The College Pony.

Up from the chapel one winter’s day,
Bringing to one student fresh dismay,
The air the voice of the president bore
'Midst a terrible rumble and grumble and roar,
For examination was on once more,
And the student was five hundred lines away.

And sharper still those terrible words
Pierced the heart of the student like swords,
For Virgil was hard and his words were new,
And you’d not find an old one search him through,
And the blood of the student chilled with fear,
As he thought of examination day
And himself five hundred lines away.

But there is a pony in Baldwin town
Which all of the students cannot ride down,
A steed all printed in black and white,
And travelling like to the rays of light.
And the student knowing his terrible need,
Jumped on to the back of the fiery steed;
An hour passed by, but his heart was gay,
He was only four hundred lines away.

The first that the student saw were the groups
Of gerunds and infinitives—horrid troops—
What was done, what to do, a glance told him both.
With a smile on his face, and no thought of an oath,
He dashed the spurs to his pony gay,
And was only two hundred lines away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy alpine river flowed.
Genitives and datives were passed en route,
And he scorned the ablative absolute.
And when the bell from the college tower
Told the examination hour,
His pony landed him safe in class,
And before he turned himself out to grass
He seemed to the waiting ones to say,
"I’ve brought you my master all the way
Full five hundred lines and saved the day."

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the pony, then!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the horse and man!
And when this pony without a sigh
Is placed on the book case high and dry,
Some day shall a matron take it down
And say to the children gathered around:
"This is the pony that saved the day
By taking your father into the fray
When he was five hundred lines away!"

[Normal (N. Y.) News.]
Carlyle was always opposed to having anyone write a history of his life, for he felt that the world misunderstood him, and therefore that no biographer could justly represent him.

Born of humble Scotch parentage, he partook of the stern Scotch qualities. It was at Ecclefechan, in the North of Scotland, on December 4th, 1795, that Thomas Carlyle was born. His parents, at great pecuniary sacrifice, and much against the protestations of neighbors, whose observation had led them to believe that "too much Jammin'" makes a boy "despise his ignorant parents," sent Thomas on foot, one hundred miles, to the University of Scotland, at Edinburgh. His parents intended that he should be educated for the ministry. But it soon became apparent that Tom's mind and genius, much to the disappointment of his parents, were not cut by that pattern, for grave religious doubts early arose in his mind, which the reading of Gibbon greatly strengthened. He was good at figures, fond of Latin, and was one of the few young men of the university who were there for the purpose of conscientious study. At the end of four years he tried teaching for a livelihood, but did not find the pedagogic stool congenial to his tastes. He tried the law, but retired in disgust. Carlyle, however, felt, although he had knocked at many doors and had successfully entered none, that there was yet something in himself, and that sooner or later it would come out, and the world should feel it.

His first attempts at literature were unsuccessful and unappreciated. Neither the publishers nor the magazines cared to undertake their publication. His attempts at poetry were quite unsuccessful; for he was, to a marked degree, wanting in the stuff of which the poet is made. He undertook fiction, but left his task unfinished. On account of his early failures, he seriously thought of abandoning literature.

"Sartor," an essay on "Clothes," one of the earliest of his attempts, though in many respects a remarkable production, met with little favor. An essay on "The Faust," published about the same time, was more fortunate, and found ready readers, as did also that on "Mirabeau" and "The Diamond Necklace."

In 1836 he finished his History of the French Revolution, which at once gave him a prominent stand among the literary men of the day. With days of toil, and nights of sleeplessness, and all the time dyspepsia, he at length began to see the object of his ambition. In form and arrangement The French Revolution is Carlyle's greatest work. In it, as well, he shows the genius of the dramatist, bringing his characters upon the stage, and causing them to live and breathe, and speak, and act, and make their exit. All parts of it are not equally grand or impressive, but like the spurring of an intermittent volcano, he sends forth now fire and burning rock, and now lapses into a quiet, uninteresting listlessness. One of the grandest passages in the book is the description of the fall of the Bastile. The historian paints the scene to the eye, the rustling, restlessness of the crowd, the noise, hubbub and din of battle, the surging to and fro of the confused host,
as waves of a mighty sea, until reaching a grand culmination, in the cry of the exultant besiegers, "Victoire, Le Bastile est pris!"

Carlyle's own estimate is in these words: "It is not altogether a bad book. I consider it the sincerest book the nation has had offered it for a good few years, or is likely to get for a good few more." He also says that the key to all his knowledge of men and of the world's history lay in the study of the French Revolution.

While this work was still in the process of preparation, "Sartor Resartus" appeared. This was a review of his former essay on "Clothes," which purported to be a dissertation on "Die Kleide," by "Professor Teufelsdröckh." Thus he criticises his previous work under the guise of criticising another; and in many respects is most just in his criticism both pro and con. This work, on account of the nature of its contents, did not easily find a publisher. At this time he was very poor, and he says of the work, "A wild sorrow rings through it like wind over an Eolian harp." It contains some good things, however, amongst a mass of rubbish. Carlyle's brother John had been studying medicine in Germany, and was a member of a social club, which it seems—as clubs in Germany before had and have since done—to have had for its object the discussion of "Beer, Smoke and Philosophy," and many things out of the proceedings of this club, communicated to him by his brother John, were incorporated in this essay on the "Philosophy of Clothes." It may not be amiss to give Carlyle's own estimate of this essay. "It is a work born in darkness, destined for oblivion, and not worth wasting a word on." If this be true, and he himself hath said it, then it behooves us to pass on to the next of his works which it may be worth our while to mention here, viz.: "Heroes and Hero Worship," which was a series of lectures delivered in the spring of 1840. This was a subject admirably adapted to his tastes, for Carlyle was pre-eminently a hero worshipper. We consider this one of the very best of his minor productions, not only as containing much that is good, however it may be mixed with that which is bad, but as showing the individuality and appropriate doctrines of the man.

In 1834 Carlyle took up his residence in London. But London had no charms for him, and what place could have? for his stomach, his stomach, his stomach, gave him no pleasure in place, person, or thing. And as is the case with every dyspeptic, he had his moods. At one time he would see pleasure in living, and reading, and writing; at another he would take his seat under the "juniper-tree" and snap at every passer-by. Now, his wife was the darling of his heart; now he could write of her, perhaps after some unpleasant rencontre in which he came out best but one, "She has a tongue like a cat, that can take the skin off at a touch." He was a man of ambition, and yet he could say in his deeply darkly blue moments, "Truly all human things, names, promotion, pleasures, propensities, seem to me inexpressibly contemptible at times." His diary, which of course more than anything else he wrote shows his personality, betrays all through that Carlyle did not enjoy living, and gives evidence that a fierce battle was constantly going on with deep despondency.
Mr. Emerson, whom he had previously met, and with whom he formed quite an attachment, finding that Carlyle was not as successful in his literary undertakings as he deserved, insisted that he should move to America. Carlyle was greatly tempted to do so, and it is thought that his decision would have been for "the land of the free," but for the remarkable fondness which all through his life he showed for his aged mother.

Emerson estimated Carlyle's genius very highly, and seemed proud of his friendship; and Carlyle thought much of Emerson, but it would seem considered his power somewhat overrated. He says of Emerson: "I have seen men of far less power, with far greater insight into religious truth."

Among his minor works are the life of his friend Sterling, in which he shows his gentler nature; the Life of Cromwell, and of Schiller, and an essay on the "Past and Present." His volume of Essays, which his friend Emerson edited and introduced into America, contains many excellent sketches. That on Jean Paul Frederick Richter is one of the most elaborate. Carlyle had a high opinion of Richter, and quotes him again and again. The essay on Burns, for whom he had the highest regard, is for Mr. Carlyle particularly smooth and happy in its style. His essays on Goethe, Werner, and on German Literature show what an estimate he put on Germans, and all that was German. In fact, he admitted that his meeting with Goethe and the reading of his works were truly the making of him.

In 1852, after long and laborious effort, he issued the greatest work of his life, "Frederick the Great." In style this is far more pleasing and readable than his other great work on the French Revolution, though perhaps the former does not show that system or completeness of plan that characterizes the latter. He took great pains in order to collect his material, and spent much time in Germany, that he might know the truth, and write only what could be proven.

