A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

[The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in an humble cottage in England.]

In the mild silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone.
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

So if it be the heaviness that comes,
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything besides, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything—my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?
THE BLUES.

It has always appeared strange to me that as prevalent as this disease is, nothing should ever have been written about it. It is a subject that seems to have escaped the essay writers altogether; and this is more strange as the disease itself is often most fatal, for men have been known to take their lives when in its grasp. Do not fancy because of the name and its natural association with "blue-blood" that it is confined to the upper class. Rich and poor, high and low, are alike subject to it. Neither is it confined to sex, it attacks both men and women; nor does the color of the skin make one less liable to be its victim, it counts white and black among its prey. In fact, there is no one who at some time has not been under the dominion of the blues. If, therefore, I shall be able to put you on your guard against this disease, and can point to some things you should avoid in order not to catch it, I shall be most happy, and I would have you especially bear in mind that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

First; Don't fall in love. If you do, don't fall out,—fall out with the girl, I mean. The blues are very marked when a man has fallen out with his girl. The symptoms are most alarming. He is careless of his appearance, often seen with his hair unkempt and minus his necktie. He smokes stronger cigars than usual. He begins to imbibe—soda water. He is reckless in his speech; his remarks about the ladies especially are made up of explosive phrases and words, disjointed, disconnected, disloyal and sometimes highly irreverent. Said explosive remarks being made up of such general terms as "females," "the sex," "womankind," make some noise but do not seem to hit anything. He also praises the state of celibacy, intimates that he intends to take the vows and ever enjoy single blessedness. He sits up late at night reading Byron and essays on decision of character. He becomes pale and haggard, loses five or six pounds a day. His friends naturally become solicitors. One of them, John, accosts him on the street thus, "Hollo, Billy Longface, going to outdo Dr. Tanner? Pshaw, my dear fellow, better give up."

Billy Longface gives a start as though just awakened from a deep sleep—"Ah."

"Billy, allow me to congratulate you. Your economy is commendable. Walking about to save funeral expenses, I see."

All of this is entirely lost on Billy. He hasn’t heard a word of it. He looks John blankly in the face and says, "I tell you what John, my firm conviction"—great emphasis on firm—"my firm conviction is, that bachelors are the happiest people God ever made. My advice
The Blues.

"Why Bill! Girls, Bill! You must mean angels."

"Yes, John, I do mean angels, for is it not written, 'and the devil also has his angels.'" Bill smiles at his grim joke.—Note, first smile for a month.

See to what a sad state he was reduced, how irreverent he became. Take warning from his sad fate and don’t fall in love, that is, if you do, don’t fall out.

Secondly; Don’t borrow trouble. There never was a wiser utterance than, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." What’s the use of thinking about to-morrow; to be sure it may thunder and lighten, but it may not. Suppose it does, you may not be there to see it. You may be in Manchester or some where else. The sun is shining to-day, so enjoy it, bask in its rays. Don’t borrow trouble, it is dishonest. Whoever knew a man who borrowed trouble to pay it back. Such a thing never enters his mind. He heaps it up bundle after bundle, and bale after bale, but never thinks of returning it. Now be honest and don’t borrow trouble. That the way of the transgressor is hard, is surely proven in his case. He never pays back, and day by day his store of trouble increases, and he sighs and groans as he looks upon it.

Look on the bright side. There is a bright side some where, else you would never know that it is dark. If you can’t get on the bright side, walk around, you will certainly find a ray of light piercing through the cloud some where. When you find one, search for another; gather them into a focus. Smooth out that frown and let a smile once more play over your features. What if Angelina did marry Gustavus Adolphus; it is evident, that if she prefers a conceited puppy to a man of your stamina, you would never have been happy with her. As good fish in the sea as have ever been caught. Smooth out the wrinkles on your brow. Take away the hundred pound weights you keep suspended at the corners of your mouth all the time. Let the corners ascend, it is natural for them so to do, and let the smiles which before so habitually wreathed your handsome face, beam on some other girl. Go fishing again. Believe me there are always rays of light some where, there is always a bright side if we will search for it. God made us to be happy, and it is our own inattention to the means that brings misery. There was a great deal of sound philosophy in the reply of a man to one who was complaining of the bad weather, when he said, "I am thankful to the Lord that there is any weather at all."

Thirdly; Cultivate will power. You may get the reputation of being obstinate, but what of that; better be the rock that the stone-cutter hammers and hammers on without producing any impression, than the
quicksilver which runs now in this direction now in that. Don't treat all the dreams of your childhood as childish dreams. The dreams, the air castles of youth are often the acorns from which grow the mighty oaks, or the sprouting from which springs the vine, and in time the purple clusters of the luscious grape and the wine that through succeeding ages delights the heart of man. If you have an idea, hold it. It may be hard to do, but do it. Don't let it like a greased pig slip through your fingers. You say an idea strikes you. Suppose it does, the harder it hits you the better. Did it knock you down? If so, better still. Jump up. Master it. Hammer it while it is hot. Make the sparks fly. It may come out only a horse-shoe nail. What of that; remember the old lines,

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
For want of a rider the battle was lost,
For want of a battle the kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a horse shoe nail."

There is no telling to what the hammering out of an idea may lead, but suppose it is only a horse-shoe nail after all; after a while you will learn to make hammers; little hammers, big hammers, sledge hammers, for ensuing ages to use; for what are the thoughts, the sayings, the proverbs, the systems of great thinkers of the past, but the hammers with which we are constantly shaping our own ideas. You may have genius or you may not, that is secondary matter. If you have genius, other people are more apt to know it than you yourself. Genius, like true piety, is unconscious of its own existence. People give as much credit to the man who says, "I am truly pious," as to him who says, "I am a genius;" the one they call a hypocrite, the other, a fool. "Let your light shine." No man was ever yet a genius, and no body but himself knew it. It is something like a volcano. People may not believe at first in the mutterings they hear, but some night about twelve o'clock they will conclude without any lengthy deliberation that some cooler spot is desirable. Never give up the ship. If you have ever admitted the word "fail" in your dictionary, tear out the leaf on which it is written and let the word "fear" go along with it. Fear God, but look your neighbor in the face; you are as good as he is and better too. If you have an idea, do something with or let it alone. Nothing so certainly ruins a young man as beginning and not finishing. Nothing gives him the blues so quickly. We, you and I, know those who have the blues from this very cause. They have lots of little jobs worrying them to death; a model half made, an essay half
written, a set of chess-men half carved, a little plat in the garden half attended to. Don’t make a resolution unless there is strong likelihood of your keeping it. Every time you make a resolution and don’t keep it, your moral fibre is weakened. Have some backbone. If you make a resolution keep it. Make it and break it, and then comes an attack of the blues; but make it and keep it, and you will have wonderful power. Don’t be another Vivian Vacillator, in whose diary was found the following:—

“1880, January 1, Resolved to keep a diary.”
“1880, January 2, Resolved to stop keeping a diary.

