EVENING HYMN.

[Translated from the German.]

There sleepeth thou, golden evening light,
So sweet, so calm, o'er plain and height;
Reflecting, beauteous as thou art,
God's love to every sorrowing heart;
And blooming on thy breast one star,
Its lovely light sheds soft and far.

Sweet evening light, so soft, so clear,
What dost thou whisper in my ear?
See, though the sun is sunken far,
His light still greets thee from one star;
The star of love, still blooming bright
From that unfailing source of light.

There is, unseen, another sun,
Faint imaged in this lower one;
The eternal source of every sphere,
Fount of their beams divine and clear;
Of light that cheers our gloomiest path,
Of love that smooths death's hand of wrath.

Oh, that my heart a star might be!
Father, with life and light from Thee!
Let me, imbued with heavenly rays,
Walk calmly through life's rugged ways;
Around my path, by day and night,
Strewing the seeds of holy light,
Now, John was a just man and holy, and he was wise above all the men of Guinea, the land wherein he dwelt. John, indeed, had been a counsellor in the days before the great war, when the enemy came and made the country desolate. Now it came to pass, when Silas, the youngest son of John, was not yet eighteen years old, there came to him a dream—he saw a mighty building, and behold a voice said unto him, "Get thee up unto this building and abide there for a season, for verily this is the temple of wisdom." Now while Silas pondered in his heart what these things should mean, there came men unto Guinea, saying, "that all men should turn them from the ways of their fathers and should walk in ways that their fathers knew not of." For verily they said "that the men of Guinea knew not many things, and that they should send their sons to seek after knowledge, that their sons might be wiser than they." Now Silas hearkened unto these men, for they came from the chiefest city of all the world, a city called Richmond, and they told of wondrous things in that mighty city, and of the great temple of wisdom that stood nigh unto the city. Therefore Silas said unto his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me, that I may go and dwell for a season in the mighty city." So his father divided unto him and he took his journey into a far country, even to Richmond, to the temple of wisdom. When Silas had journeyed now seven days, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, he saw afar off a great building, and he knew forthwith that this was the building which he had seen in a dream. This great temple of wisdom was builded of great stones and of bricks dried in the sun, and the fashion of it was curious, and the outside was not comely. On one side there was a great tower, with holes in it for watchmen to see all who came that way, that they might bring succor to such as sought to come to the temple, for verily the way which led from the city to the temple of wisdom was well-nigh impassable, by reason of the thick clay therein. As Silas drew near a watchman called to know if he desired to enter into the temple, and came and helped him through the clay. Silas then learned that many young men from many countries were there; for the fame of the great temple had gone abroad throughout the land. Silas learned also of the watchman that the clay was left in the road so that the young men might not easily depart from the temple, for the young men used to be much given to going into the city; for there were in the city many
The Book of Silas, the Son of John.

fair damsels. Now, if the young men should steal away the clay would cleave unto their garments and would betray them. So Silas entered into the temple and saw all the wonderful things therein, and the great books and the teachers.

Now the ruler of the temple, who was called Civis, was great of stature and a man of much wisdom. His fame had gone abroad in the land, and had reached even unto the uttermost parts of the earth. For behold, in times past, there was nigh unto the city a bad piece of ground. From this ground there breathed forth noisome pestilence, and no man could dwell thereon. Now when Civis became ruler of the temple he caused this piece of ground to be drained, and made it very fertile, so that it brought forth much fruit. And there were many other teachers in the temple. There was one who had been to the ends of the earth and had sojourned with strange people, and he spoke divers tongues, and he was versed in the Scriptures. This man the young men loved greatly; for he told them many wonderful stories of the strange lands wherein he had sojourned, and he taught them to speak the Greek tongue. And there was another, who, though he was small of stature, yet abode continually in the temple and made many strange and new things, at which men marvelled greatly. And he knew the stars and the courses thereof, for he could see with his eyes unto the uttermost part of the heavens, and he knew the track of the lightnings and with the habitation of the thunder bolts he was acquainted. And there was another, who taught the young men a strange tongue, even the Latin tongue, and for all he knew so much he yet spake in our tongue, so that most men might understand him. There was another, who had been a ruler and a counsellor, and he, too, had been into strange lands, yet, notwithstanding, he thought good to speak in our tongue and to teach the young men to do likewise. On account of his much learning he was called "Doctor." There were yet many other teachers, and one of them had been a mighty man of war, and was called by some "Major," and he was great in the realm of numbers; for he could number the stars of heaven and the sands upon the sea-shore and the hairs upon the heads of the young men. But for all he knew so much he was not puffed up nor proud.

Chapter II.

Now, when Silas had been not many days in the temple the young men took him and evil entreated him, and they anointed him with oil, and with what in the common speech of the temple is called blacking, so that he was like to those who dwell in the land of Ethiopia. And many other things, they did unto Silas; but he bore all these things with meekness, save that he once hurled a stone at one of the
young men. Now when the days were accomplished in the which Silas should be, in the language of the young men, "put through," the young men became very kind unto him, and helped him with the tasks which the teachers had laid upon him, and showed him the wonders of the great temple and gave him meat and drink, for he had tasted no meat since he came to the temple. And one of the young men said unto him, "Come with me and see the campus." Now Silas wondered much what this should be, but he held his peace and followed him. And when they had gone out of the temple the young man said, "Behold the campus." And Silas looked about him and saw a piece of stony ground and many kine feeding thereon; and there were many pools, which by reason of the frequent rains were kept full of water. From these pools the cattle did drink, and into these pools at certain seasons the young men and their teachers dipped themselves. For those who abode in the temple had a strange religion and worshipped after a strange fashion; for unless they immerse themselves they eat not, and many other traditions they hold, as the immersing of pots and cups and brazen vessels and tables. Now Silas marvelled greatly at all these things and pondered them in his heart; but Silas clave unto the religion of his father. When Silas had looked upon the campus for a considerable space the young man said, "Let us go unto the mess-hall." And Silas, greatly wondering, followed the young man until they came to the place where the young men dined. In a large room there were many tables, and many young men gathered about them. Silas, when he was seated, said to his friend, "Tell me, I pray thee, wherefore thou callest this place the mess-hall?" Then the young man answered and said unto him, "Thou shalt see for thyself what this name signifieth." Then the ruler of the mess-hall commanded the servants to set meat before the young men, and when one of the young men had given thanks they all began with one accord to eat what was set before them, asking no questions. And they devoured all manner of flesh of beasts and of birds, but they did drink no strong drink, only they drank much water, which was dark of color by reason of a substance, which the ruler of the mess-hall called coffee, put therein. So Silas came to understand why this place was called the mess-hall, and he abode many days in the temple and learned many things from the teachers and from the young men.