As a historian, Carlyle wrote what he believed to be true, without fear or favor. His cry was for "Fact, Fact—Truth, Truth." He had his favorites, but he was not a man to sugar-coat them. There were those who were not his favorites, yet, if there was good in them, he saw it. Strange to say he had no love for Scott, Gibbon, Bacon, McIntosh, Jeffrey. Maculey he thought conceited, pedantic, but he was an ardent admirer of Goethe, Burns, Schiller, Richter, Ruskin. And of Americans he thought Benj. Franklin the greatest. He was an incessant reader. He read everything on every subject in almost every tongue. When he wished to acquaint himself with a given subject, he was not content until he had read everything that was to be had bearing on it. One day, it is said, when he desired to write on a certain theme, he went to one of the large libraries in London, asking for a few books bearing on the subject; he returned with a loaded wagon of books that perhaps for ages had not seen the free sunlight—it was his idea of a few books. If "reading maketh a full man and writing an exact man," then Carlyle was both full and exact, whatever we may say as to the other side of Bacon's trilateral epigram. But it is said he was a most delightful conversationalist in his
best moments, though it was not always easy to draw him out.

As a writer, Carlyle was at his best when attempting description. In it he is fresh and animated, and some of his prose is quite poetic. With poetry as such, as we have seen, Carlyle failed. For he thought that a poet should turn his attention toward the interpretation of fact, rather than the creation of a fiction. Carlyle has little creative genius. His distaste for fiction may be attributed both to his education and a natural inheritance. For, when a boy, his father, a singularly stern and matter-of-fact gentleman, one day saw him with a novel in his hand, for which Tom received the sharp rebuke, "Put up that pack of lies." He says, "I would rather have written those pages in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister about the 'Three Reverences,' than all the novels that have appeared in my day."

Carlyle expressed his opinions fiercely and scornfully. He often offended, but if any cared for that it was not Carlyle. His natural tendencies to be harsh and critical grew on him as his years increased.

As to style, Carlyle paid very little attention to the way he wrote, if only he could make known what he believed to be true. Style was to him a mere outward shell that meant nothing. If he was a diamond, it was merely in the rough. What he was not naturally he was not at all, and did not care to be. Not that he failed to recognize that his style was not a desirable one, not that he did not more than once grieve that it was no better; yet style was secondary. He utterly detested all that was merely outward. He loved truth and hated a sham. He thought a bare fact in homespun was far better than rare fiction or fine fancy in gaudy habilaments; and so spent all pains in investigating truth, and he never stopped till he got down to the bottom rock. And "at bottom" is one of his favorite expressions. As Froude says, "Dig where you will in Carlyle's writings, you never come to water." But as to style there is throughout his writings "a strong indifference"; often his roughness grates upon the feelings, and at times his style runs like a tumbril cart of cobble-stones rumbling over other horribly rough cobble-stones. But he is not always nor generally so, but is too often so. We should remember, however, that his style—inharmonious, rough-hewn, and savage—was but a reflex of the man. Naturally fretful, unusually dyspeptic, he would at times become weary, sour—and wrote as he felt. Just after he had finished one of his most laborious works, as he wrote the last word, he said, almost in despair, "Go, thou unhappy book, thou hast wrung the life out of me; go, in God's name, or the Devil's." Often he was like the spurring of volcanic fire, with now and then a flash of humor. His descriptions are fine. Even in the midst of passion, some beautiful things appear. As Macaulay said of another, "the myrtle and the rose could bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche."

One is struck with the preponderance of Anglo-Saxon words he used as compared with those of Latin origin. In fact, Carlyle, in vocabulary and syntax as well as in taste, was German; and thus in many cases he puts himself out of accord with the genius of the best English.

We should not be harsh in judging Carlyle. He was decidedly a man "of his own kind." Not all his peculiarities should be attributed to whims of mind
but rather to caprices of stomach. He had said early in life that but for dyspepsia, he "would snap his finger in the face of all the world." That he was not always pleasant to his wife, is no doubt quite true, but how much may be attributed to dyspepsia I will not attempt to show. Perhaps his wife's head and heart were as capricious as his stomach. His best friends found it hard to serve him. He spent half his life in unjust demands, and the other half in remorse on account of them.

That he was harsh and severe cannot be questioned. But the man hated all insincerity, pomp, and show, as well as religious cant. For these he had an inborn antipathy; and so it is not surprising that when he was offered elevation to the peerage, and afterwards a burial in Westminster Abbey, he should have declined both. Whatever else we deny to Carlyle, we must attribute to him sincerity and honesty of purpose. Believing as he did that sincerity is the groundwork and condition not only of originality, but of true greatness, he could but strive to be sincere. In truth, he pushed this principle too far, in that he often attributed virtue to falsity, because its advocates seemed to be sincere.

Carlyle was in the main the same throughout his life. Not anxious to pry into the unknown and unknowable, not fond of speculation, nor did he pretend to have solved great problems, but he was a close observer of problems already solved, and he dived deep into their meaning.

In the year 1882, at the age of eighty-five, there passed away one of the most sincere, consistent, peevish, ascetic geniuses of the age. I would call him the modern "Diogenes the Cynic," who went about in the day-time, with his lantern, in quest of an honest man, but found him not.

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**Choosing a Profession.**

Few questions of greater importance are presented to young men for consideration. What avocations are best suited to certain individuals may be a question for the specialist to ponder. For what occupation am I best suited, and to what calling in life do my talents seem to point as best calculated for me to fill, are questions for every young man to look at in every possible light before a final conclusion is reached. It is a lamentable fact that many of the avocations of mankind are burdened with men who have been pushed into them, so to speak, by mere circumstances of light importance, or else they are filled by men who just drift into them without any consideration at all of the important question. Frequently young men, by the influence of fond parents, are induced to enter callings in life for which they have no taste, nor inclination, nor talents. Thus the doting mother has her favorite preacher, and her boy is constantly persuaded to take as his model the said preacher, and it is whispered to him what a joy it would be to mother for him to be such a man. The proud father has his favorite physician or lawyer, and the praises of such an one are sung to the young man until the
choosing a profession

Calling is invested with a fascination that renders action less akin to reason than to infatuation. The young man himself may see or hear some distinguished man, and from the trifling fact that he has great admiration for the man may decide on his life's course for no other reason. While this is obviously the case, it does not require a second thought to see the folly and absurdity of such a course. By careful observation on the part of parents certain traits of character and disposition may be noted in a child of very tender years. Thus it may be noted that one child seems to reach a conclusion, as it were, by magic, without even seeming to be conscious of any mental action, while another seems to expend an enormous amount of mental energy. Shall the father choose such a calling for the latter as may require rapid thought and quick conclusions as in the case of sudden emergency? And must the child with a quick perception be advised to follow some calling which requires long and laborious thought? A boy will show a fondness for certain things at a very early age. It may be noted that one child is passionately fond of horses, and will spend hours in riding an imaginary horse made from a stick, while he is never so happy as when allowed to take the reins in his hands. Shall such a boy be sent off to a business college and receive a mercantile education with a view of entering the calling of a merchant? One child is noticed to be passionately fond of reading, and may be found with a book or paper in his hand nearly all the time; another is fond of using tools. Shall the boy who is fond of books be advised to enter the calling of a carpenter, while the one with a love for tools be made to enter the calling of a lawyer or divine? Thus we may safely conclude that one of the very first things to consider when we are choosing a profession or calling in life is whether we have a fondness for such work as may be required of us. If one does not love his work there is high probability that he will neglect it and will prove a failure.

Another point to be well considered is our mental capacities and inclinations. As much as we hate to admit the fact, it is nevertheless true that nearly all of us are deficient in some particular mental capacity. One of us has a fondness for languages, another for mathematics, and another for philosophy or physics. True is the old maxim—"Many men of many minds." It would be an absurdity for a student who is a specially bright boy in chemistry, and who takes a delight in performing experiments, but who has a hatred for searching out Greek roots or threading the intricate mazes of Latin syntax—it would be the highest absurdity for him to seek to make himself a professor of ancient languages. Again it is well to consider the feelings, as well as the preference, for certain branches of study. If one's feelings are rebellious at the idea of public speaking, how can he ever hope to make a public speaker of any note? If one sickens at the sight of blood, must he take up the calling of a surgeon? Though there are some disagreeable duties connected with nearly every calling in life, yet there are certain dispositions which seem suited to perform certain duties. Many men can face a cannon's mouth without a quiver, but they quake and tremble at a sheet carelessly left on a clothes line. Another point to consider is our physical fitness.
for any calling in life. If a man be small of stature, weak of body, he cannot be fitted for any calling that requires much fatigue, exposure, or bodily exertion. If a man has a weak or harsh voice he can never fill acceptably the position of public speaker. A man who is maimed or deformed can never stand before an audience without exciting in some degree, in some of his hearers, an unpleasant feeling. His language may be beautiful and his reasoning perfect, but there is a vague feeling of uneasiness, of unrest, in the audience which it is impossible to overcome. We cannot afford to overlook our physical adaptability when choosing our life-work. It is well, too, to consider our tempers before deciding upon our life-work. The quick and impulsive temper is hardly suited to such a calling as requires tedious and laborious work. The quick-tempered man cannot hope to make a good teacher until he has acquired such control over his temper as few with such tempers ever attain.

