In the splendor of her queenly smile, I see them now in the moonbeam's glance, as the music dreamily rose and fell, that rises and falls with the merriest dance.

And the music that floats in my heart on more.

A long, long hour in the twilight leaves
Of the shrubbery—she, with coquettish face, and many layers in their flowing sleeves, a dream of satin and love and face.

In the splendor there of her queenly smile.

Through her two bright eyes I could see the glow Of cathedral windows, as up the aisle
We marched to music's echo and flow.

All in a dream of Commencement eyes!
I remember awkwardly buttoned a glove On the delicate arm in its flowing sleeve, with a broken sentence of hope and love.

But the diamonds that flashed in her wavy hair,
And the beauty that shone in her infinitesimal face.

Are all I recall as I struggled through,
A peevish voice, “the greyhound.

Yet a laughing, coquettish face I see,
As the moonlight falls on the pavement gray, I can hear her laugh in the melody
Of the altar's music across the way,
And I keep the glove solicitously small.

That I stole as she sipped her lemonade, till I packed it away, I think, with all
Of those things I lost in our northern wild.

But I never can list to that watery divine
With its golden measure of joy and pain, but it brings life to the flavor of some old wine.

To my heart the warmth of the past again, a short irritation—that's all, you know.

Some faded flowers, a silken thread,
The letters I burned up years ago.

When I heard from her last in the Wilderness.

I suppose, she could see I am untrained and old.
She would soften the scorn that was changed to hate, when I claimed that of the dream and cold.

And followed the South to its bitter fate.
But here's to the lady of the Northern blue,
And here's to the boys of the Southern gray.

And I would that the Northern star but knew
How the Southern cross is borne to-day.

L. C. Strong.

Christmas Wanderings.

What a time of rejoicing is Christmas! And what better place to observe its effects than on the deck of one of our river steamers! Such an opportunity I had recently while on a visit home. Standing on the forward part of the vessel is a member of the Legislature going home to spend his Christmas. He is talking about politics now, but you can see from his glances at the distended pockets of his overcoat that he is more concerned just now about those little toys than he is about the next Presidential election. He is going home to see his wife and his little ones, and may his heart grow tenderer as he takes the children on his knee and shows them the contents of those big pockets.

What a noisy group of fellows are those standing near! They are students set free from college regulations once more, and determined to make the most of their liberty. Every row and then one of them gets off, and the others shout to him as long as he is in hearing, and then turn away with a smiling yet eager face to wait their turn. God bless the boys! There is hope for them as long as they love to go home, and they will be strengthened and stimulated by its sweet influences during their short sojourn.

At one wharf a little fellow came on board that took my attention. There was nothing remarkable about him to cause me to notice him, except that he seemed to be all alone in the gay crowd that thronged the deck of the steamer. I soon entered into conversation with him, and found that he was the only son of a widow mother, and that he was living with a farmer and was going home to spend his Christmas. He spoke of his mother in such an affectionate way that I was very much pleased with him. I soon found out that he was trying to support his mother with his earnings, and he spoke so hopefully of the future that he made me feel ashamed of my own repinings. How glad he was to go home!

He said that there would be no one to meet him, and that he would have to walk several miles before he reached his mother's dwelling, but he didn't mind that, for his mother would be awaiting him. Presently the boat stopped, and the little fellow, taking up his bundle, bade me good-bye and stepped on the wharf. My heart followed the little fellow in his lonely walk, and I tried to picture the joy of that mother as she clasped in her arms her noble little son. “In a short time,” I thought, "these passengers will have carried joy into their resting place, but there will be homes where the absent ones will not return, and where the cheerful surroundings of Christmas will only give a deeper tinge to the sadness that reigns supreme.” What varied scenes meet the eye of Sam Claus as he goes on his journeys? And I imagined myself accompanying him, and I will tell you what I saw.

Away we go through the frosty air, in the bright moonlight. We stop at a little dingy hovel in the suburbs of a large city. We enter, and the inside corresponds but too well with the dismal exterior. A few chairs, the remains of faded affluence, and a small bed, made up on the floor. A small fire is in the fireplace, and its flickering light reflects the desolation of the room upon the face of a woman sitting close up to the feeble flame. Cold, bitter cold, is the night, and the whistling wind blows through the cracks into the room and seems to chill the very heart of the lone woman. She thinks of the vows made by one but a few years before when her heart was buoyant and her cheeks glowing with the ruddy tide of life.

