For reasons which need not be given here, the June number of the Messenger was not issued. Instead of it this, prepared under the sweltering heat of July, will be furnished to our regular subscribers. It is devoted, as will be seen, very largely to the Commencement exercises, and contains a few of the many good speeches delivered on that occasion. It is due to the other orators to say that we have not made our selection according to merit—that would have been a difficult task even in cool and bracing weather—we have, as best suited the season, put in as many as we had room for, of such as we could most easily procure.

By the aid of the faculty we are enabled to issue and distribute to the alumni and other friends a thousand extra copies. We hope that not a few of those to whom this number is sent will feel interest enough in the affairs of the college to pay one dollar for regular information every month of the session about what is done and said and thought in our secluded microcosm. It may be, that men busily engaged in active life do not care much for the fledgling essays of sophomores, and yet may not such contact with youthful minds help to keep them young and fresh amid their growing cares? Then our page or two of "Personals," rather scant this month, but generally well filled, will recall to old students the familiar associates of other days, and tell about one and another, where they are, and what they are doing.

We have good reason to hope that for the next session the alumni will contribute more than heretofore to the pages of the Messenger, and make it thereby more valuable to all of its special circle of
readers. It has a manifest *raison d'etre*, a well-defined place in the broad and variant field of journalism. It will be enabled to maintain a lively existence, and to fill its appointed sphere in proportion as the students of Richmond College, both present and former, supply its editors with the fresh coinage of their cultivated brains, and contribute, for the benefit of printers and binders, the baser currency issued under the sanction of the United States Treasury Department.

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**OUR BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.**

No report of the Commencement exercises this year would be complete without a review of the wondrous transformation wrought under the auspices of the Jeter Memorial Committee, according to plans prepared and supervised by Captain A. Lybrock, architect. The results achieved in completing the "Jeter Memorial," and in remodelling the centre and north wings of the main edifice to correspond with the beautiful new south wing, have been highly satisfactory, and it is claimed that no public building ever erected here "has been more carefully planned or more thoroughly built." Experienced engineers and architects declare that the harmonizing of the old and new buildings has been a most gratifying success, and visiting builders from a distance have inspected the Jeter Memorial building and pronounced the structure a splendid piece of work. It is by all confession the most imposing public edifice in the city, and the handsomest college building in the whole South. Hackmen make it one of the points to which all tourists are to be taken, and real-estate agents advertise all lots within half-a mile, as being "near Richmond College."

The work was begun at the right point, and has been progressing for eighteen months. So far as she could, the city has lent her aid by extending her sewerage system and water-mains to the front gate of the college, on Ryland street. From there a 12-inch sewer was last summer carried through and under that portion of the building which connects the centre and south wings, lying farthest from the dormitories, and into which the elegant closets built of brick, cement, stone, and iron, have been placed. A 6-inch water-pipe was laid from the same entrance through the archway, and extends, like the culvert, as far as the Mess Hall and Professor Harris's residence. A fire-plug was placed at a suitable point behind the building and at the end of the 6-inch pipe, which will be invaluable in case of fire. There is also a
Our Buildings and Grounds.

Our Buildings and Grounds.

hydrant in the yard, and all the surface water and water from the roofs is conducted into the culverts. The eminence on which the college stands is fine, and the campus slopes from the building in every direction, which fact, together with this wise system of drainage and sewerage adopted and carried out by the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, insures the most complete protection to the health and comfort of the 250 persons who live on the campus. We love to dwell on this wise foundation work and chronicle the fact in the interests of the college.

The new south wing has a basement, 14 feet pitch, thoroughly trapped, drained, and lighted. This is not yet finished. We voice the earnest desire of a hundred students, when we ask that half of it be cut off for a long talked of and much needed gymnasium.

The main floor is a single large hall, 100 by 47 feet, and 22 feet pitch, which is to be used for the library, museum, and reading-room. It is truly an elegant room, built upon the most thoroughly tested and improved plans for its purpose, and greatly commended by General Eaton, commissioner of education in Washington. There is a librarian's room and an office for the Secretary and Treasurer, where the valuable records and papers of the college will be hereafter preserved. The book- and museum-cases, constructed of black walnut, according to plans received from the Bureau of Education, and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, are being placed in position, and several alcoves are already done. This part of the work will be rapidly pushed forward, and completed, if possible, by the opening of the next session.

Perhaps one of the most attractive features of the main floor is the spacious vestibule or hall-way, itself destined to become the repository of art treasures. From this rises in symmetry the stair-way to the grand room above the Library Hall. This stair-way is one of the most graceful, easy, and handsome in the city. It is of native wood—walnut, ash, and maple—finished in oil, and has been universally admired.

The upper story, like the basement, has not yet been finished. Both are admirably adapted to public uses, and the trustees will carefully consider what is best to do with these spacious apartments.

Perhaps no part of the vast structure, however, has been more thoroughly transformed than the north wing. Before the builder and architect, with wizard wand, took it in hand, it had been universally pronounced gloomy and jail-like in appearance; but its narrow windows have been relieved, a new portico has been built, new pilasters
and a centre tower break the monotony, and it stands forth to-day the not entirely unsuccessful challenger for the first place in public admiration. The date of the founding of the college (1832) is inserted in gilt letters upon the front tower, and the name of "Jeter Memorial Hall" spans the front of the tower on the Franklin-street building.

The grading of the campus, and the arrangement of walks and drives, are progressing, and it will not be long before the handsome edifice will have attractive surroundings. Enough has been done within the year to honor the semi-centennial and make it an epoch in the history of the college. The students have heretofore been justly proud of the real worth hid under the unprepossessing appearance of the buildings. Without abating one jot from this, they will henceforth be able to point with similar pride to what others can see as well as themselves.

We think it worthy of record that during all these months of close contact with bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, tinters, slaters, stuccoers, and painters, obliged sometimes, in reaching their work, to pass through halls and even dormitories, there has been no collision between any of them and the students. The workmen have shown themselves to be gentlemen, and the students submitted cheerfully to inconvenience for the sake of facilitating the work. And it is evident that the beautifying of their place of residence has begun already to exert a refining influence upon all connected with the college and to cultivate their esthetic sensibilities. Why, even the well-remembered "Robert" rings the rising-bell with more taste and in better tune than he did six months ago.

DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN.

An address before the Alumni of Richmond College, delivered in the chapel, Wednesday evening, June 20, 1883, by Rev. J. W. McCown, D. D., (A. B. of 1857.)

