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MAY, 1888.

NO. 7.

EDITORS:

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Philologist. { W. C. JAMES,
A. J. RAMSEY,
C. T. KINCANON.

Business Manager—W. A. BORUM.

Assistant Business Manager—C. B. TIPPETT.

TO ———.

Could I but tune my heart to sing
Thy worthy praises, I would bring
From its chords a strain as fair
As e'er hath been thy lot to hear.
But I have no enraptured muse,
From whose sweet words I long to choose
Thoughts pure and chaste, as e'er I ween,
To mortal vision hath been seen.

To me thy virtues seem so dear,
Thy every thought so pure and fair,
That had I e'en a heart of stone,
'Twould catch the flashes of thine own,
And, yielding to a master hand,
'Twould ne'er before thee strive to stand,
But kneeling humbly at thy feet,
Would hail it as too pure to greet.

S. H. P.

An Experience.

Everyone should do what he can for mankind, so if I can give to the unsophisticated some hints which will be serviceable to him I can justly deem myself one of that class of persons called Public Benefactors. I have no great discovery to offer to the world; no simple "Yankee" patent which will decrease the demand for labor and render luxuries less costly. In fact, I have but my experience to give, and I sincerely hope that it may benefit some one. Reader, listen! What I write of happened some months ago, and yet I feel that I should relate to you that experience and, it may be, save you great sufferings and contrition. I received a letter and found in it the following invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. D. Percy Sunderland will be pleased to see you on Tuesday evening at half-past eight o'clock to meet Miss Clive and Miss Lovelock." I had never been invited "to meet" any young ladies before, and I wanted to go badly. After a great deal of consideration I decided to go. Yet I did not know just exactly what to wear. I had always been accustomed to wear my best Sunday sack suit wherever I went, and naturally I felt all right after I had brushed it up a little.

I did not mind being a little late, especially as that would make me conspicuous. If the house did look dark at five minutes after nine, I mustered up sufficient courage and rang the bell. It was opened by two colored waiters, one on each side. I was shown to a well-furnished room and invited to finish my toilet. After having sat for some time in a comfortable arm chair I arose and

commenced to pace the floor. Through the half open door at my right I could see those colored waiters standing at their posts. I became a little restless and began to wonder whether or not I was in the right house. I stopped walking the floor and looked into the looking glass to see if my collar was clean. The waiters had on lovely white ones just from the laundry. I thought before I left my room that the same collar (may be it had been laundried once,) I had been wearing for the last two days was certainly clean enough. I had changed my mind. Oh! I wished for that one which I had worn only once. My gross negligence could not be remedied at so late an hour. I took my handkerchief slowly out of my pocket, spit on it and proceeded to rub off those hateful dirty spots. I began to feel that I had made a dreadful mistake. My hair was not well parted. But the comb and brush could rectify that fault. While I was changing a few hairs from one side of my part to the other I heard some one tripping softly along the hall. The door of my room was suddenly thrown wide open and a fair damsel only tarried long enough to hurriedly say, "excuse me." She certainly did not know that I was in the room. Had I come so very early that my ring was considered by the people of the house that of the grocer's boy? I had no watch, but it was certainly nine when I came. The town clock had just struck. Under such conditions my restlessness naturally increased. I calmed myself and decided to bravely stand my ground. At half-past nine I

was told that I could walk into the parlor. I hesitated. For the first time in my life I became nervous, exceedingly nervous. My hostess met me at the parlor door and said that she was very glad that I had come. I could not say that I felt glad to be there, and tried to excuse myself for having come before the time. She told me that I had done right and that everybody else was late. I had heard that one hundred persons had been invited to attend that evening, and thought it quite strange that I should have been the only one on time. Perhaps your society friend will tell you that to be about two hours late is the latest style. You will be lucky. I had no society friend to tell me.