She looks at the fire, and feels that her hopes have been turned into ashes as the coals before her eyes. Her husband, who promised to be faithful and loving till death, is a drunkard. She watches anxiously for his return, not that she may be happy, but that there may be variety even in her trouble. The sound brings to her mind the memory of bygone days. It brings not wit the hope of happy days to come. It tells not of a happy Christmas, but its solemn tones threaten greater sorrows for the future. Santa Claus, though deep in his sleep, leaves none at this dwelling, and nothing but the cold, desolate room will meet the eyes of her children on Christmas morning.

Another aerial journey, and we stop at a patrician mansion on—street. Surely they must expect a happy Christmas here. Invisible, we enter the room. All that wealth can furnish or art produce is here to please the eye and tickle the fancy. At his desk sits a man busily engaged in looking over accounts. His wife, a lady of beautiful but careworn countenance, stands near by. She at length ventures to lay her hand on her husband’s arm. “James,” she says, and her voice is low and tremulous, “will you not assist me in dressing the Christmas tree for the children?” “No, dear,” he replies, in a peevish voice, “I haven’t the time. I think it is enough for—”

But, James, when you used to have to work all day long, you took pride in amusing the children, but now they hardly know what a father’s love is. I fear that now we have grown rich you do not enjoy yourself as you once did.” He turns away with almost an angry look upon his face; he goes to the work of dressing the tree. Pretty soon a boy of fifteen enters the room—a boy in years and size, but a man in ways. He throws himself into a chair, whistling a popular tune. It needs but one glance of the mother to discover that her boy has been drinking. She has seen him in the same condition before, and his appearance now adds another line of care to that once smooth brow. "Put on your overcoat, James, and take the children home to their mothers."

Maiden Meditations, Fancy Free.—Shakespeare.
and a husband's life wasted in making money. And the husband? Is not she filled with dreams of consols, railroad stocks and mercantile ventures, and does he not wish in his better moments that he had not known this craving for wealth which now possesses him, but had remained a conscientious, contented man? Santa Claus leaves large and costly presents for her, but they do not bring happiness. The rays of the sun on Christmas morning do not bring light into two hearts of that family, but reveals in one the tender solicitude of a wife and mother, and in the other the grasping, covetous spirit of a man of the world—a spirit that, like the deadly Upas tree, blights every thing within its reach.

One more visit and we are done. Into a dilapidated little building, on a dreary looking street, we will enter. The interior of the room is even more desolate than that of the drunkards. The fire has gone entirely out and only the moonbeams shining through the window, light up the room. A widow and one child are its only occupants. The widow draws the child closer to her bosom, as if to shield it from harm, but in reality to impart the warmth of her body to it. Cold as the wind is, poor as the house is, she thinks of Him who had not where to lay His head, and she is thankful. She thinks of the goodness and the promises of God, and through her benumbed lips rises the low melody of a hymn. The words are "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,"

and as the words seem to burst forth from her heart rather than from her lips, it does not require much effort to imagine that angels are waiving to carry to the Father the prayer of thanksgiving that the poor widow utter's. She hears the bells strike also, and their glad notes tell not only of the passing time, but of an eternity of happiness beyond the grave.

* * * * * * *

The song has died away, the room has grown colder. She finds that the child is getting chilled. Her own limbs are so numb as to make it difficult for her to even place the child on the bed, carefully tucking her thin garments. "Thou shalt not steal" is sounding in her ears, not in clarion tones, but in gentle, loving accents. Oh, God, I will not her heart break with the tempting emotions? She takes the wood back and hurried away to her home. The room is as cold as ever, but down by the side of her sleeping child she kneels and prays for strength and resignation. As she prays, the frozen fountain of her tears seems to quench the sweet influence of the Comforter, and she weeps. A luming sound is heard at the door. She opens it quickly and finds that Santa Claus has left a load of wood there for her. We will not intrude upon the happy scene that ensues. But we learn this lesson, that happiness depends not on outward circumstances, and that the promises of God can afford comfort in the most trying circumstances of life.—Christian Sun.

**THE SEASONS.**

Had we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly in the advent of Autumn.

Coldly, indeed, of late has autumn come, nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of feeling, the reassurance of love, the promise of peace, the assurance of beauty, the assurance of rest, the assurance of peace, the assurance of love, the promise of peace, the assurance of beauty, the assurance of rest, the assurance of hope, the assurance of rest, the assurance of hope, the assurance of rest, the assurance of hope. The mood of the heart rather than from her lips, it does not require much effort to imagine that angels are waiting to carry to the Father the prayer of thanksgiving that the poor widow utters. She hears the bells strike also, and their glad notes tell not only of the passing time, but of an eternity of happiness beyond the grave.