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Alumni Association, ladies and gentlemen:

In the sharp and urgent cares of real life, I have been taught the full meaning of at least one word, brief in form, weighty and masterful in signification, in the category of the imperative, morally exigent and authoritative. It is the word DUTY—a word which has taken on, for me, a severer and more imperious tone from the hard necessity which makes me to-night a lector rather than the orator whose pres-
ence you expected. It always makes itself heard and felt. Men cannot evict the inner feeling of obligation and responsibility. It is intertwined among the fibres of their nature. Every human relationship suggests it, every attained aim or desire intensifies it, every advance feels its tightening grasp. If the humblest and feeblest confess its claims, the greatest and strongest bow uneasy-lying heads beneath wider and weightier cares. No doubt, by a merciful arrangement of the Supreme Being, the sense of obligation is not allowed to oppress and crush; otherwise, advancement and eminence were impossible things. Nevertheless, duty follows men in their starward way, and grows more clamorous and imperative in the clearer light of the upper air. Their obligations grow with increasing capacity and opportunity for thinking and doing; a broadening range of thought and action brings to them two inseparable things, increased dignity and increased responsibility.

Education is, next to religion, the best gift of a good Providence to the children of men; but it imposes duties which are neither few nor light. It thrusts men into the front while it confides to their safekeeping the most precious interests of humanity. To it, therefore, naturally cleave the cares and responsibilities of leadership and guardianship. And this natural responsibility is intensified by what education owes to society, which confers the privilege of learning, which gives open access to its honors and blessings, and through all its strata contributes to its dignity and emoluments. If high privilege and great favors impose great duties, how great are those of the educated men of our day and our country?

I am addressing those who may justly be enrolled in this class—alumni of an institution of which no one need be ashamed, cultivated gentlemen, not a few learned and distinguished men—allow me the role of the homilist while I dwell on the duties such men owe to society, to the times, to the world.

I. With us, the voice of duty has a tone of urgency and pathos such as seldom gives emphasis to its behests. The country is struggling with strange and anomalous environments. Physical, intellectual, and moral forces, brought into instant and gigantic life by the hot breath of civil war, are driving in restless fury in every direction. Amid the whirl and clang of these revolutionary and formative energies, it remains as yet painfully uncertain whither the steady and onward current will after awhile set out—what fixed type of life will be evolved out of the chaos and the storm. Meantime our country, so feeling the touch of catastrophic change, is like a blind mother, bewildered
by some great calamity, and clinging with trembling hand to her children. There is a voiceless cry for pilotage, a pathetic appeal to be led, and to be led not only onward, but upward.

What the type of social and home life in our land shall be, is a question of grave import to us to-day. Shall its ancient and natural simplicity and purity be preserved to us? Of this the most ardent optimist must have some serious doubts and fears. The new ideas of the new South; the strange blood injected into our social veins; the baser stimuli of industry; the revived materialism of the day, give just grounds for apprehension. Plutocracy is the sworn foe of the family. It throws wide open the front doors of dwellings and even the side casements of bridal chambers. Its joy is in the columns of the daily newspaper, and its delight in the clanging of brazen trumpets and the banners of flaunting display. It blazons the riches and the ruins, the receptions and dismissions, the furniture and food, the clothes and the scandals of all men and of all women. It invades the very closet, and drags out every family skeleton for public inspection and admiration!

Now, in that form of social existence in which there is no retirement, no privacy, no home life; where the garish light of publicity is thrown over the most secret recesses of the household sanctuary; where the prizes of life are public admiration and notoriety, and all its triumphs victorious ostentation and display—in such a state of society is there not prophecy of disintegration, moral decay, and dissolution? Why, then, should not the need of a simpler and purer life in our homes be a tongue to speak to educated men of duty? Exiled hearts plead for the restoration of the old-time home; for more simplicity, naturalness, privacy, domesticity, sanctity in the household; for real family life; for the seclusion and dignity and purity of the hearth-stone. And what is more, the world pines for the sweet charities, the gentle and manly virtues, the honor, truth, probity, which are fostered only in this safe and sacred retreat. Why should I not, then, be to-night the spokesman of these great wants, and summon men of culture, and, therefore, of power, to the rescue? Let them stand for the home and the fireside. Let them reform tastes and recast habits. Let them discrown woman in society, the proscenium, the ball-room, and enthrone her as goddess of home. Let them reniche our Lares and Penates, and restore the ancient and natural customs and virtues of human life.

II. And the great work-shop of the race—business life—sorely needs, in its modes and spirit, such regeneration as educated men are
Duties of Educated Men.

fitted to produce. Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out the need of a revised ideal of life. He shows, in opposition to the philosophy of Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Mill, that work ought to be for living rather than living for work. But the very opposite is true among us. Work has come to be considered as the great object of life, and all thought and preparation and planning are directed to this result. Various causes have produced this state of things among us, the most potent of which is, perhaps, the hard necessities of our situation. But the ever-present disposition of men to confound the end and the means, and the doctrine of our moralists and economic standards, have had their influence. There is the same difference, however, between the merely economical view of work and its true relations to human life that there is between living to eat and eating to live, in the old stock-phrase of our grammars. Work, like the Sabbath, was made for man, and not man for work. It is not the end of living; it ought to achieve living.

But the worst thing in this perversion and degradation of the object of work, is the attendant corruption of its spirit. The rules, maxims, and modes of business life are brought down to the same sordid and selfish level, and the foundation is thus laid for fraud, and deception, and overreaching, and all forms of sham and cheating known to the world.

Work, then, needs to be lifted to a higher plane, regenerated as to its processes and aims, transfused with a nobler spirit, directed by wiser thought. The life is evermore more than meat. In men's business, leisure should be taken into copartnership with labor; mind and muscle, brain and brawn, should plan together; truth and honor, not profit and loss, should strike the balance-sheet; and culture and goodness and usefulness, not pelf and power and pomp, should be the gauge of success and the prize of the toiler. Why should not business be glorified with such a spirit? Why may not all work be planned and conducted as the preacher chooses and pursues his holy calling, or as the missionary offers up his costly sacrifice? Done not as an object and end, but as a means—to issue in noble results—in a wider, deeper, truer life, and in good and blessing to the world!

And who shall accomplish such a regeneration of business? Who may weave the golden thread of high principle and purpose into the web of our work-day life? Who but those whom education has made independent of the merely vulgar rewards of labor; who are lifted above the sensuous and animal; to whom the possibilities of a higher life are opened! They are endowed with resources and armed with
power to effect this regenerating, purifying work in our homes, in society, in business; to give us a higher type of human life, and a nobler spirit in human work. Therefore the duty lies upon such men, and duty's voice speaks to them, trumpet-toned, in the needs of the times and of the world.

III. It seems to me that I hear a like call from the broad field of learning also—from the domains of legislation, science, literature, art.

The world has positive needs in this direction. It desires to think and to feel. It sighs for light and beauty. It has mind and taste, and yearns to know, to love, and to be happy. And though these desires may be vague and shadowy, though forms of thought and beauty may flit, like ghosts, in the dim and hazy distance, yet they voice the world's ever-abiding wants, and evermore their unspoken demand is, "Declare unto us the dream and the interpretation thereof."