Many other points should be considered, such as our patience, energy, perseverance, and zeal. It is important to choose a calling in life as early as practicable, in order to so direct and shape our training as to best fit us for our life-work. But it is equally important to take time for mature consideration. No young man has a right to rush headlong into some vocation for which he has no talents, and in which, so far from being useful, he is a burden and a hindrance. Nor has he a right to neglect the means God has given him by which he may judge of his fitness to fill any position and to seek to find out by experiment what may be found out by a little reasoning. Will we not be held accountable for such portions of our lives as we may waste in such experiment? Fellow-students, let us ponder well before we enter into our life-work, in order that we may act well our part, and do credit to the work as well as gain honor for ourselves.

Rob.

Is it True?

It is, I think, a fact, noticed by all observing people, that there is more boisterousness among young ladies in the present age than there was formerly. At least, older persons say so, and if it be not true, then certainly some of our mothers were very noisy creatures in their early days. Is it not true that often a single angelic creature in her teens will monopolize a whole passenger coach, and can be distinctly heard above the roar and whistle of the locomotive, or about public gatherings may be heard a great way off and recognized by the voice? You may even know she is on the ground long before you get there, or know she is coming long before she arrives, and certainly when she gets there everybody will know it.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that this is true of all, nor, indeed, of the majority; we are very glad that it is not. But we do say there are numerous instances in which it is true. These things are very often observed in cases of girls who have been away from the gentle influences of home life, at school or elsewhere. Hence it often hap-
pens that good, sober-sided men and women of the olden time, to whom these characteristics are especially annoying, are disposed to attribute them to the effects of "education." While we admit that these characteristics oftener appear among the semi-educated, still we deny emphatically that education is chargeable with it. Yet we think the causes are not hard to find. In the first place we would say the girls are not so much to blame. Much of the fault is to be found beneath the parental roof. Very often, instead of parents diligently teaching their children modesty and truth, industry and economy, morality and piety, and to live for a noble purpose in the world, their first lesson is that they are exceedingly pretty and wonderfully smart; which in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand is far from being true. We do not believe in keeping children hacked, but think they ought to be made something of, and made into something, but not into a rattletrap.

Again, much of the blame lies at the door of society. The young girl is taught by society in general that she must make a great deal of noise, carry on all kinds of flirtations, and, in a word, be as frivolous and giddy as possible in order to gain its recognition. The young lady who soberly and modestly pursues the even tenor of her way; who has not read the latest novels and attended the latest theatricals; who does not engage in the fashionable dance, the latest from Paris or some place worse, does not gather around her a large host of light-headed admirers. If her conversation is intelligent and refined instead of a conglomeration of nonsense, she must take a back seat; she is not charming and captivating. Thus her natural desire to be popular and admired induces her to meet the demands of society. While it is a fact that the level-headed, good and true admire the natural womanly grace, beauty, and modesty, it is also a fact that the level-headed are sadly in the minority. M.

Student Life at Richmond College.

Just within the western limits of the capital city of Virginia stands Richmond College. The main building is situated in the centre of a campus of thirteen acres, which very gently slopes away in all directions. Besides the main building there are on the campus a spacious dining-hall, with which is connected a gymnasium, two cottages containing dormitories, and two professors' residences. The main building has turned its back on the setting sun and keeps its face turned towards the busy city. Its left wing is principally taken up with dormitories. In the right wing are the Library, Art Halls, and Librarian's offices, while in the central portion of the building, beginning with the ground floor, we have the Chapel, Lecture-rooms, Society Hall, and Fraternity rooms.

Such in rough outline is the place where every year nearly one hundred and twenty young men (we exclude, of course, the students from the city,) spend nine
months in the obvious pursuit of knowledge. The large majority of the students are from Virginia, but every session there is quite a sprinkling from other Southern States, and occasionally a few New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians. Suppose we board an incoming train as it nears the city on a balmy night about September 24th, bearing among its passengers a youth from a neighboring State who is bound for Richmond College. The train stops, and the young man steps off. If he is an old student he asks nobody any questions, but in car, or omnibus, or on foot, makes directly for the college, about two miles distant. But we will suppose he is a new comer. He must then go to a hotel and postpone his search for the college until the morrow. Next morning, in answer to his inquiries about the college, the porter will probably tell him that he never heard of such a place as Richmond College. He will go out on the street, and half the men he meets will make him the same reply, until he has serious fear that he is mistaken in the place, or that Richmond College is a paper myth. This is a surprising and humiliating fact, but it should be still more humiliating to the citizens of Richmond.

Finally, however, he will find some one better informed, and will at last reach the desired spot. As he nears the grounds the size and gray solemnity of the buildings awe and impress him anew with the responsibilities and possibilities of college life. He remembers how he promised his parents that he would study and be an honor to the college and to them. But soon his reveries are broken into and banished by the loud and long-drawn-out cries of Rat, R-r-r-a-a-t. But these cries are only a friendly greeting. They are a great help in making the Rat acquainted with his fellow-students. The ice of a formal introduction is never allowed to form, and consequently never has to be broken. In a few days we find our new student snugly ensconced in his "nest," and trying to put on a bold front. Most of his kind maintain a reserved silence and keep their eyes open; but some unfortunate fellows, who have taken up the idea that they will be more highly thought of on that account, air their past achievements and announce what they expect to accomplish in the future. This latter class are quite certain to fall a victim to the designs of a self-constituted, unknown body of old students, who, in student parlance, are known as "toe-pullers." This is the last remnant of the barbaric and rapidly-vanishing custom of hazing which sometimes in the past found a lodgment at Richmond College. The selections of this band of "Knights of the Dark Lantern" are usually so appropriate, and the lesson thus taught so effectual, that we could almost forgive the transgressors. But the distinctions between "rat" and old students are fast being abolished, and it will not be long before the rat may lie down to sleep in the same peace and immunity which he now begrudges his neighbor whose rathood days are over.

The wheels of college machinery have now began to move, and our student is becoming acclimated and adjusted to his new surroundings. He has met most of the boys, has attended the reunions of the Literary Societies, and has probably joined one of them. If he is of a certain stripe he has also probably been asked to join one of the Fraternities, of which quite
a number have chapters here. A stranger chancing to meet our new student on the campus now could not distinguish him from a Senior, and might compliment him by inquiring how many sessions he had attended the college. Since our protege has been assimilated into the general body of students, we will now leave him, and look now at special types, now at the mass. Suppose we try and ascertain how an average student spends an ordinary day.

We are not early risers here. Many of us spend the whole session without ever seeing the sun rise, unless, perchance, it be when our fears of an examination cause sleep to forsake our eyes. The great majority lie abed until the ringing of the rising-bell at 7:30 A.M. A hurried toilet is made, and generally our average student rushes off to the chapel to attend morning prayers at 7:45 A.M. Attendance on worship is not compulsory at Richmond College. It has been found by long experience that such regulations are irksome and unproductive of the desired and obvious ends. In the chapel we find quite a large proportion of the resident students, even when the weather is unfavorable. A hymn is sung, a portion of Scripture read by the Chairman of the Faculty, and a prayer is offered, usually by one of the students. The meeting continues only fifteen minutes, but is marked throughout by the strictest decorum, and the earnest, attentive countenances prove conclusively that morning prayers at Richmond College is more than a name.

