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Richmond College Messenger.

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An Autumn Fancy.

Yester eve we two went roaming
Hand in hand, my love and I,
In the chill November gloaming,
Through the forest wide and high.
While we watched the sunset dying,
Far beyond the mystic rim,
Where the Western hills, low lying,
Fade into the distance dim,
We beheld a woman kneeling
On the upland bare and brown ;
All her trailing robes of scarlet ;
On her head a golden crown ;
In her hands the yellow corn-sheaf
And the aster's purple bloom ;
While her eyes were dark and tender
As a tropic midnight's gloom ;
Fell a veil of softest purple
From her dusky windswept hair ;
On her lips a smile there lingered,
Sad and yet divinely fair—
In the deep, enchanted stillness
That seemed resting everywhere,
Like a spell of holy silence
Brooding over earth and air,

All the world seemed one vast temple,
And the hill-side, brown and bare,
Seemed a shrine, where nature's Priestess
Knelt to breathe her evening prayer.
There came a rustle—a sad wind sighs
From the haunted depths of the autumn
wood—
The fair form vanished before our eyes,
And twilight shadows were where she stood ;
Yet—the woods are clothed in a splendid red,
Here and there they are touched with gold ;
From dusky valley to mountain head
A purple mist lies fold on fold.
Was it only a vision—false and bright,
As those which, woven by unseen hands,
Shine to allure our mortal sight
In the far splendor of Eastern lands ?
Visions woven of air and light,
O'er the burning heat of the desert sands,
Which smile for a moment, then take their
flight
Like the fading gold of the sunset's gleam !
Who will read me the spell aright ?
Who will give a name to my dream ?

[*Ex.*

Imagination.

The imagination may be made a source of the greatest pleasure, or it may become a haunting spectre to dog the footsteps of the possessor like the flitting shades of Charybdis. The drunkard, after his carousal, sees hosts of bloody fiends and wiry serpents pursuing him and imagines that he is in the coils of their slippery frames, and that their fangs are about to pierce his flesh.

The beautiful, pure Christian visits heaven, wanders through the golden streets, reams through the pleasant groves, meets again loved ones long gone from earth, holds sweet communion with them, and thus enters fully into the joys and bliss of holy heaven.

It is a fact beyond controversy that more of the happiness or misery of life is due to the imagination than to any other cause whatever. It is said that the young live mostly in the future. They imagine what they may become, "build castles in the air," and thus contribute to their store of happiness. The old, on the other hand, are said to spend most of their time in the past. They either make life pleasant and happy by recalling to memory and embellishing with imagination all that has been good and noble and praiseworthy in their lives, or they make life miserable and full of regret by dwelling on what has been blamable and unworthy of them in life.

Often there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization. Indeed, this may be accepted as the general rule.

Are not our tempers due in a large measure to the imagination? More than half the bitter feelings against others are

due to the imagination. Some little, careless remark or unguarded action is taken up and brooded over and nourished by the imagination until a mountain of offence is raised and feelings of enmity destroy every nobler sentiment of the heart. Is it not imagination that forms what we usually term the ideals of life? If the ideal be noble and lofty, the life will be one worthy of praise when an honest effort is made to reach the ideal. If the ideal be low, so as to require little or no effort to reach it, the life will prove a failure. A man seldom reaches his ideal, even though it be low. The imagination must have more or less play in forming these ideals of life.

The great question then arises, Can the imagination be cultivated? If it can be cultivated, by what means, under what condition, and at what time of life is this cultivation best undertaken? Psychologists tell us that the imagination has no creative power; that what has never been known by the mind as actual fact, either in whole or in part, can never be imagined. They say that by imagination we may enlarge or diminish; we may separate and put parts together that are never actually known in conjunction. But the material must all be the results of actual experience. Then, obviously the best time to begin the cultivation of imagination is in early youth. If the house be filled with rubbish or improper furniture, it is evident that it will require more effort to clear out the rubbish and remove the wrong furniture, that must necessarily collect in the mind unless the proper steps be taken to pre-

vent this accumulation, than it would take to collect and arrange the proper material. Often we hear men lamenting the fact that their imaginations have not had the proper training. They seat themselves to think on some subject, and behold a whole troop of little fiends come rushing through the mind. They seize, so to speak, and carry off every thought from his mind. There are times when, seated in the house of worship, the poor man tries his best to compose his mind and devoutly listen to the sermon of the man of God, but almost before the sermon begins the imagination is roving into forbidden paths. This can be remedied in a great measure. If the proper conditions are fulfilled, the imagination will take a happy turn, or *vice versa*. One of the most important conditions is the circumstances by which we are surrounded. If they be pleasant and happy, then the imagination will be likely to take a happy turn. If they be dark and depressive and gloomy, then we may expect the imagination to take the same turn.

Obviously, then, we may train the imagination by modifying the circumstances by which we are surrounded. Of course it must be admitted that most of the circumstances around us are beyond our control, but there are many which, by vigorous activity, we may so shape as to render ourselves happy and in a measure contented, thus giving the imagination a turn in a happy direction. A trip to any lunatic asylum will convince one fully of the great importance of cultivating the imagination so as to give it a turn in the proper channel. There every inmate is groping along through life, the victim of a misguided or abused imagination. All

of the remedies used for the restoration of these poor, deluded beings are either directly or indirectly applied to the imagination. They must be managed almost entirely by appealing to this faculty.

The time for the most effectual training of this faculty being in early youth, parents are in a large measure responsible for the turn the faculty takes. They may cause a child at a very early age to have an imagination that dwells on things bright and happy, or they may cause it to take just the opposite turn. The little toy, the arrangement of the clothing, the articles of clothing themselves, the furniture of the room, the tasteful arrangement of such furniture, the word of greeting, of comfort, of cheer, of consolation, of encouragement, the accent, the tone of voice, the smile of the countenance, the glance of the eye—all tend to produce a lasting effect on the little one either for good or for bad.

But some may say that the imagination is a gift of nature, and therefore cannot be cultivated. The same objection may be raised to cultivating any other gift of nature. Reasoning is a gift of nature, and yet all the schools and colleges and universities in the world were set up in order to train this faculty of the mind. But where is the school set apart for the training of the imagination? Then there is all the more reason that every household should be a school to train this faculty. Indeed, every individual should be a self-constituted teacher to so adjust, arrange, direct, and control circumstances as far as possible that they may tend to give the imagination a happy turn. Of course, imagination is not controlled entirely by outward circumstances. The subjective influence of

the will may and does influence it to a great extent. But only the favored few ever understand the power they may exert over the other faculties of the mind by means of the will. Not knowing this, they are incapable of using this motive force. There was just as much power in steam before Watts lived as at present, but people did not know of it, and consequently there was no use made of this power. Just so there may be an inesti-

mable power of will, but unless the possessor knows how to wield that power, it can accomplish no good. Then the burden of responsibility falls, after all, upon those who are educated. It is largely through the influence of educated men that the imagination of the masses must be purified, lifted up, and placed on a plane of higher and nobler existence.

ROB.

Remarks on Fiction.

"Tell me a story," says the little boy on his mother's knee. Anything, just so it contains riding or fighting, will satisfy the budding mind. Then, when his mother has told him his favorite story, it may be for the tenth time, he is quiet, and ready to go to bed and rest his tired little limbs. Thus is he educated to love "Fiction."

"Give me an exciting book of adventure," says the boy of fourteen. A book in which the hero is just his age, runs away from home and takes refuge in the forests. He sleeps under hay-stacks and rail fences, lives on roots and green persimmons, and shoots men and women with as little pity as we would wild beasts. "Young Hercules" finally gets caught and put in prison; but his good luck never fails him, so he files through his window-bars with a file he happens to have, and lets himself down by a rope made of towels, bed-clothes, and shoe-strings. Thus he makes innumerable hair-breadth escapes. He finally gets very rich, changes his wild manner of living, and gets married.