The highest products of mind, therefore, have a more or less sure market among men, for they supply a perennial want. The intellectual miller furnishes as real bread as his more mechanical and white-dusted brother, though the call for it may not be quite so urgent or so clamorous.

And whatever the world needs of guidance, or instruction, or embellishment, it must needs seek in trained and disciplined intellect. For a world-teacher needs more than ability to express—the bare art of incarnating thought. His equipment embraces the power to grasp as well as the power to express—ability to treasure as well as to dispense. "Who knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit that is in man?" and who can interpret nature but those trained to track her footsteps, to follow to her secret recesses, and have converse with her inner spirit?

For all practical work, then, in which mind is the prime factor; for the exact definitions of science; for the free and flowing expression of the beautiful; for the setting in array of methodical truth or excursive fancy—in short, in all things where thought lies behind expression, where knowing is a precedent condition of telling—we find the prepared and foreordained field of toil for educated mind. The senate, the hustings, the tripod, the studio, the pulpit, the schoolroom—from these comes the voice of the world's wants to the world's thinkers. To guide muscle and brawn, mind and feeling—this is the field of opportunity and privilege open to educated men to-day—a field poor in material rewards, but rich in the dignity of usefulness and the sense of duty performed.
IV. Just once more: There remains much asking to be done of a less tangible and visible character, but not less important and useful. This work lies in the region of abstract investigation—of speculative thought. If I do not greatly err, there is great and special need of intelligent guidance here. If human life among us is to rise to any height of dignity and self-poise; to evolve any determinate and enduring type; to develop any strength and vigor, or be fruitful of any good results—there must be behind all action, deep-bedded in the soul, some fixedness of views—some certainty of opinion—some manly and vigorous convictions. Men are held up by a firm grasp on fixed and eternal principles. If a man have to go somewhere, and to do something after he gets there, he must know that every fork of the road presents him a right and a wrong way—one that leads to his destination and one that leads away from it. And right there at the cross-roads, at the beginning of the diverging ways, we are all to stand and face the solemn questions of life and destiny. And how are we helped, how are we not rather unnerved and dismayed, when, with a buffoonery of knowledge, in a very travesty of learning, it is declared we may not know the right or the wrong, the true or the false! It startles us to be told that thought and study furnish us no guide in these solemn and urgent questions; that truth lies hid beyond our reach; that investigation can only increase uncertainty; that the profoundest doubt is the mark of the profoundest learning; that all research must end in blank and utter negation. It is humbling to human pride, and sad and dispiriting to human hearts, to hear the philosopher and the savant speak the language of the outcast of "Tom All-Alone's," and furnishes a strange illustration of the old proverb in such a meeting of the intellectual extremes of human life. And this speculative agnosticism is like the canker of disease: it soon spreads through the whole nature of men, moral and intellectual. It taints and corrupts the fountains of thought and feeling, saps the vigor and strength of manhood, undermines integrity, honor, and hope, and enfeebles the whole being.

Our times, then, and the world, need those who can come in the garb of anointed priests, speaking as men who have authority, and declaring that there are everlasting and immutable verities—that there is truth still in the earth, and not only truth, but ascertainable truth. Restoration of confidence in the power and accuracy of reason, of clutch to the grasp of conviction, of some form of actual belief—the old-time dogmatic of living—this is the great need of the hour. And to supply this need is the work of educated men; for they only
are prepared for it, furnished with the resources required for it. If truth is in a well, they can descend to her; if on the mountain-top, they are able to scale the arduous heights and fold their wings on her native crags. They can penetrate her secret hiding-places and lead her out into the light of day, and identify her and introduce her to the world. They are of power to trace out and reveal and illustrate truth, to interpret her thoughts and enforce her claims on the confidence and loyalty of men.

And this is a work worthy of the highest and noblest intellects. To reinstate mind as the tribunal of last resort, to restore confidence in the results of induction, to reinforce conviction and rehabilitate faith—this were a great and a grand work. They are ever liberators and benefactors of men who lead them out of the land of shadows and of doubts, and show them that truth may be known, and is worth knowing, and worth maintaining and defending.

I trust, gentlemen, that I have made my sociological doctrines sufficiently plain in the course of these remarks, and that their wide divergence from those of the mere materialist is quite apparent. I am no believer in the development of higher types of human life out of lower by the reaction of inherent social forces. I hold to no optimistic view of moral and intellectual evolution. The tendency of the world is towards disaster, and not elevation; its progress will be downward and not upward, unless there be injected an element above and beyond the natural and material—a factor more powerful than blind, constricting matter. Human will and conscience, that are sensitive to something more than physical environment—that feel the power and the obligation of choosing and guiding natural forces—these only can lead the world onward and upward. It follows, therefore, that men are not wholly free to be or to do what may be pleasing or profitable to themselves. There remains in the world such a thing as DUTY. The old-time word contains still the old-time meaning, and men yet feel its constraining force. There are things that ought to be done. Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, integrity and degradation, are, and ever will be, recognized and felt. And we are wise or foolish, good or bad, happy or miserable, just as we follow the one and shun the other.
THE RECENT ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The annual meeting of the alumni and other former students of the college, held June 20-21, was large and enthusiastic. The substantial progress of the year, as heretofore indicated, and the evident brightening of the outlook of the institution in all directions, had an inspiring effect upon her sons. Gathering on this occasion from far and near to renew the friendships of the past, they rejoiced at the prospect for an early realization of their hopes for our noble college. On Wednesday evening, following the admirable address of J. W. McCown, D. D., the Society, with their invited guests, sat down to an elegant banquet, and for several hours greatly enjoyed the social privileges of the reunion. The toasts were "dry," but the speeches were juicy, and as the past history of the college was reviewed with gratitude and the present contemplated with pride, all felt that the hopeful future should bring substantial evidences of thoughtful interest on the part of her alumni, scattered now in almost every clime. It will be gratifying to the absent to know that the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" did not end without substantial results. But we will not anticipate. Let the subjoined circular, in further explanation, speak for itself, and be carefully considered:

"RICHMOND COLLEGE,
Richmond, Va., July 1, 1883.

To the Society of Alumni:

Dear Brothers,—The undersigned were appointed, at the last annual meeting of the Society of Alumni of Richmond College, held June 21st, 1883, to communicate to you an important movement then inaugurated, and to ask for it your cordial endorsement and cooperation. It has been apparent for some years that our large and growing Society needs an object for which to work. The social features of our gatherings are pleasant, but do not constitute a sufficient bond and stimulus to ensure a compact and efficient organization. The Society needs the inspiration of effort for some high purpose. This growing conviction took shape this year—first, around the family board, in response to earnest addresses, and afterwards more definitely in the unusually large business meeting of the Society. At the latter meeting the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"1. Resolved, That this Society begin at once the effort to endow
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a ‘School’ in Richmond College, the said ‘School’ to be designated by the Society as soon as the measure of success attained shall warrant such action.

