REMORSE.

Long days and years roll slowly by,
Time changes all before my eye,—
Yet never changes in my breast
The horrid scene that robs my rest.

He was my friend, reared by my side,
And ever near me did abide;
He, fair, yet frail and sparely grew,
I, strong and robust, match for two.

We loved the same sweet lass—we two,
Each wondered, "Shall I win, or you?"
She gave her heart to him, at last—
Then broke the bond friendship had cast.

I hated—and I secret swore
To rid the world of him who bore
Her love—thus ever cheating me
Of what, but for him, mine should be.

A path much trod by him I knew,
Leading a copse of dense shade through;
Vines overhung, barring the light
Of moon and stars that lit the night.

I waited in the darkness where
I knew he soon would pass, and there
Beneath the clinging shade, I made
Hell shudder with my treacherous blade.

He sprang to clutch me, but the steel
Had ripped his heart—and I could feel
The warm blood leaping from the wound;
Stunned, dying, sank he to the ground.
A stray beam on each face crept through—
Ill luck!—he caught it while he drew
That rattling grasp, and whispered low,
"Ah! brother!—Heaven forgive you, though."

Old love seized on me as I knelt
And anxiously his pulses felt—
But life was fled—and I but knew
Endless remorse for him I slew.

And ever now before my eyes
Lies that dead face raised to the skies;
And ever in my ears I hear
That whispered "brother" ringing clear.

I've sought earth's ends to find my peace,
No Mecca yet has spoken release—
And never changes in my breast
The horrid scene that blasts my rest.

February, '84. CLINTON.

HEROISM.

Every character with which we come in contact affects in some way our own. The effect produced by this contact with different characters is proportional to the extent that they excite our admiration or disgust. If any person wins our admiration it is exactly in accordance with our nature to imitate that person; or if we are disgusted with a person, we will avoid those habits in him which thus excite our disgust. Thus are our characters moulded by the impressions that the character of other people makes on us. Admitting that these statements are true, our subject has a very urgent claim upon our attention and study; for no characters have ever excited more admiration than the heroes described by Homer, Virgil, and others. Who can tell how great a part these characters played in forming for the old Roman his invincible bravery and loyal patriotism, which caused Rome to shine with so many triumphs at the expense of the then civilized world?

But before we proceed to further discuss the effect of heroism upon man's character, let us take notice of its essential elements, which give to it its fulgency. The first element that we notice is courage, which furnishes to heroism "that firmness of spirit and swell of soul" which causes the hero to meet danger without fear. And it also, by
its purifying influence, purges him of all rashness and foolhardiness. It has its origin in a sense of obligation in the hero to protect, at all hazards, all that is committed to his charge from any danger. Bravery, the element that figures next highest in heroism, furnishes to the hero his boldness and longing to march forth to meet the pending danger, and it also casts out all sluggishness and indolence. It is led on by looking beyond the conflict to the glory that will result from the victory which he is about to gain, and this anticipation of victory acts as fuel to it. The third and last great element that figures high in the heroic character is intrepidity. This furnishes to the hero that bull-dog tenacity which bids courage never cease and bravery never retreat. It is backed by the sure foundation of courage, and is led on by the earnest expectation of bravery. Hence, we may describe the hero as ever ready for the pending danger, ever advancing to meet it, and never yielding after it has commenced the battle.

The effect of heroism on the popular mind has been very different in the different periods of the world's history. Since the description of heathen deities corresponds so exactly to our idea of a true hero, we are led to believe that the ancient heathen, in his searching after a god, could find no character so near his ideal god as the hero. Hence, being worshipped as a god, heroism swayed a sceptre of a deity over the minds and characters of the ancients. In more modern times, while not considered as a god yet, all the poets of Athens and Rome describe the heroes as descended from the gods, and hence their character was a divine inheritance, and not within the reach of mortals. But as we come to modern times we see that the hero is only man perfected, and when we see the true hero, instead of worshipping him, or looking upon him as a being from among the gods, we have to spring up in our minds those immortal words, that can never be too oft repeated:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Heroism is within the reach of every man. While some may have it more abundantly than others, it is mainly due to the fact that they have cultivated it to a greater extent. A man cannot be heroic at some times and not at others. Few things are truer than this saying, "Each victory will help you some other to win," and each one lost will cause you some other to lose. That man that stores away his heroism for use only when some great danger comes, will find, when
he goes to look for it, that rust and decay from not being put to use
has eaten it up, and that it will be impossible for him to recall that
spirit of courage which he might have had.

Inactive heroism is an impossibility, and hence our Maker has placed
us in such a position that arenas for the exercise of heroism surround
us on all sides. We are all warriors. We fight the battle of life in
many different ways, and have many opponents equally as strong as
king Oxygen. There are destroyers on all sides who are longing to get
hold of what we have entrusted to us, and with each must we fight a
drawn battle. The hardest of these conflicts is within the hero him-
self, and his antagonist is his own appetites. Caesar conquered
nations, and dotted the whole world with deeds of heroism; but he
had a conqueror within himself. No war is so full of hard battles as
a civil war; no conflict so calls forth a man’s heroism as a conflict
with himself. And no conflict has a greater claim upon our heroism
than this, since in this we are called upon to protect the most sacred
trust that is committed to our keeping—viz., our own moral character.

Another field that demands our heroism is our country. Patriotism
often comes summoning us to the rescue of our country from some
impending danger. An answer to this call is a sure road to renown.
We might multiply instances of fields for the display of heroism, but
these must suffice. Opportunities are always at hand, and if we do
not cultivate our heroism it is our own fault; and thus by our own
negligence we destroy one of the noblest traits that decorates our
characters.

We are all warriors, and since warriors, let us be heroes.

DON.

HUMANITY’S GREAT NEED.