What a fine house! How artistically the rooms were arranged! How fine and costly everything was! What a comparison between those fineries and the poor old things at home! The chairs and sofas did not look as if they were made to sit on, but as I was invited to sit down I did so. Inez came in. I felt almost ready to offer her my coat. She had so much of her person bare that I was afraid she would catch cold. Inez showed me the "courting chairs," and I began to feel quite comfortable in one. Just then the bell rang. The first four had come at last. Miss Clive and Miss Lovelock came down and I was introduced to them. They appeared as if they were in a condition to catch cold too, but my coat could not do for all three. I said to Miss Clive that the weather was beautiful and had been so for the last two days. She smiled and seemed to think I was crazy. In the country I had always told every girl that I met that we were having beautiful weather,

even if it had been raining for the last two weeks and it was then snowing. This was my first city visit. I was in a strange place and decided to be careful what I said, although I was sure that I had said nothing wrong. Miss Clive asked me if I was fond of dancing and if I liked the Schottische. "Yes, I liked dancing, but have never heard of the Schottische. The Old Virginia Reel suits me quite well." She smiled again. I was perplexed. I did not know whether I had said something smart or was making a fool of myself. Where I came from no one laughed when you spoke of the Old Virginia Reel, and I am sure that I never heard of the "Schottische."

Once more the door bell rang and a man came in. He wore an overcoat with the collar turned up and had a huge muffler on. I was mystified. It seemed as if he did not wish for his face to be seen. He did not say "Ho'dy-do." I thought perhaps he was a criminal. I had never seen a man attempt to disguise himself before except a criminal. But presently he came out of that same room where my hat and coat were a different man. I had thought that room was my room. That fellow had on a beautiful white shirt and black pants. At least, as he came towards me, I could see more shirt than anything else on his body. It turned out that he *did* have on a coat! A spiked-tailed coat. I had only seen them worn before by end-men at a minstrel show. This man, Mr. Wellington, was introduced to me. He was glad to meet me. I was delighted to see him. I became quite friendly in a few minutes, and asked him how much he paid for having his shirt "stiffened." "Fifty

cents!" He surprised me. Why, father only pays one dollar a month for having the whole family's washing done, and I am sure that he had two shirts in every wash, and so had I. He remarked that he supposed I came from the country. Yes, I was just from the country, and felt very much honored to be taken for a countryman. I said that I believed I liked to pick the banjo and sing country songs much better than dance. He smiled. I thought the country girls much more beautiful than some of "those girls over there dancing." He smiled again. I really thought those "belles" ugly. He laughed in my face. He had an engagement with Miss Lightfoot for the next quadrille. Although I was quite lonely, I was glad that he had left me. In a moment I was resolved to go. This time to my own room. Really and truly my own. I made a rush for my hat and coat. Without telling Mrs.

Sunderland or her guests good-bye I was away in a moment. That night I could not sleep. I rolled and tumbled till the cover was disarranged. The next morning, as I was relating my experience to my bosom friend, he told me that *he* was a society man and could have saved me much pain. He helped me write a letter to Mrs. Sunderland, in which everything was satisfactorily explained. Even now, whenever I attend a fashionable dance, I always have a hearty laugh over my old ways, and I always try to help the rustic along and make him have a good time. Of course, this will neither interest nor benefit those who know the ways of the stylish, but if I can induce any "green-horn" to consult his society friend, and thereby save himself much mortification, I will feel myself abundantly repaid for my trouble.

H. BIGNOSE.

Should the Colleges of the South Adopt the System of Co-Education?

[Speech of WM. A. BORUM in the Public Debate of the Philologian Society.]

Mr. President:

My opponent has eloquently, but erroneously anticipated my objection to co-education. A voice raised antagonizing this system has a stronger argument than to "question the intellectual capacity of the women of our land." I am sorry that I must disappoint this gentleman's expectations of my philosophy, and show that he has spent his powder shooting at an imaginary figure; but I should be untrue to my conviction, and untrue to her who sits "behind the throne" of our Republic, to oppose this scheme from such a stand-point. I am thoroughly opposed to co-education, but for no reason uncom-

plimentary to the fair sex, so charmingly represented here to-night.

This question has led me into an interesting study I never before pursued—namely, to inquire into the comparative strength and weakness of the two sexes. We often hear special excellencies attributed to men and others to women; and I have been searching for a general rule to indicate in what respects man is superior, and in what respects woman is superior, relatively. We may compare them physically, morally, and intellectually, and not be in doubt about a conclusion. Comparing them, first, *physically*: Man is superior. He

is stronger ; he is larger ; he is finer looking. Perhaps this last claim will be disputed. No one will deny, however, that throughout animal creation, before we reach man and woman, the male is a handsomer specimen than the female. The cock is always a prettier bird than the hen in any family of the feathered tribe. In the brute creation the fact prevails—does the law fail before it reaches humanity? Nevertheless, whether man or woman is *better looking*, we must confess to man's physical superiority.