The greatest thing in the world is man, the greatest thing in man is mind. Be sure then you let the mind govern.

Again; don’t put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Some men’s minds are made up of to-morrows. They never do anything to-day; everything is done to-morrow. There is a letter to write, it is done to-morrow; a job to finish, to-morrow is the time for it. Why not act to-day? You can’t act to-morrow, to-morrow never comes; when it comes it has changed its name, it is to-day. How many fortunes have been ruined, how much talent has been lost, how many reputations, characters, souls have been undone by putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day. How many friends have been estranged, how many mothers have been made to mourn, sisters to weep, fathers to grow gray by the putting off until to-morrow what should have been done to-day. Look around at the graves! Here young men, there young women lie buried. See, there she stands, hideous hag to-morrow. She laughs a hollow laugh. She points exultingly to the head-stones, on each of which is written,

“For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It might have been.”

“Ha! Ha!” she screams, “It might have been!” and the wind catches it up,—It might have been.

Fourthly; Don’t be idle. An idle brain is the devil’s work-shop. If you don’t want to have the blues, be busy, keep at work. It is better to wear out than to rust out. This pocket-knife has always done me good service. Now it is worn to the handle, but it has lasted longer and done better work than the one I lost in the garden, and that lay there so long that it rusted away until it hardly resembled a knife at all. What boots it if you have great talent if it is not put to use. The knife that rusted away was the best metal. Go to work. Jump in. Many a man has caught cold by standing shivering on the bank, when if he had jumped in he would have missed the cold and have enjoyed himself. Then remember the reward. The farmer works...
in the summer that he may rest in the winter. It may be hard work rowing up the canal, but you can drift down.

Look around you, the whole creation is busy, from the little ant that pursues its daily toil, to the great ocean moving incessantly with its currents and counter-currents, with the ebb and flow of its tides. Inaction is rust, canker, decrepitude. Does the mighty river ever have the blues? Ask it, murmuring, ripling, splashing, leaping, dashing; ask it, roaring, swelling, tumbling; ask it, as with a leap and a jump it shoots over the great rocks in its path, as it runs around and encircles a huge bowlder with a cry of triumph, saying, "you thought you could stop me, ha! ha!" Ask it, as its hands of spray would toy with the bushes and rocks, the lillies and vines; the hands stretch out—too late, it is gone, gone. It can't stop, on, on, ever onward to the sea, now rushing around a curve, now darting straight ahead, now glittering joyously in the sun-shine, now darkening as it passes under the trees standing tall upon its banks, stretching their arms over its bosom, and looking contemptuously upon it for its idleness. Ask it. It does not have time to answer. It has gone miles toward the sea now. Here, come down here for a moment where it seems to be slacking its pace and gliding along smoothly, though believe me there is a current beneath. Here, ask it quick! Quick! River, are you ever despondent? It gives back the answer, "No, no," in a tone complaining of your interruption.

What is that you see as you turn your back upon the river? A pool, a pool all covered with slime. There are crawling, creeping, things on its banks; there are creeping, crawling, things, half in the green water, half out. They make one shudder. Noisome vapors arise from it.

What is the difference between this pool and that river? The one is pure, fresh, sparkling; the other is corrupt, stale, sickening. The one supplies our city with water pure and sweet, it makes our coffee, our tea, and sometimes, alas! our milk. It brings roses to the maidens cheek, gives strength to the young man. It is a benediction, a blessing. The other breathes forth malaria, fever, pestilence, a host of diseases. Wherever the breeze carries its vapors, it carries corruption, poison death; the maiden's cheek pales, the young man trembles and shakes with the ague. It is a malediction, a curse.

Why this difference? What is its secret? The one is at work; the other, is moveless, stagnant. And thus it is with men; we find some at work, joyous, cheerful—a reflection of the divine nature; others slothful, lazy, are full of bitterness, carping, evil-speaking, complaining. Young man, if you don't want to have the blues, keep at work. Work is not a curse, but a blessing. It is a disinclination to work that
constitutes the curse. Work is ennobling. Angels work; heaven works. God works. Work is a reflection of the divinity. It is stamped upon all creation, from the blood that courses through the veins of the smallest animacule, to the planets rolling about their suns, the suns with their systems revolving about a centre, the centres revolving with eternal music about the throne of God.

Lastly; remember this, you are a man, and not a monkey. Don't mind what Darwin says. An authority older than Darwin, and perhaps more to be respected, says that you are a son of God, created by Him. Think upon the glory of your origin, the nobility of your nature, the immortality of your being, the end of your creation. Remember too the God-man who came to save us and comfort us when we are cast down. God made you to be happy. Nature teaches this. The Bible teaches it. This is the gospel chain, know, do, be happy. What is happiness? Holiness is happiness.

JACK.

THE YOUNG MEN OF VIRGINIA, THEIR HERITAGE AND THEIR DUTY.

Virginians have an ancestry of which they may well be proud. I know that in referring to this I might offend the sensitive ears of certain individuals in another latitude, who fondly prate of "social equality," boast of their "republican institutions," and loudly sneer at "Southern aristocracy," yet I am proud to know that Virginians were not sprung from the off-scourings of the Old World, but were descended from men who had long reflected honor upon the name of England.

Of all the races which have peopled the world, none have exercised a greater influence upon the destinies of mankind than has the Anglo-Saxon race. Splendid, indeed, were the monuments of antiquity; the deeds of Greece and Rome shine down to us through the dark vista of intervening centuries with undimmed brilliance, yet they have found a parallel in this race.

Homer, with magic charm, depicted gods and heroes as he sung of ancient Troy. Yet England's poet, catching an inspiration almost divine as he raised his sightless orbs to Heaven, chose angels for his theme, and trod unabashed amid the glories of Paradise and the terrors of hell. Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides each struck the chord of human emotions and powerfully did it respond; but great as were their works, it remained for one of Anglo-Saxon parentage to eclipse them. From the banks of the Avon there sprung a lowly bard
before whom all bow as the greatest delineator of human nature the world ever saw. And so in oratory such men as Pitt, Burke, Sheridan and Grattan brought back the days of Demosthenes and Cicero as they wrought upon the minds of their hearers. In science Newton, with consummate skill, traced the intricate courses of the stars, opened up the great mysteries of Nature and dared to explore them. Bacon, with mighty intellect, launched forth upon the tide of time his *Novum Organum*, which contained the grandest system of philosophy ever known to man.

But I cannot stop to say more of this people—their deeds belong to history, and illumined by the pen of a Macaulay, glorious indeed are the annals of England.