What is it? Does it need that the mind of man, that wonderful,
incalculable attribute, should be well trained, evenly expanded, and
symmetrically developed, so that it may be broad, profound, and
comprehensive in its sweep, bearing a likeness to the Infinite? Surely,
says one, that is humanity’s need. But, when we look more closely
into the matter, we find that there is another way in which he more
greatly needs to be like the Divine Being—his moral life. He may
be learned, and yet be rude. His intellectual attainments may be
varied and universal, and he still, to a great degree, be a stranger and
a foreigner to that higher life which is absolutely essential to a grand
and lofty state of moral development. That his intellect, then,
should be thus cultivated and strengthened is not the need of depraved humanity. Humanity needs that this mind, this understanding, after it has been trained and expanded, should be refined, softened, elevated, ennobléd, educated in the broadest sense of the term—made perfect and beautiful, like its pure Author. What, then, is requisite in order to this upbuilding, this renovating of man's nature and soul? What is needed to throw around mankind that gentle and hallowed influence which melts off their roughness and transforms them into new and comlier beings? What potent agency can be employed to ennoble man's desires, elevate his tastes, soften and beautify his crusty nature, and exalt his selfish heart? What influence is great enough to lead men to desire and to seek after something better than is anywhere to be found in mere intellectual development or any advantages attendant thereon? Do they say in woman? Ah! yes. Men delight to sing her praises and magnify her virtues, but they are simulating encomiasts, and their eulogies are mockery. They say, seek woman's society if you would be chaste and polished men. But 'tis false. They invest her with a power which her Maker never did. She cannot shed that high and elevating influence which attracts men, and works such benign effect upon their lives, unless she has it harmoniously blended in her own character, and it cannot be found thus abiding there if her mind is not cultivated and well-developed, so that she can understand and reason and judge, and be able to act in that high scale of intelligence and prudence and independence which every true man heartily believes to be her unquestionable prerogative. They advise that grace, gentleness, tenderness, and all that is love and beauty, be obtained from her, when she has it not to bestow. They recommend that learned and highly-cultured men shall seek purity and ornamentation of character from her, when he, in his higher education and superior knowledge, is to dictate to her what that purity is. He must be the favored recipient of a "higher" education in order to "rule the country well" and to compile volumes of moral science for the benefit of others, but that he may adorn and grace his own life he must come to her for whom a "higher" mental training is altogether "unimportant," and at her feet, in feigned humility, absorb the essence of moral perfection from her sweet spirit. Absurd! Woman thus cannot bring about those happy results. What, then, is the "great" need? It is in educated woman, and in her it is most fully met. Of course we do not wish to be understood as regarding the beauteous graces and true moral worth of our plainer friends, to whom the muses have been less favorable, and to whom nature has been less
beneficent in her dispensations, as naught or even as a light thing, for there are stations in life to which they are suited; indeed, none other could fill them. Theirs is the sweet errand of companionship for our less favored men, whose lives would be most dreary and desolate without them, and having this peculiar, this individual adaptation, they are unfit for any other; and we feel that our artless, but angelic friends, under the hospitable influence of whose guileless simplicity we count ourself fortunate to have been reared, will, without being offended, heartily accord us the liberty of saying that, so far as their being a source of pleasure and benefit to a truly cultured man, they not only fall short of that, but are a drawback to that ever-increasing development which should characterize him to his last day.

Young men receive classical educations, and thereby their desire for a hearty entertainment and a select society is greatly intensified, and, not finding a high and equal culture in ladies, are driven to seek it elsewhere, forsooth at the billiard saloon, theatre, and other places of enjoyment, whose unrestraining influences incline to loosen the tension upon their moral conduct, and thus they often sally out into a life of wickedness and shame. And then comes the propitious opening for anti-educationalists to marshal their forces of archers and slingers and pelters, and bury him 'neath the merciless onset of their poisoned weapons. Then comes the greatly-desired time for the foes of higher mental training to philosophize, explain, and enforce their theory that "too much learning will ruin a man." It is not only a heartless injustice to him, but a wicked attack upon Him who is wisdom, in whose own image and likeness man was created. It is not that he has too much learning that has caused him to go astray, but because she, who was made to be his companion in education as well as in other respects, has not so much as she ought to have. She has not been raised upon a level with him, and, instead of the existence of that sweet, blended, and harmonious cengeniality which was intended to bind them together, there stretches out between them an infinite chasm which cannot be spanned either by money or fame. They say, educate the young men and teach them the grandeur of moral excellence, impress upon them the magnanimity of honesty, piety, and virtue, and you will lift up our race and ennoble the heart of the world. They say, educate the young men, and you will exalt their tastes and cause them to desire that which is pure and lofty and holy, and you will thus renovate the blood of the world and transform it into a paradise of peace and quiet and light and knowledge. The fatal error! Give every young man upon the globe a classical education, and neglect
that of woman, and in a few years the moral state of humanity would never have been known to be as corrupt. His evil-inclined intellect would be equipped for perverting the innocent and unsuspecting heart of woman; she looking upon him as her lord, and he regarding her only as his menial. He would be prepared for a society that the world could not afford him. His keen cravings for an enlightened and highly cultured society could nowhere be met, and he would be forced to quaff his soul's delight in those jovial fascinations whose ultimate end is in one or another branch of dissipation. He could find pleasure but for a very short while in admiring her open modesty and simple virtue, and the idea of being united to her as his wife would be unpleasant, if not repulsive. Not, however, that he is proud, unmindful, and unappreciative of her true richness of character: not that he spurns and disdains her, or even looks upon her unadorned estate without esteeming her chastity as a precious jewel, and greatly to be honored; but God has so created, so constituted man, that when he is highly educated and truly refined, there is a thirsting and a hungering awakened in his breast for a society and companionship that can only be met in the beautiful character of an educated and cultured woman. There would be no high ideal in the plain heart and humble mind of any other to stimulate him to seek for great moral excellence, and without this stimulation man does not aspire nor attain unto that high state of moral development and perfection which is his privilege to do, if, indeed, it is not incumbent upon him. He would feel, and rightly feel, that if he were to strive after it there would be no heart to appreciate him when he had won, and he would be discouraged, and would turn away to some source of enjoyment and companionship other than her whose office and station in life was to afford him this comfort. The exalted life, the pure affections, the correct and true impulses, the gentleness, modesty, and patience, the high and lofty aspirations, the beautiful, unselfish motives, the firm and tender faith in God, the fidelity with which she clings to right, the nameless and overwhelming grandeur of woman educated as an equal with her brother, has a part to perform in bringing about that lofty estate of man, that heavenly condition of affairs, and all that is pure and good, that no other substitute, no other alternative, no other power under heaven and among men can ever effect. No other being has ever been created for whom man can cherish feelings tender and holy and sacred enough to influence him away from those things which even appear to be evil, however fascinating they may be, in order to honor her and make her happy. And not only does her in-
fluence restrain man's evil propensities, but she has the power to res-
cue and to restore him, even when he has far gone into ways of shame
and degradation. Theirs is the power of Aesculapius, whose won-
drous might is not confined to the narrow domains of healing, but
whose magic skill extends through the ebon darkness and pitchy scowl
of Hades, snatching from his very abode the poor victims who have
fallen an helpless prey to his iron grasp. But when she is uneducated
she is shorn of her strength. At every street corner of the moral
world sentinels, like white-winged angels, stand and point her to
such errands of love and mercy, and, though she would, she cannot.
If the mere companionship of woman without a higher education, along
with a classical training on the part of man, is all that is requisite to
the moral elevation of society; if that is all that is needful in order to
lift humanity up into a higher sphere of life; if, indeed, her society
alone is essential to civilization in its high sense, why is it there is
folly, corruption, and vice abounding, not only in heathen and pagan
lands, but doing so great a work here in our own "enlightened" land
towards the dethronement of morality and virtue? Some one says it
is because young men do not get that "intellectual training." Ah!
can it be that such a response would come from the heart of an un-
biased person, when from the days of Adam men have been the
recipients of private favor, and partiality, and public benefactions?
From the earliest accounts of history we read of educated men, but,
as nations, no special degree of civilization. We read in ancient
history of the learned Aristotle, of the sapient and speculative Plato,
of the searching and logical Cicero, of the mysterious and sweet-sing-
ing Homer, but not a page is illumined by the great and good deeds
of a single learned and highly educated woman. And what was the
state of civilization? If men were honest, it was through fear of the
law. If they were virtuous, it was the bloody dagger that restrained
their beastly passions. There were no learned and high-toned women
to elevate and refine and ennoble depraved man, but they were simply
obliging menials, obedient servants of cruel masters, helpless and
down-trodden subjects of consciousless and brutal lords—a mere tool
for their convenience. Alas! alas! the import, the significance, the
pages which we read in the simple words, "The Greek Slave." And
thus it has been all along down the ages until comparatively late, and
not till about that time do we mark the rapid progress of civilization.
Of course we do not hold that the advance of civilization is due al-
together to that fact, but we do maintain that, if woman had been
kept in that state of ignorance and servitude, the moral state of the
world now would be little superior, if any, to that of the ancient days. With the epoch which signalizes the turning of men's minds towards the 'higher education of woman' is distinguished also the sudden rise and rapid progress of civilization in its true sense. Never in the world's history was there such attention given to the intellectual development of woman as now is, and never before were there such vast strides towards true refinement and culture. It is due to our highly-cultivated men? In part we admit, and only in part, for we have always had them. It is rather due to the fact that man finds to-day more in woman to elevate him. He discovers more in her intellectual, refined, and accomplished condition to inspire him to seek after something better in order that he may be her associate. Instead of spurning her low estate, he discerns in her an attraction, an elegance, an ease, a worth, a moral character, a taste, a beauty which he desires, and, for the pleasures of common and sordid practices which he once pursued, he finds in her lovely and finished character a complete and never-failing source of happiness and companionship, which not only equals the former, but as far excels it as the day excels the night. Now, instead of having a great course of moral and religious principles taught him by mere precept, he finds the impersonation of moral and Christian ethics in her whose blessed mission was to be a help suited to his necessities. Instead of having to learn and to follow a prescribed course of philosophy alone, he has in her a living, a breathing, a sympathetic, a feeling, intelligent life, whose beauty and whose ethical value cannot be expressed or imagined, and for whose place there never was and never can be any substitute. Of course a high mental culture, on the part of man, is essential to his fitness and capacity for being ennobled by cultivated and refined woman. It prepares him for the benign influence of her angelic life. It fits him for the end of his being and to ripen into a symmetrical character when brought in contact with her beneficent spirit. The vast amounts that have been expended on the mind of man, and the great pains and labor that have been bestowed upon him in order to elevate and enoble his life, have accomplished an untold work; but, blessed woman, it is only a merited tribute that we are quite willing to grant her, when we say that the glory and the power are hers, that the moral condition of humanity depends upon her moral state, that man will be blessed and lifted up only in proportion as she is cultured and refined, and that God's own kingdom is largely to be brought about through her instrumentality. Woman, educate thyself and make thyself pure, for this is humanity's "great" need.
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