Secondly, we may compare the sexes *morally*—the question is even more easily decided. How far superior is woman in this aspect of her! Not all women are angels, nor are all men devils—but that seems to be about their respective tendency. We decide, then, without a dissenting voice, that morally woman is superior to man.

And now, thirdly, we compare man and woman *intellectually*. What is their relative strength in this respect? They are co-equal—neither man nor woman is superior in this power—in my judgment they have about the same bore of mental calibre. If I had the time I should like to argue this conclusion, but I must pass on—I have but little doubt that we are all agreed.

In mental vigor woman is not lacking, and her possibilities to great achievements by her mind are not insignificant; but for her, co-education opens no avenue to fame, nor makes for her genius a happy outlet to the world.

Co-education means to educate the sexes in common. A superficial glance at this notion does not reveal the inconsistencies that a closer study shows to cluster about it. Apparently there is no difficulty in the way of allowing the sexes

to sit in common in the school-room and lecture hall of the college, to be instructed by the same teacher at the same time. Surely the brain of woman has as many crevices and pigeon-holes where the gist of text books may be stored as the brain of man has. And again, after a schooling of this kind, a "sweet girl graduate" can return to her home, using such of her learning as she has need for in her duties, discarding her Mathematics, Latin and Greek forever if she like. So may the young man apply to his life's work such of his knowledge of the sciences and classics as his avocation requires, and may indifferently fling away the music and sewing and knitting he has been compelled to learn in pursuing a curriculum framed for the education of the sexes in common. There is nothing alarming or mortifying in this phase of the question, unless we are disposed to consider it a ridiculous absurdity—such, indeed, it appears to me.

But, further, co-education means to *educate* the sexes in common; and that means more than their sitting together in the class-room, or the cramming of their minds with the facts and figures of books. It means that while their whole spiritual natures are young and plastic, they are given over to the Doctor of Laws to be shaped in the *same mould*. The professor has but one course of training. To this is surrendered the emotional nature and the will-power and the intellectual faculties of male and female alike, to be fitted and prepared *alike* for life, as though the mission of man and woman were the same or even similar. And is their mission similar? Ought the two sexes to be trained by the same process for the fields of usefulness they must oc-

copy after their school-days? Allow me to suppose a case in point for illustration: Let us suppose that Richmond College were under the auspices of co-education; my desk-mate and best friend is a charming character of the opposite sex. We mutually agree to try the *ups and downs* of life together. Some day we shall graduate, and then we shall proceed to have that knot tied—all right so far—no harm in that; but here is the trouble: we have been educated together, we have each learned *the same things*, and are each equally capacitated for the same work; and so far as our qualification goes, it does not matter which of us goes to work to earn the money, or which goes home to superintend the cooking and house-cleaning. What an obvious absurdity in such a scheme!

But co-education is worse than *unnecessary* and *absurd*. In handling the question thus much we have worn off its superficial coating; and now I, at least, behold it a horrid substance, full of cankerous sores, from which are exuding the deadliest moral poisons. We observe it in the thought of bringing boyhood and girlhood into such common contact as the school-room inevitably compels. Have we lived to see a new era in human life, when woman has evolved from a nature which our ancestors have been proud to honor, to a nature in which she becomes a creature no better than a man? Such is the utilitarian philosophy in this evening-time of the nineteenth century. These advanced thinkers have lost sight of the power of woman in her quiet walk in life. With the philosophy that every atom in nature should be utilized to the best interests of the greatest number, they have observed that woman has hands

and brain and tact, and from the lofty eminence to which her great soul has raised her, their voice with the battle-cry of *co-education* calls her down upon a level with man, demanding that her hands shall strike against his hands, and her brain shall clash with his brain, and her tact shall vie with his tact. This system of co-education means to obliterate that line which nature has drawn between the prevailing characteristics of the sexes—a line that can be even blurred only by violence—a line that the world's economy will never need to wipe away.