* * * * * * *

The voice which never mourned is heard in lofty diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; echoes are unbroken by the irregular resonances of untutored passion, and its deep and ever-varying consonances, chime, swell and estuate, in infinite gradations. Beautifully, though with sad, autumnal "unwritten music." The hope of the glad Spring, and the devotion of the ardent Summer have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone.

The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained, but not to break.

The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man: but it becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic from every breath of the autumnal breeze.

Plaintive and sweet, as though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come to the ear, bending into harmony such strains as art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record.

Such is the music of Autumn upon that deep-toned, glorious instrument—the heart. As hoary Winter followed in the suite of Autumn, so the grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of those who are still young and vigorous.

They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme.

Lovely to him, not only that it already holds the best hopes, and only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave—the cold and dreary grave—sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a chance for him.

No wonder, then, that he weeps the melancholy influence of Autumn, and breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. No marvel, likewise, that he remembers with apprehension and dread that Winter will soon herald its approach with blinding snow and howling winds.

Childhood may hang with enraptured fondness over the brightest beauty of Spring's first flowers, but its ideals will wither.

Let matured youth yield its full devotions to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer, yet they, too, shall pass away. But who that has known passionate love of fading beauty, which steals unstained, through the softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the Summer clouds, will cling to such fleeting hues again? There is no Autumn to the soul, where all these images are spent and indible.

Even the Winter of age, though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the lingering hues of Autumn in the soul.

Memory goes back like a weeping mourner, and brings up from the unreturning tomb the precious forms that have long rested in its dark shadows.

Sweetly the dead obey our commands, and come up at our bidding, and we see them beautiful, as they once were, or pale and lifeless as we saw their cold remains.

So these lingering hues of Autumn in the soul cling to memory longer than hope—and the memory itself is life.

**DELTA.**

**USING BIG WORDS.—Our best writers use most simple and direct language, and choose Teutonic rather than of Romanic origin. Mr. Marsh examined 30 of our most characteristic writers on art, and found that Bryant has in his writings from 84 to 92 per cent. of Teutonic words; Browning, 84 per cent.; TEN- nyson, 87 to 90 per cent.; Longfellow, 87 per cent.; and even Ruskin, although a critical writer on art, 75 to 84 per cent. Of early writers, Chaucer used from 88 to 98 per cent. of home-born words; Shakespeare, 88 to 91 per cent.; Milton, 80 to 90 per cent. Our young "aspriant" will find his style, both in conversation and writing, improved in vigor and effectiveness by substituting short Saxon words, wherever he can do so, for long words of Latin derivation. Richard Grant White says: "If all foreign elements were taken away from the English tongue, its life and vigor would be unimpaired. We could live and love and hate and work and play and worship, and express all our wants and our feelings, tell tales and sing songs."—New England Journal of Education.

A Detroit restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "free chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them an ax and a woodpile.

Ode to a washerwoman—$1.50.
A REMINISCENCE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

To him: these wall,ing Almanacs,
Hung ns In ill her majesty arrayed —
And next in order after these,
It was a lovely night in June:

V's when the sleepers awoke.
Tapped me upon the arm, and said:
And then, the most amusing joke
In an illumining range
While torches of devices strange
For making love enchanting sport;

Hence, these provisions kind were made
And college glee was at its height:
To mingle friend wherein you can,
Tho old folks kindly went away,

And left the young on their glee
Each holding forth till he was hoarse.
I offered to the blushing maid,
That loving pairs might promenade.

There were three speakers — each address
Was kindly called a success; —
And next in order after these,
It was a lovely night in June:

V's when the sleepers awoke.
Tapped me upon the arm, and said:
And then, the most amusing joke
In an illumining range
While torches of devices strange
For making love enchanting sport;

Hence, these provisions kind were made
And college glee was at its height:
To mingle friend wherein you can,
Tho old folks kindly went away,

And left the young on their glee
Each holding forth till he was hoarse.
I offered to the blushing maid,
That loving pairs might promenade.

A coroner's jury, in the case of a man who was killed by a falling icicle, rendered a verdict that he "died of hard drink.

A lawyer was noticed at a recent concert enthusiastically applauding one of the singers.
"Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "Why, does he love music so much?"