Nature is but the means by which God executes His will. Truly we can see in nature the hand of God, and the study of its mysterious workings is the noblest occupation of the human mind. As the conception of the manifold wonders displayed in nature rises, so also rises man. The untutored savage is overwhelmed when he contemplates the power of the to him Unknown, and bows with awe to worship the Spirit which breathes in the winds and moves on the waters. He feels his insignificance, knows not his true position, because he believes some great controlling being, far above, far beyond himself, stands ready to curse and kill. He looks—but trembles with fear, and dares not look beyond! He is ignorant, he understands not himself, he feels his utter nakedness. Nature is clothed in mystery, and to him all is dark as the blackness of night. That which he lacks is a knowledge of God, as revealed in the Bible, without which man could never understand the workings of nature. He could see that all things were regulated and controlled by law, the source of which he knew not; but that the authority and power of the law-giver were beyond his, he could not deny. But as man began to rise above the savage state, he felt his need of the means by which he could comprehend the design and movement of the vast machinery of nature: he looked for the great first cause which was producing such strange effects; but his feeble mind never did, never could have originated the true idea as to the source of all power. Reason, unassisted by Revelation, could never have brought to light the grand truth, that God produced cosmos from chaos; that God, the Almighty, sat upon the throne of the universe and ruled over His own creation. That one can "look through nature up to nature's God" is a grave mistake—but of the poetic type; perhaps the poet used his license here and not his brain. Had man been left to search for his god in nature, he would never have abandoned mythology and left the borders of Fairyland. We can see beauty and harmony in the nightly march of the stars, we can see fury and power in the mad surging of the billows and the fiery flash of the lightning, but he who sees God here, sees nature, and calls it god. The Greeks studied nature; but bewildered by mysteries which they could not unravel, they called to their aid the imagination which peopled the air, the sea, the earth with super-
The Study of Nature.

natural beings, both male and female, each a deified passion; thus showing the effect of the study of the created without a knowledge of the Creator.

When we turn our attention to the wonderful harmony which exists between the discoveries of science and the records of the Bible, we are struck by the proof thus afforded that the Bible is authentic and divine. However vast the mathematician may prove the universe to be, however extensive the regions in which unnumbered worlds may roll, the inspired voice has expressed the grandest emotions which excite the mind, when contemplating this majestic structure, in language the truth of which cannot be denied, the sublimity has not been equalled. The study of nature has not only placed the records of the Bible beyond doubt, but has tended towards the advancement of civilization and the destruction of superstition. How long was the comet looked upon as the harbinger of ruin and desolation! How long sounded the dirge for the departed amidst the mournings and wailings of terror-stricken beings, while the sun was eclipsed by the moon! How long were men fooled by the base cheats and liars who professed to see in the stars the decrees of fate! But these dark clouds have disappeared. Man now looks upon the heavens, not as the unrolled scroll of fate on which the destiny of nations is written, but as the boundless dominion in which are displayed the Divine wisdom, benevolence, and power. How great is the omnipotence of the Creator, how lofty the majesty of Him who rules the universe! He governs all things; no alien power can frustrate His designs; it is He alone who is worthy of our truest affection, our implicit obedience, and our constant adoration.