Such was the race which produced the early Virginians. The world knows with what hardihood and devotion the first settlements in Virginia were founded. Old Atlantic had not then submitted to the control of science, and far different was the voyage then from what it now is. Starting in frail and unseaworthy vessels, after braving untold danger on the sea, still greater awaited them in their new homes. Often during the day would their toil be interrupted by some sudden attack of the treacherous Indians. And even at night when they sought

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,"

none knew whether he would ever wake again. But successfully encountering every vicissitude, the Virginia colony rapidly spread and laid broad and deep the foundations of her future glory.

As a colony, Virginia stood preeminent in her allegiance to the mother country. Bound by the strongest ties to her king during all of England's internal commotions, she remained loyal to the crown. But when her liberties were invaded first was she to throw off this allegiance, now hateful to her, giving to the colonies the mind which composed and the hand which penned the Declaration of Independence, and him who led their armies to victory.

Likewise, when over eighty years afterwards a more subtile and pernicious attempt was made against her liberties, once more did she rise in her majesty to defend her rights, and though in the fortune of war she was overthrown, yet it was not without a struggle unequalled in all the tide of time. As I think of Virginia crushed and prostrate, weeping over her fallen sons, I feel like applying to her the words which the English poet addressed to the fallen oak—

"Thou who unmoved, hast heard the whirlwind chide,
Full many a winter round thy craggy bed,
And like an earth-born giant hast outspread
Thy hundred arms and Heaven's own bolts defied;  
Now liest along thy native mountain side  
Uptorn! Yet deem not that I come to shed  
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,  
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride.  
No! still 'tis thine, though fallen, imperial oak,  
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave,  
That 'tis far better, overthrown and broke,  
In Freedom's cause to sink into the grave,  
Than in submission to a Tyrant's yoke,  
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave."

I cannot even mention all who have reflected lustre upon the name of Virginia. They have inscribed their names high in the temple of fame, and their memory is lovingly enshrined in every true Virginian's heart. How shall I speak of them?

"The knightliest of the knightly race  
That, since the days of old,  
Have kept the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold;  
* * * * *  
Who climbed the blue Virginian hills  
Against embattled foes,  
And planted there, in valleys fair,  
The lily and the rose;  
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,  
Whose beauty stars the earth,  
And lights the hearths of happy homes  
With loveliness and worth."

But the influence of Virginia is not confined within her narrow territorial limits, for it cannot be bound by time nor space! Wherever in this world of ours, at the shrine of liberty a single votary kneels, the name of Washington shall have its meed of praise.

Thomas Jefferson will ever stand forth as the great expounder of Constitutional liberty. And so long as enlightened opinion holds sway in this land, our grand old University will stand as a monument to his name.

Wherever true eloquence raises its voice against oppression in the cause of right, there will Patrick Henry be honored.

Wherever sovereign law throned in equity metes out justice to the suppliant, there is the memory of Marshall cherished.

The name of Robert E. Lee belongs not to one country nor to one age, but the world and all time claim him for their own.

So long as truth itself shall stand, his name as the synonym of perfect manhood shall live "fresh in eternal youth."
Wherever stern devotion to duty is recognized, so long as the art of war be known, the name of Jackson will be revered.

Wherever the sacred fire burns upon vestal altars; wherever true chivalry kneels to spotless virtue, there will the name of Virginia’s noble women be worshipped.

Nature brings her tribute of praise to Virginia’s great. Those grand old mountains which lift their majestic heads to Heaven, stand as monuments of their splendid achievements. Our beautiful rivers murmur paeans as they roll along, ere they join old ocean in its deep anthem of praise.

This, young men of Virginia, is the heritage transmitted to you by your ancestors, and it only remains for you to prove worthy of it. Imbibing the grand lessons taught us by Virginia’s great, let us never bring the blush of shame to our proud mother’s cheek, but be always true to our State.

A little over a month ago, I sat in our capitol and witnessed the reunion of all that remain of the Army of Northern Virginia. I could but watch the grey-haired veterans who had so often followed Lee to victory, as a distinguished comrade pictured to them “the Rupert of the South.” Now, as the speaker recalls the stirring days of yore, involuntarily they shake the building with their applause, while ever and anon the unbidden tear blinds the boldest as he thinks of the blasted hopes of his people.

As I gazed upon this scene a question arose in my mind, and has been ringing in my ears ever since. What have we to do with this? What has the generation which has grown up since the war to do with it? Shall we at the bidding of a malignant press, or the loud mouthed exhortations of party speakers, believe that our fathers were traitors, and the principles for which they fought rebellious? In the name of those who rest in beautiful Hollywood, in the name of the “deathless dead” who sleep in every part of our loved State, I utter a fervent God forbid! Let us ever regard the men who wore the gray as the grandest heroes, the purest patriots the world ever saw. And let us, cherishing in our heart of hearts the glorious principles for which they contended, transmit to history the story of their deeds, so that the generations to come may love and revere them. If that be treason, make the most of it. This is, I think, the duty of the young men of Virginia toward their State. But we cannot rest upon their achievements, the future of our State depends upon us. It is ours to obey the lessons left us by those who have gone before.

We live in one of the most remarkable eras of the world’s history. Every year brings with it some new discovery or invention by which the forces of nature are made subservient to man. And with the
grand march of civilization and science, radical changes are taking place in public opinion. Truly may it be said, "Tempora mutantur et nos in illis mutamur." Could the dead arise from their long sleep, with what surprise would those great political sages who first framed our government now view the work of their hands.

No longer are our politics controlled by patriots and statesmen, but some Diogones pursuing his search through our congressional halls would not often find the object of his desire, an honest man.

Young men of Virginia, your mother State has ever been the first in every great and good work, let her now take the foremost stand in stemming this torrent of corruption and dishonesty which is flooding our land. Rebuke the voice of the blatant demagogue, as with wily means he strives to gain power. Arise in your majesty at the polls, and purge our halls of legislation and our judiciary. Then indeed will our venerable capitol be redeemed from disgrace; then indeed shall it reëcho the eloquence of former days, while mountains of oblivion shall cover those who lately ruled within its halls.

Heed not the voice of those who bid you seek your fortunes in other lands, but follow the grand example of Lee, who at the close of the war was offered position after position of honor and emolument in other countries, but steadily refused them all, to cast his fortunes with his native State.

Develop the internal resources of your State. Wrest from nature's strong embrace those precious minerals which form our hoary mountains; till every smiling valley: and then indeed will the agonizing cry of poverty no longer be heard in our bounds, but the broad light of prosperity will beam into every nook and corner of our "Old Dominion."

"For out of the gloom future brightness is born
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

Juvenis.

THE THEATRE.