Chapter III.

When Silas had spent many years in the temple and the time was drawing nigh when he must depart, he was greatly vexed and troubled in his soul. Silas had read many books and had been instructed of all the teachers in the temple, and was perfect in the wisdom of that time.
Now there was one whom the young men called Simon, and he, too, had spent many years in the temple and was wise as to many things. He was beloved of the man of numbers and had learned of him to reckon the drops of water in the great sea and many other such like things. Now Simon was one of those who say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit, nor any God. So Simon came unto Silas and declared unto him this new doctrine, which he called materialism. And Simon contended stoutly for his doctrine with many words, and for all Silas was so learned, yet he was shaken in the faith and greatly troubled. Then Silas read in the Scriptures how the man of Uzen−required, "If a man die shall he yet live?" and he searched the Scriptures to know the truth concerning this matter. And Silas gained strength by reading the Scriptures, and his doubts, like storm-clouds, were chased away by the rising to his soul of the glorious Sun of righteousness; and he reasoned with Simon, opening and alleging that there is one true God, and that Jesus, his son, is the Saviour of mankind. So Simon believed on the Lord, and Silas departed from the temple of wisdom and went and preached in a strange land. And in the land whither Silas went there was a man who had great riches, and he had but one child, an only daughter. When, therefore, the rich man believed Silas preaching the word, he consorted with the people of God, and he gave Silas much money and his daughter to wife. Silas, therefore, took the money and caused the old temple to be destroyed and built in its room a new temple for the wise teachers. And the new temple was very beautiful, and men came to the temple from the ends of the earth to seek after knowledge. And Silas caused to be written over the door of the temple in letters of pure gold, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

And it came to pass that when Silas had preached in many lands and had caused much people to turn unto the Lord, and when he had seen John, his father, and his mother and his brethren pass away, and when all the old teachers in the temple were now dead and other men had taken their places, Silas began to be old and well stricken in years, and he desired with an earnest desire to see the temple of wisdom and the land of his fathers. And Silas said unto his sons, "Take me to the temple and to the land of my fathers ere I die." So when Silas had seen the temple and had exhorted the teachers and the young men, he departed and went to the land of his fathers, wherein he was now a stranger, and there, full of years and honored and beloved of God and man, he yielded up the ghost and was gathered unto his fathers.
LETTER FROM AN OLD STUDENT.

Messrs Editors:—On the cover of your paper it is stated, among other things, that "each number will contain correspondence." I am emboldened by this fact, to ask for a small space in your January number. I have always thought that the interest in the Messenger would be enhanced by occasional letters from old students. I have looked over the Messenger for many numbers back, and I nowhere find any letters from old students. Why is this? Have all of the old boys forgot the college, the societies, and the societies' paper? No, all have not forgot; there is at least one whose interest in his alma mater is undiminished by the cares which have settled upon him. But it is not my purpose to boast that, though I am no longer a student, my interest in college affairs is undiminished. I wish to call your attention to some things which have given me no little concern. It may be deemed impertinent in one who has been away from college as long as I to interfere in college affairs. However this may be, I have no apology to offer. I will not write over my own name because I wish what I say to stand upon its own merit.

It is a matter of surprise to everybody that Richmond College should be such an unsightly building. Where the fault lies, I will not pretend to say, but it is surprising that a corporation possessing grounds well situated near a flourishing city, should allow them to remain entirely unimproved. When I was at college, the students believed that "some time soon things would be fixed up." Whenever I go to Richmond I visit the college and look in vain for the promised improvements. The same old building, the same old mess-hall, the same old cottages, the remains of the same old gymnasium, the same mud about the grounds, owing to the fact that there are no drains; the same old pumps, one out of order and the other with its pool of stagnant water near by; the same old ash-bank, conspicuous on the campus; the same old piles of brick and stone on the front lawn, the same old soft brick walks always wet; in a word, the same old, old college and grounds remain, to all appearance, friendless and desolate. It makes me sad to see the old place in this condition. I can't help believing that there has been bad management somewhere; I can't help complaining that my alma mater has been so neglected. The comfort of students is not in the least cared for. They have rough grounds, no gymnasium worthy of the name, no bath rooms. But if one dares to complain of all this, he is silenced by being told that he is reflecting on the trustees and faculty. Of the faculty, students have no right to
complain, but an excellent faculty is not all that a college needs. The trustees seem to think that because they have secured an excellent faculty, all is well. These reverend gentlemen thoroughly believe in the efficacy of an inward spiritual grace, and put no trust in outward show. It is painful to disturb them in their faith, but it is high time for them to know that some show of neatness, comfort, convenience and thrift is essential to the prosperity of a college.

Doubtless I will be reminded that I don't know what I am talking about; that I know nothing of the finances of the college. I know well enough that money is scarce now, but I also know that the $40,000 spent in putting up a building that came near tumbling down, ought to have made considerable improvement in the college premises. I can't help thinking the trustees rather green for believing that a man was capable to alter the designs of an architect simply because that man knew all about the construction of Solomon's Temple. I am likewise aware that all the subscriptions to the endowment fund were not collected, but I know that a part of what was collected was invested in Virginia State bonds.

The $10,000 invested in that wretched steam apparatus, against the earnest protest of the chairman of the faculty, might easily have been saved. The college lost about $200 a year by using that apparatus, and was finally obliged to abandon it. I hope that it will soon be sold for old iron.