The study of nature tends to make man humble, to remove that haughtiness and arrogance which marks him as a degraded creature, and which has proved to be a source of his many woes. It teaches him the depravity of his condition; it shows him the countless calamities to which he is exposed, the sweeping tornado and storm-tossed ocean, the gaunt form of famine, and the devastating plague, the quake of the earth, and the fiery deluge of the volcano; it tells that he is subject to the law of decay, and under the dominion of death; it points him to the grave where the worms will make food of his corrupt, cast-off body, ere it can be absorbed by mother earth. No wonder the Psalmist exclaimed, when he beheld the fallen state of the race, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him!" or, when viewing the weak condition of man, he likened him unto a "flower of the field." Yet this poor mortal, seeking to hide his true condition under the
"sham" disguise of power—this sickly worm of the dust—tries to strut lord of creation. The mind should feel ashamed to allow itself to become absorbed in the vainglory of earthly things. Let man study nature, should he wish to be lifted above the low grovelings of ambitious fools. Let him contemplate the vast and beautiful works of his God, then can he exclaim with Seneca: "Is it to this little spot that the great designs and vast desires of men are confined? Is it for this there is so much disturbance of nations, so much carnage, and so many ruinous wars? O, folly of deceived men, to imagine great kingdoms in the compass of an atom, to raise armies to divide a point of earth with the sword!" As man rises higher in his conception of nature, his opinion of himself sinks lower, and he looks with greater adoration upon Him who is able to rule all. And, in pursuance of this thought, how beautiful is the picture presented: the angelic hosts of heaven "cover their faces with their wings" when the light of His countenance falls upon them, and wait before Him, to be sent upon some mission of love to depraved man. Let us, then, study nature. Let us listen to the music of the spheres.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There is not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of clay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

AUBREY.

THE ART OF LYING.

*Mendax nascitur, non fit.* He can, however, by cultivation and practice improve himself very much in his art. In support of our first statement, we would call attention to the fact that, to be a successful liar, one must, if possible, avoid detection in his lies. In order to accomplish this, in the first place, one must be shrewd in his selection of lies to tell, choosing such as will seem plausible to those whom he wishes to deceive, and which relate to such matters as will preclude the probability of detection by his hearers. For example, if you were to tell a negro that the area of any hyperbolic segment is not equal to the logarithm of the abscissa of its extreme point, taken
in a system whose modulus is equal to the sine of the angle between the asymptotes, he would hardly detect the falsity of your statement. In the second place, one must have a good memory in order to avoid contradicting himself. In the third place, one must be possessed of remarkable ingenuity, in order to explain satisfactorily circumstances which are developed apparently contrary to his statements. Now, to a great extent, one is by birth endowed with these qualities; which brings us to our first statement. We will discuss these points at greater length further on.

Some of you ask, "What claims to our attention has this art?" First, its age. It dates back to the time when the serpent said to Eve, "Thou shalt not surely die"! All of you will admit that, in this case, lying was eminently an art. First, the serpent raised himself in Eve's estimation by flattering her vanity and telling her of the benefits which would accrue to her if she would eat the forbidden fruit. Then, after preparing Eve to believe all that he said, he said something which was very pleasant to her, "Thou shalt not surely die"! Alas! how few of us erring mortals will attempt to falsify a statement which is pleasant to us, to prove a thing which is disagreeable to us! A second claim which this art has to your attention, is its widespread cultivation and practice. Lying is a plant which flourishes in every clime— from the vine-clad forests of the tropics to the ice-covered regions of the Poles, from the sun-parched sands of Sahara to the fog-shrouded coasts of New England. No generation which has ever inhabited the earth, no country on which the sun has ever shone, has ever been free from connoisseurs in this art. The third claim to your attention possessed by this art is the fact that it concerns everybody. Please do not misunderstand me, dear readers; I will proceed to explain myself as quickly as possible. What I mean to say is, that all those who do not wish to become experts in the art, wish at least to be successful in discernment between falsehood and truth; and while I promise neither to make you experts in the art, nor to give you an infallible recipe for detecting falsehood, yet I will give you some hints which may prove useful to you in both ways, and which none but those who have had some experience in this line could give.

We may divide lies into three classes—viz.:

Those which are intended to injure some person or persons other than the liar, ordinarily known as "black lies."

Those intended to benefit the liar, and which we will term "red lies."
Richmond College Messenger.

Those intended for the edification of one or more of the parties concerned, and which are usually known as "fibs," "stories," &c., but which are sometimes improperly termed "white lies."

Let us consider, first, the black lies. If the person you wish to injure is other than the person you wish to deceive, you will in the majority of cases do well by binding the latter over to secrecy. The reason for this is plain. If you do not take this precaution, the chances are that you, the injured party, and the deceived party will be brought face to face, and you will have sundry difficult explanations to make. Then, if you are not ingenious enough to get out of it somehow, you will be denounced as a liar, which denunciation you will be obliged to bear amid the scorn and sneers of your fellow men, or else, risking flesh and bone, you will have to fight the injured party to uphold your honor and that of your lie. If, however, you bind over to secrecy the person you wish to deceive, you lower that person's opinion of the person you wish to injure, and at the same time are reasonably sure that you will not be detected. Moreover, the person whom you wish to injure may have certain traits, or may have done certain things which, if fully understood, would not reflect discredit upon him, but which, through the imperfection of the information available to the person whom you wish to deceive, may appear suspicious. By taking advantage of these traits or actions, you may greatly increase the effect of your lie. Lies of this kind you will use in speaking to your sweetheart of your rival, when you are jealous of the favor with which she receives his attentions; or to one neighbor of another, if you are envious of the prosperity which attends the latter. If the person whom you are addressing is the person whom you wish to injure, by all means prevent, if possible, that person's inquiring elsewhere into the matters which you have misrepresented. Too great caution, however, cannot be used in this matter, for if that person observes your anxiety to prevent further inquiry, he will certainly suspect you of deceit, and put your statements to a severe test.