Wherever the system prevails woman is changing her nature by the necessity of her environments. No longer is she that modest, unassuming character we once knew her to be. Before she is contaminated, her nature makes her a potent factor for good in every condition of society. She hides herself from conspicuous gaze, and silently exerts her influence that adds many a happiness and comfort to our living. How noiselessly she treads amid the busy and bustling scenes of life; and in her path she leaves an impress here and there for somebody's good, and so quietly 'tis done that the cup of her blessing is drunk and nobody knows or cares who filled it. What man is there that has not sometime had the current of his life changed from evil to good? And who did it? Boys, it was mother, or sister, or one "dearer yet than all other," who with a kind word—perhaps a tear—just loved you up out of your meanness and villiany and made you think you were A MAN. I have thought that woman's influence in the world might be likened to the beautiful sunbeam that without the faintest smack kisses the upturned face of the laughing

flower, and without the sound of a whisper gives to that plant the power to grow and the nature of beauty and fragrance.

From this gentle, noiseless nature of woman we see to what she is turned by the corrupting influence of co-education. Look where it prevails. The North and West are pregnant with this utilitarian philosophy, and the poison of its fangs has been buried in an innocent prey, with a result that makes unsightly the pages of history these present times are making. Listen to the saddest, sickliest cry that rises to the air of our broad land to-day. What is it? Hark! A voice crying, "Rights—Women's Rights." Let our hearts rejoice that we hear the cry but dimly, as coming from a distance. Where is the voice? Ah, in the great North and West, the birth-place, the cradle, the home of co-education. Ye advanced thinkers, raise your ears and hear this awful witness of your boastful scheme. Oh, that it were a death-knell, a requiem to your co-education, while some strong hand was hurling it into a bottomless gorge. "Women's Rights," I believe in them—as woman in her pure nature believes in them. Her rights are in the unwritten law of

our land that makes her the "Queen of Hearts," the monarch of our government.

Let education continue to be a process of moulding the natures of man and woman to occupy their respective spheres in life. Give to each sex such a training as its peculiar nature demands. Why? Because their respective spheres are so different. The sphere of woman—where is it? Undefinable. Why? Too vague? No; it is too far-reaching—no pen has ever drawn its limits; it has been described as having "its center everywhere and its circumference nowhere."

Train *her*, as you would train a man, for the life she must live—man's companion, his adviser and consoler; nay, the pack-horse of his ills: the sister, a heaven-given blessing to any boy: the MOTHER, what shall I say? Shall the sexes be educated in common? May the Kind Fates forbid that Southern educators shall ever so forget the power of woman upon her present plane as to countenance this unrighteous system, thus hazarding to dangerous attack the grandest monument of this age to Christian civilization.

Building a Monument.

Through ages incalculable, it has been the constant desire of man not to be forgotten. It is one of the most natural that is implanted in him, and is highly commendable except when it takes such complete possession of him as to make him willing to stoop to ignoble means to secure it. To secure remembrance men resort to many devices more or less effective.

Some cut out and polish huge marble shafts, and inscribe their puny names upon them with chisel and mallet. What a quantity of money is annually expended by the enlightened people of this nineteenth century in the decoration of graves and the rearing of monuments to the memory of loved ones! How attractive, especially near large cities, are the beautiful "cities of the dead"! But,

Time, remorseless Time, touches with his magic wand the Parian marble and it moulders and decays. Nation is marshalled against nation in battle array, and the cannon and musket soon render the would-be immortal as though he had never lived but a day. Lo! the once beautiful monument has fallen and is broken, and, *who cares?*

Ancient kings stamped their features upon coins and medals, in commemoration of some great victory; to-day we dig those coins up as fit only for the museum. As we gaze in their *brazen* faces, what do we care for *their* memory?

On the imperishable (?) rocks of the East we are beginning to decipher the cuneiform letters which record in boastful sentences the deeds of ancient conquerors. Who cares for their memory, except as it influences the general history of mankind? These are neither the best nor the most enduring monuments. It was of such as these he spoke who said, "Monuments themselves memorial need."