From prayers we go to breakfast. If we follow the crowd we will enter a handsome, commodious building, immediately in rear of the main edifice, which is known in common parlance as the "mess-hall." This name is the last remaining vestige of an unsightly structure dating back to the Revolution, which has been removed, but which was so tenderly enshrined in the hearts of the boys that they instinctively christened the new establishment with the uninviting name of the old. But the unsavory name finds no counterpart in the neatly kept dining-hall into which we are ushered. The tables seat seven or eight persons each, and are provided with an abundance of wholesome food, at the cost of about $10 per month per capita. In the immediate vicinity of the college are three or four boarding-houses, which, by offering various inducements, obtain from three to twenty boarders. Breakfast is quickly dispatched, for students here as elsewhere rarely learn to eat as slowly as they ought. They will rush through their meals as if they expected a train to leave them, and with the last mouthful still in their throat will lounge in the halls and talk. There is not much time for talking, however, for the recitation bell rings at 8:45 A.M., and from this time until 3:10 P.M. its recurring peal means lecture-rooms and lessons. The quiet which reigns during this time is rarely disturbed except by the tread of students passing from one class-room to another, or the book applause which in some lecture-rooms greets a professor's sally or a student's wit. When not in class the students remain in their rooms, and as visiting from room to room during the time covered by the schedule of recitations is prohibited by the regulations, this time is usually spent in recitation and the preparation of lessons. Some of the boarding-houses furnish dinner from
1:30 to 3:15 P. M., but recitations continue uninterruptedly until 3:10 P. M., at which time the bell rings for dinner at the only boarding place recognized by the college—i.e., the "Mess-Hall." Dinner over, the students scatter in various quarters. Perhaps in its season foot-ball counts more devotees than any other sport; yet tennis and croquet find sufficient admirers to keep several courts and sets in constant use for the greater part of the year. There is an athletic association at college, and under its fostering care the interest in athletics has risen considerably. With our new gymnasium, which will shortly be fitted up with improved apparatus for physical development, wider opportunities for physical culture will be afforded. Some of us derive our exercise from long walks in the afternoon, and recently several young men have been boasting that their excursions afoot would compare favorably in speed and distance with the traditional pedestrian tours of students in English universities.

There are still a few among us who persist in devoting all their time to mental culture and pay no regard to the needs of their physical man, but their number is happily diminishing. Broader views are being disseminated, and the whole atmosphere of the college is unfavorable to the growth of that pale, shrunken, bent shadow of humanity which in days gone by announced himself by his looks to be a student in some high-grade institution of learning. Young men are taught when they come here that they can do better work and more of it if they will exercise three hours and study five, than if they spent the whole eight hours in study and devoted no time to bodily exercise. By 6:00 P. M. the football ground, the tennis-courts, and generally, but not always, the croquet ground, are all deserted. The lighted windows and the quiet that pervades the campus indicate that the hour before supper is being devoted to study, and we would not be wrong in such a conclusion. At 7 P. M. the bell rings for supper, and by 7:30 P. M. supper is over and forgotten. Very often in former sessions, but less frequently of late, there would be, immediately after supper, quite a concourse assembled in one of the hall-ways of the main building to sing college songs. These are sung with great animation and gayety for the space of half an hour, and put to flight all thoughts of study in that vicinity for the time being. By 8 P. M. all is quiet again. From this time until near midnight the students remain in their own rooms or divide into small groups for study. The lights begin to disappear about 10 P. M., and by 1 A. M. they are all extinguished. Richmond College is asleep after an arduous day's labor. The near approach of Christmas or some other holiday may so stir the spirits of some that they can no longer retrain their feelings, and then the hard-earned rest of the student will be broken by the sound of a tin horn or the explosion of a "large" kind of pop-cracker, known as a "baby-waker." But these are rare occasions. The so-called "fun" of college students, which has so often culminated in serious and much regretted consequences, finds no place here. In the march of progress it has been worn off or has lagged behind.

Thus we have attempted to portray, without embellishment, the events of an ordinary day in the order of their oc-
The regard of the students for religious things is noteworthy. It has not been a decade since a professor was waited on by a body of Christian students and requested to be present at their prayer-meetings in order to prevent the fun-making and confusion created by irreligious students. This is all changed now. Perhaps we would not have to search far for the causes, but, be that as it may, the change is marked, and has become a feature of the institution. The weekly prayer-meeting and the monthly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association are well attended and supported. If there is a single student who does not regularly attend religious worship on the Lord's day we have not heard of it. Fully half of the students are engaged in religious work on this day. The teachers at the State penitentiary, the city almshouse, and at many mission stations are drawn largely from the college.

The social side of the student's life here is meagre in its details. The students are generally men of small means, earned in many cases by their own exertions, and they feel that they have no time to divert their mind from what is uppermost in their thoughts—the attainment of an education. The consequence is that many students spend whole sessions without ever once "taking calico," which being interpreted means calling on a young lady. This course undoubtedly has obvious disadvantages, but its adherents contend strongly for the advantages which it affords them. But it must not be inferred that the charms of the fair sex are wholly disregarded by our students. Some there are among us who allow themselves to be so ensnared by Richmond's fair daughters that their studies suffer woefully. We have not yet reached the golden mean, but we hope that each session with its accumulated memories and experiences brings us nearer the desired goal.

Another important factor in this phase of our life is the influence of the literary societies. Their importance is not fully realized, and they do not receive the support they so richly deserve. The disregard for form and ceremony which is the boast of the college man of to-day is here put aside for awhile, while in our best clothes, we decorously listen to or participate in the literary exercises of the evening. Only about half the students are members of the societies, and even these fail to enter heartily into the work. It has been the custom of the two societies for each to have a public debate at some time during the session. These have always been very much enjoyed on account of their social as well as their literary feature. They afford an opportunity for the loving swain to promenade the halls with his best girl on his arm, while he enjoy the envy of his less fortunate fellows who can only look on as he goes by.

But the average student does not long and pine for much company besides that of his fellows. He had rather hear an invitation "to come and go over to 'The Madam's'"—a confectionery and notion store much patronized by the students—than to receive an invitation to dine out. Occasionally the pocket of the one who "sets up" can afford to take his friends to Antoni's or Pizzini's, but these occasions are not common. We are not given to lavish expenditure, either for ourselves or our friends.
A feature of our life here which cannot be overlooked is the free and easy intercourse between professor and student. Our professors sow the seed of this desirable state of things on their first acquaintance with the students in their professorial capacity, and by their manifest interest in his welfare promote the growth and development of this feeling. We know of no institution where the student feels freer to go to the professor and tell him his troubles and ask his advice. And he always finds a kind reception and a ready sympathy.

At various times during the session we are treated to lectures on Biblical and secular topics, which form pleasant breaks in the routine of class-room work. At rare intervals excursions are made to points of interest in the adjacent counties or cities. These about make up the list of interruptions which enliven our life here. Of course commencement is here, as elsewhere, the greatest social and literary event of the year. But there is very little difference between its celebration here and elsewhere, and who has not read accounts of commencement exercises until they form an old and familiar story?

A considerable amount of reading and some literary work is done by the students here. A magnificent library is at their command, and some make good use of it. But the prevailing aim here is excellence in the work done in the several schools. The average student makes everything subordinate to success in his studies. He feels that societies may go, social pleasures may go, even the library with its advantages may go, but that he must stand well in his classes and make his examinations. These examinations are very difficult, and require earnest, self-reliant labor, but the large majority of students are generally successful. The glory of Richmond College and her students is her unparalleled class-room work, and to all who are longing for more light, and are willing to work for it, she extends a hearty welcome.

F. T. Whorigab.

Literary Fame.

Westminster Abbey is, perhaps, the most interesting place in the world to a man of refined and cultured tastes; it is interesting for its classic beauty, for its romantic history, and most of all for the dust of the honored dead which it contains. It is a solemn and suggestive thought that here all 'round you lie those who have done so much to fill up the record of the world's history, and that under your very feet lie the kings and conquerors of past ages, who have laid down their royal sceptres forever, and have fallen at last before that conqueror who is the King of conquerors. But the spot which is most interesting, which awakens feelings of most reverence, which is most lovingly sought, and most regretfully left, is the renowned Poet's Corner. For here rests those whose thoughts are as dear and as familiar to us as our own, whose example has been to us an inspiration, and in whose words we have often found comfort in times of trouble, until we have
learned to love them through their works, and to look upon them almost as upon our own personal friends.

As it is in Westminster Abbey, so it seems to be the world over, that these men are most and best remembered who are remembered for their writings, and who have written for, and in accordance with, human nature.