‘2. That the details of the arrangement for carrying this movement into effect be committed to the board of trustees to be appointed under our constitution.’

‘The first of these resolutions is sufficiently clear, and pledges the Society to an organized and persistent effort to increase the endowment of the college—a work in which it is believed all of our number will lovingly unite.

‘For the better understanding of the second resolution, we quote the following provision of the constitution of the Society: ‘The Society shall appoint a permanent committee of three active members to constitute a Board of Trustees, whose duty it shall be to receive and hold any gifts which may be made to the Society as a permanent fund or for the endowment of a ‘School’ in the college.’

‘Elected to constitute this committee, and charged with the arrangement of plans for raising the money for the endowment of the school, the undersigned will do their best to meet the wishes of the Society, and organize our active membership for successful work. The details of the plan of organization and terms of subscription will be forwarded to you as soon as they can be prepared. In the mean time, we can only say that we fully realize that while our brotherhood will all desire to take part, their abilities are not by any means equal, and that any plan of giving proposed, must be sufficiently flexible to admit the free-will offerings of all. We are gratified to be able to state that several handsome subscriptions have been already made, and a good degree of interest manifested in the proposed scheme.

‘At the annual meeting of the trustees of the college, the following resolution was adopted and ordered to be sent to the Society:

‘Resolved, That we have heard, with great pleasure, of the purpose of the alumni of Richmond College to inaugurate a movement to endow one of the schools of the college, and we pledge to them our cordial endorsement and our hearty personal co-operation in such a movement.’

‘Having thus briefly explained the important work before the Society, it only remains that we shall ask your thoughtful consideration of the enterprise, and your personal solicitude and activity in pressing it to completion. As an organization, this Society has never contributed to the material advancement of the college, never sought to connect her name with the department of instruction, never substantially
Address to Graduates.

We heartily congratulate you on the successful termination of your long, arduous, and anxious academic career. The honors now awarded you with so little pomp, infinitely transcend in real glory those Olympic crowns bestowed on Grecian pluck and muscle, amid the deafening shouts of the multitude. Then, brawn contended with brawn. Now, mind has won a nobler triumph in generous rivalry with mind. And it is no empty and unconsidered compliment to say that none of the trophies gained by youthful contestants on this more exalted arena are nobler than your own. We remember with wonder the intense and widespread enthusiasm for academic attendance and academic honors displayed in Europe towards the close of the Middle Ages, when tens of thousands thronged the halls of Padua, of Paris, and of Oxford, to win graduation in the famous seven liberal arts. The graduate, indeed, won victory over a relatively greater number of competitors, because, from the scarcity and high price of books, most who sought knowledge must seek it at the feet of living teachers. But how meagre was the learning, how slight and partial the discipline guaranteed by his degree, compared with what is certified by yours! You find a different but equally unreal ground of humiliation in comparing yourselves with the youth of England, and especially of America, of one hundred years ago. Boys, indeed, entered college at thirteen and fourteen, and bore off its highest honors at seventeen and eighteen. But there are collegiate honors and collegiate honors...
How much of your philosophy was not even dreamed of in theirs! In Latin and Greek only could they bear a moment's comparison with you. But when you consider that in these they received almost exclusive training from years relieved by modern humanity of so severe and torturing a discipline, and that in these their scholarship was, in breadth and scientific accuracy, very decidedly inferior to yours, you may again confidently lift up your heads.

You will now be tempted to rest awhile on your laurels; but we are sure you will not be quite contented to rest long. It would be doing you great injustice to suppose that you have been laboring during these years under the single inspiration of anticipated honors, with no passion for knowledge and no delight in the strenuous exercise of your powers. The thirsts which you have been cultivating rather than slaking, the stern joy of mental effort, the habits which you have been so long and so firmly establishing, will forbid you to slumber till your attainments have lost their firmness of tone and their distinctness of outline, and your mental discipline its wide range and its precision. Scarcely any danger of allowing his powers to rust will attend him who has selected the professional school in which he will seek a more special preparation for his chosen calling.

But to those of you who have determined to enter upon none of the professions, so-called, there is real danger. You may not find right off the employment which, in the estimation of yourself, your fastidious friends, and your imaginary enemies, will befit the dignity of a highly educated man. We should be sorry to see you compelled to accept employment very much below your capacities; but do not suppose that, if circumstances compelled this course, you will be constrained to continue on this lower level. Falstaff had not a greater facility in sinking than educated talent in active exercise has in rising. The private in the ranks who shows capacity will be speedily promoted, while dignified young gentlemen at home will be overlooked, and the idle clamorer for high places will be contemptuously rejected. The most undignified and the most hopeless of attitudes is that of a Micawber waiting for something to turn up. There is, indeed, a tide which, taken at its flood, bears on to fortune; but it is too late to launch your bark when the tide comes booming in. We would congratulate you much on soon finding employment suited to your special aptitudes. We would censure and deplore the unwisdom of waiting for it. Take care that in searching for your special qualifications and their correlative field you lose not the special excellence of your training—its universal adaptations. In
Address to Graduates.

mere manual dexterities you may never rival those whose muscles have been trained in early life. But education is a failure and a misnomer if in everything else, other things being equal, you do not enter the lists of competition with the chances greatly in your favor. Go into the old lines of business usually conducted by empirical rules and traditional routine, and introduce the more rational and exact methods of science. Find or make a way into the new fields of industry which the increasing division of labor is rapidly opening up. Doubt not that intelligence, activity, and high moral worth will ensure not only profit, but dignity to every useful vocation.

If you select one of those bustling walks of life which lie far away from the haunts of the Muses, be sure that you inflexibly resolve, and act out the resolution, not to suffer any lowering of the present standard of your scholastic attainments. Your discipline, the most valuable result of your education, need suffer no decline. Your mind will change the theatre rather than the mode of its activity. It will, in the main, preserve its old force and volume in its new channels. The very soul of your education will, indeed, transmigrate into a new body. Yet you will lose much of the rigor and subtleness of your present thinking unless you return again and again to your recent modes of exertion. The hunter and the rower, violent and developing as is their exercise, need to seek, from time to time, the more varied drill of the gymnasium. The soldier must devote the intervals of the march and the campaign to perfecting himself afresh in the manual of the cadet. And the business-man will receive from rower, and hunter, and soldier, profitable suggestions as to the best method of keeping up the rigor of his intellectual drill. His business may seldom need the direct use of the stores of knowledge here accumulated, but it will always need the habits which their preservation will demand and ensure. But if it did not, his own rounded manhood, so infinitely more important than all mere financial success, as the philosophic McCown so well and seasonably told you last night, does imperatively demand it.