Let us build monuments of *deeds*, not of stone. Nero built for himself a monument in the fact that he watched with savage delight the misery and ruin *he* caused in burning Rome upon her seven hills. Alexander and Napoleon are remembered by the bloodshed and cruelty they caused. Wellington by his armies turned the tide of European affairs, and *he* is remembered. On the pages of history as we come nearer home we see the dusky outlines of the grim monuments raised by such men as Guy Fawkes, Arnold, Booth, and others. But it is not of such monuments as these raised we speak. These and many others are remembered for their *evil* deeds, but this

is not the best and most enduring monument.

He who does some great and *good* deed for his fellow-man has reared an epigraphical monument that neither age nor changing worlds will destroy. With chisel in hand he engraves his name upon the hearts of men, and from generation to generation his memorial will be fresh and beautiful.

As George Washington climbs the steep sides of the Natural Bridge to cut his name above that of every one else, we see the drift of *his* mind. But we would never have heard of that little incident unless remembered in connection with his life of heroic courage.

The memory of the philanthropic Corcoran is sweet. So is that of every one who, however humble his sphere, cares not so much about the height of the monument he is raising, but about the material he puts into it. He may not write an autobiography or have a shaft of pristine marble to mark the spot of his long rest, but the eternal hills shall fade away before *his* deeds are forgotten. Build a monument of Character, and all the base sycophants of the combined ages cannot tarnish its lustre.

We learn of the size and distance of natural objects by comparison. So, when monuments stand side by side for our comparison, some are as frail as the flowers of summer; others as enduring as heaven itself. Some are no taller than the grass we tread upon; others cannot be measured by the applied mathematics of the whole world; for, they extend *into eternity*.

The most enduring monument is the one on which we exert our greatest and noblest efforts and energies, having in

view the greatest good to the greatest number. There are three monuments to the noble Washington. Which is the greater—that white shaft five hundred and fifty-five feet high we see across the waters of the Potomac, the city of Washington, in which it stands, or these United States? Does not every candid thinker answer, “the latter.” He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before has built for himself a monument more lasting than the pyramids of Egypt.

When King Agesilaus was dying, he said to those who spoke to him about a monument: “For if I have done any honorable exploit, that is my monument; but if I have done none at all, your statues will signify nothing.”

The stone-polyp is building an enduring monument amid the turbid waters of the ocean. The crust of the earth may heave and sink as it has been doing ever since the Paleozoic age, and yet the little polyp works on and by the destruction of its tiny frame is building mighty islands where the old ocean rolled before.

Build a monument. Build one that will last after ‘the sun shall have gone down at noon and the earth be darkened in the clear day.’ Build such a one that you will not be ashamed of it. Remember that “actions speak louder than words.” To praise one self is not building a monument. A wise man once said, “Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth.” The boastful egotistical man, if not entirely forgotten, will be remembered only as a reproach.

Cato the elder once truly said, “I had rather men should ask why Cato had no monument than why he had one.” A building reared in a day does not stand the storm. All building is gradual; whether it be building a reputation, a fortune, or a character, all need, and must have, time and patience, united with earnest labor. Nature does not build the mighty oak in a day or even in a year. “Learn to labor and to wait.” Build a monument by living a useful, earnest life, and it will be more enduring than ten thousand mausoleums. Only the useful are lasting.

Cleopatra’s needle is so affected by the weather that it is necessary to enclose it in a glass case; while the public baths of Rome are used to-day by the descendants of their builders. Cleopatra’s needle has become rusty, and it can never be made bright again, because it cannot be run through the emery bag of use. It is of *no use*.

What a pleasure it is to sit down at the close of a day of labor and think of some deed of kindness done, some cheering word thrown as it were “upon the waters”! What must be the satisfaction of the builder as he sees the grand symmetrical edifice going up stone by stone! And how much more must that builder rejoice who is building for an endless eternity? Such as these die

“Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

TOM WALKER GEORGE.



Hic, Hæc, Hoc.