Some men are remembered for their mighty conquests and successes in war, such as Alexander, Richard I., Napoleon: we are excited to admiration by their deeds of heroic valor, and can never cease to wonder at the magnitude of their attainments. Yet the interest which we feel in their lives and achievements is never personal, but is like that excited by some old romance, or tale of chivalric valor of which these old kings and generals are the heroes. For the causes for which they fought have become things of the past, the nations which they represented have either changed or passed away, and the banners which they upheld have crumbled to the dust. We know that these men have existed, because we have read of them in history, yet we can never truly sympathize with them in their lives and their accomplishments. For while we may like to discuss their exploits, and to meditate upon their greatness, it is difficult for us to realize that they who seem so far removed from us by what is called the dignity of history, had the same faults, the same weaknesses, the same desires and disappointments as ourselves. In history we are prone to regard men and events as things unreal, or at least of no importance to us, yet, rising up through the dim mists of past ages, we may see these deathless names and may learn the stories of these great events; but along with the name of Hannibal we may behold that of Hercules, and with the Burning of Rome appears the Siege and Fall of Troy; for none of these are known to us except as we read of them in history, and there, how are we to discriminate between the true and the false? for to us Hercules seems as real a character as Hannibal, and Troy as real a city as Rome. We are told that the story of Troy is a fable, and that Hercules existed only in the minds of men, but, without the testimony of history, might we not as easily doubt the existence of Alexander, or refuse to believe that Julius Caesar conquered Gaul, or that the infamous Nero, having himself applied the torch, feasted his greedy eyes with delight and exultation upon the flames of the Eternal City?

How different is it with the kings and leaders in the world of Letters! Theirs is not an unreal immortality; it is not their names alone, but themselves which are remembered. Who of us can feel that we are acquainted with Napoleon, though he has not yet been dead a hundred years? While nearly twenty centuries have elapsed since the eloquence of Cicero thrilled the hearts of the Roman people, yet his works are as familiar, and his thoughts as much appreciated to-day, as though he had died but yesterday. The world has changed since the Old Blind Poet laid down his pen forever, but the world still delights to read his works, and to bend a reverential ear to his tale of "man's first disobedience."

Science may have advanced, human knowledge may have increased, nations and national customs may have changed; but human nature is changeless and unchangeable, everywhere and forever the same. We feel that we are
greater beings than were the ancient Greeks, and that we have far surpassed any greatness to which the Romans may have attained. Yet their poets and philosophers understood the passions of the human heart as well as we, and their thoughts are as true and as applicable to us as they were to them. So we can always sympathize with an author when we see the feelings of his heart displayed in his writings, whether he be living now or died a thousand years ago. We rejoice with Cicero in his Sabine villa, we weep with Virgil in his lament for the young Marcellus.

It seems to be a part of the vanity of man's nature to desire to be remembered, and the human mind recoils with a feeling of aversion and horror from the thought of a nameless and forgotten grave. We are told that this feeling was so strong in the heart of an ancient Sanskrit king, fearing lest his greatness be forgotten, that he erected eighty thousand monuments to his own memory. But to no avail, for his fears have been realized—the world has forgotten him, and his very name is now lost. In a London graveyard lies a broken and neglected tombstone, upon whose surface is inscribed these words: "To Perpetuate the Memory of"—In vain! The rest of the stone is broken and lost, and thus again has perished a name which some vain creature thought to make immortal. The ancient Egyptians hoped to preserve their bodies by means of spices and the chemist's art, but their success has only been partial, for they are now but shrivelled and blackened lumps of clay. But how is it with the true poet or philosopher? He needs no Parian marble to mark his greatness—no mighty pyramid to perpetuate his name. He lives on forever in his works, and, unaltered by time, his thoughts come down to us in the freshness of their youth, though a thousand years may have rolled away since perished the mind that gave them birth. His memory shall forever withstand the ravages of time, and the brightness of his name shall be never dimmed, but rather increased in splendor and intensity by the lapse of years.

Editorial Department.

There has been a great deal written in the columns of the Messenger about the "science of teaching," but very little said about the art of studying. Perhaps this is the reason that the students, and not the professors, do most of the writing for our columns, and of course the students know a good deal more about teaching than they do about studying (?). However that may be, there is no question that of the two, studying is far more important; for all the teaching in the world won't teach a man anything unless it is accompanied with study. The first requisite to successful study is a desire to learn. Man, as a general thing, does what he desires to do, and leaves undone the things that he does not desire to do. This is proven beyond a doubt in the case of the loafer: he does not desire to study,
and therefore not only does not study himself, but so far as in his power lies, keeps others from this disagreeable drudge; and in so doing he confers the greatest benediction upon his fellow student (as he thinks). You can't make a man study whether he desires or not; the old idea of beating things into a youth's head has long since been given up as absurd. The next requisite to success in the field of knowledge, as in almost everything else, is will. Many men desire to do things, and build air-castles as high as heaven about what they are going to do; but the "going" is all, for lacking will to support them, they all tumble to earth again. Desire is the steam; will, the fire; and so soon as the fire dies out, the steam does too, and the locomotive stops.

Will is necessary to attention, which is so indispensable to study. If a man is going to do any studying to amount to anything, his whole attention must be absorbed by the object of his study. The student that sits down to study and lets his mind wander off on the "image of his grandmother," will derive but little profit; and he who in his hours of study, permits his thoughts to be about the fair one far away, may gain that fair one, but stands a slim chance of ever getting the blue ribbon and the sheep-skin.

The profit derived from study is in proportion to the amount of attention exercised; so then our thoughts should be concentrated as much as possible in the hour for study, and set free to rove wherever they will in the hour for recreation. It is one thing to desire to do a thing, and quite another thing to will to do it; but when both go hand in hand it is almost sure to be done; and the man that both wills and desires to study will be a successful student.

We were glad to hear the very encouraging reports of our delegates sent to the Inter-Collegiate Y. M. C. A. conference, held in Salem with Roanoke College.

They report a large attendance and a very interesting and inspiring series of meetings.

Mr. Wishard, the national secretary, has a strong army for Christ in the members of Y. M. C. A.'s in Virginia colleges, and from all accounts he proves to be a general eminently qualified to lead it. We are almost selfish enough to wish he could give us all his time, for under him, with Divine help, we believe we could make mighty conquests in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

We do not forget, however, to pay a just tribute to Mr. Wishard's right-hand man in Virginia, Mr. H. O. Williams, our State secretary. This gentleman has shown himself an able organizer and leader since he has been among us, and we hail his visits to our association with delight. His presence in Salem contributed largely to the success and enjoyment of the Conference.

We trust that these annual conventions will continue to increase in interest and power as they are held from time to time. In three years they seem to have taken deep root, and the good resulting therefrom no mind on earth can estimate.

It is a grand fact that in every college in Virginia, and in nearly every male boarding school, there is a Y. M. C. A. Their power over the students within their reach is probably greater, and is certainly more helpful than any other organization connected with their institu-
tion. But many of these associations are young, and from other causes they need encouragement and stimulus to active work. These helps are furnished in a great measure by attendance through proper representatives upon these conferences.

At these meetings are discussed topics of this character: Methods for individual Christian work among fellow-students; methods for and advantages in organizing Bible-training classes among Christian students, etc. And these discussions, attended by earnest prayer to God for a blessing through them, prove very helpful to all who attend.

Oh, that the day may soon come when the colleges of our land shall be noted for the religious zeal of their students! In our humble judgment we have every right to hope that the tide is bearing in that direction.

Fellow-students, brethren in Christ, let us wipe out the brand upon our colleges that they are haunts to vice and roads to dissipation. If they have ever deserved the stigma, they have borne it long enough. Let the colleges and the students of our country be for Christ.

Roanoke College will permit us to take this medium of congratulating its Young Men's Christian Association upon the success of the conference held there, and also of thanking them for their hospitable entertainment of our delegates.

We hope that Mr. Wishard will turn his attention to Richmond College when he is considering the next place to hold the conference.

We do not believe that it is literally true that "this life is what we make it," for God, in his wisdom, has seen good to place human happiness and misery, to some extent at least, within the hands of others. Nevertheless it is true that our future lives depend largely upon the nature and success of our efforts now. We often wonder whether as students we realize, in all its seriousness, the fact that we are now shaping our future.

Experience has proved that in the great majority of cases a man carries through life the same character with which he quits his college career. If he cultivates habits of exact honesty, diligence, refinement, and order in all things, in after life he will be successful in business, respected and honored by all, and his cup of human enjoyment will be full.

On the other hand, if, during his college course a young man indulges in dishonest schemes, wastes his time in idleness, is coarse and rough in his manners, and observes no order in his studies or elsewhere, in life he will be a failure, by good men scorned, and the world will be to him cold and heartless.

At no time in life are we more apt to become careless and irregular in our habits; nor is there a time when there is greater necessity for method and regularity and method in everything. By having a time and place for everything we can do more work and better and have much more enjoyment along with it, to say nothing of the incalculable value it will be to us in future years to have learned to be thoroughly methodic.