As from the walks of business-life,
All its cares and duties done,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,

A coroner's jury, in the case of a man who was killed by a falling icicle, rendered a verdict that he "died of hard drink.

A lawyer was noticed at a recent concert enthusiastically applauding one of the singers.
"Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "Why, does he love music so much?"

As from the walks of business-life,
All its cares and duties done,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,

A coroner's jury, in the case of a man who was killed by a falling icicle, rendered a verdict that he "died of hard drink.

A lawyer was noticed at a recent concert enthusiastically applauding one of the singers.
"Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "Why, does he love music so much?"

As from the walks of business-life,
All its cares and duties done,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,

A coroner's jury, in the case of a man who was killed by a falling icicle, rendered a verdict that he "died of hard drink.

A lawyer was noticed at a recent concert enthusiastically applauding one of the singers.
"Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "Why, does he love music so much?"

As from the walks of business-life,
All its cares and duties done,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,

A coroner's jury, in the case of a man who was killed by a falling icicle, rendered a verdict that he "died of hard drink.

A lawyer was noticed at a recent concert enthusiastically applauding one of the singers.
"Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "Why, does he love music so much?"

As from the walks of business-life,
All its cares and duties done,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,
I look with memory's doting gaze
Upon those vanished college days,
TESTING NEW DOCTRINES.

We live in an age of revolution and progress. Old beliefs are being supplanted by new, and heresies, once popular, but dead now, are quietly laid away in their little graves. It would be rash to aver that all this change is for the best. We fear some of it is for the worst. To illustrate; the Louisiana Returning Board stands a monument of a "change," but we should be slow to declare that it presents an entirely satisfactory exhibit of real advancement in higher Civilization and Christianity.

But we are too young to be a fogy. We believe, with Galileo, that the world moves. He might answer, that "It moves in a circle." But we should consider this merely one of Galileo's jokes, and be content to reply, "Galileo, Providence never intended you should be a joke. Listen to Providence."

But it seems clear to us that the world is really advancing, however slow and however interrupted its progress be, since, (1) God evidently designed it should, (2) Enlightenment is daily spreading, and (3) The experience of past ages, carefully treasured by the historian's hand, is given the men of succeeding generations for their study, and must teach them wisdom.

So we learn that these "changes" in our manners, beliefs and institutions are not necessarily all good or all bad, although in a majority of cases we may trust it is for the best. But this is learning little definitely. To accept all newly established doctrines, because the majority of them are wise, would be to reason upon decidedly too general principles and would be to blindly follow a faith.

But even were we content to accept all established doctrines, the grave question arises in what light shall we regard the new issues first weighed in the balance and found wanting. Do we not ambitious to be numbered among the world's leaders? If so, and if it be that we hope to mould the minds and beliefs of our fellows, we must take heed to so train ourselves, that we may examine in an independent, fair and philosophic spirit the problems each day submitted the world.

To be more specific; shall we believe in spiritualism, or mesmerism, or phrenology, or mind-reading? Shall we look to the world for our answer? Let us not forget that if we lay any claim to culture, the world looks to us for an answer.

No, we must face the music, and grapple the problems. What Bacon has said of reading, gives us light as to how we shall investigate new doctrines. "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." And we should examine the "ism," not in order to argue for it, or against it, but to know if it be true. Let us not start back affrighted by its novelty, or rush forward to embrace it simply because we are commanded to "entertain strangers." We must judge it upon its merits, and neither trust it is "all right," or trust it is "all wrong."—Trust is dangerous business. Not alone leading to financial bankruptcy, but often to mental bankruptcy, if one cultures his mind to trust and not to think.

No class of thinkers ever boasted more hard common-sense than the famed school of Scotch Philosophers. And in that school no member excelled in intellectual powers Sir William Hamilton. What was his method of investigating new doctrines? We find an answer in this quotation; "He knew that investigation into opinions and beliefs that seemed to the ordinary wise man too preposterous to receive a thought, may nevertheless repay the investigator. He counted it very unsafe to treat any opinion, especially any one professing to contain a truth within it, as naught, unless it be first weighed in the balance and found wanting. When the result is reached, and it is found that the whole is a fallacy, there is yet gained for the service of psychological science the special exposure of this fallacy, heresy, superstition, or whatever else it might be called."

And so it would seem that when a new ism presented itself to Hamilton's mind, he neither received it, nor rejected it, but considered it. Though men of ordinary wisdom passed it by with ridicule, this man of extraordinary wisdom did not. Especially if it claimed to contain a deep truth, he investigated it. If but once in twenty times he found new doctrines worthy of consideration, he felt repaid for his toil, and had benefited the world no less perhaps in exposing a heresy than by proving a truth.