The direct and immediate object to be reached in teaching Greek and Latin is to give an understanding of the *philosophy* of these languages. From the very beginning of the student's work in these languages the thoughtful and careful teacher will lead the student into its philosophy. The philosophy of any subject can be studied to advantage only in a philosophical manner. Here is the advantage the new method of studying Latin and Greek has over the old method of studying the grammar alone for the first year. It is a strange and odd fact that men have always been slow to give up old beliefs or methods for new ones that are much better. This is to be seen in ways and methods of teaching as well as in other lines of thought and work. But a few years ago it was thought that a child should spell through the spelling-book from words of one syllable to even the largest and hardest words before he could be permitted to read; even to see a chart or an "illustrated primer." So in the study of the classics will the use of such "beginning books" as White's "First Lesson in Greek" and Gildersleeve's "Latin Primer" take the place of the Greek and Latin Grammars in beginning these studies.

In the first place a method or book should suit itself to those who study. Students now begin the study of Latin at an age much younger than they did some years ago. At an advanced age, when habits on abstract subjects are formed, the pupil might be induced to relish the grammar or lexicon alone, as advanced students study them in German universities. But with the young and

nervous American it is entirely different. What taste can a pupil who is in the first algebra have for calculus? It is the first principle in hygiene, that before food can be digested, it must be savory and relished. It is equally and emphatically true in studying and teaching. After some drill in mathematics the abstract subject can be studied. It would be very much the same to have a student in calculus before algebra as to begin with the grammar and ignore the use of some such book as Gildersleeve's primer. What interest can the pupil just through English grammar have in long and meaningless paradigms and "connecting vowels" and stem endings. By the new method the use of the language with its study gives the student a consciousness of advance. Two recitations are enough to begin to construct sentences. Let the pupil translate one of Æsop's easiest fables, which creates more relish for study than all the grammar from "Mensa" to "Possum" can give.

In the way of discipline there are two things which the study of Latin and Greek gives to every worthy and faithful scholar. Not that these two are the only benefits, but they are most important, and nowhere else can these features in education be acquired so well as in Latin and Greek. They are *memory* and *taste*. As a matter of fact much of the ability "to know Latin and Greek" depends upon the strength of memory. And the proper teaching of these to the worthy and faithful student is the best possible way to strengthen and stimulate his memory. As a radical principle let it always be insisted upon, that there can

be no true *memory* where there is not also a true *meaning*. To commit anything to memory that is not understood dissipates rather than strengthens the memory. To commit all of "Amo" and have no conception how to apply the forms in the formation of a sentence can bring no true memory. When a pupil commits "Hic" and "Ille" let him also form a sentence in reference to any object near and remote and use these words, that he may comprehend both their forms and meaning. Meaning must go with memory, or the best possible result can only be a parrot. But children are not parrots until they are made so by unfaithful teachers. What meaning can there be to one who knows nothing of an inflected language, after he has committed all the declensions and conjugations, unless he has seen and comprehended these forms in sentences? This is never done by the grammar alone, and is always by the teacher who uses the new method aright. In the next place the study of Latin and Greek developes taste. To see the beauty and understand the harmony there is in the agreement and construction of Latin sentences gives more care and accuracy to scholarship than any other branch of

study. Taste in scholarship is a synonym for accuracy in scholarship. The student who has been trained and is careful to write all the words of a Latin sentence in their numbers, genders, and positions, has at least started in the road of accurate and logical writing. To begin with the grammar gives distaste instead of taste. The first year's work in Latin will in a large measure determine what a student can and will do in all higher branches. This plan of going into the syntax at once gives to the learner the consciousness that Latin is indeed a language, and not a book of memory tables. In this method the Latin forms are learned only when they are used. From the beginning the student is more conscious that Latin words "think, will and feel" just as English words. When Latin and Greek are properly taught pupils will be slow to say :

——To classics farewell,

Their use and their beauty are done with at last,

The rust of the ages
has worn out their pages.

Let us live for the future and not for the past.

MALUS.



THE CLOCK OF DESTINY.

[BY JAMES D. LYNCH.]

This poem is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest productions of Southern literature. The editor of the *Century Magazine*, in a letter to the author, expresses regret that he did not send it to the *Century* before giving it to the press. Another eminent author and fellow of the Royal Historical Society, of London, says: "It is a strikingly original, finely conceived and beautiful poem, and will place the author even higher than his admirable prose writings in the literature of the South. It ought to be illustrated."