My complaints are not against the trustees alone, but against the alumni and old students generally, and against the students now at college. I am sorry that my ignorance of the Society of Alumni prevents my doing them justice. I don't know the qualifications for membership in this society, but so far as I can judge neither birth, brains nor money are among the requisites. The object of this society seems to be a profound secret, as no one can judge from anything it does what under the sun its object is. This society holds an annual meeting, and is annually represented by an orator. On these grand occasions we hear much about our "dear old alma mater." We are told of her successful struggles against adversity, but more especially of the many noble sons whom she has sent forth, and of the great love which these sons have for her. Ah, how these speeches used to thrill me; how glad I was to know that sons of Richmond College never forgot their mother; how glad I was to see these noble men, and with what veneration did I regard them. As years rolled by I began to be very much troubled about this Society of Alumni. If they loved the college so much why did they not prove it in some substantial way? Why did they content themselves with shaking the old building once a year to its foundation with a burst of superannuated thunder?
found that they took no notice of college affairs; their names were not on the list of subscribers to the college paper. Not only may the alumni be accused of a lack of interest in the college, but also many old students who are not members of that society. It seems as if students forget their college so soon as they get beyond the limits of its campus. Few old students subscribed to the *Musings*, and a still smaller number subscribe to the *Messenger*. Old students may ask "What would you have us do?" I say, do whatsoever you can for your college; let the best interests of Richmond College be ever dear to you. If you complain that your influence is worth little and that your salary is too small to help out the endowment fund, I will remind you that you can help the students by showing them that you are still interested in everything at college. There is one way by which all students might show their interest in the college. All students, new and old, ought to take the *Messenger*. It is useless to tell any one how important it is that the college have a good paper; all who are really interested in the college ought to be interested in the *Messenger*. I have watched the *Messenger* with interest ever since it was started. I have been pleased with its appearance and with its contents. I thought that it was flourishing, for I never dreamed that there would be only a handful of old students who would take the paper. Being blessed with a reasonable amount of curiosity I recently made some investigations concerning the *Messenger*. I was startled to find that the paper was supported almost entirely by advertisements and by students now at college. The number of subscribers, outside of the college, does not amount to twenty-five. For the last fifteen years I suppose about one hundred medals have been awarded at Richmond College. Suppose we say that fifty of these medalists are dead, or in a lunatic asylum, or in a penitentiary. This calculation would leave fifty men who were proud to win the honors of their college, and who ought by all means to take the *Messenger*. Yet, out of these fifty not ten take the *Messenger*. During the last fifteen years Richmond College has given about four hundred school and degree diplomas to different men, to say nothing of the students who never won any diplomas. Making a calculation similar to that above, we find that there are two hundred men who have received diplomas, and yet not fifteen of them take the *Messenger*. It will be observed that these calculations are made for the last fifteen years, so as to embrace men who are still in the prime of life, and who ought still to be enthusiastic about their college. If we should consider all students of Richmond College, who are living, we would find that there are at least five hundred who ought to take the *Messenger*; and yet there is not a twentieth part of this number who do take the paper. Where does the fault lie? Is it altogether
with old students, or is the *Messenger* unworthy of their notice? The fault lies greatly with the old students. It is the natural result of their lack of interest in their college. The *Messenger* is worthy of notice, and even if it were not, old students should strive to make it so. But the fault is not entirely with old students. Those who are now at college are much to blame. Students of Richmond College are a queer set of fellows. If you don't give them what they want they will grumble, but if you do give them anything they destroy it. I will not take time to tell how they whittle on the parallel bars; how they break out windows, and deface the building by writing on the walls; how they utterly demolished the reading-room, &c., &c. What the boys get up themselves they generally value for some time. Years ago they made great efforts to fit up their society halls. They succeeded admirably and their halls became their most sacred possession. The students of to-day find the halls in tolerable order; they make no effort to improve them, so they don't care so much about them. Now when I visit the college I find that the halls are profaned by tobacco smoke, and are used in warm weather for cramming places.

The history of the *Messenger* corresponds somewhat to that of the halls. Many of the present students do not take it. The worst of it all is that the management of the *Messenger* is defective. In my humble judgment some changes should be made. Few people know there is any such paper as the *Messenger*. Little or no effort is made to bring it before the old students; the treasury is low; the business is slackly attended to. I have more than once heard complaints from those who wished to have the paper but couldn't get it sent to them. I fear I have already exhausted your patience with complaints, but I must venture some suggestions with regard to the *Messenger*.

I think that the management of the paper ought to be entrusted to two men instead of six, and that these two, one from each society, ought to be elected to serve nine months. Moreover, that these men ought to be paid for their services. The paper well managed would be self-sustaining, and that is all that the societies desire. To further the interest of the paper and to make its success more assured, the societies should give their libraries to the college and their present library tax to the *Messenger*. I have not time to do more than make these suggestions. I fear they will be considered impracticable, and that they will not be put into practice this session; but I hope that they will be thought on. Whether the management of the paper be changed or not, some effort ought to be made to increase the subscription. Printed postals ought to be sent far and wide offering the paper from February to June for fifty cents. The books ought to be thoroughly overhauled and the business carefully settled up.
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societies ought to require reports from the board of publication at stated times, and ought to hold them strictly to their duty.

At present the Messenger has no office. Where there are so many vacant rooms, it does seem that one might be taken for an office. The books and back numbers of the paper are kept here and there, according to the fancy or convenience of the board of publication. In this matter these gentlemen are not to blame; the societies ought to fit up a room for the use of editors and managers. Wishing your paper much success,

I remain, yours, &c.,

STARNO.

[We are always glad to hear from old students, and especially from our old friend Starno. We will not say to what extent we agree with him in his attacks upon the college, trustees, students and all; but we will say, that he has expressed our views with regard to the Messenger. Our subscription list ought to be much larger, and we certainly ought to have an office.—Eds.]

GEORGE PEABODY.

A few weeks after the Atlantic Telegraph announced to the sorrowful ears of the people of this country, that one of its greatest sons, one for whom they felt the deepest emotions of love and of reverence, had departed this life, it was also announced that preparations were being made to give him those honors of burial that England confers only upon her most favored sons, that the mighty queen herself had lamented his death, and that all the crowned heads of Europe looked upon his departure as a misfortune to all mankind. Westminster Abbey, a burial within whose sacred wall ensures immortality, proudly opened wide her sacred doors to receive his remains as the most precious treasure ever entrusted to her charge. And when it was found that the recipient of all these honors desired that his remains should rest in the land of his nativity, as a testimonial of the respect in which he was held, all the sovereigns of Europe furnished an escort of their largest men-of-war to accompany his body to America.

Now, who and what was he, about whom so much ado was made; to whom kings and potentates seemed to bend the knee and all men strove to honor? Was he some mighty warrior, the hero of a hundred stormy heights and carnage-covered fields? Was he some great statesman, whose diplomatic skill and trenchant pen had ruled and shaped the destinies of nations? Was he some gifted poet, whose gentle melody was so smooth, so sweet, so full of goodly sounds that he
enraptured all his hearers? Was he some mighty orator, imbued with Promethean fire, who was wont to give forth "words that breathe and thoughts that burn," and to hold vast audiences spell-bound by his inspired genius? No, no one of these pursuits claimed him as her own; he was but a quiet, private citizen, one for whom politics presented no charms; to whom the glories of martial victory appeared to be but a poor recompense for the suffering of its victims; one who, if he ever attempted, certainly did not succeed in the field of literary effort. And now I wish, although after so long a time, to make some remarks upon the life and character of this person, and endeavor to show in what consisted the greatness of this wide-hearted philanthropist, this great benefactor, George Peabody.