Now, we submit, that no true philosopher could prove a more valuable philanthropist to the world than in this field. He stands as a watchman of Zion upon the bulwarks, to warn his fellows to reject the false and to welcome the true. And because we believed this a sphere where the man of culture might do knightly service in the cause of right and advancement, we have presumed to call the attention of students to the topic; and this more particularly since we have never seen the theme specially considered. We know our treatment of the topic must appear crude and unsatisfactory, it seems so to us, but we can only please that we were denied the time for properly considering it.

EDUCATION.

When one is discussing a topic, it is of some importance to him to know what he is talking about. Oftentimes men talk long and tolerably well without definitely knowing this; but the policy is somewhat unwise and dangerous. We have heard a learned and honored Professor of Mathematics declare that in examining some thirty works upon Algebra he had found scarce a half-dozen wherein "Algebra" was correctly defined. Probably these thirty works were wise in their way, and boasted good points, and gave the "Hindoo Formula for Solving Quadratics," but it seems sad to reflect that the authors of the majority of these works did not know what they were talking about, did not, in short, know what "Algebra" was.

Now we have many works written in a controversial spirit upon Education. Certain "schemes" and "courses" of Education are suggested and savagely advocated. What leads to this wide difference of opinion among our worthy Educators is perhaps partly explained by the fact that many of them do not know what they are talking about, do not know what "Education" signifies. There can be no solution of a problem until the force of each symbol and sign is appreciated, and neither can we determine the best way to "educate," until we determine what "Education" is.

To illustrate; if we should begin with the supposition that the best informed man is the...
best educated man, we could not conscientiously advocate the same methods of Education as those held by one who believed that Education meant the development and training of one’s mental powers. We would be compelled, if we stood by our definition, to advise a student to read much, to cram much, to exercise his memory to the utmost, and in short, to inform himself, whilst he might give comparative little attention to his reasoning faculties, and to the subject of mind-concentration. Upon the other hand, the advocate of the “other definition” would advise a method entirely different.

Then we must know what Education means. We take it for granted that the old heresy, that to educate one is to fill him up with a great heap of miscellaneous and undigested and undigestible knowledge, is dead, cold and buried. Webster formulates quite correctly that “Education” implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart.” He notes that “Education is properly to draw forth.” Of course it is, if we shall merely regard the origin of the word, from “e” and “ducere,” but we place little trust in this manner of arriving at a word’s signification. It tells us rather what a word ought to mean than what it does mean. Words like persons are not always just what they should be. Still to “draw forth” or to “lead out,” may be, with a little explanatory clause inserted, made to square with our ideas of “Education.”

In the first place, we consider that true Education implies self-knowledge. “Know thyself,” declared Socrates, and it was the wisest saying of all time. We take it for granted that the old heresy, that to educate one is to fill him up with a great heap of miscellaneous and undigestible knowledge, is dead, cold and buried.

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, in describing his ideal college the other day, said that “three by-laws should be passed—that no waste of time should be allowed within its walls, that there should be no disparagement of any branch of learning, and that character is before knowledge. Not what one knows, but what he is, should be the criterion. The first requisite of such a university is to train its students, who must also be ready to teach and skilled in teaching. The day is passed when the same teacher can teach everything. Other requisites are choice collections of books, apparatus, etc., good plans, method and harmony, good working places, as laboratories, etc., and a good body of enthusiastic students. Whether the guardians of the Johns Hopkins University are aiming at this, remains to be seen. Strangers are invited to come among us, and by their counsel and help, and by their presence aid us in reaching out to the education of the intelligent classes of the community. The four year system has been entirely given up, and is falling into disuse in many institutions in the country. The matriculation requisites are as high as in the best institutions of the land, and the student has now the choice of at least seven combinations of studies. For the degree of Bachelor of Arts a knowledge of the classics is required, and to students of science are given opportunities for the study of literature and the languages, and opportunities to the classical and literary student for the study of science. Sharp lines are not drawn between the faculty and students, but professors, associates, fellows and students are regarded as fellow-workers.

---Tydium---

One of our college exchanges tells us that the Senior have revived the custom of wearing the cap and gown. This custom is in most cases, and are lost—lost to those of us educated, but the little one; “we let out the tucks.”