Then, too, the energy, aspirations, and expectations a young man receives during his college life have much to do with success as a man. We ought to learn to expect great things of ourselves, but be careful not to imagine that we have already attained any great excellence. A man may aim to be Presi-
dent and fail, but he will be nearer the goal than he who never thought of such an honor. A man with a high aim, even though he fall short of it, is sure to accomplish more and entertain a more worthy opinion of himself than, if he had placed his mark lower and reached it.

We may never be Spurgeons, Hales, Henrys, or Howards, but we may make the heights to which these have attained our goal and spend our lives in striving for it. Then let us aim high and strive patiently to reach our mark.

The professors of our college should see that so far as possible young men be inspired with noble purposes and self-confidence to work for the accomplishment of these purposes. "Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it!"

Man, we find from the sacred record, was first formed from the dust of the earth. And there is indeed a striking analogy between mankind and mother earth. Or, in other words, there are striking analogies between some parts, or formations of the earth, and between certain individuals. Let us enumerate some of these points of analogy. (1.) There are certain portions of the earth's surface known as quagmires; full of dampness, malaria, disease and death. They produce ugly shrubs, and an interlocked and tangled undergrowth. They breed frogs and reptiles, and all kinds of filth. It is just so with a large element of the human family. Their lives are low, degraded, and repulsive; full of obnoxious and deadly influences. The slimy trail of the serpent of sin in its darkest colors, and deepest engravings is seen upon the soul. Their infectious lives are to be shunned. Contact with them is death.

Then there are other lives which rise in beauty, in grandeur, and sublimity, like the towering mountains and lofty peaks lifting their proud heads toward the sky, as if to hold communion with "Orion and Pleiades," and, linked to heaven, mingle with the sweet influences and melodies of revolving galaxies. Their mountain grandeur is seen in their natural physique, their bright intellectual powers and literary attainments, in their nobleness of soul, their moral qualities and excellencies, and in their love for spiritual devotion. They tower like mountains above their fellows. Then there are parts of the earth that are rough and rugged; abrupt elevations and deep dark gullies; rolling surface and wild scenery. So there are many rough, uncultivated lives upon which the ax, the mattock, the plow, and the rolling machine of cultivation and refinement have never been used. They are crooked in their character, unpolished in their manners, and unrefined in their tastes. And there are also beautiful plains, inviting fields and charming parks, and corresponding to these are lives which flow along the current of human existence which are broad, smooth, and beautiful. And then there are parts of the earth that are sterile and barren. They produce very little fruit. Their geographical position may be favorable, their situation desirable, their fields smooth and beautiful. And yet they have no capacity for fruit-bearing. So with many lives. They may present commanding personal appearances, possess an air of dignity, have symmetrical and graceful forms, handsome faces, &c., and yet be utterly worth-
less. Their lives produce no fruit. Yea, they never bloom to give indications of hope. Frigid midnight reigns in their souls, gross darkness fills their minds, and sterility of heart renders their lives barren. They do nothing for themselves, nothing for humanity, nothing for God. And there are yet other parts, though rough in outward appearances, it may be, which are abundantly productive and fruitful. Luxuriant growth is seen.

The trees, the vines, and the plants all bend with delicious fruits, and the fields wave with golden grain. The gardens teem with their variegated forms of vegetable life. And so it is with many lives. They seem to be enriched in their mental, moral, and spiritual nature. Their eyes seem to have been given to see, their mind to think, their heart to feel, and their hands to work. They bear much precious fruit. They bless and enrich other lives. Their memory will be held sacred and their praises sung by all generations. Then from many of the fields, and gardens, and parks, a sweet aroma ascends upward, and blending with sunshine and breeze, is wafted to other regions. So the prolific influences of some lives are carried as by angels, or heaven commissioned spirits, to blend with the lives of others. The road along which they travel is lighted by sunshine, cheer, and hope. And as every creek, river, bay, sea, and ocean reflects the image of the same son, so every pure heart reflects the image of Him who created it out of the dust.

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The Mineral Wealth of Siberia.

Referring to the resources of coal and iron in Siberia, a writer in one of our English exchanges says: "It is one of the finest undeveloped countries in the world, and it is really difficult to exaggerate the enormous wealth of this gigantic region. The soil is of almost inexhaustible wealth and the crops magnificent. There is almost no limit to the production of the land. The Russians themselves have but an imperfect idea of the immensity of their natural wealth, and other people outside Russia cannot realize it at all. Siberia, so far from being a region of desolation and of death, is a northern Australia, with larger rivers, more extensive forests, and mineral wealth not inferior to that of the island continent. In a very few years Siberia will be bridged from end to end with railways, and in this matter the Russian government is showing a large and wise policy. The magnificent water communications—for it is irrigated from end to end with some of the largest rivers in the world, navigable for thousands of miles through fertile and richly wooded lands destined to be the home of millions of colonists—and a canal is now being made between the Obi and the Yenisei, which will enable goods to be conveyed by water the whole way from Tiumen to beyond Lake Baikal. At Tiumen there is a railway which passes through the Ural moun-


**SCIENTIFIC NOTES.**

An ingenious member of the Engineer Corps has constructed a unique electro-magnet. He has yoked together the trunnions of two Rodman guns and wound them with four miles of condemned torpedo cable. The weight of this magnet exceeds 100,000 lbs. A thirty-horse power dynamo furnishes the magnetizing force to the monster. An armature, six inches in thickness, has been built up of thin plates, and experiments to determine the power of the magnet are in progress. A five-ton dynamometer fails to register sufficient force to detach the armature when the magnet is charged to the full capacity of the dynamo. Two miles of cable are to be added, and largely increased results are expected.

**EMISSION OF LIGHT BY SOLID INCANDESCENT BODIES.**—It is generally admitted, according to the researches of Draper, that when a solid body is heated it begins, at about 525°C., to emit red rays, to which are successively added radiations more and more refrangible as the temperature increases. The investigations of M. Weber have led to different results.

By observing, in an absolutely dark room, either an incandescent lamp, excited by a current of gradually increasing intensity, or plates of different metals heated by a properly adjusted Bunsen burner, he found that the emission of light begins at a temperature much below that which we have mentioned, with the production of very pale gray rays, whose refrangibility is equal to that of the yellow and greenish yellow rays of the central spectrum. As the temperature rises the light emitted grows yellow, and gives in the spectroscope a wide gray band, whose center is tinged with grayish yellow. At low red, a narrow red line appears at one side of this band, and almost at the same time a green band, large and of slight intensity, appears at the other side. The temperature still rising, the spectrum spreads both toward the red and green ends, and M. Weber further ascertained, by means of a thermometric element soldered to the plates, that the first traces of gray light are emitted at a temperature varying with the nature of the plate, about 396°C. for platinum and 377°C for iron.—Revue Scientifique.

“The American School at Athens has completely unearthed the very ancient and primitive theatre of Thoricos, over against the town and mines of Laurion, beginning the work in April and continuing it in the autumn [1886]. This theatre was formed out of the rock of the hillside in the fifth century B.C., and bears traces of restoration in the third century B.C. It had no stage structure of any kind. The cavea has a peculiar form, sweeping inward, in a loop to the right, as viewed from the proscenium. All the seats are roughly cut in the rock and have no stone facings. A very rude low retaining-wall divides the cavea from the orchestra below, which consisted of a primitive earth floor, and another runs across where the stage should be.”

[Some think the stage was a Roman invention, or at least that the chorus in a Greek play was on the same level with
the actors. This discovery may do much towards settling the question.

"Among the discoveries made in the new Street of Tombs in Pompeii are four monuments, on which some interesting inscriptions have been scratched or painted: a notice of a gladiatorial contest to be held at Nola (?); an advertisement of the finding of a horse on November 25 by Q. Decius Hilarus; an electoral programme with names of candidates for tribune of the people and duumvir."

"The gold fibula (mentioned in a previous number of the Olio,) found near Palistrina has the following inscription scratched (from right to left) in the channel: manios: med: fhe: sheked: numasioi, that is [fibula loquitur] Manius me fecit Numario, ‘Manius made me for Numarius.’ As this type of fibula is found only in Italic and Etruscan tombs of the sixth century B.C., the inscription engraved on it is the most ancient Latin that is preserved. It demonstrates the truth of Polybius’ statement regarding the written treaty between the Romans and the Carthaginians in 509 B.C., which had been doubted on account of the supposed impossibility that the Latins should then have been sufficiently acquainted with writing: the fibula proves the use of writing at this time even in private life.—Am. Jour. Arch.