"Give me a new novel," says the young man of twenty summers. Here *two characters* are absolutely necessary—viz., a young man of twenty and a beautiful and accomplished young lady of eighteen, both of whom are desperately in love with each other. Perhaps the young man is very poor, but of course as handsome as Apollo. The parents of the young lady, for some unaccountable reason, oppose the marriage, and they are forced to elope; or she falls into the river and our hero saves her life, on account of which the obstinate parents are appeased, and allow them to be married, which is done with great pomp. And to cap the climax, the last words are, "They lived happily ever afterwards."

"Give me a book," says the manly voice of half a century. Does he mean any sort of a book? Ah, no! He wants one with some deeply-laid plot, some festering, blood-curdling secret of which the possessor cannot unburden himself. Strange and unaccountable things happen, a mysterious man appears in the dusky background of the story every now

and then, but disappears again so quickly that we have not time to make his acquaintance. Thus the story gets darker and more mysterious in every chapter, until in the last chapter, as the poor woman is on her death-bed, she confesses, to the astonishment of her present husband and his friends, that her first husband had been disposed of by her having him thrown in a well to die. But, horror of horrors, her former husband now rushes in and upbraids his wife for her unfaithfulness to him. *Now* we understand who that mysterious man was. He had scrambled out of the well and kept himself out of sight as much as possible, very much astonished, as well he might be. He had taken care to let his faithless wife know that he was alive, and thus she had been in constant terror that he would accuse her in public of her perfidy.

Of such are the popular books of the nineteenth century, and their readers are among every age and condition of life. But this is the dark side of the picture. Such fiction only degrades and corrupts the tastes. There is fiction, and would that all were as harmless, which in the right quantity and periodically *studied*,

is very helpful both in forming the tastes and also in encouraging a healthy appetite for other kinds of good reading. Who can read Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray without having their tastes refined and their better nature strengthened? And, in our own time also, who does not receive inward strength of purpose to resist sin and evil from reading the works of E. P. Roe, Mrs. Alcott, and others who might be mentioned? Would that all writers of fiction were of this class—writers who personify Virtue and lead her triumphantly through every temptation. Who also personify Evil, and show us the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Books that present characters to be imitated and also characters to be shunned, have a twofold benefit for the careful reader. They not only please, but also instruct, and at the same time beget in the reader a lively desire for the study of the characters around him. We are not only pleased by the externals, but go deeper, and receive a new and more lasting pleasure. We dip deep in the stream of literary pleasure, as it were, and gather not only what comes to the surface, but also the beautiful jewels from the bottom.

PICTON.

True Character Marks the Road to Greatness.

Man flourishes and fades as the tender leaf of the forest. The flower that blooms and withers in a day has no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that the world has ever known. Generations have appeared and disappeared as the grass; but of the vast multitudes that have taken their places in the buried

realms of the past, but few names are indelibly inscribed upon the imperishable tablets of memory.

In admiration of their achievements we stop and inquire, With what mysterious key did they unlock the gate to success? What never-failing guide-board pointed out the way? What hand

of fortune marked the road to the Temple of Greatness? From the truth of my subject comes the answer, True Character. This is indeed the foundation-stone upon which the whole superstructure of true greatness rests; for without it the soul's purer and higher motives are weakened in their powers to stimulate its possessor to nobler action.

The man who considers himself independent of physical, moral, and divine law, is a mean, miserable slave. Not a more pitiable being walks the earth than he who is a slave to evil habits and vile passions regardless of his character. Man may rise high in the scale of worldly renown, he may be truly a genius in the sphere of the intellectual, he may win for himself a crown of laurels; but unless his actions are prompted by pure motives emanating from a true character; unless he has a higher, more exalted aim than simply pleasing the fancy of the ideal world, the richest flower in his diadem of greatness will wither and fade, happiness exchanged for sorrow, and his once fair name stigmatized with guilt and shame.

Upon no more dangerous craft could a young man commence the voyage of life than that proposing to sail over calm and placid waters, borne on only by the gentle breeze of popularity, at the risk of wrecking his character, principle, and usefulness upon some hidden reef of human favor.

It may be pleasant to allow the mind to gaze upon the apparitions of fancy in the ideal world, or to erect shining castles in the air, or to muse in pleasant day-dreams; but in this day of intellectual activity, this world of reality and human possibility, Wisdom, seated upon

a lofty eminence in the grand temple of Reality, with her golden tresses floating on the breeze and her shining curls waving in the mellow sunbeams, weeps over the mournful results emanating from a character that has no higher, no grander aspiration than to dwell forever in the regions of fancy. She weeps over that character that has extinguished the true spark of aspiration in the flood of anticipated pleasure. She weeps over that character that would destroy true virtue by revelling amid the pride and vanity of the fashionable world. Yes, she weeps over that character that leads not to greatness of a purer type than that stamped with human applause.

Life without this treasure is vain. Man may cross the trackless sea, he may leave his enemies and country, his friends and his pleasure; he may wander far out upon the great ocean of life, away from home, away from sentiment, but *himself* he cannot leave: his character is his own inseparable companion.

Who, then, would not scorn that existence which is not nobler than an aimless drifting with the tide? He who would do it, and reach the goal of greatness, must place himself upon the platform of true principles, with a character to sustain them, and, like Socrates of old, die, if needs be, rather than renounce them. True, we are borne onward on the wings of time so rapidly that we scarcely catch a glimpse of earth, but delightful thought, our characters live on. Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry. Raikes is dead, but the Sunday schools live on. Bunyan is dead, but his bright

character still walks the earth in its Pilgrim's Progress, illuminating the pathway that leads to honor and to glory.

Then, since character marks the road to greatness, and since when man has taken his final draught on earth, immortality will hold him firm as when existence first began an immortal character throughout eternity, should not every soul be vivified and vitalized by principles of truth founded upon true charac-

ter? Then, truly, impulse and thought would be crystallized into heroic action, and our race ascend a plane of more delicious atmosphere than it has ever known.

"We ourselves shape the joys and fears,
Of which this life alone is made;
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade."

ORLINDO.

Over-Education.

Much of the literature of the present day consists of protests against real or imaginary evils. I wish to follow the fashion, and to offer an urgent remonstrance, based upon an observation of the pernicious effects which follow the tendency to develop the mind at the expense of the body.

In the first place, that this tendency exists, no one will deny. If any one objects to the proposition, I beg him to go with me into any first-class school for boys, an excellent establishment for young ladies, and to gather statistics showing the comparative physical soundness of the successful pupils, and those to whom the instructor never refers with satisfaction. Or let him make the rounds of a leading university, and, noting the number of those who possess capable physiques, let him see how many of these do the amount of work which their professors, or other constituted authorities, insist upon. He may not be impressed with a sense of the bodily degeneracy of the race—for, happily, the proportion of

students who lay the foundation of lifelong disorders by complying with the exorbitant demands of modern institutions of learning, is seldom greater than the proportion of those who do not comply; but he will be filled with amazement when he is brought face to face with so many cases of suicide which the newspapers never record.