The professional man, whose books of daily reference are models of method and style, and with whom careful and polished composition is a constant necessity, will have less need, as he will less time, to revert to his scholastic pursuits. He, too, would suffer irreparable loss if he should altogether renounce them.

If, young gentlemen, you shall feel neither the necessity nor the inclination to tread any of the walks of professional or business industry, but shall abandon yourselves to learned leisure, you will run a
great risk of leading an unprofitable, inglorious, and unhappy life. You are likely to become the unproductive consumers of intellectual wealth gathered by the toil of others, the epicurean sippers and tasters of literary luxuries, the seekers and hoarders of philosophical rarities and trifles. The rich mental vestments which you never wear will soon become moth-eaten. Your unsunned treasures will mould and canker. You will be disappointed, and you will deserve disappointment. Sauntering in the temple of knowledge with no offering to bring, and with no purpose but to inspect and catalogue the gifts of others, you will find that the very doorkeepers and guides of the temple will know and enjoy more of its riches than yourselves. There is no objection to your retirement if you retire to a quiet work-shop, and bring or send thence your fabrics to the crowded mart. Everywhere, and always, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Study always with reference to teaching or authorship. Otherwise your acquisitions will die with you—nay, they will die in you.

It is most instructive to compare those who, whether from philanthropy or from the more questionable motive of ambition, have studied that they might publish and those who have studied that they might enjoy. Take, for example, Cicero, actively employed from early manhood in a scale of offices of constantly-increasing exactingness and responsibilities, overwhelmed with the business of a numerous clientship, trembling for himself and his country. How much did he accomplish for his own glory and for the instruction and delight of mankind! And what did those of his contemporaries accomplish who had nothing to do but to enjoy, or rather, indulge, learned leisure! I might instance Bacon, whose laborious hours were given to law and politics, whose spare minutes revolutionized science and philosophy; or the wonderful Liebnitz, whose political industry was as multiform as his deep and subtle speculations; or the glorious sage of Monticello—which of his contemporaries, devoting themselves wholly to pastime with the Muses, could compare with him, even in those spheres in which they occupied their whole lives?

But the most serious mistake, if it be not the most grievous sin, which an educated young man can commit, is the failure to take interest—nay, actively to intervene—in public affairs, State and Federal. I repeat the word Federal. If you do not agree with Mr. Calhoun in all his political doctrines, employ with him, Federal, both word and thing. Educated young men are cultivating, as a quality honorable to their fine instincts and their cultivated tastes, an utter disgust for political affairs. I do not mean that this transcendental
virtue has acquired so firm a tension as to refuse a governor's chair or a senator's seat. But it does fan itself into a cool indifference to the question, who else shall be governor or senator. Or if these men cannot be (who can be?), wholly indifferent to the speculative interest of political theories, or even to the practical importance of the higher departments of law-making and of administration, they cultivate a supreme contempt for the *primum mobile* of our whole system, the cross-road caucus, and the ward meeting. You cannot be contaminated if you occasionally come in contact with the ungodly to thwart their schemes and not to walk in their counsels. Go, then, among these publicans and sinners.

There are enough to preach a gospel (?) of despair. Be not alarmed by the apparition of these dead Hectors, who counsel you to fly from a city which their hands could not save. There is danger. There is always danger. But the greatest danger is in the flight or apathy of those who should guide the fortunes of the public. It is not enough to say, except these abide in the ship she will be lost. They must abide. But unless they take an active interest in the ship—its repairs, its charts, its sailing directions, its officers, and its crew,—all will go down together; and the active treason of captain and hands could scarcely be more criminal than the passive treason of the more intelligent passengers.

I have but touched on the duty of continued self-culture, that you may the better perform the offices of philanthropists and good citizens. I should be unfaithful to you if I did not remind you, in conclusion, that your talents, natural and acquired, are sacred trusts committed to you by your Creator. No more fearful condemnation will He ever pronounce than upon him who buries or perverts the solemn trust, and no higher commendation will He ever bestow than upon the good and faithful servant who well discharges his high stewardship.

I spare you further advice. I would not be surprised if you begin to feel like a young collegian, just returning home, who stopped the mouth of a well-meaning monitor with the exclamation, "I think that by this time I have had advice enough to last me the rest of my life."

In conclusion, young Masters of Arts, your *alma mater* confides her honor, in a special manner, to you and to men of your grade. You are by no means exclusively, but especially, her living epistles. Without directly raising your voice in her praise, you will advertise her more effectually than all the newspapers. Without leaving your places of business to drum for her, you will advocate her claims more successfully than the faculty, though they should be as indefatigable as
Richmond College Messenger.

their friends think they ought to be. And now, in our official capacity, we bid a final farewell.

To the rest of you, young gentlemen, to whom our remarks have generally been applicable, only in less degree, we bid a briefer adieu. Some of you will return to achieve in the future still greater successes than in the past. Some of you, who now bear off no honors, will return with renewed hope and purpose, and will grow from the bitter roots of temporary failure, rich harvests of praise.

REORGANIZATION OF GREEK CLASSES.

Messrs. Editors: Please allow me space in the Messenger to mention a change in the course of study, which, with the consent of the trustees and the approval of the faculty, I have concluded to attempt next session. It will be simply a compression into three years of the work now spread over four—not at all a diminution in the extent of the course, but an increase in the rate of speed with which it must be traversed. Last session we had four classes, each meeting four times a week; next session we shall have three classes, each meeting five times a week. The loss in number of recitations will be only one-sixteenth, and this may be made up by adding five minutes to the allotted time between bells.

The Junior class will begin, as now, with the alphabet, and learn rapidly the regular Attic inflexions of noun and verb. During the first half-session it will have daily exercises in writing; during the last half-session it will give two days a week to grammar, three to reading, or vice versa.

The Intermediates will be occupied mainly with reading, giving, however, one or two days a week to further study of etymology and to the elements of syntax, such as the use of the article, the cases, the tenses, the moods, both in simple and in complex sentences.

The Seniors will go on to read from more difficult authors, survey the history and literature of the Greeks, and review the grammar, with special attention to those general principles which underlie the seeming irregularities and dialectic differences, as well as to the niceties of syntax in connection with the use of particles.

This change is in reality a return to the scheme adopted at the reorganization in 1866. The division of the junior class into two sections was at first only for the sake of more thorough drill, the sections
moving pari passu, but gradually one drew ahead of the other, until they became distinct and successive classes. The return to the old plan means harder—perhaps I had better say quicker—work. The road to Parnassus has many a steep grade. If one attempts it on the slow schedule of a lumbering freight train, he will puff and slip, and, perchance, stop on the way and lose a large portion of his cargo. If, however, he crowds on a full head of steam, adopts the time-table of a through express, and stops only once in a hundred miles for fuel and water, he will surmount the heaviest grades with ease, and with hardly a check to his motion. I hope, therefore, that all who propose to enter Greek next session will come with minds made up to a rapid run, and provide themselves with through tickets before they get aboard the train.