To the careful student of history there exists few sources of study possessing more interest, and when properly understood more actual value, than the lives and characters of the great and good, who have lived at different periods of time, and who have so far excelled the great majority of mankind that history gladly yields them an exalted position and enshrines their names upon the temple of fame, higher or lower, in proportion as they attained their renown by caprice of fortune or the possession of actual merit. From an examination of this interesting theme, the retrospective inductions are as varied as the subjects for contemplation are numerous. The king, warrior, poet, priest, statesman and philanthropist, have appeared for awhile in the bustling arena and then passed to those silent realms where the dead reign alone. But of this great and diversified class of eminent individuals, some have received the unbounded praise and some the malignant censure of their fellow-men. The king has learned that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" the warrior, that "the path of glory leads but to the grave;" the statesman, that "disappointment is the common lot of humanity;" but the philanthropist, actuated by the noblest feelings that can fill the human breast, lives in a region far beyond the petty jealousies and bitter feelings of his eminent contemporaries. Whilst by his unselfish devotion to the interests of his fellow-men, he mitigates their wants, lessens their misfortunes, at the same time he builds for himself a nobler name, a more enduring monument than ever perpetuates the deeds of the mightiest conqueror or statesman the world has ever produced.

The life and deeds of the one whose name heads this article, affords an illustration of philanthropy in its highest sense. You are all too familiar with his life for me to enter into any of its particulars; you know how, from an humble origin, he became one of the magnates of the land, of his steady, undaunted, upward progress, looking upon each advance as only the stepping-stone to another; how, in the commercial
world, he went on from conquering to conquer, and how, when he had gathered around him a fortune that might cause kings to look on with envy, he showed that his thoughts had always been placed upon an aim higher than the mere acquisition of wealth, and startled the world by the sight of a living man willingly depriving himself of his fortune and using it for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Well may he be called philanthropist, lover of man; well may we, the recipients of his bounty, deplore his death; well may the future generations of the South bless the honored name of him who has placed education in the reach of all, and thus secured the greatest of blessings to the most unfortunate. His name will never die, and coming generations, looking down from the pyramids of the future upon the men of our time, will ascribe to none a more unfading laurel, will look upon none as possessing more of the ennobling qualities of man than he, who though surrounded by the cares and anxieties of business, and seemingly devoted entirely to the worship of mammon, never turned a deaf ear to the cries of suffering humanity, and who, in his career and character, showed how utterly false is the revolting idea now so universally prevalent, that to succeed in the pursuits of this life, self, and self alone, must be kept in view. All honor will be paid by a grateful posterity to him who has left such a shining example, and has showed that progress could walk hand in hand with Christianity, and that the principles of business can be reconciled to those of humanity.

In examining the life of this benefactor of his race, we hardly know which was the most remarkable, his success in acquiring wealth or his prodigal liberality in bestowing it. If his liberality was great, the method he selected to convey the same was uncommon. If he seemed to be the favored child of fortune and to possess the magician's wand of converting whatever he touched into gold, he had also what should be, but seldom is, one of the concomitants of such success, a due sense of the wants of his fellow-man; and in his life all can but see a striking illustration of the sacred words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Then, amid the many evidences of corruption, selfishness and unscrupulous ambition, so prevalent in our midst, how pleasing it is to note the existence of the opposite principles, the welcome fact that there remains to man, even now, some of those exalted traits of character possessed by him previous to his fall; and if there is one element in our nature that approximates to nobleness, to purity, to the very elements of divinity itself, it is philanthropy.

The name of an Alexander is written in blazing letters upon the pages of history, but when you analyze the elements of his greatness they fade away before such noble and exalted traits as those possessed by such a man as John Howard. John Howard, who visited all Europe,
George Peabody.

not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, but to dive into the very depths of dungeons and infectious hospitals, and thus to secure the means of alleviating the condition of the sick and prisoners of his own country. England has produced many great names, but whose shines more brightly upon the escutcheon of her glory than that of the noble and gifted Elizabeth Fry, the influence of whose good deeds is even now felt, and causes blessings to be showered upon her memory. And now, last to complete a trio whose good deeds have almost produced as much happiness as the so-called glorious triumvirate of Rome's greatest generals produced pain and distress, we have the name of our own Peabody; our own in one sense, yet by his unbounded liberality to the poor of other nations, he manifested such a cosmopolitan spirit that when dying his name became a common inheritance to all humanity, to be cherished, to be regarded by all alike as an ornament and an honor to our race.

It seems to be a part of the plan of a Divine Providence that none can predict with certainty what will occur in the future; but could the humble clerk in Danvers, as he stood at his desk in a store in that country town; could he have looked forward a few years; could he have foreseen that he one day would be one of the moneyed princes of the greatest metropolis of earth; could he have seen the queen of England herself delighting to do him honor, and almost regal pomp bestowed upon his burial; could he have beheld all this, he could hardly have considered the spectacle the fulfilment of a rational expectation, or the legitimate result of what the future had in store for him. In all this is there not ground for wonder as well as delight? Does it seem possible that, from so poor and unostentatious a beginning, there should go forth such a powerful and beneficial influence, such a wide-spread benevolence, and a prospect, yet to be completed, so glorious? The entire career of this illustrious man seems almost to be an allegory devised to encourage the young in the pursuit of distinction of any kind. His whole life is one constant encouragement to any one who wishes to secure for himself an honorable name and success in any pursuit of life. It gives an additional emphasis and vitality to those trite words of Pope—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

There is nothing in the life of Peabody to show that the same, or approximate success, cannot be attained by others. It may be that a fortuitous combination of favorable circumstances enters to a considerable extent among the causes that contributed to his final success; but honesty of purpose, frugality of means, firmness of resolution, and a
fearless discharge of duty, will themselves create circumstances which will make success in any department of life a rational certainty, or else the lessons of history are false and erroneous. Whom shall we find, if we extend our researches back through past ages, whom shall we find to be the brightest stars in the firmament of distinction? Not those around whom wealth has thrown every comfort; not those who, under its protection, have been raised in the lap of luxury and sheltered from every storm; but it seems that, like the rose that only emits its sweetest perfume when crushed and bruised, so the brilliancy, the good points of a man's character are only fully shown, his full intellectual development only attained when exposed to the storms and buffettings of life; and those have generally reached the highest distinction who have arisen from an humble origin—who with their own persons have withstood the storms and misfortunes of life, and, who, by their own indomitable will, have overcome all the difficulties that fortune may have placed in their way. It is such men as these we find who have enlarged the field of civilization, caused the desert to blossom as the rose, and the wilderness to become vocal with the praises of God.