The result of a careful and far-reaching induction of this kind must be as follows: That the boys or girls who most nearly fulfil the wishes of their instructors in regard to proficiency in their studies, and who win most applause from an admiring but deluded public, are precisely those who are most likely to enrich their family physicians,—either now or at a later period. On the other hand, those who attain no school or college honors, are not always physically strong and active; but, unless the grade of the institution be very low indeed for these days, it is safe to say that the physically active are almost always those who carry off no intellectual prizes. It is needless

to remind the student-reader of the many cases which he himself has witnessed of men or women who were afflicted with organic disorder, or with nervousness, or hypochondria, or a lack of healthy interest in current affairs,—not on account of heredity, nor voluntary disobedience of hygienic laws, nor dissipation (from which at least a certain quantity of transient pleasures can be expected), but only because they had striven to make phenomenal, or even moderate, progress in the line of mental work laid out for them by their teachers.

It will not do to say that the abnormal brain-tension involved in over-education is due to the increasing progressiveness of the age; that competition, the struggle for survival, is keener now than of old, and therefore more labor must be imposed upon the brain, which, however, is not shown to have gained in power. We may be sure that no such necessity for augmented effort will ever exist without a corresponding augmentation of the physical faculties of man to meet the want. The causes of the grievance must be sought elsewhere. It seems to me that one of the chief causes is the persistence, in a modified form, of the mediæval conception which regarded the body as a sort of clog to the soul; a conception to be seen at its height in the case of Porphyry, who lamented that he even possessed a body. In the popular religion of to-day this idea is perpetuated, and we need not wonder if we find it intruding into the sphere of education. How entirely such a view is at variance with the nature of man, the physiologist will testify. Recent science, establishing the close interdependence of mind and body, has made us aware that, in order to utilize

the maximum energy of the mind, bodily exercise of an interesting kind is indispensable. And yet young men and women who seclude themselves, devoting all their powers to intellectual, and none to physical development; who are rarely seen on the street, or at any place of amusement; who are not visibly affected by the important occurrences of the day, but appear to live continually in a sort of transcendental realm. These are too often regarded as having chosen the better path, and as purchasing every possible excellence at the price of a complete sacrifice of sensuous enjoyment.

Another very powerful cause of over-education is the vanity of parents. It must be admitted that the motive which prompts a parent to point with pride to a son or daughter for the sole reason that he or she has surpassed others in an examination, or has successfully prosecuted an unusually large number of branches, or has gotten through with a course of study unusually soon, is rare among judicious and well-educated persons; still, it is, on the whole, a very prevalent motive, and it reacts upon the curricula of our schools and colleges in such a way as greatly to intensify the destructive process of brain-forcing. The teacher perceives the desire of the parent that this particular pupil shall be *monstratus digito*; he caters to this desire by increasing the amount of work required until the pupil is conspicuous, not only for mental achievement, but still more for physical inferiority; it is not too much to say that we then see realized the ideal of the average pedagogue.

The vanity or the avarice of teachers also plays a prominent part; in preparing a boy or girl for college, the teacher, as I

have often observed, is led to strain the powers of the pupil by the hope that he or she will make a brilliant show in the university; such brilliant show tending, obviously enough, to induce others to patronize the school from which so remarkable a phenomenon of learning has issued. This hope, on the other hand, can hardly be charged against the college professors; for the students whom they send forth to the world with bodies enfeebled by excessive brain-work can reflect no credit upon them; they only reveal the fact that, because of the mistaken views of life held by the professors, the energies of many lives were made worthless.

In every university the science and art of education should be taught as a distinct subject. In that which I have the pleasure to attend, it is so taught; and any one coming from an institution in which this matter is wholly neglected cannot fail to perceive the great importance, the wonderful suggestiveness of the lectures; the eminent philosopher who delivers them is at the same time a practical man; he sets forth the history of education, its purposes, its needs, but above all its limits and its subordination to physical perfection—a subordination which perhaps not one American man of learning in ten would acknowledge today. Yet we have only to go back to the Greeks if we would find this idea flourishing and bearing abundant fruit. The statement that the political and artistic superiority of the Greeks was the immediate result of their minute and ceaseless care for bodily development seems almost a truism. We know of a certainty, so far as we can calculate cause and effect, that the former would not

have existed had it not been for the latter. But how little effort is made to review the conditions which rendered that glorious physical life possible to them, not only in isolated cases, but as a nation, and which it is fair to suppose would confer on us a part of their light and joyous temperament as well as those national advantages which they are so well known to have derived from their excellence in gymnastic exercises.

Perhaps the apprehension of their close relationship of body to mind was due to their firm grasp of this other fact—that the energies of mankind ought never to be directed towards any goal which makes happiness a subordinate consideration. This is a truth which the modern intellect tends to ignore; except with philanthropists, pure happiness does not enter as an important motive into the world-projects of men of genius. Pessimism becomes prevalent, because there is no attempt to obtain for each member of the nation a physical life as nearly perfect as may be. As in the case of Carlyle, talent is perverted into unnatural channels, because its possessor enters upon life unequipped with the *sine qua non* of effective and profitable work, viz., a bodily organism which has suffered so little injury that it will preclude a morbid self-consciousness and permit a calm and critical view of external facts. The great end of enjoyment is postponed to other irrelevant ends which bring no enjoyment when they are attained; and the result is boundless suffering and a low conception of the possibilities of life imparted to posterity.

It is not to be denied that there are many for whom poverty makes a healthy physical development impossible. I know

of nothing more saddening than a stroll through some of the streets of a great city like New York, if one observes carefully the wretched specimens of manhood and womanhood—nay, of boyhood and girlhood—which meet him on all sides. The shambling gait, the hollow chest, the faded complexion, the listless look, the *tout ensemble* of joylessness and lassitude—what pity these inspire, when one considers how much delight can spring from the mere possession of a perfect body. To the eye of the æsthetic beholder, this physical degradation is indescribably painful; but it is more than this, it is the direct cause of numberless suicides and other crimes induced by an unwholesome discontent and craving for that excitement which absolute health bestows of itself. The remedy for it would also be the remedy for poverty, inasmuch as it is from poverty that the state of things to which I have alluded proceeds. Let one, however, reflect upon the physical conditions which exist at present in education, and it will be very evident that what Fate, in the guise of Poverty, is doing for one section of mankind in the slums of the large cities, we ourselves with our eyes nominally open, and with plenty of resources at our command, are doing for another section at our schools and universities. The signs of bodily inferiority noted above are to be found here as well as there; the difference is that while among the poor the existence of these signs is unavoidable, at the supposed centres of civilization known as schools and colleges it is criminal.

If it is objected that a highly-developed intellect and a highly-developed physique are seldom seen in conjunction, I reply that this is owing to the noxious

and hasty processes which are commonly employed for the development of the intellect. An immense amount of physical energy might be saved, with the same amount of mental improvement which we see imparted by our schools. And if any one should still contend that the maximum development of mind and body at the same time is impossible, I would quote to him some words which I recently heard from the lips of a professor of hygiene: "Education confers many inestimable advantages; but if it is bought at the expense of red blood and living marrow, it is bought too dearly." What shall it profit a man if he gain an unlimited expanse of mental territory, and lose the capacity to enjoy?

Herbert Spenser in his suggestive essay on "Education" has some valuable advice on the subject of physical growth which all who are interested in the accomplishment of this vast reform would do well to read. He gives a synopsis of the systems of teaching practiced in the fashionable schools which he has observed, and comments severely on the exceedingly subordinate place which they assign to sports and other modes of exercise. He pronounces the hurrying, cramming, superficial method so common at the present period hurtful to the normal working of the brain-functions. He especially deprecates the folly of the higher education of women, when it tends, as it often does, to unfit them for the duties of maternity, and to render them not attractive, but repulsive in the eyes of the other sex by reason of the physical repression which it entails; referring at the same time to the vague ideas entertained by parents and teachers as to the re-action of the mental on the physical

energies. He himself, since he wrote this essay, has furnished a conspicuous example of the evil effects of that too arduous application which he combats; failing health has forced him to discontinue his labors, and to pay dearly for excesses which demand payment as inevitably as the excesses of what we are wont to call intemperance.