A somewhat similar reduction, as I am informed, will be made in the school of Latin, by lopping off entirely the preparatory class, so that no student can take up Latin in college until the has made some preliminary study.

H. H. H.

VALEDICTORY

Before the Joint Final Celebration of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies, Richmond College Chapel, June 18th, 1883.

As one who does not love farewells, come I
Before you now; but still the hour with us
Would scarcely be complete unless a while
We linger—just a little while—with words
Of parting.

As with steps that loiter, and
With pensive mind, we stray once more about
The scenes familiar grown, where we have spent
Some days of labor, and whence soon we shall
Depart,—it is but natural we cast
A retrospective glance on what our past
Has been, asking if aught there be we have
Achieved of worth. And then, with hopeful, or
Doubt-shaded heart, as, quitting these old walls,
We look at life, we anxious ask within
Ourselves,—What will the future be for us?—
Or dark, or bright?—teeming with days in which
We shall possess the realization of
Our spring-tide hopes, and shall enjoy the fruits
Of labor pictured to us by the free
And fertile fancy of our dreamful hours?—
Or whether ours will be a life around
Which lowering clouds will love to cling, thro' whose
Dark screen and shivering shade the silver lights
Of Hope may shine but dimly?

Ah! 'tis well

For us that youth is girded with the belt
Of Hope, and cannot brush the kindly mist
Away that hides, with covering sure, what deep
And vexing problems, what perplexing shapes
Of duty, Fate may, with the years, present;
Else, ere the day of toil were well begun,
The prescient light that lifts aside the veil
Of happy ignorance, revealing all
The task unto our coward eyes,—thus, too,
Defeating the prime aim of life,—should soon
Look down upon prone forms of vanquished men,
Around which hover, in a weird delight,
Exultant phantoms armed with dark Despair.
But Youth is buoyant, and, like Nature's self,
Bears up and heals, with little time, the not
Too heavy and disastrous strokes of Fortune.

Drifting from North and South, from East and West,
Strangers, perhaps, to all about us, came
We here, with sundry purposes of mind—
Some but to sip, yet some to deeply draught
Of the Pierian Spring.—This matters not
Just here.—We came, and mingled, and each life,
Though only of itself made up, felt, as
It moved along, the tarnish or the burnish
Of that which nearest to it rubbed. Some ties
About us wove themselves—links, drawing, by
Their sweet persuasiveness, heart unto heart,
Mind unto mind, life unto life; and though
While travelers here, we ne'er again walk side
By side, hold not the friendly hand, nor breathe
Sweet converse in each other's ears,—ah! yet,
Fond Memory's faithful amber safe will hold,
Within its crystal bosom, fair and fast
Remembrances of times and faces known
While here,—delighting us, in age-crowned years,
Like floral garlands fresh, when summer-heats
Oppress the toiler's brow.

But now, nine months
Are gone, and they have left us with surcease
Of handling texts and lectures, and, upon
The Bulletin Board, a manifest of all
The worthy cargo landed from the voyage.
Our task is done: and he to whom his worth
And labor glad reward have brought, may bear
Away, with heart content, the laurels of
The race. Yet, let him ever watchful be,
And let him trust not over-confident
The ground already won, lest, in the homeward
Stretch, the slow of foot creep past him while
He sleep. And he, whose laggard feet have failed
The goal to reach, may consolation find
In that the years are still before him, and
With girded loins, exertion manly yoked
With purpose strong, himself manly yoked
In the next Olympiad, feel the winner's dewy bays
Laid lightly on his own strife-dusted brow.

And now, ye waiting homes that listen to
The never-restful wash of ocean-waves;
Ye homes that dot the purple hills, and rest
Within the verdant vales of th' bonny South;
Ye homes that lie beside the far-away
And rapid-rushing rivers of the West,—
Wreath o'er the door fresh boughs of mistletoe,
And open wide your arms of love, for, with
The fragrant summer-time, the too-long absent
Ones unto your bosoms now return.

To you, sweet friends, and to your smiles, good-night.

"CLINTON."

THE COMMENCEMENT.

To those who have so recently left us, it is useless to say anything
about Commencement, but others who were not so fortunate as to be
present on the interesting occasion would like, we take it, to hear of
the exercises. Our space is too limited to give more than a tantaliz­
ing outline of what was said and done.

The annual sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association
was delivered Sunday night, June 10th, by Rev. E. C. Dargan, of
Petersburg, at the Broad-Street Baptist church. A violent thunder­
storm prevented the assembling of a large audience. The three or
four hundred who braved it were amply repaid by a rich and pungent
discourse on Ps. cxix. 9, which will not soon be forgotten. If the
students had their way, Mr. Dargan's fluent tongue would be heard much more frequently.

On Wednesday night, June 13th, occurred the public declamation for the "Woods Medal." This contest is open to all students, and the prize is awarded by three unprejudiced judges. General Peyton Wise, Jas. Caskie, Esq., and H. C. Burnett adjudged the prize to L. R. Hamberlin, of Mississippi, who had also, as heretofore mentioned, won the "Steel Medal" for reading. The first-named of the judges presented the medal in a neat speech on Commencement night. Rev. W. W. Landrum, the same evening, presented appropriately the other honor.

To judge by the attendance, one would say that Friday night, the 15th, offered the most attractive programme in an exhibition gotten up by the students to give vent to their pent-up feelings. The wit, the humor, and the nonsense of "Jollification" drew a crowd which occupied all the room on seats and aisles and around the doors and windows of the chapel. The press was entirely too great for comfort, and suggested the propriety of issuing invitations hereafter, and requiring every guest to present a ticket at the door.

On Monday evening, the 18th, the Literary Societies held their annual celebration, with a salutatory by Geo. Wm. Hurt, of Powhatan, president of the Philologian; orations, on the "Ministry of Failure," by T. J. Shipman, of Richmond, from the Mu Sigma Rho, and on "Living Monuments," by M. L. Wood, of Pittsylvania, from the Philologian; and a valedictory, in verse, by L. R. Hamberlin, of Mississippi, president of the Mu Sigma Rho. We have both the orations in hand, and hoped to find room for them in this number, but our printer insists that his forms and rules are all of iron, and will not stretch. However, they will not lose either strength or aroma before the next number shall be issued. The salutatory we have not been able to get on account of sickness on the part of the gentleman who delivered it. The valedictory we print hereinbefore.

