody.

Success may not come at first, but it will not be far off, and when it does come it will be the sweeter for its delay.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

It is the verdict of aged citizens that are competent judges that the ~~above~~ ^{above} ~~sermon~~ ^{sermon} ~~delivered~~ ^{delivered} in the city of West Plains, Mo., was preached on the last Thanksgiving occasion by the Rev. Wm. B. North, Ph. D., *ex-Professor of Mental and Moral Science in the University of North Carolina*. His text was Eph. 5:20.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

This reverend gentleman has been sailing under false colors for some time both in this State and in Missouri. Before leaving here we learned that he received letters addressed to him as *ex-Professor of Mental and Moral Science*. What right he has to this title we cannot see. It is but just to the memory of the late Dr. Mangum that the truth be known. During the spring term of 1889, owing to the illness of Professor Mangum, some one was needed to aid in carrying on his work, and the Rev. Mr. North was selected by Dr. Battle to teach the Senior Class during the remainder of the session. Mr. North only taught (?) one study, and we suppose he thinks that this made him a professor. Another gentleman was selected as Mr. North was, to aid in carrying on the work; he also taught one of Dr. Mangum's classes. Is he not entitled to be called an *ex-professor* as much so as Mr. North? We think so. If there is any difference we fail to discern it. We are surprised that a minister of the gospel should be guilty of such conduct, such presumption, such impudence. We have stated these facts deeming it due to the memory of Dr. Mangum and to the University itself.—ED.

Christmas Fresh to another—"Who is that Professor who swings his stick with the fury of a cyclone?" No. 2—"A hurry-cane, rather, I should say."

NOTHING LIKE OUR BOYS.

We hear, on good authority, the following Christmas story: H. B. Shaw spent some of his Christmas hunting deer in Hyde county. One day while out hunting the boys got after him about his "single-barrel gun," boasting about the wonderful shots they had made with the "double-barrels." After some time three deer came in sight; Shaw raised his pop-gun and fired, killing one, loaded and fired again with the same success before his companions could raise their guns. Every one wanted to buy the wonderful gun, but it was not the gun—it was the power behind the gun.

This is really true, and easy to believe. But here is a harder one: W. W. Davies, spending Christmas in Virginia, actually killed a *tame* deer after five shots, shooting forty buck-shots at each charge.

IN KRIS KRINGLE'S LAND.

The German Christmas has supplied us with two of our best-known Christmas customs—hanging up stockings and attaching gifts to sprigs of pine, called Christmas-trees.

From the German Christmas also come Santa Claus and Kris Kringle. The latter is a corruption of Christ Kindlin, or Christ Child, of whom they have the beautiful fable that with His own hands He places Christmas toys and sweetmeats in the stockings of good children, while those of bad ones receive nothing but a small birch rod placed in them by one Pelsnichol—literally "Nicholas with the fur"; that is, St. Nicholas dressed in fur.

It is a rare sight in a German household on Christmas morning to see the expression of abject misery on the face of some poor little wight, who, having been disobedient or otherwise naughty on Christmas eve, finds only a birch rod in his stocking instead of bon-bons and playthings. The dread of getting the rod from old Pelsnichol on Christmas keeps many a German child in order all the year.

CHAPEL HILL, Dec. 20, 1890.

EDITORS OF THE CHAPEL HILLIAN:—Allow me, through the CHAPEL HILLIAN, to express my kindest regards to the students of the University of North Carolina for their gentlemanly deportment during the session now closing.

A merry Christmas, a happy New Year, a safe return to your work and a brilliant future, is the sincere and earnest desire of your friend,

THOS. M. KIRKLAND, P. M.

We did not know until lately that ladies were in the habit of wearing Oxford mortar-boards; yet, while we were going home to spend the Christmas holidays on Saturday, December 20th, we noticed among the many fair students of the Salem Female Academy and Greensboro Institute, who were also on their way home, several female forms enveloped with gowns and crowned with our well-known mortar-boards. They are coming to the front and expect to hold their own.