Only a few months ago, a paper appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which the most eminent American authority on nervous diseases, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, of New York, expressed his conviction that a large proportion of the maladies met with by the medical men in his department are to be ascribed entirely to over-education. A statement of this kind is worth a great deal of theorizing; it forces the educators of our country to acknowledge themselves responsible for many injuries. When details are added, and pitiable cases of nervous ailments are faithfully described, it is impossible for teachers and parents to evade the issue by taking refuge in any predilections whatsoever. Similar testimony from other celebrated members of the medical profession is not wanting.

To enumerate some of the conditions which it seems to me ought to exist in a well-appointed school or university:

First. No system of examinations should be adhered to which encourages what is commonly known as "cramming;" the mental strain of such an examination is out of all proportion to the benefit which attends the system; even in cases of good physique the nerves are weakened by preparation for such a test, and where the student was not naturally robust, I have known the most serious consequences to follow; the strong and

protracted excitement which is entailed is infinitely detrimental to the growing brain-tissue. The knowledge thus acquired is notoriously evanescent. These examinations are strongly suggestive of the Spanish Inquisition—except that then the body alone was tortured, not the mind; the ordeal is often not less absurd and harmful than we know the others to have been. That it is impossible, as some allege, to replace the now-prevailing system of school and college examinations by a different system which shall be equally effective and at the same time hygienically rational, is highly improbable: yet even if we should grant this impossibility, we should not be therefore warranted in continuing the present process by which hundreds of excellent constitutions are murdered annually; the only sane course would be to abolish examinations altogether.

Second. Whereas most of our educators of the present day place a premium on precocity, this is to be repressed, just as any abnormal phenomenon of the body would be combated by the skilful physician. No one needs to be reminded that a precocious exercise of the mind, like a precocious exercise of certain functions of the body, leads in a large majority of cases to premature collapse of both mental and bodily powers; and yet there is scarcely any one who does not applaud and encourage the manifestations and the labors of an unusually early genius. The sin of thus raping the brain, as it were, before it has reached puberty, is to be ascribed chiefly to the inordinate ambition of parents.

Third. The system of honors to which most schools and colleges adhere should not be distorted, as it commonly is, so as

to make the honor seem of greater worth than the thoroughly digested and systematized knowledge for which it is meant to be a reward. For this reason I have often thought that school-prizes ought to be abolished. The original purpose for which they were employed was the utilization of the sentiment of rivalry, for the ends of sound learning; but as matters stand now, the motive which prompts a boy or girl to strive for a prize is nothing more than the desire for praise, and in this the pupil, of course, suffers the bad influence of older persons, who fancy that a triumph of this kind, on the part of their children, sheds unlimited lustre on themselves. When this disadvantage is considered, it seems almost impossible to make the prize-system a profitable one as viewed from the standpoint of a liberal-minded educator.

Fourth. Physical exercise should be indulged in for at least two hours each day, and in a systematic manner. If it is not practicable for the students to engage in out-door games, or to ride or row regularly (and most of these things can be made practicable with slight trouble), gymnastic training, by a competent teacher, should be substituted. I do not know of any preparatory school, in this country, where a regular teacher of gymnastics is employed—as if, forsooth, the foundation of a successful life were less important than the superstructure! Lack of funds may oftentimes be the cause of this neglect; if so, then I maintain, that, if one must be dispensed with, a teacher for the body is far more essential than a teacher for the mind. We ought to act upon the old Greek idea, and seek to mentalize the body, to make it the expression of noble intellectual and

moral qualities. There is no learned professor, even the most withered, to whom the sight of an exceedingly handsome person is not in some degree gratifying—a reminiscence, it may be, of a gloriously active youth; yet how many professors busy themselves with endeavors to make this whole world abound with beautiful men and women? Many of them would scoff at the idea; yet they themselves derive some pleasure, and persons of an artistic temperament the very keenest delight, from the mere proximity of human forms developed according to the laws of beauty, which are the laws of nature. These remarks will doubtless seem due to poetic enthusiasm; I think they embody that kind of poetry which is in harmony with the truest science.

Fifth. It may be laid down as a general maxim that whenever doubt arises from a seeming conflict between the claims of mind-development and body-development, the benefit of the doubt should be given to the latter; for example, it is often a matter of uncertainty with teachers how much sleep a boy or girl requires; in such a case the opinions of competent medical men should be preferred to all other considerations. It cannot be too often repeated that a perfect physique is rendered more valuable by education, but education is absolutely valueless without at least a moderately good physique.

In conclusion, from whatever causes the evil of too much education proceeds—and some of them are certainly obscure and not generally felt—it is quite evident that the evil is not a fanciful one (since very many cases of ill-health and defective physique are directly traceable to our

over-study alone), and also that a decided change in public opinion would go far toward supplying the remedy. For it is to public opinion, after all, that the schools and colleges must conform; and if the majority of the people can be made to feel that an increased attention to physical, and a decreased attention to mental needs will be more in accord with the happiness and harmonious development of their children, we may rest assured that a reform of educational methods will follow; that the curricula of the leading educational institutions will become less extensive, more intensive, less directed towards the attainment of omniscience, more directed towards agreement with

the laws of bodily and mental digestion. Much remains to be done for the enlightenment of the popular mind on this topic. Few persons have hitherto devoted themselves to a discriminating study of education, and the diffusion of just views in regard to the importance of physique as connected with it. The subject is just beginning to be deeply investigated by the moderns; let us hope that the next half century will witness the inauguration of a new *regime*, more in keeping with that end which the wise men of all ages have regarded as the true end of life—the greatest happiness combined with the greatest morality.—*Johns Hopkins University.*

Success.

There probably was never a time in the world's history when success in any profession or business demanded more incessant or harder labor than now. A single stride no longer carries one to eminence. Dogged perseverance and continual hammering with sturdy and vigorous blows are necessary to beat out a place in the world. Many qualities are essential to success, but none more so than a deep and burning enthusiasm—a firm faith in one's calling and in one's-self. Too many fail because they do not put heart into their work; weak-kneed and devoid of energy, they shuffle through life, miserable specimens of insufficient mediocrity. It is not those cradled in luxury, smiled upon by fortune, who make the men of the world, but rather those who, trained by adversity, face unflinchingly the tempests and trials of life

and by long and hard experience, "learn to labor and to wait." The school of adversity graduates the ablest pupils, and the hill of difficulty is the best of all constitutionals for the strengthening of mental backbone. Oneness of aim, concentration of purpose, untiring energy, burning enthusiasm—all these are essential to success. It is a mistaken idea that men are born great; the life of every truly great man has been one of intense and incessant labor. He has commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility, overlooked, mistaken, contemned by weaker men, thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within him which told him that he should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. Then after years of toil and hardship and he has gained the pinnacle

of success, and bursts out into the light of public gaze rich with the spoils of time and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind, it is then that the people call him "a miracle of genius." Yes, he is a "miracle of genius," because he is a miracle of labor, because instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds, because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced. So eminence in any vocation of life is attended with many trials and failures. "The race by vigor, not by vaunt, is won." Every one should set before himself distinctly the "great object of life." Without this, he is a noble ship freighted with a precious cargo, every mast, spar, rope and sail prepared for a voyage, yet, with no helm or compass, drifting aimlessly about the ocean, at the mercy of the wind and waves, soon to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of time. A grand object is needed to prevent waste of one's life, to give unity and concentration to one's efforts. The right object is essential to insure true success, to place in due subordination all inferior claims and to make all things work harmoniously toward the noble end. Man was made for some great purpose. To suppose otherwise is a reflection on the wisdom of his Creator. Man is His noblest work on earth. All nature was created and arranged to minister to him. This vast planet, "a star-domed chariot rolling through infinite space, curtained with clouds, carpeted with flowers," with its continents and oceans, its mountains, valleys and plains, its wonderful variety of animal and vegetable life, has been