On Tuesday evening, the orator selected by the two Societies jointly, Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., of Lexington, Ky., delivered an inimitable address on the subject of "Seeing Things," replete with striking facts, irradiated by a wealth of apt illustrations and expressed in pungent English. After him E. V. Meredith, Esq., on behalf of the Societies, delivered medals as follows: For best debater—Mu Sigma Rho, to F. F. Fowler of Texas; Philologian, to Geo. W. Quick of Loudoun. For greatest improvement in debating—Mu Sigma Rho, to E. B. Pollard of Richmond; Philologian, W. W. Hurt.
of Powhatan. For best article contributed to the *Messenger* during the session, a joint writer's medal to A. McIver Bostick of South Carolina.

Wednesday evening was occupied by the alumni—first, with the able address by Dr. McCown, herewith printed, and then with a banquet in the upper hall of the Jeter Memorial. The elegant repast was enlivened with music by a string-band and songs by a male quartette, and was followed with a series of "dry toasts," which elicited happy responses from Dr. J. L. Burrows of Norfolk, Judge Beverly R. Welford, Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, and others. The festivities were protracted till after midnight. President Ashton Starke did the honors with a dignity equal to his height (6 feet 5), and with a wit as ready and as bright as one of his Dixie plows.

On Thursday evening came the Commencement proper, when the chairman announced the long list of distinctions and promotions won at the examinations, and delivered certificates of proficiency and diplomas of graduation. At suitable intervals the four college medals were presented. For declamation and for reading, as above mentioned, to L. R. Hamberlin; the "Tanner Medal," for the best graduate in Greek, by Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, to Edward L. Scott of Louisiana; and the "Gwin Medal," for the best graduate in Philosophy, by John P. McGuire, Jr., to John Currie of Richmond. Dr. Curry, as President of the Trustees, took occasion, in very handsome terms, to compliment the students on their admirable conduct and the faculty on their fidelity. After the delivery of diplomas to B. A.'s V. L. Fowlkes of Nottoway and Richard Washington of Westmoreland, and to M. A.'s John Currie of Richmond, E. F. Settle of Culpeper, and John E. Wiatt of Gloucester, Dr. Brown, *vice* the chairman, formally closed the exercises of 1882-'83 with the address which we print above.

Thus ended a pleasant and profitable session. We wish for all the undergraduates a very pleasant vacation, seven quarrels (*amantium irae*) with your sweethearts during the summer days, and a prompt return, each one accompanied by a new student, next September.
THE TANNER MEDAL.

Col Wm. E. Tanner, a prominent manufacturer of Richmond, determined within the last year to embalm the memories of his recently-deceased parents, John F. and Harriet L. Tanner, and to link their names indissolubly with the destinies of his alma mater. To this end he transferred to the trustees a certain amount of reliable, interest-bearing securities, as a perpetual fund, the income of which shall be used to provide a medal every year for presentation to the best graduate in Greek. The honor of leading the line of Greek medalists—long and illustrious we hope it shall prove,—falls upon a worthy son of Louisiana, who, by dint of superior native ability, and indefatigable work throughout the sessions and the intervening vacation, has accomplished in two years, the four years' course.

The medal which he takes back to the home he has not seen since September '81, is as unique as it is beautiful. The design is in part the work of our professor of Greek, but mainly that of Mr. R. E. Macomber, with also some suggestions by Richmond's famous Sculptor, E. V. Valentine. The shape is that of a Grecian helmet, with curved crest and ornamented visor. On the obverse is enameled a half-length figure of Athena, revered as the source of wisdom, presenting a crown of olive leaves. The goddess is easily identified by her well-defined profile, by her armor, and by the olive, her gift to mankind; but to avoid the possibility of any mistake, the artist has skilfully introduced the symbolic owl's head (glaukopis Athene) in the rude form in which it appears on the most ancient vases. The legend is ouden aneu ponou, taken from the famous apologue known as the Choice of Hercules, in which Virtue says to the hesitating youth, "The gods give to men of good things nothing without labor." The running horses on either side of the visor are mainly for ornament, but may serve to suggest to the recipient that his race is not completed—in fact, only fairly begun. The reverse side of the medal bears a simple inscription:

"Richmond College, Virginia.
TANNER MEDAL
awarded to
Edward L. Scott."
The spirit of improvement is showing itself all along Grace street, from the grand Washington monument on the Capitol Square at one end to our magnificent college buildings at the other. Some fifteen or twenty new houses are going up; two of them, one on each side of the street, are within a few feet of the college campus. The old vacant lots will present a more encouraging appearance when you return, and will soon be bounded by decent sidewalks.

How lonely it is around the college now! Nearly all the boys have left; only three or four having become so enamoured of the place that they cannot get their consent to leave. Oh, boys, it is, indeed, lonely without you! Even the oppressive silence which pervades our turreted temples seems to say, "Come back." Don't think because you are away from us that you are forgotten. No! No! Even if you had not made such a forcible impression upon us while daily associating with you, we could not forget you, for every morning are we reminded of you by an impressive incident. As the sun begins to wax hot, there comes marching into the campus, by the Franklin-street gate, with all the dignity and self-importance of Richmond College boys just returning from the city, a flock of bipeds in single file, led by an old gander, and with a right-oblique to the shade they go, there to sit and think, as if preparing for examination, in the cool breeze and 'neath the classic shades of our loved trees. When we hear the squawking "wel-come," we almost feel like extending the hand, asking is it true that September has come so soon, and our boys are back, smiling and laughing and frolicking and happy, ready for the work of another session.

Work on the library cases is progressing slowly, as it seems to us, yet we suppose quite as rapidly as could be expected for so excellent workmanship and elegant finish. When completed, they will be not only handsome, but convenient and durable. It is certain that enough of them will be ready by the opening of next session to hold the books now belonging to the college. Meantime a committee of three trustees and two professors (Dr. J. L. M. Curry chairman) are examining publishers' catalogues and making up a list of works most needed. They have in hand some $1,500 to be expended this summer, and hope to add at least $2,000 worth of books to the library before October.

The museum will find next year more comfortable and far more
convenient quarters, in the western end of Memorial Hall. Would it not be a good idea for each student on his return to bring some object of curious interest or of scientific value to add to the collection? We look for numerous visits hereafter from the ladies. How pleasant, when a pair of sparkling eyes shall be attracted by something strange or pretty, to have read out in silvery tones the label, "Presented by——."

The Virginia Base-Ball Association was organized the last of June by prominent capitalists of Richmond, and, like other enterprises, caught the progressive spirit of "getting near Richmond College." The new park, opened July 4th, is on the Allen farm, in the corner of Lombardy street and Park avenue, or, to speak more intelligibly, immediately in front of the College Hotel. The handsome enclosure embraces a beautiful plat of land about 450 feet square, with grandstand and other seats, in the southeast corner, and abundant room for carriages along the north and west sides. The "Virginia nine" is composed in large part of the same men who constituted the Richmonds, and will be remembered by our amateurs in this form of athletic sport.

PERSONALS.