A paper of great interest to the scientific world has recently been read before the Royal Society by Professor Lockyer. The paper is entitled the “Spectra of Meteorites,” and in it Prof. Lockyer attempts to prove that “all self-luminous bodies in celestial space are masses of meteoric vapor produced by heat, brought about by the condensation of meteoric swarms, due to gravity.” If this hypothesis be accepted, the science of astronomy will have to be reconstructed in a great measure. The distinctions between stars, comets, and nebulae are swept away, and the differences in their spectra attributed solely to differences in temperature. Professor Lockyer illustrated his point by heating a meteoric fragment in a vacuum by an electric current. As the temperature rose, the spectrum of the fragment exhibited the changes referred to in the paper. The high position which Professor Lockyer holds in scientific circles will secure for his theory a respectful hearing.—Ex.

A little more than half of the ’89 men at Yale are from the States of Connecticut and New York. The University of Vermont has 36 professors, 347 students, and a library of about 30,000 volumes.
O!
Three days holiday for Christmas.

Our little rat with a White-head, on seeing the local in the November number of the Messenger about Cæsar and Romeo and Juliet, said, "I did not know Cæsar was called Romeo and Juliet before."

The following letter was found on the table of one of our rats:

Dear Pap:
i'm Well. Times is hard. Munny is skace. Please send Sum right Sune.
Yore Sonnie,
E.

"Say, J., I've got a good joke to tell you on P. about the feather-wane on the new mess-hall. He saw it the other day for the first time, and said, 'Look yonder, C., they have put a wind-mill in the mess-hall.' Ain't that good?"


Mr. H., our Eastern Shore rat, while visiting the Soldiers' Home a few days since, remarked that he wondered where the gymnasium was. It is useless to add that the gentleman is quite an athlete.

Mr. G., one of our country clod-hoppers, was out calling, and taking a seat over a register, said he wondered why it was so hot when there was no fire in the room. Perhaps the gentleman's agitation also was the cause of his being so hot. He looks like it would not take much to make him look warm whether he was or not.

One of our students is quite given to exaggeration, but sometimes comes down from his first statement. Here is what he said the other day about one of his girls: "Say, boys, she is the prettiest girl I ever saw.—She is a mighty pretty girl.—Now, anyhow, she ain't an ugly girl.—Well, I know she ain't the ugliest girl I ever saw, anyhow." Poor girl!

There is a moment when death-like stillness reigns—when all is still and nothing disturbs the stillness. One might hear the fall of a pin, the tread of a flea, or the humming of a gnat. Every one is in suspense, and sits and stares with bated breath. Terrifying terror overspreads their countenances, their eyes are staring, their mouths are half open. "When is this moment?" I seem to hear some one ask. It is when the Professor of Philosophy is looking up and down his roll to see whom he shall call on next.

Prof. H.—"Mr. W., what is a patriarch?"
Mr. W.—"One who is royal to his country."

Rat: Say, J., I declare these Kindergartens they have up North are wonderful things. They beat ours all to flinders. I wish we could raise things in our gardens like they do in that kind.

The clock-tower on our new building presents four blank faces for the present, as blank as that of a student when un-
expectedly called on for a recitation he has not prepared. The builder in compassion has done, what many a student has done before, in filling the vacant spaces with circles of painted tin (the student generally makes use of brass), enough to hide at least the absence of inside works. We are pleased, however, to hear a whisper that one of our alumni, who has never yet failed in anything he has attempted, proposes to raise the means, $500 to $1,000, and put a steady-going machine with illuminated faces, on which revolving hands will point out the fleeting hours as they pass.

Dr. W. H. Carter, of Parkersburg, W. Va., will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at our commencement. He is quite a distinguished preacher and orator.

The Club House, after many delays, attributed to alterations in plan, adverse weather, failure to meet engagements, and the hundred other incidents of building, is at last approaching completion. The dining-room, with stained-glass transoms and paneled ceiling, is one of the handsomest in the city. When suitably fitted up with appropriate furniture and tableware it will be a delightful place to build up the wasted energies of a tired brain.

One of our students has recently been kicked by his girl. When she heard how hard he was taking it, with her usual sympathy and kindheartedness she sent him the following prescription:

"CURE FOR LOVE.

"Take twelve ounces of dislike, one pound of resolution, two ounces of the powder of experience, a large sprig of time, fourteen drachms of the quiet of dishonor, one quart of the gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy, put it in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a sound conscience, and then let it remain, and you will easily find ease and be restored to your right senses again. These things are to be found of the apothecary, at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent street, in the parish of Contentment."

The young man has not yet tried it, so we are as yet afraid to recommend it to any love-sick youth in the same condition.

Prof. Young, of Princeton College, recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the world’s foremost astronomers, and withal a fine lecturer, has agreed to deliver the course for this session provided by the Thomas Museum Lecture Fund. He will deliver three lectures probably in March, on subjects to be hereafter more specifically announced. These will be open to students and to as many friends of the College as can be comfortably accommodated.

Apropos to the weekly course of lectures by Prof. Harris on the Old Testament, which the students of Richmond College have the privilege of attending, we are glad to publish the following note from Prof. William R. Harper. Prof. Harper is well known to our readers as the director of the Summer School of Hebrew, which meets at the University
of Virginia. He is editor of the Old Testament Student, and is the foremost student of the Old Testament in America. We are gratified to know that the painstaking labor of love which Prof. Harris has undertaken in behalf of the students is appreciated by one who is an authority on such matters:

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nov. 15, '87.
Prof. H. H. Harris, Richmond, Va.:
My Dear Sir and Brother:
Please accept my thanks for your favor of November 10th, enclosing Part I. of your Bible Study. I assure you that I appreciate your kindness, and have been greatly interested in the plan which you have thus presented. If such work as this could be done in all colleges what a different idea man would have of the Bible and of its claims upon them. Thanking you most heartily, I remain

Yours sincerely,
W. R. Harper.

OUR LETTER BOX.

[Address all communications to Letter-Box, Richmond College.]

Inquirer.—The object of our Letter-Box is to answer all desiring information of any sort whatever, either psychological, philological, materiological, calciological, ratalogical, ological, logical, gical, cal or al. We number our anxious seekers after knowledge by the hundreds, and have to keep our extra force with carts at all mails to receive our letters. No inquirer, from the one asking how far it was from here to yonder down to the one inquiring what was on the tip end of a mosquito’s toe, has ever had to complain that his question was not answered satisfactorily.

Come one, come all
Who desire information.
We’ll answer you,
Or lose our reputation.

“Philologist.”—The origin of the expression “working a quill” is not definitely known. It is supposed to have originated when the toothpick came into use. Its meaning is “to stick” something or somebody. This comes from the use the porcupine makes of his quills.

“Ida.”—The young gentleman you refer to is a regular masher. I am sorry you are so deeply impressed. Watch him closely. For information such as you desire address “Letter-Box.”

“Giddy Maiden.”—We will not put you off any longer. The editor cannot favor you with his photograph at present, as his stock is exhausted. They are so much in demand that he cannot keep a supply on hand. Many thanks for yours.

“Annie.”—We did not know that the “cheeky” young man mentioned in our last number has been so general in his desertion of young ladies at a critical moment. The only other incident we
have heard of was when he took a young lady into an ice-cream saloon and left her to pay the bill.

“May.”—The young man whose conceited air you speak of is said to be now studying astronomy to see if there is not a bigger planet than this that he may go to. This world is not his home.

“Buck.”—We do not suppose that it is any fault of your own that others have not discovered your moustache, but because they are “more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind.”

“Pod.”—Poetry is in great demand for our columns. From what you say, however, yours would suit the Detroit Free Press better, as our columns are strictly literary. We would be glad to publish any poetry on “Psychology,” “Philosophy of Mathematics,” or something similar.

“Harvard.”—Slang is getting popular among our professors. “That’s too thin,” and “It gets there all the same,” are the latest adopted. It seems, however, to be going out of fashion.

“Epicure.”—The season for “punk-boxes” has at last arrived. The most of the students have, however, only their coal-boxes to enjoy. These are ever present with them.

“J. M. M.”—“I don’t exactly understand your question. Please state it over again.”

PERSONALS.

Hon. Samuel B. Witt, B. L., ’72, has received the Democratic nomination as Judge of the Hustings Court of Richmond. Nomination is equivalent to election.