The good done by the great benefactors of mankind often requires years to reach its full maturity, and so, for us mortals to attempt to estimate the good already and yet to be accomplished by the good man of whom I am speaking, would be a vain and futile task; but in the atmosphere of perfection, where all the good deeds are recorded, and where we trust the spirit of the great philanthropist now rests, they will be properly appreciated, their worth fully known and duly acknowledged.

I have somewhere met with the idea, which, if not strictly true, is certainly impressive, that just before death the retrospective powers of the mind become so true and acute that they present to the vision of the dying a vivid panorama of all the virtuous and vicious deeds performed during life. Granting this to be true, what an infinite discrepancy there must have been between the scenes presented to a dying Caesar and a dying Peabody. To the one was presented a bloody vision of ghastly, gory battle-fields, and the recollection of an enslaved people, of the many bloody sacrifices he had made upon the altar of his ambition, and the thought that thousands had died his greatness to create, must have grated harsh upon his feelings at the dying moment. Oh, with what a scene of demoniac horror must such recollections as these have filled the mind of the departing conqueror. But to Peabody, as his pure spirit, burning to leave the earthy tenement in which it was confined and to soar to more genial realms above, a pleasant scene attended his last moments, the recollection of a well spent life, the knowledge that while he strove for his own advancement he had
also always striven to advance the interests of his fellow-man. No scenes of pain, no thought that he had ever been instrumental in inflicting suffering and death upon any one presented themselves to his mind, and we see his sun of life going down behind the hills of death in more than the refulgent splendor of an autumnal sunset, to rise in a celestial sphere, and there, endowed with brighter rays, to continue in its orbit through all eternity. And as to his dying mind this retrospective power was given, let us hope that the scales were removed from his eyes, and with prophetic vision he was enabled to see a few years in the future, and there behold the happiness he had conferred, the thousands for whom his mercy had provided, and that he died amidst the distant sounds of praises ringing in his ears, coming from the mouths of those who as yet slumber in their uncreated dust.

In Westminster Abbey there is a simple marble shaft, that seems hardly to dare to raise its humble head amidst the magnificent tombs that surround it, and under this unpretending monument sleeps, the visitor is told, the deviser of all the architectural splendor that greets his eyes on every side. The visitor is about to turn away in amazement—that he who devised all this magnificence should have so little honor paid his memory, when an inscription meets his eye: "Si monumentum requias circumspici." How much credit does it reflect upon the contrivers of this method of immortalizing the memory of the great architect, that they referred the enquiring stranger to his deeds, saying that they speak louder than any feeble praises of theirs. And so should be the grave of the immortal Peabody—no proud, tall mausoleum should rear its lofty head over his last resting-place, but the memory of his great philanthropy, ever green in the hearts of a grateful country, shall constitute an epitaph as enduring as if written upon the pyramids of Egypt. And if, in after years, any anxious pilgrim to this grave of greatness shall ask why no monument is placed to perpetuate his deeds, let him be told that Peabody is one of the deathless dead, and that his epitaph can be seen in the happiness of thousands, and that his life can be read in a grateful nation's eyes.

"O! loved of thousands, to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee;
The poor man and the orphan child
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee.
"And gentle tears, like summer rain,
Shall quicken the dying grass again;
And here, as to some pilgrim's shrine,
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine,
Recalling memories sweet and holy,'"
It is not in the province of every one to effect so much for the amelioration of mankind, as has been done by such a man as Peabody, yet in the sphere of each cannot his noble example be followed? How many are the wretches upon earth on whom no one ever smiles, and whose wan and care-worn faces are seldom lighted by beams of happiness and comfort? How many are there, who, by proper effort upon the part of the more favored, would rise from their degradation to a position of moral worth and excellence? How many are there pressed down by the enslaving influence of want, misfortune and crime, whose souls long after better things, and would gladly seize the slightest straw thrown to their assistance. And is it not in the power of one and all to effect some good for those who so urgently need assistance; is there one so powerless that, through his instrumentality, some ray of light cannot be thrown over some dark and checkered path. The ancients had an old maxim, that all roads lead to Rome, and it seems that the paths leading to the temple of Fame are nearly as numerous as those to the eternal city; but that approximating the nearest to perfection, the one that leads to the highest point, where our names can be inscribed, undimmed by the slightest cloud of censure, is the one trod by a philanthropist, by a Peabody. The road is plain, open to all, and whilst some may march along the route displaying such profusion and prodigal liberality as to attract the attention and praise of all, yet the humble well-doer, the giver of the mite, has an equal right to the path as the bestower of millions, and may rest assured that his reward will be as lasting.

It was said of the death of one of America's greatest statesmen, "that the great heart of the nation beat in silent grief at the portals of his tomb." How then must the heart of all civilization throb with sorrow at the tomb of him who possessed the esteem of all good men, and whose unparalleled deeds of generosity knew neither sectional limits nor national boundaries. And even if, in a divine providence, his bounty may not produce all the expected good, the example that he has set to the moneyed princes, now living and yet to come, is worthy of eternal gratitude. It is not human to be perfect, and those who carp at human goodness may endeavor to raise the finger of scorn and point some flaws in the character of this great and good man, but like Ben hadad in the Arab legend, we will write him one that loved his fellow-man, with the full assurance that his name will head the list of those who love their God.

And now a few words in conclusion. Let us not do in this instance as is too often done—let us not, whilst we recognize the transcendent claims that the name of George Peabody has to immortality, let us not in our blind admiration place him so far above us that we shall lose
the power of the beneficent rays shed by his example; let us not, like Lilliputians around a captive Gulliver, gaze upon his majestic proportions, and awe-stricken, speculate as to his greatness, but let us bring his life, his character home to ourselves, place his example uppermost in our minds, profit by every ray of good influence it may shed, and actuated with the same purposes, armed with the same resolution, guided by the same fearless principles of unswerving rectitude, as he was, let each and every one of us resolve to be the Peabody of the sphere in which he moves.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

With the march of the centuries we have become a prosaic people. We do not value, as highly as of yore, mere military honors when accompanied by the inevitable items of the loss of human life and vast treasure, when there is no corresponding adequate addition to our territory or exchequer. Consequently, an administration feels a sort of natural hesitancy in taking steps likely to plunge the nation into a virtually causeless war, for the simple reason that, having gone that far, they may find themselves left without a numerical following or moral support. We, therefore, swallow with the greatest complacency such small doses as the recent Spanish outrage in searching our ships without authority. The people much prefer to submit their claims, with their adversaries, to a board of arbitration, and thus stand a fair chance of gaining their object. They deem this much more expedient (the key-note of our present policy) than to submit to the arbitrament of arms—a tribunal not always deciding with the right, before which he is the most successful practitioner who can produce the largest number of followers.