The college is fortunate in having its faculty increased this year by the addition of two Doctors of Laws. One is given by Hampden-Sidney College, Va., which had awarded to the same person his Bachelor's degree some years ago—how many, we leave certain young ladies now making a tour of Europe under his escort, to guess for themselves. The other comes from Georgetown College, Ky., and may be taken as part pay—say one year's interest on the loan of Garnett. The encyclopedias say that LL. D.—i. e., Legum Doctor—means teacher of both civil and canon, or political and ecclesiastical law, and is, therefore, the highest of all literary degrees. Our acquaintance with law, either profane or sacred, is not sufficient to enable us to pronounce upon the worthiness of the recipients, but of this we are sure, that the one knows the laws of physics from inertia up to polarized light, and the other the laws of Greek from the structure of a complex sentence down to the accentuation of enclitics. We voice the thanks of Richmond College to her fair sisters for these honors so fitly bestowed.

There is a rumor that our honored chairman was invited recently to
become a candidate for the presidency of the Agricultural College of Alabama. The authorities there would have done well to secure for their service his talents and experience. He, however, did better to remain with an institution which is striding so rapidly towards, if it has not already attained, the foremost place in the galaxy of Southern colleges.

Among the alumni who attended the Commencement this year, and are not elsewhere mentioned, we remember Rev. Dr. T. W. Sydnor, of Nottoway, whose connection dates back to the seminary days of ’36; Rev. L. J. Haley, of Louisa, and Hon. F. M. McMullan, of Greene, both A. B.’s of ’54; Rev. Dr. J. C. Long, of Crozer Seminary, Pennsylvania, A. B. of ’56; Rev. H. Hatcher, associate editor of the Central Baptist, St. Louis, Mo., A. B. of ’58; Rev. Dr. James Nelson, of Farmville, of ’58; Revs. Jno. R. Bagby, of Powhatan, and A. E. Owen, of Portsmouth, both of ’60; Rev. C. F. James, Culpeper, M. A. of ’69; Rev. J. T. Whitley, ’71, chaplain University of Virginia; Jno. B. Jenkins, of Norfolk, ’78, who, after trying the law school at Harvard, returns with more appreciation to his native State; Rev. J. J. Taylor, M. A. of ’80, now pastor at Lexington, Ky.; Chas. Puryear, M. A. of ’81, who, having taught successfully a year at Bellevue, in Bedford, will resume his professional studies; E. C. Barksdale, of the same session, now merchandising at Roanoke City; and Professors J. L. Lake and R. H. Garnett, M. A.’s of ’82; the former resigned his place at Howard College, Alabama, and hesitates between accepting other work in a cooler latitude or pursuing further studies at Johns Hopkins, the latter will continue to fill the chair of Greek in Georgetown College, Ky. There were many others in attendance whose names escape us in the hurry of making up “copy.”

Dr. Jno. A. Broadus, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, wrote some years ago, at the request of our trustees, an excellent tract on “College Education for Business Men.” During his attendance on the Baptist General Association, in this city, he made in the same line of thought one of his thrilling speeches, and closed by saying that he intended, during this summer, to persuade at least three new students to enter Richmond College next September. If all in the large audience who bowed their hearty assent will do likewise, we shall open with over three hundred. The Doctor laid the students under additional obligations by giving us, on an afternoon at college, one of his inimitable practical talks.

We should be glad to give the complete list of students who
obtained honors at the several examinations during the past session, but it is a very long one, containing the names of 39 (counted separately in each class) who attained distinction at the Intermediate, but were absent or sick or out of sorts at the Final; 27 who, though falling short on the first half, came out all right on the last; 96 who succeeded at both examinations in Junior or Intermediate classes; 17 who attained Certificates of Proficiency, as in French, or Surveying, or Junior Physics; and 79 who were graduated in the several schools—in all 258, an average of nearly two honors for each student.

EXCHANGES.

The College Record (Wheaton College) is a neat periodical. "Ju­cundum est Amare" is highly pleasing.

The Academic, from Long Branch, comes into our sanctum with a plea to exchange. We bid you a most hearty welcome, and hope our acquaintance may prove mutually profitable and pleasant.

St. Mary's Sentinel, of May 19th, exhibits no little taste and judgment on the part of the editors who so skilfully conduct its several departments. Scarcely have we ever read a more beautiful and touching poem than—"They are not Strangers Over There."

The Varsity has the most significant and appropriate frontispiece of any of our exchanges, and its contents are all of a high order. With the present issue it successfully closes its third year of publication, and promises to open promptly at the beginning of the next term. We wish for it the greatest success, and, as it gradually ripens into years, may fresh laurels continue to gather thickly upon its brow.

The Aurora is a beautiful and luminous light rising from the Iowa State Agricultural College with meteoric splendor, and copiously shedding the enchanting hues of its golden glory into our sanctum. Its literary department seems, in some degree, to be neglected, not, however, as to quality, but quantity. "Maid" is excellent. "What to Read," if it were strictly adhered to, would prove wonderfully beneficial to all.

The Undergraduate makes an exceedingly grievous mistake in so greatly neglecting its literary feature. It is a very attractive journal, with sixteen large pages, nicely printed in clear, beautiful type, and one would think, on picking it up, that he was about to feast on some
choice articles, but, behold! his disappointment is equally as great as his expectation had been, for he finds only four pages devoted to literature and the rest to editorials, note and comment, personals, town and campus, college notes, sporting, exchanges, reviews and notices, and plunder. Any college paper, with seven editors and a business manager, ought to have more than two literary articles and a little piece of clipped poetry.

*College Message*, of May 21st, is rather superior to its former issues. “America’s Titled Legions” and “Reputation” are well written; especially does the author of the latter wield a facile pen, expresses himself happily, and to the point. Our only objection to it is that the article is too short; however, we do not wish to be understood to advocate long productions unless they are like this—good even to the last letter of the last word. We think the poetry on the first page is somewhat out of place, not that it is not good in itself, and would not fail to interest some sects very highly, but we think a college paper ought to be entirely free from all political or denominational inclination. Its notices of exchanges are neatly and judiciously written, not too flattering nor abusive, nor yet pedantic in suggestions. We would say, with as much modesty and courtesy as we can, that the *Message* ought to improve its appearance, in quality of paper, typography, and binding. Its contents are too rich and deserving to be so dimly printed and then enveloped in so uncomely a covering. Try to “cut a better dash,” friend, and you will then do justice to your true worth.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: Educational Monthly, Earthamite, College Index, Chimes of Shorter College, College Rambler, Lasell Leaves.

With this number of the *Messenger* we bid adieu to our exchanges until next October. Many we have learned to love, and it is in some sadness that we must part with them only for a short season; but we hope to have a happy reunion after a period of three short, fleeting months shall have elapsed. Prosperity and a long life to one and all.

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