through all past ages gradually prepared by God for man. It is not therefore conceivable that a being thus honored and exalted, a being made in the image of his Creator, "a little lower than the angels" themselves, should have been placed here by the Almighty, with the numerous advantages which surround him and not to be expected to devote his whole energy, to persevere unceasingly toward success in some particular business or profession. Success does not depend upon circumstances but upon the man who realizes that he has just the same opportunities, just the same advantages, as the generality of mankind, and who, by his untiring energies and untiring efforts to overcome whatever obstacles there may be in his pathway, finally gains that for which he is striving. History informs us that Demosthenes had an impediment in his speech, yet he, by his persistent efforts, overcame this affliction, and his eloquence echoed and re-echoed from one end to the other of the then known world. What was there in the circumstances of John Milton to make him great? Shut out from the light of heaven by blindness, yet seeing brighter things than we shall ever see while upon this earth. Most of us, situated as he was, would have been glad to earn the means of our subsistence in whatever manner we could, but Milton has thrown a glory over his age, nation, and language which cannot be impaired as long as the world lasts. John Bunyan, when cast into a prison where the rays of God's sunshine crept timidly between the prison bars as if afraid they would discover some unknown crime, was able to write a book whose influence will be felt centuries after we are dead

and forgotten. So we see that we ought not to allow any circumstance to hinder us in our progress toward whatever we may have in view. We may expect every day of our lives to have some difficulty confronting us, but with each one that we

master, we shall be stronger to attack the next.

“Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.”

SAMO.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE BOOMERANG.—Several German observers have been studying the boomerang for the discovery of the secret of its course of flight. Dr. H. Landois, of Munster, from intercourse with a group of native Australians, who were exhibited there, has found that there are larger and smaller boomerangs. The larger ones are slender crescents, about sixty centimeters long, five and a half centimeters wide, and one centimeter thick; plane on the lower side, convex on the upper side, pointed at either end, and sharpened towards the edges. The lower end is cross-grooved to aid in holding it. The careful manner in which the savages manipulated the weapon, trying its shape, testing its qualities, and scraping it down, is significant of the importance they attach to its having exactly the right curvature. The wood of which the instrument is made is an extraordinarily heavy Australian ironwood; and the only tools used in making it are sharp stones and pieces of glass. The smaller boomerangs are bent at an angle of forty-five degrees, but are in other respects conformed to the larger ones. An exhibition of boomerang throwing revealed a degree of strength in the natives which was an astonishing contrast with the thinness

of their forms. They took the weapon in their right hand, with the flat side downward and the concave side forward, and with a run and a shout threw it by a short jerk about one hundred yards up into the air. It flew away in a straight line, then turned to the left, and returned in a curved line back to the thrower, whirling around continually and whizzing unpleasantly. The curve which the weapon describes in its return is not a screw-line or a spiral, but is more like a figure 8. The savages seemed able to control their instrument, even when wind interfered to complicate the course.

Once the projectile went astray, and, coming in contact with a gentleman's hat, cut it off as cleanly as a razor would have done. Herr Herman Froebel, of Weimer, who seems to be a manufacturer of toy boomerangs, as he speaks of having made eleven thousand specimens of the article, believes he has discovered the mystery of its shape. It is not a crescent or even curvature, but must have a kind of nick or sharper curvature in the middle, with the two arms of unequal length, in the proportion of about four to five. The arms should not be of the same thickness, but the longer one should be pared down so as exactly to balance

the shorter one. The correctness of these principles may be verified by adding a very little to the weight of either arm, or by slightly shortening the longer one. The instrument will then no longer answer its peculiar purpose any better than if it were a common stock. The peculiarity of the motion of the boomerang is due to the difference in length of the arms, by the operation of which a divergence from the circular is imparted to its curve of rotation. The remarkable feature of the whole matter is that such savages as the Australians should have been able to discover the peculiar features of this form and apply them. The fact shows what extraordinary powers of observation the people of nature possess. The attempts to give a philosophical explanation of the trajectory of the boomerang variously compare it with the caroming of a billiard-ball, the sailing of a piece of paper or card-board in the air, and the flight of birds.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

GREAT GUNS, AND GUNMAKERS.—The New York *World* gives the following article, from which we gain some idea of the immensity of the Krupp Works, at Essen, Germany :

“One of the most curious features of the great Krupp Works at Essen, Germany, is the monster steam hammer which bears the name of ‘Unser Fritz.’ It is nearly two hundred feet high, and the hammer, which weighs one thousand tons, falls on a block of metal weighing no less than 20,000 tons. It has a steam engine of its own. On one of the cross-pieces may be seen the following inscription in large gilt letters: ‘Fritz, nur immer d’ruff!’ (Let her go, Fritz.) It commemorates a

visit of the Emperor in 1877. Mr. Krupp presented the mechanic in charge of the hammer to the Kaiser, and stated that his skill was so great that he could bring down the enormous mass of metal on the most delicate and fragile object without breaking it. The Emperor thereupon drew his watch from his pocket and placed it under the hammer. The man hesitated for a moment, whereupon the Kaiser, with a view of encouraging him, exclaimed, ‘Nur immer d’ruff, Fritz.’ The experiment succeeded, and the Emperor presented the watch in question to the man as a reward for his skill. All access to the Krupp gun-works by strangers is strictly forbidden, and even when foreign royalties visit Mr. Krupp’s domains their aide-de-camps and gentlemen in attendance are not allowed to accompany them. When completed, the smaller guns are experimented with in a wonderful underground tunnel to insure secrecy. Every three months the heavy wooded framework supporting the roof and sides of the tunnel have to be renewed, so great is the effect of the concussion of air. The great guns are tried in an immense inclosed space at Dammeh, which is over seven kilometers long. The Krupps employ a force of 25,000 workmen, and beside the immense establishment at Essen, own works at Newied and Sage in Germany, and enormous iron mines at Bilboa in Spain. The firm possesses, moreover, four large and splendid steamships, twenty-nine locomotive engines, eighty miles of railway, ninety miles of telegraph, 880 railway cars, 439 steam boilers, 450 steam engines, supplying a total of 19,000 horse power, and which consume daily 3100 tons of coal and coke. It may be

added that no gun ordered by a foreign government leaves the establishment without the express permission of the German government."

PROOFS OF GUILT IN FORMER AGES.

The origin of the peculiar custom of making persons suspected of murder touch the murdered body for the discovery of their guilt or innocence is interesting. This method of finding out murder was practiced in Denmark by King Christian II. The story goes that it arose in the following manner: Certain gentlemen being one evening together in a town fell out among themselves, and during the fight one of them was stabbed with a poniard. By reason of the large number the murderer was unknown, although the person stabbed, before death, accused a certain pursuivant, who was one of the company. The King, in order to find out the homicide, caused them all to come together, and standing around the dead body, he commanded that they should one after another lay their hands on the dead man's naked breast, swearing that they had not killed him. The gentlemen did so, and no sign appeared against them. The pursuivant alone remained, who, condemned before in his own conscience, went first and kissed the dead man's feet; but as soon as he laid his hands on his breast the blood, we are told, gushed forth from his wound. So urged by this evident accusation he confessed the murder, and was by the King's own sentence immediately beheaded. The elder Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, gives several examples of these "ordeals," as they were called, such as walking blinded amidst burning ploughshares; passing through fires;

holding in the hand a red-hot bar; and plunging the arm into boiling water. It is said that the common affirmation, "I will go through fire and water for my friend," was in all probability derived from this custom. Those accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece of barley bread on which the mass had been said, which if they could not swallow, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the bread a slice of cheese, and such was the credulity that they were very particular in this holy bread and cheese. The bread was made of unleavened barley, and the cheese of ewes' milk in the month of May.