We say this is a prosaic age. We have had other ages, such for instance as the iron age; nay, in all seriousness we have had a gilded age, and it is only just that we should have a prosaic age; or, perhaps, we had better name it a practical age—an age whose spirit, pervading the people of the civilized world, has accomplished more for our solid comfort and physical satisfaction than any of the others, whatever their claims to prominence on other grounds may be.

Still it is often quite a relief from the practical hum-drum routine of every-day life to turn for a short time to the other periods of the world’s history and to wander at pleasure among the scenes that there meet our view. Of these, none is more attractive than the age of chivalry.
From the time that the sun of European progress commenced to be obscured by the clouds of ignorance and superstition, which lowered so darkly during the middle ages, there has been one light—one bright particular star—which has penetrated the darkness, has shown the world by the very contrast the end to which they were hastening, and encouraged them to exert every effort to regain their lost enlightenment and culture. This light, which shed its kindly rays so constantly during an hour of direst need, was the institution of chivalry.

Chivalry, a name associated in our minds with so many grand and elevating ideas, our interest kindles at the very mention of it. We see before us faces and characters, shadowy it is true, but not the less easily recognized, of whose exploits in arms and love we never weary. Weary? No; we could sit for hours at the round-table and listen with keenest pleasure to the knights of old as they recounted their fierce struggles against the iron hand of tyranny, or their varying success in that fairer, but more arduous field—the field of woman’s love; who, in her own way, exercises a tyranny more complete than any other, which we politely call caprice.

Of the many incidents to a practical age, none is more striking than the indifference of man to the attractions of the other sex. He retains his place in the street or railway car; he alludes to his mother as the “old lady;” he goes solus to parties so as not to be encumbered either in getting his sets or his supper. Under the old régime it was different. Then the sternest knights were foremost in acts of courtesy. Woman, whether young or old, was an object of veneration, at least. Helplessness, in all its forms, appealed strongly to a knight’s sympathies. Extreme youth, old age, sickness or poverty, one and all were relieved. With our present advanced ideas we need not trouble ourselves with such unpleasant objects—at the most referring them to the public charities, not stopping to enquire whether that is not a greater affliction than bare want.

A little more of the spirit of chivalry would be very acceptable on these accounts. It would soften down our ruggedness and shed a warm glow, at a small expense, over our actions that would at least deprive them of their selfish appearance and endow the spirit of our age with more attractive qualities.

On instances of this sort we could long dwell. With chivalry as an institution the reader is, however, familiar. We need not recount how it held the people of Europe up to the old standards of honor, generosity and courtesy, without which the fairest Eden would be unendurable. Honor et fides! That was the watchword, and what nobler could be devised? The spirit, whose possessor would entertain and protect his bitterest enemy, after his word had been given—the spirit
which threw the mantle of safety around a deadly foe after he had eaten the salt of his host. We catch ourselves involuntarily sighing for the olden time, when casuistry and sophistry were not called on to break the most solemn promise—to absolve from the most binding obligation.

But while the spirit of progress has decreed that other and more effective forces must take the place of chivalry as a factor in the world's final product, yet we are loath to consign it to entire oblivion; and when occasion offers we love to see it again revived, as we love to take an old weapon down from the wall, to think of its battles and victories, and to replace it, feeling its presence more strongly than ever. So it is with chivalry. While we cannot use it as a practical every-day institution, yet may its good influence still remain, and the ideas of honor, justice and loyalty, which it inculcates, be with us as a people to the end of time.

R. G. A.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We do not like to see old customs neglected without good reason for their neglect. We have the first volume of the Messenger before us. In it every change which takes place in the editorial staff is duly noticed, and when the whole corps of editors retire thanks are returned to contributors for assistance, and the new corps is welcomed to the sanctum. If this custom was confined to the Messenger we would be loath to neglect it, but we are persuaded that this custom is almost universal with periodical publications. We are the more unwilling to neglect this custom, as by neglecting it we would lose the opportunity of thanking those to whom our thanks are due. We thank our fellow students for contributions and for kind advice and encouragement; we thank the societies for the honor conferred upon us. We are conscious of having made mistakes, we are painfully conscious that the work could have been better done, but we are also conscious of having done our best. The consciousness of duty performed is always pleasant. Knowing that we have made an honest effort to do our duty, we leave the sanctum without a sigh. We welcome our successors with perfect confidence, for we have no fears about the ability of any men to whom the societies are willing to entrust the Messenger.

OUR LIBRARIES.

Some change should be made in our library system. At present we have three moderately, well-selected, but poorly-arranged libraries. The college and each of the societies owns a library. Each of these
libraries is opened twice a week. This arrangement is not good. Students ought to have access to the library every day. Then these libraries being opened for only half an hour at a time, students are compelled to take any book to their rooms which they may wish to consult. It is very inconvenient to carry large volumes to one's room just to read a few pages on some subject. Moreover, books are often more damaged by throwing about a student's room for two weeks, than they would be by being often consulted in the library. We do not mean to say that no books should be taken from the library, but the library should be so arranged and so managed that there would be less need of the students taking so many books to their rooms. But the most serious inconvenience consists in the fact that there are three libraries instead of one. It has always seemed strange to us that a man should be put to the trouble of looking through three libraries instead of one. There are enough books in Richmond college to make quite a good library. Why can't they be put into one library? Some of the students are in favor of giving the society libraries to the college. At a joint meeting some weeks ago the societies adopted resolutions with reference to the Jeter memorial fund. A committee was appointed to secure some one to lecture for the benefit of this fund. The propriety of giving the society libraries to the college was also discussed. The societies were unwilling to give their libraries without being assured that a suitable library hall would be provided, and that the library would be so arranged that students might reap the greatest possible benefit from it. We believe that the general sentiment is to give the society books to the college as soon as the Jeter memorial hall shall be erected. We were in hopes that the societies would not wait to see this hall erected, but that they would show their interest in this good work by giving the libraries now. We are not in favor of giving our libraries unconditionally, but we can't see why the societies could not be perfectly safe in giving their libraries now on proper conditions. Both society halls need some repairs and much decoration. As the library funds for this session have not yet been spent, we are in favor of giving our libraries to the college and of expending these funds in improving our halls. The students are justly proud of their societies, and they naturally hesitate to make a change in them apparently so radical. They seem to forget that they would not lose their books, but that the books would be more available than they now are. We are, by no means, radicals, but we are conservatives only so far as conservatism is for the good of our societies and our college. We are glad that our students love their societies; we are glad that our students recognize the importance of keeping up good literary societies; we trust that Richmond College may ever have reason to be proud of her societies;
we would advocate no measure which would detract from the usefulness and efficiency of our societies, or which would tend to cool that ardent society spirit so characteristic of our college, yet we do hope that the societies will give their libraries to the college, for this, we believe, to be for the good of all concerned.