---Tydium---

These words from Isaac Barrow merit thought:

“Even being void of reason, of sense, of life itself, do suggest unto us remembrance of industry; they being set in continual action, toward the effecting wise purposes, conducting to the preservation of their own being, and by the same means, to the general prosperity of the earth, which is ever laboring in the birth and nourishment of children who are not of a free nature; who are not content with the fruits and seeds, to feed us, and propagate themselves; the rivers are running, the seas are boiling, the winds are howling, keeping the elements in which we live...”

---Tydium---
THE CANAL CAPTAIN.

BY WINSLOW.

(Originally contributed by the editor of the Monthly Musings, of Randolph, N. Y.)

The captain of our packet was a hero. He was the model officer and gentleman; his bearings indicated that. At the time he was bearing due East. As he stood in the stern with the helm in his hand, the lustre of his red shirt undimmed by vest or coat, his black moustache flying in the zephyrs, and his shoulders broad enough through daylight to perish in the attempt, he awoke the admiration of all parties, especially the fair sex. He kept his word. It was true we were behind time in starting, but as he knowingly observed, "It was not the first time horse-flesh had to stand the consequence, and would not be the last as long as the company bought horses at a thousand dollars the hundred."

We had not been long under way when a strong wind arose. It blew great guns from the Northeast, and also the smell of musty cheese and bologna sausage from the vicinity of the gun. This was at the suggestion of the captain, who thus showed himself original in ideas. Preparations were nearly completed, but one thing remained to be done. At the request of the captain, one of the passengers wrote the following note, placed it in an empty beer bottle and consigned it to the placid waters of the canal.

"Strong wind blowing from Northeast directly against us. All will be safe unless wind so retards us that will not reach Hagerstown till whisky is used up and men compelled to drink water. In which case serious consequences may follow. Written aboard the canal-packet, Sally Lukins, July 28th, 1873." The storm now increased in violence. The wind and waves caused the noble bark to career from side to side, whilst the sway of the red head of the cook looked like the fiery career of a pin-wheel in its circular motions to and fro. Vivid flashes of lightning, succeeded by sharp peals of thunder, increased the terror of the scene, and also the speed of the horses, which broke from their usual walk into an unusual trot, and continued in this state of recklessness some twenty seconds. The cook in his place. This greatly amazed all hands, for in the experience of the oldest canalers the thing had never been done. It especially befogged the mind of the captain, causing him to lose his "reckonings," and with a remark about taking observations he darted down below. A suspicious noise which followed seemed to indicate the collision of tumbler and bottle, but probably it was the rattling of "nautical instruments." The "vigor" of his breath, as well as the order to "take in a reef of the rudder and throw the main-deck overboard," seemed to confirm the first suprise, but circumstantial evidence of mental and physical excitement often follows intricate mathematical calculations. Canal captains should guard against this.

But an incident, which shortly followed, showed how soon his intellect had become evenly poised. The motion of the boat made it exceedingly difficult to walk across the deck, and the "first mate," unfortunately going too near the edge, was sent by a sudden lurch into the canal. It would have sounded more romantic to have said he fell in the "briny-deep," but it was bad enough as it was. With remarkable presence of mind the captain seized a hand-spike, and blew a blast for the driver to stop his horses. The command was instantly obeyed, and the "fiery steeds" stopped one-millionth of a second after the driver ejaculated "whoa." The captain now ordered the boatswain to summon the horses at a thousand dollars the hundred."}

Search was made for a lantern, but none was found, except the dashing of the water against the boat, then followed angry cries of against the boat, then followed angry cries of

"The sad fate of Shanks had apparently excited very little sympathy, but no sooner was the reward mentioned then a rush was made for the boat's edge, where Tom stood and declared that the captain seized a hand-spike, and blew a blast for the driver to stop his horses. The command was instantly obeyed, and the "fiery steeds" stopped one-millionth of a second after the driver ejaculated "whoa." The captain now ordered the boatswain to summon the horses at a thousand dollars the hundred."

"The firm have unusual facilities for conducting business. The students who were at College with him in 1870 will remember Mr. C. as an earnest, thorough student, and they will, no doubt, be glad to hear of his prosperity. For several years after leaving us he was the business manager of the Religious Herald of this city, but for the last few months he has been conducting a Real Estate agency in partnership with Dr. A. R. Dickinson, the editor of the Southern Planter. The firm have unusual facilities for conducting their business, and we predict for them an abundant measure of success.