The red lies are too diverse in their bases of operation to be fully discussed in this brief treatise. I will give a few hints with regard to them, however. They ordinarily have reference to the income, resources, capabilities, qualities, etc., of the liar. To increase the effect of your red lie, you should, by an outward show of the qualities of which you boast, be apparently consistent with the statements which you make. If, for example, you are ignorant of the subject which you are discussing, profess a thorough knowledge of it, and make good your professions by the use of big words which you are quite sure
your audience will not understand. I need give no hint to college
students as to the best display of what little they know, when the pro-
fessor calls on them in the hardest part of the lesson, as they all have
had much experience in that line. This last is a very unsatisfactory
sort of deception, for when we think that we are throwing sand in the
professor's eyes, impressing him with the idea that we are versed in
the subject which we are discussing, when really we know nothing
about it, he is reading us through as if we were a quarto volume, con-
taining NOTHING, printed in large type on every page.

The third class of lies is the most extensive of them all. This kind
of lying is carried on in all sorts of ways—systematically, at random,
in the streets, in houses, among worldly people, among church mem-
bers; and this is the class, for expertness in which some student usual-
ly receives a medal at each jollification conducted under the auspices
of the students of this institution. Lies about the weather, lies about
mankind, lies about the respective counties from which we hail, are
told indiscriminately and without order by us all for each other's edi-
fication. No one is expected to believe such lies; no one believes
them. As the zephyrs pass over the little lake, lightly ruffling its placid
bosom, so these lies pass over an assemblage of students, causing a
ripple (?) of laughter, and the man whose fertile imagination gave them
birth is rewarded by being called the biggest liar in college. Under
this head are classed the "fibs" (otherwise known as "taffy") which
flow from the imaginative mind (his tongue being used merely as a
shovel to throw them out) of the average young man when he is talk-
ing to her whom he then considers the fairest of the fair daughters
of the first and fairest sinner. But oh! young men, who have not yet
been caught in your fibs, take advice from me. If you will tell the
ladies fibs, be careful when you tell them that you reserve for your-
self a way of escape. If once they catch you in a fib, however small
it may be, they will bring it up as testimony against you every time
you make a new venture in that direction. The only thing which you
can then do is either to remove to regions where you are not known,
or else to make a solemn resolution, as I have done, never to tell the
girls another fib—unless you see clearly a way of escape, should they
attempt to catch you in it.

Q. E. D.
THE LOVER STUDENT.

With a burning brow and weary limb,  
From the parting glance of day,  
The student sits in his study dim,  
Till the east with dawn is gray;  
But what are those musty tomes to him?  
His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the hall of light  
Where his lady leads the dance,  
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,  
Lit up by her sunny glance;  
And he thinks of her the livelong night—  
She thinketh of him—perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by,  
To dwell on each gushing tone,  
To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,  
Which should beam on him alone;  
To woo with the vow, the glance and sigh,  
The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,  
And he grasps his well-worn pen,  
That he may write him a lesson sage,  
To reach to the sons of men;  
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,  
And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise  
At the vesper's solemn peal,  
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies,  
Which no angel forms reveal,  
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes  
'Mid his whisper'd prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur  
To his little study dim,  
In vain the notes of the vesper stir  
In the cloister cold and grim;  
Through the livelong night he thinks of her—  
'Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon,  
But no calm to him she brings;  
His troubled spirit is out of tune  
And loosen'd its countless strings;  
Yet, in the quiet of night's still noon,  
To his lady-love he sings:
"Thou in thy bower,
And I in my cell,
Through each festal hour
Divided must dwell;
Yet we're united,
Though forms are apart,
Since love's vows plighted
Have bound us in heart.

"Proud sons of fashion
Now murmur to thee
Accents of passion,
All treason to me;
Others are gazing
On that glance divine,
Others are praising—
Are their words like mine?

"Heed not the wooer
With soft vows express'd
One heart beats truer—
Thou know'st in whose breast.
To him thou hast spoken
Words not lightly told;
His heart would be broken
If thine should grow cold!

"The stars faintly glimmer
And fade into day,
This taper burns dimmer
With vanishing ray;
O, never thus fading,
May fortune grow pale,
With sorrow-clouds shading
Or plighted faith fail!

"Hush, my wild numbers!
Dawn breakèth above—
Soft be thy slumbers,
Adieu to thee, love!
Sad vigils keeping,
I think upon thee,
And dream of thee sleeping,
My own MELANIE!"

—Select Poetry.
Since the time when man changed from his state of innocence, and was driven from Eden's delightful surroundings, the sentence, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," has been most rigidly enforced. Since we can accomplish nothing without work, we are taught from our childhood to work. In doing this we follow the grandest and most sublime example, as shown in nature. We have only to look around us to see what the great and mighty hand of work has accomplished. When on a summer evening we see the sun going down amidst the glory of purple and gold, we gaze with admiration and wonder upon this grand work. Who hath made this thing of beauty and usefulness? As we contemplate the thing created, we can but try to excuse within ourselves those uncouth and unlearned for taking as their god the thing created instead of the Creator. As we gaze and think, we are obliged to link the object and the Maker. How great, powerful, wise, thoughtful, good, must have been the Maker of a thing of such beauty, grandeur, and usefulness! Whether we gaze up in the starry firmament, or upon the sunny earth, we see the work of God's hand. About us we see what man has done by work, but how insignificant it seems when compared with the higher and holier work, yet in itself it is great and all-important. Work is indeed the key by which the storehouse of grand and noble things is opened. There is nothing of value ever accomplished, or can be accomplished, without faithful and arduous labor.

Labor is life. No work, the "open Sesame" to all our jails and prisons. The idle man is debased and he in himself becomes wretched. Did every man find his work, and do it, we would not have a dram-shop on every corner. Do not let him who performs no work think he harms only himself, and no one has a right to complain of his doing nothing. If a man is not beneficial, then he is harmful, for there is no neutral ground for him to stand on.