The theatre is an ancient institution, having taken its rise among the Greeks. It grew from a religious feeling.

The theatre was a temple consecrated to deity, a place where dramas were performed as acts of worship, to incite religious sentiment and to keep alive religious feeling. The gods were represented
as taking part in the scenes that were acted. They as striving against the decrees of destiny formed objects of as exciting interest as do men. As Greece advanced and its general literature progressed towards development, the drama also improved until it reached that high state of perfection which Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides served to make it. This improvement very much changed the character of dramatic exhibitions. Originally they were considered solemn acts of worship, the entire populace joining in the ceremony. But as the tastes of the people became more appreciative, the skill of the poet was pressed into service and professional talent was added to heighten the effects of the representation.

Thus it has been with our church music. Formerly the entire congregation united in singing simple hymns of praise. But since modern refinement has somewhat softened the primitive rudeness, paid choirs, assisted by the grand swelling organ, must needs do that which formerly the whole congregation united in doing. And thus artistic music, and, perhaps, that more pleasing to the ear, has been obtained; but I am inclined to believe at the expense of that devotion which accompanied the rude hymns of former times.

It is curious to note the gradual development of the Greek drama. First, as I have said, the drama was designed for religious worship, in which the entire worshipping congregation united; then professionals were employed who might better render the representations; from this it was but an easy transition that it should be designed for amusement. But it is remarkable to consider, even after this change had taken place, the high moral sentiment that prevailed throughout the representations. Heroes were represented as warring against heroes, not as oppressing the weak. The beauties and charms of woman were intended to excite admiration and love, not to please the sensuous delights; parental reverence and obedience were represented in the best possible light.

The Roman drama was not so distinguished as the Greek, either for the genius displayed or its purity. The first Roman theatre was erected about 13 B. C., the time when the nation reached its greatest power, and when its literature and civilization were at their highest.

The drama is unquestionably an institution belonging to civilization. We see this illustrated in the case of the Greek and Roman drama, and also is it true that in England the drama was not introduced until the nation had reached a high point of cultivation.

I have thus made these general remarks as somewhat prefatory to a few thoughts that I wish concerning the theatre as it now is and as it should be. The question is often asked: "Is theatre-going right?" That popular amusements, simply because they are
amusements, are injurious, I do not think that even the strictest will maintain. Of course there are some amusements that on account of their peculiar nature are pernicious. But none object to those amusements that are free from all qualities that can injure. Indeed all admit that they are beneficial, since they afford the means of relaxation and recreation that are so necessary. But to decide upon those that are innocent is difficult. For to say that an amusement is theoretically harmless, does not declare that it is practically so. I mean by this that certain amusements which are, in themselves, harmless, are often attended by consequences that are highly mischievous. Respecting the propriety or lawfulness of any amusement then, we would say that those are defensible, the aggregate results of which are not evil.

Concerning the theatre, then, what are these results? Are they good or bad? There are, undoubtedly, many pleasures to be had at the theatre that are, of themselves, not only innocent, but refining and instructive. But there are also many things connected with the theatre that have decidedly evil tendencies. These must be considered in discussing the propriety of attending the theatre. They are so often proclaimed by the moralists of our day, that it is hardly necessary that I more than mention them. The bad reputation that professional actors bear, is, with a few honorable exceptions, deserved. They, as a class, are morally below men of other callings. I do not know why this is true, unless it is due to their habits. Having no fixed abode, they have not the restraining influences of home and permanent friendships. The moral and religious character of actors being degraded, it is not to be expected that their influence should be any other than to degrade public morality. They are always ready to pander to the baser passions of men, and never do they excite any of the nobler feelings. Attending any performance by men of such character is wrong upon double grounds. First, that which I have just mentioned, the injury that one necessarily sustains to himself; and secondly, the encouragement given to vice. If I attend any immoral play, I am not only injured myself, but I contribute to the support of men engaged in the destruction of public morality. I do not mean to apply these remarks to all actors. I believe that there are some professional actors who are as honest as other men. They are guided by an honest ambition to raise the standard of their profession and to gain reputation of their own.

There is another circumstance about the theatre that makes it unfavorable to morality. I do not mean to cast any reflections when I say that the company which one falls in with at the theatre is dangerous. I think this can be said more truly of the theatre than of other places of public amusement, because of the objections against
the theatre that, to a great extent, keep away the stricter and more moral portion of society. This company is more dangerous than it would be on account of the bar-rooms and infamous dens of vice that are usually in the vicinity of the theatre, if not immediately connected with it. I think it extremely unfortunate that these things are true concerning the theatre. I have often thought what advantages a theatre free from these evil influences that surround it would secure to society.

The claims of elocution are too highly appreciated to need any special remarks to enforce them. The manner in which any discourse is delivered is almost as important as the matter. What goes to make an actor is almost as much his manner as the matter of what he says. Demosthenes appreciated this. He felt himself not to be an orator; and, in fact, he would not have been until he had spent a long time of arduous practice in acquiring graceful gestures and an easy command of his voice. It is said that Robert Pitt could rise, and by simply waving his hand, still an audience; that John Wilberforce could draw tears from his hearers simply by uttering the word "Mesopotamia." Elocution is one of the most attractive features of the stage. An actor by natural talent and study acquires perfect elocution and gives to his subject an enjoyment that it would never otherwise have possessed. One may enjoy the reading of Shakespeare's writings at his desk, but the pleasure of listening while they are recited by a first-class actor is far greater. And still greater is the pleasure of seeing the scenes represented in order. Shakespeare's characters are no longer pictures of the poet's imagination, but real flesh and blood. The frenzies of Othello, when the "green-eyed monster" has possession of his soul, the ravings of Hamlet, the terror of Macbeth at seeing the ghosts of Banquo, strike us with their grandeur and sublimity when imitated by such men as McCullough and Barrett as never they do when read. There may be found in Shakespeare pieces of oratory that are unsurpassed by the literature of the world. Take, for example, Anthony's oration over the dead body of Caesar. I think this, as a masterpiece, equals or excels anything that ever was written or spoken. These cannot be properly appreciated without the aid of elocution.

I heard a respected divine say, a few days since, that he would willingly give twenty-five dollars to see Booth play the part of Hamlet; yet he did not think it right and would not go to see it played at the theatre, because of the example he would set others. By his going to see Hamlet played by Booth, others would think that they might, with propriety, go to the theatre without exercising any discretion.
believe that even the strictest would desire to go to the theatre if they thought that they might rightly do so.