John Wyatt, M. A., 1883–4; Alfred Bagley, Jr., B. A., of same year, and E. B. Hatcher, M. A., 1884–5, are attending the University of Maryland.

Edward Scott, M. A., 1884–5, formerly professor at Doyle’s College, Tenn., has now secured the position of Instructor in Modern Languages at Ruston College, La. This institution employs six professors, and has enrolled one hundred and seventy students.

T. H. Fitzgerald is now pastor of three churches in Monroe county, W. Va., and also editor of Amendment Banner.

P. F. Walker, 1885–6, is now engaged in mercantile business at Rocky Mount, Franklin county, Va.

Geo. Y. Bradley, 1885–6, is attending Louisville Theological Seminary.

John W. Mitchell, 1884–5, is now at Crozier Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa.
EXCHANGES

We notice an article of some merit in the November issue of Exponent with reference to an educational qualification for suffrage. While an excellent production in many respects, the argument appears to us quite faulty. Our understanding of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution is different from this author. This amendment declares that a man’s suffrage shall not be restricted on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. A qualification such as he is opposing would not be one limited by the restrictions mentioned in this amendment, and therefore has nothing whatever to do with it. We quote further:

"I protest against the idea of prohibiting an illiterate man from voting simply because he is illiterate and placing the supreme power of government into the hands of those men that have no practical knowledge, but whose only sense is to know how to "Mutter the French and splutter the Danish," or consume an entire day at the expense of the people telling why the "Oleomargarine" bill is inconsistent with the best interests of the people."

There can be no doubt that suffrage should not be restricted only to those possessing such a magnificent and voluminous education as the one mentioned above. Very few know anything about the "Oleomargarine" bill, and still fewer can "mutter French and splutter Danish." We never knew before that any one ever entertained such a fanatical and unholy scheme as to restrict suffrage to such a narrow sphere. Our idea was that a much lower standard of education was the one invariably proposed. Lower down in his article, he speaks of the South as if she were the ideal of a pure and undefiled republic; whilst thousands in every State of the South cannot read a syllable of the English language. Can we approve of such a state of affairs? Can we say that universal suffrage is in harmony with the rule of the majority? Thousands of negroes throughout this State and the South are unlettered and illiterate. They know nothing of the political state or political rights of the country, but are led to the polls as sheep to their slaughter, pushed on by the intrigue and trickery of diabolical politicians. He says "there is nothing difficult in casting a ballot." This is indeed too true, but there is some difficulty in casting an honest and intelligent ballot. The ballot is the gift of the government—its highest, truest gift—and when used by the citizen to the detriment of the nation's good, it is not only the privilege but is the imperative duty of the government to withdraw it. That the ballot-box of the country has been imposed upon, doubtless no one will venture to deny. The gentleman's argument is fallacious from beginning to end, and could only be endorsed as the negative of a debate.

We are pleased to see that our friend across the Blue Ridge, the West Virginia University, has screwed up sufficient courage to undertake the publication and support of a literary journal, The Athenæum. We fully subscribe to the old proverb, "Despise not little things," and trust that this suckling in the lite-
rary world may soon reach mature life, and aid powerfully in the development of the new, but ambitious commonwealth. We cannot realize how the literary societies of an institution calling itself a \textit{State university} could have heretofore been so negligent in this line of pursuit.

We return thanks to Mr. Edwin Barbour, editor of the \textit{Piedmont Advance}, for a copy of his political journal. We predict success to the gentleman in his enterprise, as we are acquainted with the merits of the editor and his firm devotion to his political party.

We believe that the Local column should be an important factor in all college journals, and for this reason we must criticise the Albany (O.) \textit{ Cue}. Her Local editor must have been drunk last month, or, at least, this department is sadly neglected, covering only one fourth of a page. Whilst this department may be of little interest to the public, yet to the student, the locals of his journal are always the first perused.

The \textit{Varsity}, published at the University of Toronto, in its issue of October 29th, contains two valuable contributions—one, an address by President Wilson; the other, entitled the “Evolution of Medical Education.” The \textit{Varsity} is our most ably edited Canadian exchange.

Sioux Falls (Dak.) journals are well represented at our sanctum. In fact, the whole West seems to be looming up in the literary line.

The \textit{University (O.) Voice}, which comes to us weekly, has its columns filled to overflowing with entertaining and instructive matter. Almost every issue contains a sermon by Dr. Talmage, thus adding something new to the educational feature of literary journals.

The Wabash (Ind.) \textit{Journal}, especially the November issue, is quite interesting and instructive. We can recommend for careful perusal an article entitled “The Man and the State,” indited with considerable wisdom and erudition.

The Roanoke \textit{Collegian} is among our best exchanges. The last issue was very spicy and entertaining.

\textbf{COLLEGE NEWS.}

Stephen Girard gave the bulk of his $7,000,000 estate to Girard College. Johns Hopkins gave $3,000,000 to found the great school that bears his name. Leland Stanford gave $10,000,000 for a similar purpose. Ezra Cornell gave $2,500,000 to Cornell University. Asa Packer gave $3,000,000 to Lehigh University. J. C. Green gave $1,500,000 to Princeton College. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $1,000,000 to Vanderbilt University. E. Price Greenleaf, of Boston, gave Harvard $500,000. Jonas Clark, of Worcester, gave $2,000,000 to
found a university in that city. W. C. DePauw gave $1,250,000 to a school in Greencastle, Ind.

Twenty-six of last year's graduating class at Yale have returned to take post-graduate or professional courses.

Cornell University, being established under the land-grant act, receives $15,000 annually from the Government.

The Dartmouth is said to have the largest circulation of any college paper—one thousand one hundred copies per issue.

One half of one per cent. of the young men of the country are college graduates; 65 per cent. of the presidents of the United States have been college graduates; vice-presidents, 50 per cent.; speakers of House of Representatives, 60 per cent.; members of the Senate, 46 per cent.; associate justices of the Supreme Court, 73 per cent.; chief justices, 83 per cent.; cabinet officers, 54 per cent. Draw your own conclusion as to the value of a college education.

Harvard is the largest college in the country, Oberlin second, Columbia third, Michigan fourth, and Yale fifth.

It will be remembered that the two institutions, McMaster Baptist College at Toronto, and Woodstock Literary Institute, were consolidated not long before the death of Mr. McMaster, under the title, McMaster University. We learn that the will of McMaster bequeathes to the university $800,000. This is in addition to the funds now possessed by the two institutions. Undoubtedly this is the largest single gift to the cause of Christian education ever made by any Baptist.

Literary labor pays quite well one would think to judge from the following:

Mrs. Stowe has received $40,000 from the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" alone, to say nothing of her other books. General Wallace has made over $40,000 from the sales of "Ben Hur." Blaine has realized $200,000 from his "Thirty Years in Congress" and his "Speeches." Henry Ward Beecher got $30,000 for writing "Norwood."

The College of Mexico, the oldest in America, was founded fifty years before Harvard, and the University of Paris, the oldest university in the world, was founded in 1200, six years earlier than Oxford.

There are over 1,000 Young Men's Christian Associations in this country, with a membership of 140,000, expending for Christian work $780,000. The aggregate of property in buildings and libraries is over $5,000,000.

Senator Stanford recently said in reference to "Stanford University," which he has founded and endowed: "It will be built with a sole regard to the poor; no rich man's son or daughter will want to go there. My university will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome."

There is a choice of 189 courses of study at Harvard, and 242 at the University of Michigan.

The Czar of Russia still fears that the students within his empire are plotting against him.

There are 1,840 Indian children of school age in the State of New York. The average daily attendance is about 840.

President Grevy, of France, is fond of Sophocles and Virgil, and can quote page after page from them.
TECHNICALITIES.

Professor of Law: "What is necessary to constitute a will?"

Law Student: "A corpse, and some property."

"What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband. "Call him Peter." "Oh, no, I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt." "Well, call him saltpetre."

Science enumerates 588 species of organic forms in the air we breathe. Just think of it! Every time you draw a breath, a whole zoological garden slips down your wind-pipe.

Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on taking a bath. Why had the principle never before occurred to him? Perhaps this was the first time he ever took a bath.

A student in want of money sold his books and wrote home, "Father, rejoice! I am now deriving my support from literature."

"Have you sawed that wood?" asked a lady of a tramp who had inquired for breakfast. "Have I sawed that wood!" exclaimed the tramp in contempt. "I have seen that wood, and I don't intend to work for a lady who doesn't understand the rules of grammar better than you do."

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