A student who does nothing is not only ruining himself, but is often hurtful to others. When a student is so neglectful of his advantages, and cannot be made to realize that he is allowing golden opportunities to go by unimproved, then not only is it an injury to him, but an injustice to others, to allow him to remain at an institution of learning. In work alone is there perpetual happiness. A man who knows his work, and does it, is blessed: let him seek nothing else of this world,
for he has all of joy, happiness, and peace it can give. Know thyself thou canst not, for that unknowable self of thine is shrouded in mystery; but know thy work thou canst. By work we live, and he who does his work well, lives well. Who is more happy and contented than he who has the inward consciousness of having done well. Let him, then, who intends to make a success in this life, know his calling and work steadily onward and upward. He who works with half a heart will not make a success of this life any more than the idler. He who is easily discouraged will never accomplish much. When one enters upon his task, whether at college or in business life, saying, "Well, I shall attempt this, but I can't do it," you may set it down that he will accomplish little; but when you hear one say, "I can and I will," there is something in him: he will succeed. In after life look for him on the topmost round in the ladder of success. Let us do our work with energy, having success as our motto and failure blotted out of our vocabulary, and we will advance toward the desired goal. The faint and weary have lost half the battle ere it has begun.

By work alone can we obtain knowledge and understanding. He who would be wise must work, for wisdom is to work. Then we, who are training our minds for graver scenes, let us work at our books, not with the thought of the recitation of to-morrow, but of the recitation we are called upon to make in our life's journey.

Work steadily, for he who works by fits and starts is distanced in the race: it is the plodder, the steady worker, moving along perhaps slowly at first, who reaches the goal and obtains the prize. Perhaps smartness, like the hare inheriting a swift pace, dashes ahead in the start; but ere long he grows weary and must rest, and while he sleeps hard work can easily pass and come out victor. Then he who wishes to be successful must keep his light burning with a steady glow, and never let it be dim. The brilliant youth, like the fiery comet, when it appears all eyes are turned upon it with admiration and wonder, but soon it is gone and gone forever, while the plodding student, shining perhaps as a star of the sixth magnitude, attracts no attention at first, but gradually it looms up and shines with the brilliancy of a first-magnitude star; then all admire its steady light, and though it may pass away, its light will continue to shine for thousands of years to come. The burden of systematic labor soon wears off; what was once a drudgery becomes now a pleasure in the delightful sunshine of system. When we complete our work at the right time we feel free and easy; but let us put it off, or get a little behindhand, then everything seems to go wrong, and where we should have had order, we
now have turmoil and confusion. Let us strive against getting behindhand: this thing of getting behindhand is only characteristic of lazy people. If we have system about our work, whether it be great or small, we will never get this little behindhand, but if it once get hold on us, it is hard to shake it off; so beware! Straws show the way the wind blows, and if we have no system in light and trivial things, we are not likely to have it in great and important things. Now, when a student puts off an exercise, however easy it may be, that should be written Saturday until Monday, it then becomes a difficult task. No matter how easy to-day’s task, it grows and waxes strong for the morrow, so let us not put off for to-morrow what we can do to-day.

Now, to those whose work is confined to the brain, more especially would we say, combine physical education with mental culture. A student who works late at night, attends classes next morning, and sits moping around in the evening, soon his once sparkling eye loses its lustre and his rosy cheek its color. This sometimes is the student’s fault, but generally the fault of the institution, in not providing suitable means for physical education. Colleges and schools, where brain-work is expected of the students, should above all places have suitable arrangements for physical development, and that college or that school which does not furnish such to its pupils, not only does not deserve patronage, but deserves to be condemned. Exercise is needful for the accomplishment of any task: when one becomes weak and languid in body, the mind suffers and is not capable of performing its tasks. Should needful exercise be taken, we would not have so many sickly ministers, pale students, weak teachers, whose scrawn and frail bodies stagger under the work imposed on them by great and strong minds.

[The following touching lines were written on the death of Miss Rosalie F. Peyton, a student of Hollins Institute, who died February 16, 1884, by one of her class-mates who heard the last words of her dying friend—“Only one glimpse of Heaven.”]

So calmly lay a maiden fair,
From pain and sorrow free;
Yes, she said, “I’m going there,
For Jesus now loves me!”
“Do not weep, dear ma,” she said,
There waits a band of seven;
Come, kind school-mates, to my bed,
And get one glimpse of Heaven!
"Yes, one glimpse of that blessed dome,
And hear the harps' sweet sound;
The merry shouts of welcome home,
Which through the skies resound.
Hark! I hear the angels near;
Can't you hear them singing, too?
Now good by, sweet mother dear,
Others will comfort you.

"I only prayed to live awhile,
'Til you and papa come;
Do not weep, but only smile,
For I am going home.
Come, my friends, and with me view,
The sight is grand to see!
There is room for all of you,
Do come and go with me.

"Oh! one glimpse ere the gate
Doth close and leave you out;
There bright angels now do wait,
To welcome with a shout!
The streets are covered o'er with gold,
A home to all is given,
But the half has not been told,
'Tis only a glimpse of Heaven!"

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We feel ourselves incompetent to fill the place of our predecessors in the editorial business. The Messenger never was in better hands: nor could more worthy men have been found in college to occupy the editors' sanctum than Messrs. Stearnes, Pollard, Tribble, and Pearcy. By the able manner in which they have discharged the duties devolving upon them, they have not only won honor for themselves, but increased the merit of the Messenger.

In the preparation of this number we were deprived of the assistance of our colleague, Mr. Scott, who has been spending a few weeks with his friends in De Soto, La.

On Wednesday, January 16th, Dr. Thomas delivered a lecture on "Narratives of the Birth and Infancy of Jesus." Dr. Thomas began by saying that the subject, though limited, was most extensive. He
then asked and proceeded to answer the question, "Whom do these narratives make Jesus to be?" They make him to be the Eternal Son of God, who assumed our nature. The differences in the several narratives were not inconsistent, and did not antagonize with one another. They were differences of detail and of peculiar aspects, made emphatic by each. The birth of Christ was human, the actual entrance of some person into this world; his birth, by a virgin, entirely irreconcilable with any humanitarian view. He was not a human being, supernaturally born. He was human and divine. His humanity was formed by the agency of the Holy Ghost. He was divine and called the Son of God because his coming was produced by the Divine Creation. Those who reject these narratives, on the ground that they are incredible, are confronted with the fact that men of all ages and classes have believed and do believe in them. No theory can stand against facts. We cannot consistently reject these narratives because of their unintelligibility. There are many things in nature and in the mechanism of our own bodies which we do not understand, and yet we are forced to believe in their existence. The endeavor to find natural hypotheses for all we accept is the tendency of the scepticism of this day.

Dr. Thomas closed by urging upon the students not to depart from the old modes of interpretation simply to gain notoriety. The temptation to gain notoriety is great, but not worth the risk of losing the truth and falling into scepticism.

The seventh Biblical Lecture of the course was delivered by Rev. W. R. L. Smith, of Lynchburg. His skilful management of the subject, "Miracles of Christ," led his hearers to believe that he was not at sea without a compass. The concise and striking definition which he gave of a miracle—an external event brought about by the agency of God—secured for him, at once, marked attention.