Why is it that circumstances are such that all good people think that they must absent themselves altogether from the theatre? Why is it that actors as a class are less moral than others, or that the plays acted are demoralizing to society? It is a law that exceeds all others in its universality, that the supply always adjusts itself to the demand. Nature directs all her forces in accordance with it. It also regulates all human productions. It is recognized as one of the most important principles of political economy. It regulates, too, the character of theatrical performances and players. The more moral portion of society is kept from attending the theatre by the unfavorable impressions that prevail against it. The majority of those who do regularly attend are more pleased with such plays as those that gratify their depraved appetites than with those that are innocent. They prefer such plays as the "Naiad Queen," and such performances as "Humpty Dumpty" to Shakespeare's plays. The demand then is for such plays, and until this demand is over-balanced by a demand for better and more moral plays the theatre will continue as it is.

The prejudices against the theatre do not raise but degrade the standard, in that they keep away those who are more scrupulous. Macaulay says: "The virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue—a virtue which can expose itself to the risk inseparable from all spirited exertion—not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating." A good deal of this virtue—valetudinarian as Macaulay styles it—exists.

There are many men who condemn all pleasures as unholy, all amusements as frivolous. They deny that a man's nature may be benefited, his whole self improved by any such pleasures as are found at the theatre. And, hence, they do not aim to improve, but to abolish the theatre. This should not be so. The theatre may be and should be improved. Many who are not yet old can remember when it was considered an act unworthy of any member of the church to play on the piano or violin. Probably at that time there was as much apparent reason for this restriction as there now is against the theatre. Now such notions are no longer entertained. This relaxation from the strictness of former times is not an evidence that this age is lacking in piety, but that they are making their religion more consistent with their own natural feelings.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

We fear that our idea of what a college paper should be is none of the clearest. We think that, besides Locals, Personals and Exchanges, a college paper should contain much good reading matter in the shape of essays on appropriate subjects. But here a difficulty arises. Of what nature are the subjects suitable for a college paper? We would not presume to undertake to state what class of subjects are suitable for college papers. We are not disposed to confine ourselves within any narrow boundaries. We believe that the field of the college essayist is broad; we do not believe that he should confine himself to historical and abstract subjects. We are not disposed to reject well written articles simply because they are not exactly what is considered suitable for a college paper. Of course there are some subjects which, however they may be treated, are unfit for a college paper. After all, we find little trouble in this direction. Our contributors usually know what suits us, and we do not often reject a piece solely on account of the subject. Students seem to know intuitively that some subjects do not suit their papers. It is hard to lay down any rule on the subject.

There is one department of our paper which gives us some anxiety and trouble. The Messenger has been criticized for its lack of editorial matter. We believe that our Editorial Notes should be fuller and more interesting. The great trouble with us is to make them so. We once heard an editor say, "Well, our Notes are not much read any way." If our Notes are worthless it is better for us and for our paper that they be not read; but if they are worthy our reader's notice, we are quite sure that our Notes will be read.

The work of the editor should be something more than to select matter and to read proof. The editor's column ought to be an attractive and valuable part of a paper. In it should be fairly discussed the great questions which arise in college life.

People are disposed to ridicule the questions which arise at college; they consider them worthless issues. In this they are oftentimes mistaken. Men speak of finance and States' rights as great questions; newspapers strive to instruct the people concerning them. These questions are considered great because they affect States and nations.

Should not those questions be considered great, the discussion and decision of which, mould the minds and characters of men who are to occupy high positions? It is true that to-day the college is all excitement over a match game of ball and to-morrow about a boat race; but there are other and graver questions which engross the attention of students. The discussion of these questions and their decision
by the *vox studentum* is of great importance. It is important that the voice of the students should be for the right in all questions; but especially in questions of morals is it important that they should render a just decision. The countenance or discourtesy of the students at large controls to a considerable extent vice and immorality. Is it not important, then, for the well-being of the college, that the voice of the students should be clearly and boldly expressed through the columns of the college paper?

In the sixteenth century there was published in England a work styled "A Mirror for Magistrates." This collection of dramas was principally intended to call the attention of magistrates to those who had fallen by misrule, and to remind them that they might suffer the fate of their predecessors.

Likewise, the editorial column should reflect the past when necessary, either as a warning or as an incentive to present effort; but in it should be seen the present also; it should reflect the life of the student. This is not all. The editorial column should not, like a passive mirror, reflect student-life; it should be animated by the high and noble spirit of the student; it should show the workings of the college-mind; it should respond to the pulsations of the great college-heart; it should glow with the fervent heat of the generous college-soul.

Nor is this all; the editorial column may call attention to what is going on in the literary world outside of the college, and may take part in the discussion of literary questions.

Poorly indeed have we expressed our ideal of the editorial column. We fear that our ideal will be but poorly embodied in our *Notes*, yet, believing it our duty, we will discuss several subjects to which we wish to call the attention of our students.

**A BOAT CLUB.**

In the October number of the *Messenger* we find the following: "We call attention to the article on boating, which appears in this number. We believe this is the regular time for poking the students up on the subject of a boat club. So we will content ourselves with using this article as a poker, and let the boys take any action they may deem best. Our duty is done."

The article alluded to ably advocates rowing as a manly sport. We have no idea of condemning rowing, for we have often attested our fondness for that exercise by an eight-mile row over rough water in a rough little boat. We are glad that the young men of Richmond are turning their attention to boating, but we do not believe that we can get up a college boat club. We are two miles and a half from the course; we could not leave college until 3½ P. M. However, a boat
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club might succeed despite these difficulties, had we the necessary funds. It is, of course, impossible for the students to raise the funds themselves; they must look to the Alumni and friends of the college for help. We see little hope of raising in this way enough money to start a club. A boat club would not benefit all the students, but, on the contrary, very few of them.

Our friends would be more willing to help in a matter which concerned all the students. A gymnasium would be beneficial to all the students. If we had a boat club we would need a gymnasium. Could we have both, we would say let us have them; but believing a boat club to be impracticable, for the present at least, we say let us have a gymnasium. We will discuss gymnastics at some length, and then we will endeavor to show that it is possible for us to have a gymnasium.

GYMNASTICS.

The importance of gymnastics has been more or less recognized from very ancient times. The earliest mention of gymnastic sports occurs in Homer. Plato tells us "that just before the time of Hippocrates gymnastics made a part of medical study, as being suitable to counteract the effects of indolence and luxurious feeding, and that at length they became a State matter, reduced to a system and superintended by State officers." Public gymnasiums were first built at Sparta. Athens soon imitated Sparta in this particular. To the Greeks the necessity for gymnastics was great. Frequently at war with each other and with the barbarians, they had need of great powers of endurance and of great skill in the use of weapons. But are gymnasiums less necessary for us than for the Greeks? We may not be called upon to perform wonderful feats in arms, there may be no necessity for our performing such feats as the walk of Phillippides; we may lead quiet, uneventful lives—have we, therefore, no need of gymnastic training? There are benefits to be derived from gymnastics other than those mentioned. There is, of course, even in our age, much need of the powers of endurance, both in manual and mental work. Those engaged in arduous manual work have little need of gymnastics, but those who are, day by day confined at their books, whether as students or clerks, have much need of the gymnasium.