"We were pleased to see James W. Tucker, late of Baltimore Dental College, as he stepped by on his way home. Jimmie is looking as fresh and rosy as if he had been rusticking instead of learning how to draw the "trouble-some member" successfully. He has determined to enter the ministry, and announces his intention of returning to Richmond College next session.

"Rev. J. E. L. Holmes, the popular pastor of the Baptist church at Danville, paid us a visit last week. He was too much engrossed, however, with the fair sex, during his stay in the city, to let us see much of him.

"Professor Harris' health has been fully restored and he has taken his classes again.

"The city papers announce Dr. Curry's going to Washington to present his compliments to President Hayes, his room-mate at College.

"Mrs. Partington says that Ike has bought a horse so spirited that he always goes off in a decanter.

We called at the office of our old friend and former College mate, A. J. Chewning; a few days ago, and found him succeeding admirably in the Real Estate business. The students who were at College with him in 1870 will remember C. as an earnest, thorough student, and they will, no doubt, be glad to hear of his prosperity. For several years after leaving us he was the business manager of the Religious Herald of this city, but for the last few months he has been conducting a Real Estate agency in partnership with Dr. A. R. Dickinson, the editor of the Southern Planter. The firm have unusual facilities for conducting their business, and we predict for them an abundant measure of success.

"We were pleased to see James W. Tucker, late of Baltimore Dental College, as he stepped by on his way home. Jimmie is looking as fresh and rosy as if he had been rusticking instead of learning how to draw the "troublesome member" successfully. He has determined to enter the ministry, and announces his intention of returning to Richmond College next session.

"Rev. J. E. L. Holmes, the popular pastor of the Baptist church at Danville, paid us a visit last week. He was too much engrossed, however, with the fair sex, during his stay in the city, to let us see much of him.

"Professor Harris' health has been fully restored and he has taken his classes again.

"The city papers announce Dr. Curry's going to Washington to present his compliments to President Hayes, his room-mate at College.

"Mrs. Partington says that Ike has bought a horse so spirited that he always goes off in a decanter.
Locals.

The arrangements for the Final Celebration of the Social Club are progressing finely. Various committees have been appointed, and the work has been well apportioned. Mr. R. H. Pitt has been elected President; Mr. L. F. Whittle, Declamer; Messrs. W. W. Cosby, P. Y. Tupper, - Peal, J. M. McMannaway, Debaters.

We congratulate the students on their selections, and predict that, with painstaking efforts on the part of committees and speakers, we will have the most successful celebrations we have ever had.

The funeral services of the Gymnasium will take place on the 1st of April, immediately after dinner. Deceased had been afflicted for some time with achromatia. It is gone. The political depression was too much for its weak constitution. Its career was short but brilliant, and it is pleasant to think that "being dead it hath its influence." Several students have been taught in a convincing way of the universality of the law of gravitation and the utter instability of hempen material. It lived before its time. In these clays its value is not yet hath its influence. Several students have been taught in a convincing way of the universality of the law of gravitation and the utter instability of hempen material. It lived before its time. In these clays its value is not.

The usual number of exchanges for this month is on our table. Among them we note the College Journal, The Campus, The College Journal, (notice that one is College Journal and the other The College Journal), The Home Journal, and College Record. All of them are ably edited. The article "Emancipation of Mind in the Sixteenth Century," in the College Record, bears evidence of mature thought.

Another one of our old comrades has been called away. RALPH DICKINSON, of Louisa county, died on the 6th of March, 1877. He was a student of session '73-4. We had not the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him, but he was considered, by those who knew him best, a refined gentleman and Christian. He had been teaching school at his home in Louisa county. We extend to the relatives and friends our heartfelt sympathy.

E. B. Spence & Son are offering their splendid stock of goods at prices which would seem to indicate that the Presidential muddle has not been settled. And yet Messrs. Spence & Sons read the newspapers and advertise in them too, as is proved by their success.

"Why is the shape of a egg like a kiss?" Because it is elliptical, (lip-tickly).

The above is from a students who failed on his Int. Math. Examination. He says he knows more about the kiss than he does about the ellipse. We hope he does.

Exchanges.

The usual number of exchanges for this month is on our table. Among them we note the College Journal, The Campus, The College Journal, (notice that one is College Journal and the other The College Journal), The Home Journal, and College Record. All of them are ably edited. The article "Emancipation of Mind in the Sixteenth Century," in the College Record, bears evidence of mature thought.