LOCALS.

We almost envy our friends who went home to spend their Christmas, and who have now returned bringing such flattering reports of the merry holiday which they enjoyed. We thank them, however, that they did not forget those of us who remained at college, but were true to their promise that they would bring back their trunks and boxes fully supplied with such things as are delicious to the taste. Yet, while we thank them, we nevertheless think that it was their imperative duty thus to act. For a student who attempts to spend his holiday here at college will find it not quite so merry as he might have anticipated. The noise of fire-crackers, the blowing of horns, the jingling of sleigh bells are by no means the necessary elements of a happy time. For if this is the case our Christmas was indeed a most delightful one. There are some things calculated to annoy a student who remains here during his holiday, one of which is his inability to disabuse his mind of some important work to be performed. It would take a heart of flint not to sympathize with a boy who has weighing upon his mind during his holiday a composition which must be written, and a mathematical original that must be worked. To those of our friends who are in this melancholy condition we extend our hearty sympathy, and advise them to forget the past and remember that Christmas comes but once a year.

We are exceedingly anxious that the Messenger may have a wider circulation. Will not each and every member of the two societies show enough interest in the welfare of the paper to drop a postal to some honorary member urging him to subscribe for the remainder of this session?

The warm and sympathetic heart of our beloved but afflicted professor of English, has never failed to elicit the greatest admiration from those who have gone to him with their hearts burdened with any sorrow. Time after time, in the hour of trouble, students have visited him, and, on every occasion, he has listened to them with almost pa-
ternal sympathy. He has often remarked in his class-room, that in order to sympathize with people, we must, as far as possible, put ourselves in their condition. In regard to this, many can testify that he practiced what he preached. It can be truly said of him that he obeyed the Divine injunction, "Weep with those who weep." That the students have not been unmindful of his regard for them, was manifested by the fact that so large a number of them were present at the funeral of his daughter, Mrs. Susan Laura Turpin, who closed her earthly career on the 7th of January. She was the wife of Rev. John B. Turpin, a former student of Richmond College. She lived a Christian's life, she died a Christian's death. The battle of life has past, and she has gone above to receive her crown.

To our bereaved professor we extend our warmest sympathy, and, at the same time, we assure him that what was his loss was her eternal gain.

We are glad to see the enthusiasm exhibited by the members of the two societies in regard to the Jeter memorial hall. At a joint meeting in December a committee was appointed to secure the services of some distinguished lecturers. The proceeds of the lectures will be handed over to the treasurer of the Jeter memorial fund. We sincerely hope that success will crown the effort, though feeble it may be, put forth for the interest of the college. Some have raised the question, "Where shall the lectures be delivered." Encouraged by our success some sessions ago, when Dr. Hoge delivered a lecture for us in the First Baptist church, we think the same course should be pursued. We are confident that no Baptist church in the city would close its doors against us after the least reflection upon the object which we have in view.

The following officers have been elected in the Philologian Society for the ensuing term: President, James L. Lake, of Fauquier county, Va.; Vice-President, Wm. H. Ryals, of Fluvanna county, Va.; Recording Secretary, Robert L. Traylor, Richmond, Va.; Corresponding Secretary, James G. Field, Culpeper county, Va.; Treasurer, J. G. Waters, Rockhill, S. C.; Librarian, Clarence A. Woolfolk, Richmond College; Critic, John E. Wiatt, Gloucester county, Va.; Censor, Granville G. Valentine, Richmond, Va.; Chaplain, W. H. Sampson, Alexandria, Va.; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. G. Willingham, Columbus, Ga.; Editors Richmond College Messenger, John A. Powers, King William county, Va., and E. E. Holland, Nansemond county, Va.; Board of Publication of the Messenger, J. F. Gordon, Roanoke county, W. J. E. Cox and A. Pleasants, Richmond, Va.; Board of Managers,

Mr. Geo. C. Abbitt, of Appomattox county, has been elected final orator for the Mu Sigma Rho Society.

The following is the list of officers elect for the coming term: President, John J. Gunter, Accomac county; Vice-President, Frank Puryear, Richmond; Censor, L. C. Bosher, Richmond; Editors of *Messenger*, C. Puryear, Richmond; C. H. Jones, Richmond; Recording Secretary, W. H. Hoge, Staunton; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Eubank, Lancaster county; Critic, Geo. B. Taylor, Rome, Italy; Treasurer, L. R. Bagby, King and Queen county; Librarian, W. C. Barker, Hanover county; Chaplain, W. G. Rollins, Darlington, S. C.; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. B. Crump, Chesterfield county; Board of Publication for the *Messenger*, Geo. C. Benedict, Accomac county; C. L. Corbitt, Southampton county, M. C. Patterson; Richmond.

"*Jane,*" said her father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man —" "Why, pa, who said he is stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa; "only I could see he was a little close as I passed through the room." —*Exchange.*

Mr. A., who is of a very dark complexion, was standing in the campus the other day when a stranger approached him and asked:

"Sir, are you a student of this college?"

Student: "Yes, sir."

Stranger: "Will you please tell me whether there is a student here named Poindexter?"

Student: "There is no student here by that name."

Stranger: "This is the colored institute, isn't it?"

"No," replied Mr. A.

The stranger walked off, leaving Mr. A. to consider whether he was really of such a dark complexion, or whether the stranger was near-sighted.

Is it not a strange fact that so few of our boys go out sleigh-riding when we consider how many ponies they have at their disposal?

The best way to kill time is to *sleigh* it.

**Minister:** "Madam, does your husband fear the Lord?"

**Lady:** "Yes, sir, I think he does. At least he always takes his gun with him whenever he goes out on Sunday."
A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO RICHMOND COLLEGE.—Hon. Isaac Davis, of Boston, handed Dr. A. E. Dickinson $1,000 as a Christmas present to our college. This encourages us. Who will be the next?

FOOT-BALL.—A match game at foot-ball took place some weeks ago between the members of the Mu Sigma and the Philologian societies. The contest was a close one, but the pedestrian superiority of the Mu Sigs over the Philologians won the day.