It is said that fossils in mountains undergo great deformation by the heavy pressure to which the rocks are subjected, and by this Agassiz was misled when he distributed the fossil fish into eighty distinct species; when in fact many of these species were identical, but deformed so that they appeared different.

The celebrated Pasteur has been made a baron by the Emperor of Austria.

The French, British, and American Associations for the Advancement of Science held meetings during the year.

A committee of distinguished English physicians and biologists have reported confidence in Pasteur's method of treating hydrophobia.

The International Medical Congress met at Washington in September, and the Congress of the International Astronomical Society was held at Kiel, August 29th.

LOCALS.

Examinations

Have all now gone past,
Yet heads are swimming
And eyes are downcast.

The thought that I've flunked
Is so depressing,
That neglect of duty
Needs no confessing.

I thought I could cram
And get through all right,
But I was mistaken,
For just see my plight.

So I borrowed a "horse"
And thought I'd ride through,
But it was no use,
For it threw me too.

How sad is the thought
There's no *dip*. for me,
When every one else
So happy will be.

I'm going to work
Right hard from now on,
Midnight shall catch me
And so shall the morn.

I'll work my poor brain
As never before,
And on monthly marks
Ninety-five I'll score.

The games I'll give up
And "calico" too,
Unless I do that
Little studying I'll do.

Poetry also

I must let alone,
It takes too much time,
And then's poorly done.

So you can just bet
I'll be well prepared
For all the finals,
No matter how hard.

Say, J., that's a corduroy collar, you have on, ain't it "?"

English Class.—Prof.: "Mr. H., what is woman?"

Mr. H.: "Oh, it is simply 'wo' added on to 'man.'"

Mr. M. (seeing two of the students boxing): "J. certainly does *spare* well, don't he?"

Mr. M. (Sen. Lat. man), after spending three hours on a lesson, happily remarked: "Boys, there ain't much of this lesson I can read, but I've got this last sentence down fine. 'Da operam ut valeas.' I know that means, 'Do the work well.'"

Rev. C. A. Stakely, formerly of Charleston, S. C., but now of Washington, D. C., has been elected Final Orator for the Literary Societies and has accepted. Mr. Stakely is very widely known as an orator, and will, without doubt, make us an excellent speech on that occasion.

Philosophy Class.—Prof.: "Mr. Q. what faculty could you best dispense with, sir?"

Mr. Q. (on back bench): "College Faculty, sir."

Prof. of Latin: "Mr. R., can you compare *parvus*?"

Mr. R.: "Yes, sir; I know that. '*Parvus, pluribus.*'"

When Mr. S. was clumsily cutting some capers on the horizontal bar in the gymnasium, his hands slipped and the *wall* stopped him from going any far-

ther. His consoling reflection was, "As soon as I let go I knew I was gone."

The following constitute the Final Committee for this session: H. R. Hundley, chairman, W. W. Thomas, J. R. Long, W. B. McGarity, W. E. Farrer, B. B. Robinson, F. C. Johnson, A. M. Carroll, S. S. Handey, Stuart McGuire, R. K. Cravens, T. A. Woodson.

A banquet was expected to be had at the opening of the new Club House, and, in fact, arrangements were being made for it, but on account of "sickness in the family," it failed to come off. We hope, however, that something on that order will take place before the close of the session.

At the regular business meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, held on the first Saturday night in January, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: A. M. Carroll, President; H. F. Williams, Vice-President; C. T. Kincannon, Recording Secretary; T. J. Simms, Corresponding Secretary, and E. L. Flippo, Treasurer. The following committees have been appointed by the president to act for the rest of the session: On Membership—J. M. Wilbur, E. E. Dudley, J. D. Martin. On General Religious Work—W. A. Borum, H. F. Williams and T. J. Simms. On Devotional Exercises—F. C. Johnson, W. C. James, J. R. Long. Missionary Committee—W. H. J. Parker, J. E. Jones and R. P. Rixey.

We are glad to announce that in this number of the *Messenger* we have a department devoted entirely to the Y. M. C. A. We hope that we may be able to continue to have it. Our Y. M. C. A.,

as those in other colleges, should be represented in our college paper. It will increase the interest not only of the students, but also of outsiders in our organization.

At the first regular meeting in January, the election of officers was held in the literary societies. The following were elected for the ensuing term:

Philologist Society—President, J. T. Noell; Final Orator, W. C. James; Vice-President, A. M. Carroll; Recording Secretary, S. T. Dickinson; Corresponding Secretary, T. J. Cobb; Treasurer, H. R. Hundley; Critic, A. J. Ramsey; Censor, Garnett Ryland; Chaplain, E. M. Whitlock; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. L. Lacy; Board of Managers—C. R. Cruikshanks, J. M. Morris; Monthly Orator, J. J. Wicker.

Mu Sigma Rho Society—President, M. A. Coles; Final Orator, H. W. Straley; Vice-President, F. C. Johnson; Recording Secretary, B. B. Robinson; Corresponding Secretary, W. B. James; Treasurer, S. A. Long; Critic, W. O. Carver; Censor, E. H. Gibson; Chaplain, C. E. Saunders; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. K. Irby; Hall Manager, E. F. Dillard; Monthly Orator, R. K. Cravens.

We have been very fortunate in Biblical Lectures since our last issue. On Thursday, the 19th of January, Rev. John H. Eager, missionary to Italy, delivered a lecture on "Rome, Ancient and Modern." It was very fine indeed, and increased our knowledge of the city to a very great extent, changing our ideas of its size, greatness and grandeur. On Tuesday night, the 24th of the same month, Rev. Dr. Gwin, of Kentucky, lectured on "Bigotry." He handled his

subject well, showing who were the true bigots in our days. On Monday night, the 30th, Rev. F. R. Scully, Ph. D., formerly a Catholic priest, but now pastor of a Baptist church in Pittsburg, Penn., lectured to us on "Romanism." He pictured the rottenness of the Church in true colors, showing the wickedness of the priests and the blindness of the people to their faults.

On Thursday, the 26th of January, about 3:10 P. M., there was witnessed a sight which has been very frequent in former years, but has not been seen at all this session. This was the gathering of the boys, this time to the new Club House to partake of their usual 3:10 P. M. meal. Yes, what was formerly designated as the mess hall, but now styled the Club House, was at last completed, and the boys who had all the session taken their meals in the former Greek lecture-room were now entering it for the first time. The dining hall is very attractive with its stained-glass transoms and paneled ceiling, and every one seemed, from the way they picked their teeth and smacked their lips, after finishing, to be very much pleased with the change from Attic surroundings to the excellent quarters prepared for them. A plank walk—just think of it, boys—has been laid from the side entrance of the Club House to the main walk, if we may call it so. We are glad to see the Committee on Grounds and Buildings have begun "to mend their ways," and hope they will "let the good work go on."

The building is very handsome, presenting an imposing appearance to those looking at it from all directions. It

would be rendered doubly attractive, however, and draw more eyes to it if, instead of the blank faces which we now see in the handsome tower, were seen the four intelligent faces of a clock, pointing out the time to the weary passer-by and telling the student how long he must wait before the tintinabulations of the dinner-bell.