The Home Journal is always gladly received. It is a journal of long standing, and keeps fully abreast with the times without conforming to their imperious dictates. Who is the wit of The College Journal? Give us his name, and don’t let him hide his light under a bushel.

The Campus tells us of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Senior class of Alleghany county, Pa., by Hon. Fred. Douglass, and says that the attendance was very small. Wonder what was the reason the "distinguished gentleman" didn’t have a larger crowd.

OLD CORNER STORE,
1300 MAIN STREET.

FOR YOUR
CLOTHING, SHIRTS AND
FURNISHING GOODS.

E. B. Spence & Son.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY
BY GOING TO THE

E. B. Spence & Son.

FOR YOUR
CLOTHING, SHIRTS AND
FURNISHING GOODS.

JEWELRY, &c.,
SOCIETY BADGE PINS, AND
MEDALS A SPECIALTY.
1003 Main Street.

JOHN H. TYLER & CO.
JEWELRY, &c.,
SOCIETY BADGE PINS, AND
MEDALS A SPECIALTY.
1003 Main Street.

R. KEIL, COLLEGE LAUNDRY,
DEALER IN
FINE CIGARS, TOBACCO,
SMOKER’S ARTICLES,
AND STATIONERY,
Opposite the College.

W. H. McCOBB.
DEALER IN
FURNISHING GOODS.

R. W. WHITTLE,
DEALER IN
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
AND
AUCTIONEERS,
1115 Main Street,
RICHMOND, VA.

A. J. CHEWNING
DICKINSON & CHEWNING,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
AND
AUCTIONEERS,
No. 825 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

CHAS. LUMSDEN,
DEALER IN
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, Thimbles, Gold Pens, &c.,
1115 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

WINGO, ELLIOTT & CRUMP.
DEALER IN
BOOTS, SHOES AND TRUNKS,
AT RETAIL.
1000 MAIN STREET,
(Shaffer’s Building, Eighth and Main.)

W. J. REED, MANUFACTURER OF PLAIN GOLD RINGS AND BADGES.

REPAIRING CAREFULLY DONE.
RICHMOND COLLEGE,
Richmond, Virginia.

The Institution embraces eight independent schools, under the following FACULTY:

EDMUND HARRISON, A. M., Professor of Latin.
H. H. HARRIS, A. M., Professor of Greek.
ROBERT MACKEE, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages.
J. L. M. CUBBY, D. D., LL. D., Professor of English and Acting Professor of Philosophy.
E. B. SMITH, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.
C. H. WINSTON, A. M., Professor of Physics.
H. PURYEAR, A. M., Professor of Chemistry.

Expenses per session of nine months, embracing matriculation and tuition fees, fuel, lights and washing, $118. Good board in meaning clubs costs $10 per month; at the College boarding houses, $15. About $60 will be needed on matriculation; $30 the 1st February, and the remainder at intervals through the session.

The expenses of a day student per session are $75.50.

Students can enter advantageously 1st January, or at the beginning of the second half of the current session, 6th February. Suitable reduction in charges are made. The College Buildings, situated in the most beautiful and healthful portion of the city, just within the corporate limits, with thirteen acres of land attached, are ample for the accommodation of at least two hundred and fifty students.

The Institution offers to the student every facility necessary to his comfort, convenience and success, and is thoroughly equipped in all respects for dispensing liberal education, on terms unusually moderate.

For Catalogues, giving full information in regard to all the departments of the College, address

Dr. Geo. B. Steele,
Chairman of the Faculty.

BEDFORD BROS.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
CIGARS.

1. A. SAKS & CO.,
FASHIONABLE CLOTHIERS,
"One Price Only,"
1013 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Any Style or size Garment worn by man or boy to be had at our Establishment.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

T. G. W. IRA SMITH,
1109 Main street.

McGOVERN'S LAUNDRY,
For Catalogues, giving full information in regard to all the departments of the College, address

Dr. Geo. B. Steele,
Chairman of the Faculty.

THE DRUG STORE NEAREST TO RICHMOND COLLEGE is
THE "WEST END PHARMACY,"
726 WEST MARSHALL STREET.

Choice brands TOBACCO and CIGARS, Stationery,

JAMES T. GATWOOD,
GROCER,
SECOND AND GRACE STREETS, NO. 201,
RICHMOND, VA.

J. H. SIMPSON & Co.,
1009 MAIN STREET.

Also a full line of

JENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
all of which will be sold for CASH at the

THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

HUGH C. SMITH,
RICHMOND COLLEGE,
Richmond, Va.