Now is the time for the students to bestir themselves if it is their intention to have a jollification this session. Let us have a good one or none at all.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN: "How can those two things go together when one is masculine and the other feminine?"
Student: "Why all the more reason why they should."—Ex.

PERSONALS.

T. A. Walton, of '73-'74, is farming in Appomattox, and keeping bachelor’s hall.

With sadness we bade farewell to our friend, Mr. Marchant, who left college last month. Though this was his first session, and few had the opportunity to become intimately acquainted with him, yet all who knew him loved him. We wish him great success in the mercantile business which he has decided to follow.

Mr. Thomas Bagby, formerly a student of this college, is now editor of the West Point Star.

E. B. Morris, of '77-'78, called on us the other day on his way to Crozer Theological Seminary, where he expects to graduate this session. We learn from him that F. T. Davis, of '76 and '77, is engaged as colporteur in the northern part of Virginia.

T. W. T. Noland is now at the Southern Theological Seminary. We hope that Tim is not still of the opinion that his life was shortened twenty years by a fall which he received in a wrestling match with one of our cottage champions.

Charlie Coleman, who took his degree session before last, was in town during Christmas. He is teaching school in Isle of Wight county.
John M. Garnett paid us a short visit a few days since. He is teaching in the Bowling Green Male Academy.

It was our pleasure to meet W. G. Stanard the other day. He is the deputy treasurer of Chesterfield.

We heard recently through a friend that C. D. Ogg is teaching school in Goshen.

We see from the Jefferson Democrat that W. T. Hudgins has lately been employed in a very important trial occurring in Jefferson, Texas. We clip the following:

"The argument yesterday morning was opened for the State by Mr. W. T. Hudgins in a speech that consumed the forenoon. It was, we presume, the first case of so much importance in which he has taken part. In common with other friends, we felt solicitous that he should acquit himself creditably. In a case like this, where there are so many facts and circumstances, and such a mass of testimony to be analyzed and reviewed, an earnest, connected, methodical, consecutive, extemporaneous speech is at all times difficult, especially to a young man. But he was equal to the occasion in his systematic and logical review. He spoke, of course, with some embarrassment—that was to be expected—but it gradually decreased as he proceeded, step by step, in his perspicuous review of the leading features developed in the long, tedious investigation. His language was pure, his sentences properly constructed, and his line of argument clearly presented. He only requires time, study, and experience to take a leading position at the bar.

EXCHANGES.

The Randolph Macon Monthly appeared in our sanctum on New Year's day for the first time this session. The students have frequently inquired for it, desiring to know what the boys at Ashland were doing and how the college was bearing the oppressively hard times. But we were then unable to give any information concerning either the paper or the college. Now the paper has appeared, and is found to be quite newsy. The editorial notes give some interesting information about the college—what it has been, what it is, and what is desired that it should be. From the college notes we learn what has occurred recently of interest at the college, and how the students conduct themselves generally. The news of the college is well put and the literary articles are instructive.

Of course some one will say those exchange editors are trading.
Well, if that one chooses to accuse falsely, he can do so. It will be at his expense, not at ours. We are not trading, but simply giving praise to whom praise is due.

We regret that so many issues of the Monthly have failed to reach our table.

The Howard College Index and Chronicle, though edited by ladies, is not an inferior paper by any means. The literary articles are characterized by originality of thought, purity of diction, and a rythmical flow of language. The articles, "The World's a Stage—All We are Actors," and "Enthusiasm," are worthy of special commendation. The locals are spicy and racy.

The Alma Mater does not contain much in quantity, but this deficiency is more than compensated by the quality. We seldom find in college papers thoughts couched in more elegant language, or periods more beautifully rounded, than in the piece, "The Irreverence of our Age and Country." The addition of an exchange department would, we think, greatly improve this interesting paper.

The Cornell Era is filled almost entirely with university items, all of which may be interesting to the Cornellians, but to us dry and non-readable. From the size of the Era it does not seem that there is sufficient space for all the college news of interest, and then room for one or two articles. The insertion of some literary matter would certainly raise the paper to a high standard.

The Pennsylvania College Monthly has adopted a new method of criticism. Instead of criticising, as is usually done, it simply gives extracts from its exchanges. The editor says: "It is becoming more and more evident that the 'exchange column' is used for other than its intended purpose. Better, therefore, drop the ordinary method of conducting this department and substitute extracts, or discuss matter of interest to the general college world. In lieu of the latter part of what we have just said, we request the views of all who find this page marked, in answer to the following SUGGESTION:

"That as many as possible of the college papers unite in the request to the New York World, or any other daily of high rank, to devote at least a full page of one of its issues each week to college news and correspondence."

We are unable to see how such a change would make any very decided improvement in the exchange department. This method would, perhaps, prevent the hurling of many an editorial dart, quiet
the fiery spirit of some exchange editors, and restore peace in the journalistic border. But we doubt it, and decidedly prefer the usual method. If an exchange editor is so wilfully base as to exercise a paper unjustly or present it in false colors to the college world, he would be sure, if the change proposed was made, to select just such extracts as he considered least likely to gain approbation for the papers from which they were taken. Concerning the proposed request we have but little to say. If the suggestion were carried out, the page in the World containing college news would not interest many except students, and perhaps not many of them. Generally students take very little interest in the matters of other colleges, unless very near to them or in some way connected with them. We see no decided objection to the plan, but prefer to let the World "pursue the even tenor of its way," and our exchanges to continue to come as they have been.

Although we do not fully approve of the change proposed by the Monthly, yet there is in it much that we do approve. Handsome, yet unostentatious in appearance, well put together, does not fall to pieces when unfolded as some exchanges that could be mentioned do, and contains articles practical and suggestive. "A Word on Catholicism" is the title of an article which is fairly and calmly discussed. The article, "What shall be my Calling," contains many forcible thoughts, which should be well considered by every one who intends to be a true man in the battle of life and desires to be happy and useful.

The Economic Tract, No. 1, published by "The Society for Political Education," has just been received. It is entitled "What is a Bank? What Services does it Perform?" It reviews in a brief way the functions of money—the difference between money and currency. It shows the relation which the banks bear to the exchange of commodities and service, and, in simple language, sets forth the functions of a bank.

On the executive committee of the Society we see the names of many distinguished men, which fact alone is a strong argument for the Society.

With this issue of the Messenger our term expires. With a joyful bow we vacate the editorial sanctum for our successors, who are better qualified for and more worthy of the position. Farewell, exchanges.
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