The dining hall is on the second floor. The basement furnishes coal cellars, well-arranged bath-rooms, supplied with both hot and cold water, and last, but best of all, an excellent gymnasium of eight feet pitch in one part, sixteen in the rest. There is possibly only one objection to it, and that is that it is a little too small, but we have the consolation of knowing that if it proves to be so by the interest which the students take in it, it will be enlarged. It is well fixed up with parallel bars, rings, ladders, &c.

Besides this quite a large quantity of new apparatus has been gotten in the shape of chest-expanders, Indian clubs and dumb bells. The walls are lined with a large number of these, so that we will be able to form a class in Indian club and dumb bell exercises. We think the forming of classes for such purposes will be very profitable, and hope that many will go into them. More general interest is manifested in the gymnasium than ever before, and we hope that before the session closes we may have a field day of athletic sports, not only in gymnasium exercises, but also in the different games. It is a thing in which every student should take an interest, and in which we hope there will be a great revival of interest after the intermediate examinations are over.

OUR LETTER BOX.

OUR LETTER BOX.

[Address all communications to LETTER-BOX, Richmond College.]

"*Alpha.*"—We send you a reply to your query by mail.

"*Brother Gardner.*"—Excuse us from sitting in judgment on the case of Giveadam Jones. We have no doubt that the genius of your wise administration will meet the emergency without our aid.

"*Old Student.*"—Hotel de F. is decomposited. A deed of assignment (of boarders) was made February 1st to Hotel de V. and the Club.

"*Gertrude.*"—Your satire upon this "age of Pompadours" is worthy of your skilled pen, but at present we cannot publish it. We cannot refrain from quoting, however, your closing words :

As though some glaring green-eyed monster
Who from his black form terror sends
Hath made the hairs of this poor Pompey
Stand upon their very ends.

"*Yale Student.*"—O yes, we have quite a number of athletes among the students. Their wonderful skill and physical development has been gained from the sport (!) of croquet and toting girls up seven flights of stairs to the tower. Some of the sickliest looking fellows we have can tote a hundred and forty pounds to the summit of those heights without losing breath, and can handle a croquet mallet, provided they wear gloves, as easily as if it were only a Vulcan's hammer.

"*Progress.*"—We do not know that there has been any movement on the part of the students to get suits for the new

gymnasium. We think there are a few who will be able to get as much toward such an outfit as a pair of stockings. It looks to us as though some of them might cut an inch or two from the legs of some of the pants they wear about here and make knee breeches of them for this object.

A student in Sawyer College writes to the "*Letter-Box*" for the poem running thus :

"Come, thou best of classic ponies—
Ride thou, best of classic ponies,
Ride me through this ancient lore."

Can any one help us to furnish this information?

"*Student '86-7.*"—"The Club House" is the name for that institution you used to know as the Mess Hall. Perhaps on another page our Local Editor has told you something about our new building and new administration. Much of interest, particularly to old students, might be said about it.

"*Alumnus.*"—We can hardly suggest for you a name for your little boy. We have a large number of boys here, but none with especially attractive given names that we know of. Richmond College will be especially honored, however, if you and the proud young mother can settle on any one of the following : Muff, Pete, Buck, Crook, Jumb., Sok, Pus, Trickey, or Quum. Some of these may be nick-names, but perhaps some one may serve your purpose. Give the boy the rich heritage of one of these classic names, instead of making him drag through life a John, or a Joe, or a Robert.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

For some time our Association has felt the need of an organ, by means of which we might establish communication with our sister college associations.

In a work like this, where all the interest is of a *local* nature, the *best* results are never reached; the work is likely to drag. Not so, however, when we feel that we can touch elbows with our neighboring college associations, for then we can feel the thrill of a new life running through our veins, and then, too, the spirit of emulation is stirred within us to equal their zeal in winning souls. For this reason it has been decided to reserve a space in our *Messenger* each month for jottings from our Association.

At our January meeting, it being the regular night for the election of officers, the following young men were elected: A. M. Carroll, president; H. F. Williams, vice-president; C. T. Kincannon, secretary; O. L. Flippo, treasurer. In the selection of these brethren we were peculiarly fortunate, and it is thought that our Association has before it a prospect of usefulness.

Our Association has a prayer meeting every Thursday night, conducted by some student, with an average attendance of about sixty. Also a consecration service each Sunday morning from 7:30 to 8:00. The attendance at this service is not so large, we regret to say; but we hope to be able to say better things in our next. Once a month, instead of our regular prayer meeting, we have a "missionary meeting," and our plan is to have a talk, commonly by a student, on some

foreign field of labor, in order that interest might be more thoroughly awakened, and at the close comes the inevitable collection.

At our Thursday night meeting two weeks since, we had the pleasure of having with us two brethren whom we love—Rev. Jno. H. Eager, missionary to Rome, Italy, and Bro. H. O. Williams, our State Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Bro. Eager gave us a most interesting and instructive talk on his work in that land of culture and refinement, and yet a land *so* dark, owing to that papal cloud that hangs loweringly about it.

Then Bro. Williams told us of the growth of the Y. M. C. A. in foreign lands, and of the importance of raising the funds to send a man to Turkey for the purpose of organizing new associations and strengthening those already organized. We are glad that the Virginia College Associations are making this effort, and we trust that our Association will not be behind in helping forward this noble undertaking.

At our last meeting we had Rev. Dr. Landrum, pastor of the Second Baptist church, to address the students on missions. The address was very instructive and interesting, being principally devoted to naming the qualifications of missionaries that would have success in winning souls in heathen lands.

The State Convention is almost upon us, and we are looking around for earnest Christian boys that will go and come back to us filled with love and enthusiasm for the Master's work, and that will

put new life into the work of our Association.

We feel that one great drawback to the success of our Association in the college is due to the fact that we have been putting our best efforts on our outside work, such as having a Sunday school at the penitentiary, a service at the city almshouse, &c., when we ought to have as our prime object the salvation of the uncon-

verted young men in our college. Not that we should cease or even *diminish* our labors at these places, but we should do more round about us than we have been doing. This impression seems to be prevailing among our boys, and will doubtless be productive of much good in our local work.

We trust to have the pleasure of greeting all the representatives of our sister associations at our coming convention.

PERSONALS.

HYMENEAL.—We extend our congratulations to J. G. Paty, B. A., '86, (now the popular young professor of Natural Science, Purefountain College, Tenn.) who led to the altar, on January 3d, 1888, one of our State's fairest daughters, Miss Laura Crumpler, of Franklin, Va.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."

S. S. Pritchard, '84-5, is now engaged in the mercantile broker business in Wilmington, N. C.

J. M. Coleman, 1884-'5, is now the pastor of two flourishing churches, Hopewell and Emeas, in New Kent county, Va.

J. S. Jones, 1886-'7, is very largely engaged in the production of tobacco, one of Virginia's chief sources of wealth, on his plantations in Pittsylvania county, Va.

Robt. A. Wilbur, 1886-'7, who has been attending the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, will appear in March as a full-fledged D. D. S. We wish him success in his work.

EXCHANGES

The *Indiana Student*, in its article on the "Tendencies of Modern Immigration," deals with the subject forcibly and convincingly. The argument is forcibly developed chiefly under the two captions (a) Growth of Modern Socialism, (b) Decline of National Spirit. He deduces

from the first the serious conflicts between capital and labor and all other internal governmental troubles, and proves that these hordes of foreigners flooding our country are poisoning and paralyzing the social life of our country. The argument under the second caption was not

so skilfully handled ; but taken all in all, it was a production of much merit.