He said many good things in his lecture. If we admit that God is a self-existent being, then a miracle is not impossible. The fact that God said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" "Let us make man," etc., proves His superiority over the laws of nature. The miracles of Christ are credible because of their many unimpeachable witnesses. Christ, his friends, his enemies, and the rulers all testified that He performed miracles. He noted three cardinal characteristics of the miracles of Christ. They are wonders, powers, signs. He said there are some men who are so wise that a miracle must be wrought in their presence before they will believe such a thing possible. The
French Scientific Academy, which vehemently pronounced quinine utterly void of medicinal properties, vaccination a useless practice (to this about eighty of us subscribe), the lightning rod worthless, the steam-engine impossible and impracticable, and many other possibles impossibles, demands that a miracle must be wrought before it, and let it decide whether God's power is superior to nature's law.

Mr. Smith's style of speaking is original, natural, and agreeable. While he is young in years—the youngest of the lecturers, we believe—he is ripe in experience and wisdom. He has many warm friends among the boys here, who are always glad to see him.

Gymnasium.—To hush the crying child, give it what it desires. For years the students of Richmond College have been crying for a gymnasium. But that clamor was hushed a few weeks ago: we have a gymnasium. Where it came from, or who paid for it, are questions not to be asked. One thing is certain, in the basement of the Jeter Memorial Hall boys congregate to try their strength and "show off."

To have a good gymnasium it was thought proper for the students to take some action besides climbing the ladder, circling the bar, etc. Accordingly they formed an "Athletic Club," and elected the following officers: President, M. L. Wood; Vice-President, W. W. Tally; Secretary, M. G. Field; Treasurer, R. C. Stearnes; Board of Directors—Prof. H. H. Harris, L. R. Hamberlin, and F. Puryear.

The object of the Club is to keep up an interest in the gymnasium; take care of and add to the property. We are glad to say that this action met with the approval of all. It is a common thing amongst us now to see men feeling their muscle and declaring their surprise how it has grown! It is thought that no gymnast here will prove unable, on account of weakness, to carry off his diplomas next June (?)

Jollification.—It has been decided that, once more, the fair daughters of Richmond will be invited to "come up" and laugh that they may grow fat. We are going to have another jollification! And, although we will miss the bones and banjo of Corbett, and the fiddle of Wright, yet we hope to be able to make it a success. This year we will have tickets printed, that there may not be such a crowd and confusion as we had last year.

In the last number of the Messenger you will find a copy of the resolutions adopted by the present corps. And acting under these, we deemed it our duty "to maintain by any means whatsoever the
honor and dignity of the Richmond-College Messenger;’” and as we had to “step in the shoes” of the former staff, therefore, at a later meeting, the following committees were appointed: First. Committee on Disinfectants—This committee was ordered to purchase ten pounds of chloride of lime, and as much carbolic acid as would be needed, besides the six gallons left over from curing that chicken-pox, to disinfect the shoes of the former staff. Second. Committee on Repairs—To make all necessary repairs on the fighting editor’s boots, as they were much worn by their last occupant.

At a recent meeting, the committees reported that sufficient money had been made from the sale of the fertilizer hauled out of the old shoes to pay for all repairs, buy disinfectants, and settle with that M. D.

LOCALS.

Examinations!
How did you come out, all right?
Believe I “flunked.” Did you answer the third question in the second “block”?
I hit at her.

The “fighting editor” did his duty!
He put a “quietus” on the midnight serenades of a villainous Tawmus cat, by drenching the nocturnal musician with a tub of his—not Tawm’s—room-mate’s toe-jam.
Poor Tawmie jumped, “spchewed,” and died!

Mr. T. informs us that he has the bed on which Napoleon slept.
Give it to the museum, Harvey.

While riding in a street car not long since, Mr. R. frightened every one by lumbering out, to a man who had him by the foot dragging him out, “What do you mean, sir?” “Beg your pardon, sir,” replied the stranger, “I mistook your foot for my valise.”

Mr. L. wishes to know why there is a periphrastic “congregation” of verbs in Greek.
Bunyan’s Progress is wonderful.
Mr. M. C. K.: "What is the duty of the sergeant-at-arms?" Mr. K.: "To conduct officers-elect to the nostrum."

Sen. Math. man (boastingly): "I can work anything with the aid of Calculus."
Mr. M.: "You can? If this table is three feet high, how much will it weigh?"
He grinned and looked small.

(Two Rats walking together)—No. 1: "I am going to take tea down town to-night."
No. 2: "Is that your gal?"

Mr. W. says: "You bet I wound up my examination-papers in short-hand when the dinner-bell rang."

Mr. G. says he is making a special study of Bugology, and wishes to collect as many specimens as possible.
The last time we heard from him, ipsos cimices ore capiebat.

The sage of Roanoke does not understand why his valentine had such long ears.
Who will dare to tell him?

Mr. P.: "I heard Dr. Milbourn, the blind lecturer, last night."
Mr. D.: "Does the doctor use a manuscript?"

The following conversation, concerning blowing rings with tobacco-smoke, took place between two candidates for the "Mendax":
First Can.: "I blew a ring at a barrel, one hundred yards off, and it just passed around that barrel and pulled off every hoop."
Second Can.: "Shucks, I puffed one at the moon once, and there was a circle around it for two weeks."

They scowled at each other, and parted in disgust.

All was still and quiet. Not a sound was heard save the regular rumbling of the wind as it passed in and out of a neighboring student's nasal cavities. Every one seemed to have gone to the land of Nod in search of knowledge. But, hark! The stillness is broken! A voice is heard! Doors fly open, wondering mortals rush to behold and hear the midnight orator of Tennessee, as he stands with his long (?) white robes hanging around him.
Through the eye of imagination he beholds spell-bound thousands before him, entranced by the power of his eloquence. His voice rises, he soars amongst the stars—it lowers, he descends to the earth—he pauses, and out of the future he hears the thunders of applause. He speaks again, and his low, plaintive voice causes rivers of tears to flow. He ceases—he retires to his couch all covered in perspiration and glory.

Long live the orator of the second floor!!

Not long since a mass-meeting of the students was called. And when the chairman requested some one to state the object of the meeting, Mr. K arose and made the following statement: "Mr. Chairman, it seems absolutely necessary that we should take some steps toward the restoration of peace and quiet in college." All looked deeply absorbed, when the speaker continued, "And as we have been so often aroused from our slumbers by Miss Mummy's loud calls for Pharaoh, and by her hideous yells and screams, therefore I move that we do gag Miss Mummy."