Gymnastics are looked upon by many as a useless expenditure of time and muscle. What is the good, say they, of performing all sorts of antics, of straining the muscles, of hardening the hands, of exhausting a body already wearied by bending over a ledger or by poring over a text-book? Improper gymnastics do no good, but, on the contrary, much harm. Too much violent exercise is injurious, but gymnastics
properly conducted strengthen every muscle and invigorate the whole body.

Some one of a practical turn of mind would ask, "Why not learn something useful? Why not saw and split wood instead of doing all those nonsensical things on bars and ropes?" While sawing and splitting wood is good exercise, it does not exercise all the muscles as do the varied exercises of the gymnasium. Sawing and splitting wood furnish exercise but not recreation. There is no pleasure attaching to such work. Some pleasant, recreative exercise is necessary. Gymnastics are not only the most pleasant, but the best means of physical development.

Let us see, then, what advantages accrue to men from gymnastic training and from the superior physical development incident thereto.

Ease and grace of bearing are acquired by gymnastics. There are many honest, but rather boorish men, who laugh at the idea of cultivating ease and grace of bearing. They expect to make their way through the world by sturdy uprightness in their dealings and not by uprightness in the bearing of their persons. Anything like grace in the movements of the body they regard as effeminate affectation, and as unworthy the time and attention of a man. It is, however, no mean accomplishment to be able to carry one's head rightly on one's shoulders and one's body rightly on one's legs. It is the duty of every man to improve his personal appearance, to put the best foot forward, to make the best possible impression upon the world.

By the frequent exercises of the gymnasium a man acquires precision and accuracy in the movements of his body. The awkward gyrations of an incipient gymnast are, indeed, ridiculous; his legs fly about in the most uncouth style; his body is twisted and distorted into all manner of shapes; indeed, he appears to have no control over his rebellious members. But, by continuous practice, he is able to go through the exercise with the utmost precision and accuracy. Every muscle is obedient, and contracts or relaxes at the proper time. Meantime his muscle has greatly increased; his chest has expanded; he can now drink deeper of the life-giving ether; he can stand great and long-continued exertion; his whole body is not only invigorated, but every muscle is trained to perform promptly and accurately every duty imposed upon it. Is not such a man better able to fight the battle of life than one, who, though strong and healthy, is nevertheless physically untrained? Raw recruits may do grand service by carrying the enemy's works by a headlong charge, but it takes trained soldiers to stand firm under a galling fire, or to resist the shock of an impetuous charge.

Students, not being required to perform any manual labor, are apt
to become slothful. They are apt to sit up late and then lie abed until breakfast. Such students may get on well enough with their classes, but they have an indolent, lounging air which is calculated to do them much harm in the world. The world needs energetic men. Gymnastics go far towards curing a disposition to slothfulness and making men energetic and active.

The advantages already mentioned would be dearly bought were they purchased by the loss of health. While irregular and improper exercise does impair the health by aggravating all tendencies to disease, regular and proper exercise is necessary for perfect health. The Greeks were right in uniting gymnastics with medicine. Gymnastic training promotes health by restraining from improper feeding, by regulating habits and by making the system more powerful in resisting the attacks of disease.

Great as are the physical advantages derived from gymnastics, they are probably unworthy of notice when compared with the mental and moral advantages. Every one knows that the action of the mind is conditioned by the state of the body. When the body is stricken with disease the mind cannot perform its proper functions. A writer fired by a great theme endeavors in vain to resist the attacks of disease. His powerful mind may strive to pursue its work; but it is restrained by the sickness of the body; it is confined in a prison of clay; it may, like a caged bird, longing for the free mountain air, fret itself, but it is only wearied and weakened by beating against its prison bars. The old Latin motto, "Sana mens in sano carpoire," is a good one. Some great minds, in feeble bodies, have done wonderful things. How much more would such minds have accomplished had their possessors been men of robust frame! Physical development, however, does not enable the body to resist all disease. The sound body is less liable to disease, and is able to stand greater exertion. Every student knows how the body is wearied and relaxed by mental labor. It is important, then, that the body be strong and able to endure the tax of mental labor. It is the habit of too many to study night and day, taking no more exercise than is afforded by attending recitations and meals. These men are apt to plod on in the most laborious style, doing in two, the work of one hour. When the body is strong and vigorous, the mind is active and is comparatively free. True, the wants of the body must be attended to, but these wants are few. The mind, forgetful of its prison, may be for hours concentrated upon any given subject. This power of concentration, so important to the student, cannot be utilized when the mind is distracted by the headache or some other bodily ailment.

There is something ennobling in gymnastics, as well as in other
manly sports. "Besides the health and strength acquired, the confidence in one's own powers and calm self-control, under circumstances of excitement, and even danger," one acquires a certain magnetic influence which he may wield with great advantage to himself and to his fellow-men. Men are generally ready to respect superiority, and this is especially true with regard to physical superiority.

Men need amusements, amusements which, while they relax the mind, renew and invigorate the body. One great fault in the public amusements of the present day is, that men sit as idle spectators to be amused. These amusements may, in a measure, relax the mind, but they do not invigorate the body, and they do not improve the moral status of men.

The gymnasium furnishes an amusement which gives the mind the rest it needs, strengthens the body and improves the morals by restraining men from intemperate pleasures. Men, in their eager pursuit of pleasure, forget that "to live is not to be considered of the highest importance, but to live well." Indulging their appetites for extravagant pleasures, men are led into the grossest intemperance and immorality. Few seem to realize that they are the happiest who can enjoy simple and innocent amusements. It is considered a lack of spirit for young men to enjoy the society of mothers and sisters and all the quiet pleasures of home. Young men should be encouraged in those amusements which tend, not to make them regard the pleasures of home as tame, but rather to heighten their enjoyment of home pleasures. The exercises of the gymnasium tend to make men happier and better by affording innocent amusement, as well as healthful exercise.

CAN WE HAVE A GYMNASIUM?

Some preachers make each text from which they preach mean more than any other, and altogether, the most important text in the Bible. Likewise, young writers are apt to do what is called running away with a subject. Some may say that we are guilty of this fault in attaching so much importance to gymnastics; but surely all will agree that Richmond College ought to have a gymnasium. Upon our campus stand some upright logs which have for years breasted the storms. These things, together with the ropes which dangle from them, we, out of respect for their hoary age, call The Gymnasium. A few poles, ropes and bars, exposed to the weather, do not make up a gymnasium. However good the various parts of a gymnasium may be, they will not last exposed to the weather. Then in bad weather the student has most need of the gymnasium. We need a good gymnasium under a good roof. Now we know that our boys have hitherto taken little interest in the gymnasium, further than to destroy it; but we have never
had a good gymnasium. Give us a good gymnasium and we will take care of it.