The *University Magazine* (November issue) contains an article obtained from Johns Hopkins University. From the general nature of the article it must have been prepared by one thoroughly acquainted not only with his theme, but also with everything bearing in that direction—namely, “Over-Education.” He points out with great clearness and force of argument the fallacies of the present collegiate system of education. He denounces in forcible terms the neglect of the physical man, which students in some of our colleges are compelled to neglect on account of overwork mentally. He claims that a large percentage of students annually dwarf their bodies and ruin prospects for life by excessive labor imposed by exacting professors. He denounces the vile and pernicious system of “cramming,” by which students are made to swallow, unchewed, whole books, systems, and languages in order to pass examinations. He asserts that it is an absolute and often fatal injury to both mental and physical organisms; the professor, in requiring such exertions and such nonsense, is killing the student, and the student, in doing the work, is acting very foolish and unwise. The article is not only well worth the reading, but also contains much valuable advice which should be strictly heeded in the student’s every-day life.

We clip the following paragraph from the Springfield (Mass.) *Farm and Fireside*, a paper which every farmer would do well to have in his family. In our mind, it embodies within itself sentiments of the loftiest patriotism and car-

nest devotion to the whole country, combined with a spirit of forgiveness and tenderness toward the unfortunate South. We would recommend it to our friends of the Wesleyan (O.) University, who are organizing their presidential Foraker club, and ask if Foraker could swallow such a morsel :

“Away with the ‘bloody shirt!’ There is still too much effort to keep alive sectional hatred in this grand country of ours. There are men and politicians who seem to regard it treasonable for our Southern States to honor those who were their leaders during the war, either living or dead. But our friends of the South would not be men if they did not esteem their old leaders. The war is long since past ; both sides believed they were right in that conflict ; the South was convinced of its error by force of arms, and history does not record an instance in which a conquered people have more cheerfully accepted the arbitrament of war. To-day the United States has really no North, no South, no East, no West, so intimate is the relationship existing between the industry, commerce, and agriculture of the various sections. Let us keep our faces to the front and unitedly work together to fulfil the destiny which lies before American citizenship. Let us be good citizens rather than bad politicians. These remarks are inspired not so much by recent political events as by a report of the exercises at the unveiling in Richmond of a statue to the late Gen. Lee—a Christian hero, whose memory is treasured by all who knew him, irrespective of party lines.”

The Wesleyan (O.) University has a Foraker club who intend to support this bloody-shirt demagogue for the presidency. This is bad on the university. Their standard certainly cannot be first-class ; their course in political science must be worthless, if the highest ideal the

students of this institution have of a patriot and statesman is Foraker.

The Grand Rapids *Deltan* is quite a neat sheet and ably edited.

The December number of *College Message* is on our table. The article, entitled "The New Dispensation," is one of rare merit. The *fair* writer, after contrasting the intellectual condition of her sex in the good old days gone by with the advantages of the present day finally when speaking of female suffrage, calmly *blushes* and objects. We admire the good, hard sense which indited the article, and whilst together with the writer we lift our hands in horror at the thought of female suffrage, yet we should emulate the success which they have attained in the world of letters and authorship. The institutions of the North, where co-education has been adopted, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that woman's intellect can compete successfully in the

most difficult and abstract science with that of her brother. We quote the closing paragraph :

"It is possible that we may underestimate the glorious privilege of the ballot. But it is certain that for the present at least we do not desire it. We are satisfied to be the 'power behind the throne.' In a word, we are persuaded that women already rule the world *de facto*, and we are willing to let the men relieve us of the trouble and responsibility of ruling it *de jure*."

The *Vanderbilt Observer* (Tennessee) appears upon our table for the first time this session. It is a neat magazine, well edited, and instructive.

The *College Rambler* (Illinois) for December is on our table. We would recommend for careful perusal an article entitled the "Greatest of the Greeks."

The *University Tablet* (Kentucky) is quite newsy and entertaining.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The first known circulating library is said to be that of St. Pamphilus of Caesarea, who, in 309 A. D., collected 30,000 volumes to lend out.

Yale has three alumni in the United States Senate; Princeton and Hamilton have two each, and Harvard, Bowdoin and Williams one each.

Gov. Hill told a Yale student that he would rather be captain of the Yale football team than governor of New York. The Governor is given to "kicking."

The male students of the University of Mississippi have asked the removal of

the female students. The girls are bearing off all the honors.

Davidson's students have "boycotted" those merchants who will not advertise in their periodical.

Several colleges wish their weekly holiday to be changed from Saturday to Monday.

Psychology has been made an elective at Amherst.

It has been announced that Dr. Francis L. Patton has been elected President of Princeton University.

The University of Vermont has 3

professors, 347 students, and a library of about 30,000 volumes.

Many eastern colleges are advocating the study of the Bible as part of the college course.

Roanoke's Endowment Fund has recently had an addition of \$20,000.

Randolph-Macon's gymnasium was formally opened December 5th with much *eclat*.

One of the fair sex is president of the Junior Class at the University of Wisconsin.—*Ex.*

Neither at Cornell nor at the University of Minnesota is attendance upon recitations compulsory.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* has the largest circulation of any college paper in the United States (1,200). It is from a Catholic school in Indiana. It is a splendid paper, published weekly. Their

last issue contains a fair, whole-souled article on Gen. Lee, by a Northern youth.—*Ex.*

The largest observatory dome in the world is being built in Cleveland for the University of Michigan. It weighs ten tons, and has a diameter of forty-five feet and four inches at the base.

The largest gymnasium in the world is said to be that of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Liverpool. Harvard's ranks next largest.

Prof. G. A. Palmer has gleaned the following expense accounts from the reports of a large number of students at Harvard. The smallest amount for a year was \$400 and the largest \$4,000.

Before Vassar college was opened, America used only \$200,000 worth of chewing gum annually. Now over \$1,000,000 worth is masticated every year.

TECHNICALITIES.

In Missouri, hugging societies have been introduced to swell the church treasuries, and a paper gives the following scale of prices: Girls under 16, 25 cents for each hug of two minutes; from 16 to 20 years of age, 50 cents; from 20 to 25, 75 cents; schoolma'ns, 40 cents; widows, according to looks, from 10 cents to \$2; old maids, three cents apiece, or two for a nickel, and not any limit of time. Ministers are not charged. Editors pay in advertisements, but are not allowed to participate until everybody else is done. *Chicago Herald.*

Lives of poor men oft remind us
Honest toil don't stand a chance;
More we work, we have behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

Prof. in Natural Philosophy: "Miss Champion, is this an over-shot or an under-shot wheel which you have drawn?" Miss Champion (who has just put a breast wheel on the board): "I don't know, Professor, but I think that it is a side-shot."

"Why do you paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason you use resin, papa." "How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my beau."

Professor: "If I should put on green glasses and view the class, would I not be deceived in its appearance?" "Well, no; I don't think you would."

"What fresh air you have out here. It's so much fresher than in London."

Farmer: "Jest so! That's what I was jest saying to my old woman. Why ain't all these big cities built out in the country?"

"I'm afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improable, my dear," said her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since you were married."

"Can you tell me what is the funniest part of a dog?" "His tail, I guess. It's such a wag, you know." "Na, the funniest part of a dog is his lungs." "How do you make that out?" "They are the seat of his pants, don't you see?"

Jack: "Ethel, I am ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the conservatory kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't

you tell him to stop?" Ethel: "I couldn't, Jack." Jack: "You couldn't; why not?" Ethel: "I can't speak French."—*Judge.*

The front gate and the hammock,

The old bench in the grove,

Have had their day and must give way
To the corner near the stove.

Young graduate: "Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter?" Old man (firmly): "No, sir, not a cent."

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail, with toe-marks on it, means, "I have spoken to your fither." "Give me a kiss, my darling, do,"

He said as he gazed in her eyes so blue.
"I won't," she said; "you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips and help yourself."

—THE—

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