Mr. K.'s next motion was of a different type. He immediately ascended.

PERSONALS.

Geo, W. Hurt, session '82-'3, has for a month or so been preaching up in the northern part of Illinois. He has been living on the best of everything, and is much pleased with the Illinois brethren—and sistren, too, we guess.

W. J. E. Cox, alias Alphabet Cox, has been called to the First Baptist church of Midway, Ky. We wish him success and happiness.

A. H. Powell, session '82-'3, is buying tobacco in Danville. Send us a "chaw" occasionally, Arthur.

On Friday night, January 20th, the members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society were very agreeably surprised at the entrance of Warren Talley. He went home at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, and the general impression was that he was not coming back.

F. W. Boatwright came back to college about the 29th of January. He has been sick for more than a month. We began to think that he had deserted us.
J. T. Lynch, who left college before Christmas, came to see us a few days ago. Owing to the fact that he has shaved off his goatee, we scarcely recognized him. He is preaching in North Carolina.

E. L. Waldrop is out in the country preaching and smiling at the girls. He sports a beaver and a gold-headed cane.

A. J Reamy has accepted a call to the Baptist church, of Petersburg.

R. H. Latané is practicing medicine in Botetourt county.

H. A. Latané is in Texas.

L. C. Catlett is reading law under his brother-in-law in Gloucester.

Dr. J. W. Tucker, a former student of the college, paid us a short visit a few days ago. We were glad to see him. He is deservedly popular in his profession, and holds dear the interests of his alma mater.

Boys, what do you think! While we were hunting in every direction for personals, which are very shy creatures at this season of the year, the news reached us that P. J. Fulcher, session ’81-’2, was married on the 19th of February last. He intends to farm in Greene county. May his married life be long and happy, and may success attend him through life.

Charlie Puryear, session ’80-’1, was down here on a visit a few weeks ago. He is now studying at the University of Virginia, where he reflects much credit on his alma mater.

John B. Ammons, session ’82-’3, who left college on account of sickness through which he lost his voice, has quite recovered his voice and is nearly well.

J. W. Henson, session ’83-’4, who on account of bad health did not return to college after the Christmas holidays, is at his home in Louisa county. We hear that he is making love to the girls, among whom he is known as the “Parallelepipedon.” It is rumored that this degree was conferred upon him by a female seminary on account of his great mathematical knowledge.

W. C. Bitting, a former student of this college, is preaching in New York.

Horace W. Smith, session ’82-’3, is at his home in Prince George county, farming and driving fast horses.
EXCHANGES.

Never having had any experience in the editorial line, and in view of the superior abilities of our predecessor in this department, it is with many misgivings that we take up our pen and enter upon the arduous task before us. Moreover, we are just recovering from the effects of the examinations which we have had, and are trying to collect our scattered thoughts (if there are any to collect) and to recruit our energies for the examinations which are still to come. However, as some of our exchanges seem to be very good, we will proceed to their perusal, hoping that by so doing we may forget, for awhile, the horrors of examination.

We have before us the January No. of the Alma Mater, a paper which pleases us very much. Its editorials are good, its locals and personals spicy, and most of its articles show evidences of deep thought and careful preparation.

We endorse what Sunny South says about "young men in society." though much of it could be rather too appropriately applied to us.

The Calliopean Clarion is a very interesting paper. The atom itself is a very small thing, but the " Atom's Story " contains many big words, and also much instructive matter, and many rhetorical "curls." In fact, all the matter in this paper is very interesting and good.

We have just been looking over the December and January Nos. of the College Record. It contains very good articles. We would advise it to become a permanent institution.

The Indiana Student is a neat paper and contains quite a variety of useful literature.

The College Message contains some good "Rakings." Also its editorial on "Stop My Paper" is quite good. It is printed badly, however. We would advise it to give its publishers a "hauling over the coals."

The Star Crescent is a neat paper, and in every respect shows good taste in its get-up The article called, "Shall These Bones Live?" displays to much advantage the power of the English language to express lofty thought. It is handled in a masterly manner.
The Rugby Monthly contains some very good matter, but most of its articles are too brief. It has very few of the characteristics peculiar to a college paper.

The Wilmington Collegian is filled with good literature, among other things a poem called "The Years," written in Iambic Dimetres.

We read the 'Varsity, and especially the article "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," with much interest. This paper does not devote much space, however, to its exchanges.

The College Index bristles with "Wit and Wisdom." In its exchange department it says: "The Index is not run on the supposition that any amount of bitterness can take the place of brains." This is a praiseworthy sentiment for several reasons, among which is the fact that it adds to the comfort of the "fighting editor."

We welcome the Stylus into our sanctum. This paper has just started upon its career, and, from the good start which it has made, no expectations as to its future achievements can be too sanguine.

The Album contains several good articles, but upon the whole it is not so good as one would expect from a school like Hollins Institute.

The Chimes, conducted under the auspices of the young ladies of Shorter College, merits the approbation of a highly-cultivated public.

The College Record contains some very good literature, among which we notice specially "Art and Michael Angelo."

We read with much interest the article called "Travels in Europe," which appeared on the first page of the January No. of the Academica.

The charming bit of poetry on the first page of the February No. of the Earlhamite creates a favorable impression, which is sustained by the rest of its matter.

We welcome the Adelphian to our list of exchanges. It is a "cute little trick." Its chief fault is its brevity. It is, however, a good illustration of the old saying about brevity being the soul of wit.
For lack of time and space, we regret our inability to speak at length of the Fordham College Monthly, the Oak Leaf, the Electra, Richmond Literary Miscellany, the Institute Jewel, the Washington Irving Signet, the College Portfolio, the College Mirror, the New York Evening Stock Report, and the Educational Journal.

---

W. W. FOSTER, C. O. CAMPBELL, B. S. CAMPBELL,
Artist and late Manager Davis' Art Gallery. Artistic Photographer. Chief Operator, late Davis' Art Gallery.

FOSTER, CAMPBELL & CO.,
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHERS,
525 E. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

Strictly First-Class Work at Moderate Prices. Cabinet Photos. a Specialty. Portraits finely finished in Oil, Pastel, Crayon, Ink, and Water Colors. All work inspected by a thorough artist before delivery.

LINDSEY W. ALLEN,
WITH E. B. SPENCE & SON, MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,
AND DEALERS IN GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
908 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO STUDENTS.