Some one will say, "You well know that the college authorities would, long ago, have put up a gymnasium had they been able; how can you expect them to do it now in these hard times?" We have no idea of blaming the college authorities. We understand that they expect to put a gymnasium in the basement of the right wing of the college when that is erected. We have noticed that students value what costs them something. We propose that the students help in this matter, and that this new building, with the gymnasium in it, be put up by the beginning of next session. This may be considered idle, visionary talk; but we have heard something of what the Randolph Macon boys have done. Why can't Richmond College boys do as much as other boys?

Efforts have already been made to raise a memorial fund for the erection of Jeter Memorial Hall. Let the students take part in this work; let them solicit subscriptions; let them have an interest in the building.

It is hinted that enough money has been raised to put a memorial hall in the new building, and that this will be done as soon as the new building is erected. We are not satisfied with this; we say let the entire addition to our college building be a memorial to Dr. Jeter. Let this building contain the library and other halls, and let the basement be taken for a gymnasium and bath rooms. Dr. Jeter was a noble example of the well developed man. His physique was splendid; his mind was well trained and well stored with what was useful; his heart was free from all guile. Surely it would not be out of place to put a gymnasium in a building erected to commemorate such a man; for if we would imitate him who was indeed worthy our imitation, we must be developed physically, mentally, and spiritually.

We give elsewhere Mr. Bryan's card. We leave it to our readers to form their own opinions about this card and about our notes.

A CARD.

Messrs. Editors:—The recent "Editorial Note" concerning the retiring editors, evidently referred to Mr. Pendleton and myself, as we with Messrs. Chambers and Perkins constituted the editorial staff of the previous issue. I take it upon myself to notice briefly the article in question.

In the first place, my pity was excited for its author in respect to his desperate attempt at humor. If he is not more successful in his life-
work than he is as a wit, I would advise him to seek again his native woods, and there meditate upon the folly of appearing in a role for which he is entirely unfit.

In the next place, the editors’ names appeared in full on the title page of the Messenger. The four collectively had the task of the production of that number, and contributions were received for it from three out of the four. In no part of the issue did Mr. Pendleton or myself claim the least credit for our efforts. Besides this, the “Personals” contained an express notice of the absence of Mr. Perkins. It will thus be seen that the article was as uncalled for as it was silly.

I notice also that you speak of Richmond College having “a good faculty, good debating societies, a good mess-club, and therefore good students.” While heartily agreeing to all of these premises, I would call attention to the logic that argues from the character of the victuals to the mental calibre of the students. The logic and wit seem to be on a par, and that a pretty low one.

Lastly, I notice you thank your predecessors for so kindly leaving you unmentioned. I have no doubt the wish for such mention prompted the thought. But laying aside the fact that such mention has never been customary, I will say that had the extraordinary merit of the new staff impressed us, we would cheerfully have made the necessary mention—a contingency, which in this case you will permit me to add, has not been fulfilled.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE BRYAN.

LOCALS.

The thanks of the literary people of Richmond are certainly due to the Guard of the Commonwealth, and Young Men’s Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church, for the course of “Star” lecturers and speakers which has been arranged for this winter. It is a real privilege to be able to hear such men as Jno. B. Gough, Talmage, and Burdette, Robert Burdette, better known as the “Burlington Hawkeye man,” delivered his humorous lectures, “The Rise and Fall of the Mustache,” and “Home,” at Mozart Hall last week to large and enthusiastic audiences. We were surprised that so few college boys attended the first lecture, as neither Greek roots, nor Math. “originals,” occupy the average student as much as the cultivation of his moustache. Some of the boys were present, however. One, who had been assiduously watching and encouraging his for three months without any visible results, felt sadly in need of advice, and therefore went determined to derive profit as well as amusement. As a precautionary measure he shaved “clean,” first, because he wanted to avoid every chance of
a case of "dry grins," and secondly, because he was resolved to start fresh. Another, more boastful in the glories of his upper lip, passed through all the different degrees of "grins," as the lecturer portrayed with inimitable humor the troubles of "Tom" with his moustache, and yet declared it to be wrong to "strike a moustache when it is down." A sketch of the life of an ideal "Tom" was given; his boyish pranks; his love scrapes; his courtship; his marriage; his married life; his death. Through all there was a vein of tenderness and pathos, reminding us more than once of "I. K. Marvel's" books, "Dream Life," and "Reveries of a Bachelor." The lecturer declared full sympathy with the hopes and aspirations of youth. They tell me they are "going to shake the world up when they are men." "That is right," I tell them. "Shake her up, she needs it. Only be sure and save the pieces." "We will light our torches at the sun." "Right again. That is what the sun was made for, but don't put it out." If the old saying be true, that every hearty side-shaking laugh draws a nail from our coffins, we think our grasp on life was strengthened not a little by that lecture. One of our honored professors laughed till he was almost too hoarse to hear recitations for a day or so.

At the close of the lecture "Home," Mr. Burdette was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane, by Capt. Chamberlayne, on behalf of the Guard of the Commonwealth, and the Young Men's Missionary Society. Away off in his distant western home, he will be remembered by many friends and admirers here, and though we can not claim him as Virginia born, we are proud to know and boast that one of so much talent and humor is of Old Virginia stock.

It greatly encourages us to see that Northern Baptists are interested in the welfare of our college. We clip the following from the Richmond Dispatch:

Gifts to Richmond College and the Richmond Institute.—Rev. A. E. Dickinson, D. D., writes as follows from New York city to a friend in Richmond: "I called to see John H. Deane, Esq., and sought to interest him in our college. He was a private in the Federal army during the war, was wounded in the battles around Fredericksburg, and spent a day in the Libby Prison. Now he has millions, and has given $200,000 to Baptist enterprises within a year. He heard me kindly, and wrote in my book, 'I will give you $1,000 the 1st of February, 1881, and will add another $1,000 in case you raise $20,000.' Then I visited the De Lands, and they subscribed $1,000; then I called to see a lady in Fifth avenue, and she subscribed $300, and intimated she would do more if it were needed to secure Mr. Deane's second thousand. The next man I called on was John B. Hoyt, the great leather merchant, of Stamford, Conn. His house
handles about half a million hides a year. I told him I wanted $5,000—one half for Richmond Colored Institute (Rev. Mr. Corey's), and the other half for Richmond College. 'Tell me what you are going to do with it,' he replied, and I told him. 'I will do it,' he said, and wrote his obligation for $2,500 to the Jeter memorial. He will pay the other $2,500 to Rev. Mr. Corey, and will probably make it $10,000.'

In less than three months we will be able to boast of better readers and speakers than can be found in any other college in the State. How can it be otherwise? The students are taking double the interest they formerly did in this direction, and when men are interested in any accomplishment it is then that they will succeed. The services of Prof. Willoughby Reade were procured last week, and he has been lecturing several afternoons on the importance of good reading, and how one may acquire the habit of reading correctly. In truth, it is a great treat to listen to the reading of this accomplished gentleman. We cannot say that his lectures are above par, but in respect to his reading, we have no hesitation in saying he is the best reader we ever listened to. We most sincerely hope that his lectures will be of great benefit to the members of his class. Should any ministerial student be guilty of the "holy whine," after he has heard Professor Reade mimic the reading of some old preachers, let him be dragged out of the campus and be stoned.

Our Christmas will be short, but we hope correspondingly sweet. The faculty has decided to suspend college exercises on the 27th and 28th. Boys who are going home during the holiday to see their mammas and sisters, and some other person's sister, must make their visits short. We think there is good philosophy in giving short holidays: 1st. Few students will have time to fall in love. 2nd. Those who do fall in love will not have the time to pop the question, and thus run the risk of having their feelings hurt.

Professor of Elocution to class:—"There is a wonderful power in being natural. For example: in reading, when we pronounce the word 'God,' how natural it is for us to cast our eyes towards heaven, where God dwells, and when we read about the devil, to look to the place where he resides." [The class then reads a selection. When they come to the word God, all look up; but when they pronounce the word devil, many fix their eyes upon the professor.] Comments by professor:—"Some of you read very well, but I noticed, when you read of the devil, over half of you looked at me, instead of looking down."

Student: "Professor, we took you to be the old boy."
The professor remarked that he thought it quite a compliment, as the devil was considered a very sharp fellow.

One of the members of the Philosophy class, "who goeth about like a fowler seeking whom he may entrap in his toils," approached a companion the other day, and asked him: "Tom, how long can a goose stand on one foot?" [Very prompt reply]: "Don't know—I never tried it."

Good advice to the unexperienced from one experienced:—Don't try to blow out a gas-light, for you may blow your brains out. In reading the sign, "Job Printing," remember that the vowel in the first word is short, and not long. Remember, also, that there is a difference between a mail and an alarm box. Finally, a city friend should not laugh at a country friend's mistakes, for things may be reversed some day, i. e., when the city friend visits the home of the country friend.

We wish to make an apology to our subscribers for the late appearance of this number of the Messenger. Three of the editors have been occupied very busily preparing for an examination, and what is still more engrossing one of the number has been so imprudent as to fall in love. His case is a very bad one, but he has been lectured, and we hope that he will soon be sufficiently recovered to promise that our next issue will be more punctual.

PERSONALS.

Boyd Washington, of '77-'78, is farming in Caroline county. We hope he will call on us the next time he goes to Norfolk.

Jno. W. Martin, of '77-'78, who was married some months ago, was ordained last August. He is now teaching a public school and preaching to one or two churches in Amherst.

N. C. Burnet, our Shanghai rooster of '76-'77, is preaching in Montgomery county.

J. W. Fleet and L. E. Spencer, were in Richmond two or three weeks ago.

Walker Washington, of '77-'78, is visiting the girls and teaching in a private family near Fredericksburg.

J. W. Boyd was in the city last week. With much pleasure we learn of his prospects in the practice of law. He showed that the old Mu Sigma Rho society is still dear to him by attending its meeting and by the appropriate remarks that he made.

We were glad to receive a letter a few days since from L. P. Flem-
ing, (session '78-'79,) and to hear that he is getting on very well. He is living in West Virginia, merchandizing during the week and conducting a Sunday school on Sunday.

Fleming informed us that J. C. Gentry, B. L., '78-'79, has quit the practice of law, and is now a telegraph operator in Alexandria.

Jno. Fizer, of '79-'80, is teaching and preaching in Bedford county. Do you remember your trip to Walnut Grove last summer? You are still remembered in Richmond. A young lady asked after you the other day.

EXCHANGES.

The perusal of a mass of exchanges cannot possibly be an agreeable task to the student who is already tired of Greek and Latin, and is "sleepy too." However, a few will be noticed, and if we seem unjustly severe in our criticisms, we beg our exchanges to attribute the severity to the weariness of body, and not to a malicious spirit.

Although our list of exchanges has assumed gigantic proportions, yet we take pleasure in adding the names of one or two others.

The first is the Climonian Monthly, published by the Climonian Literary Society of the Valley Female College, Winchester, Va.

The form of the paper is that of a magazine, and is neat in appearance, but the literary articles are rather brief.

The second new comer is the Gyentrophian Album, published by the Gyentrophian Society, of the Gordonsville Female Institute. The November number of this little sheet is the first that starts out with bright prospects into the literary world to meet with severe criticism from some, and with tokens of appreciation from others. Judging from its beginning what its future will be, we predict for it a prominent position among college journals.

We acknowledge the receipt of the "American Newspaper Directory," published by Geo. P. Rowell & Co. It is gotten up in a concise and convenient form, and contains much information useful to publishers and advertisers.

The Gallipeion Clarion, from Emory, Virginia, is both interesting and instructive, and contains much solid readable matter. The article, "Is slavery right per se?" is ably discussed, and the writer's conclusion seems to be correct. but that question is a "foregone conclusion" since might has decided in the negative.

The Central Collegian, though it does not devote much space to the literary department, is richly worth perusing. Under its present arrangement it may be more interesting to the students of Central College, but an enlargement of the literary department, even at the expense of the local, would render it more interesting to us. However,
charity begins at home, and perhaps the best plan is to please those at home first.

The Montpelian leads off with an article on Co-Education. The writer is evidently one of the “fairer sex,” and right nobly does she argue for co-education. The subject is admirably discussed, but we are unable to decide whether one of the objections met by the writer is a very serious one or not, viz: “That if both sexes are sent to the same school, the very presence of the gentlemen will detract the attention of the ladies, and they will not accomplish as much work while their minds will be filled with thoughts of their school-fellows.” We cannot speak for the ladies, but we think if this were a co-educational school, there would be little studying done by the students, judging by their behaviour whenever they see a “piece of calico.”

Following this interesting discussion, is the article entitled “The Maxims of the Stoics,” suggesting many ideas worthy of careful consideration.

The Poem, “West Windows,” is quite touching to one who is weary and is sighing for rest. From it we quote:

“Rest! for life’s twilight is deepening,
'Tis time for the folding of hands,
Thou art tired with watching and waiting—
Rest, thou art near Heaven’s strands.”

We now bid farewell, for 1880, to our exchanges.