The *Messenger* reproduces it at the request of a number of students who desire copies of it:

In the beginning, thus Jehovah spake:
 "Come, let us man in our own image make,
 And let him power and full dominion have
 O'er all that dwell on earth, in air, or wave;
 Subdue all things, increase and multiply,
 And make the earth the nursery of the sky."
 No sooner said—the Architect Divine
 Struck from the dust and fashioned his design;
 Then stooping down he breathed upon the clod,
 And man came forth in likeness of his God.
 His lamp of life was trimmed with fateful wick,
 And Destiny's great Clock began its tick—
 Unheard, unknown to man's then pure estate,
 Unconscious of the pending laws of fate,
 While he in Eden's rapturous garden walked,
 Gazed into heaven and with his Maker talked.
 His meat, the luscious fruit of golden hues;
 His drink, the nectar of celestial dews—
 Alone in purest ways of virtue taught.
 His raiment was his purity of thought.
 One tree there was, of which Jehovah said:
 "Touch not, and taste it not, or thou art dead."
 Yet, through the serpent's charm this tasted he;
 Yea, plucked and feasted from the fatal tree—
 Then was the train of human woes begun,
 And the great Clock of Destiny struck—I.

But, ere the close of that eventful day,
 O'erwhelmed with conscious nakedness and dismay,
 He heard his Maker's footsteps in the breeze,
 And hid himself among the clustered trees;
 But in his ears Jehovah thundered: "Go!
 Hence, thorns and thistles in thy path shall grow;
 The field's coarse herb henceforth shall be thy meat;
 And in the sweat of labor shalt thou eat;

Yea, through eternity's all endless strand,
 Shalt feel and rue my disobeyed command—
 The first that ever dared to disobey,
 Save him to whom this day thou art the prey,
 And wilt be if thou choosest not to heed
 My laws, and Him I'll send for this to bleed."
 "Tick, tick," he now first heard the solemn chime;
 "Tick, tick," it was the knell of wasting time;
 Yet more, and while he groped his way along,
 It ticked to him the alternatives, "right—wrong;"
 And when to Heaven now he raised his eyes,
 He saw the couplet written 'cross the skies;
 On every side he saw, in every look,
 "Right—wrong," on every page of Nature's book.
 But in the drift of time all thought of right
 Was checked, while wrong rushed on with growing might.
 Jehovah from his throne had viewed the race,
 And viewing, vengeance gathered in his face,
 And thus decreed: "The guilty world must drown."
 His arm omnipotent extending down,
 He gathered up the waters in his hand
 And heaved the seas upon the peopled land.
 His purpose wrought, He back the waters blew,
 And the great Clock of Destiny struck—II.

Yet not all perished—yet enough were saved
 To seed the new world from corruption laved.
 Jehovah saw a lingering gleam of right,
 And that one ray found favor in his sight.
 In Noah's heart was found the heavenly spark
 Which spurned the waters and buoyed the ark—
 Which drew the smile of Heaven's averted grace,
 And saved the seed of Adam's guilty race.
 And, in obedience to the great command,
 Now Noah was in turn to try his hand
 At peopling worlds—fulfil the high decree
 For which were made the heavens, earth and sea;
 And in the wake of the retiring floods,
 O'er hills and vales and through the silent woods,
 The lone household in couples wandered forth—
 Some southward went, some east, some west, some north.
 Man, beast and bird at their own pleasure went,
 And each one sought his sphere and element.
 "Tick, tick," the Clock—"tick, tick" it ever said—
 Ticked in the born to life, ticked out the dead;
 Ticked time away with ever constant chime,
 Until another destined ringing time—
 When Abraham heard the great Jehovah's call
 Which bade him leave his country, kindred, all,
 And journey to an unknown, distant land;
 And did he murmur at the harsh command?

No, there the promise was that he should rest,
 And in his seed all nations should be blest—
 Possess the fruitful land from sea to sea,
 And then the Clock of Destiny struck—III.

Now Jacob's sons conspired fraternal hate,
 Which but long years of woe could expiate ;
 And famine, handmaid of their wicked guile,
 Drove Israel suppliant to the land of Nile ;
 Where Moses with the might of Aaron's rod
 Should teach proud Pharaoh the strength of God.
 Here long the chosen race their fate bemoaned ;
 And long in Egypt's iron bondage groaned ;
 Though from Jehovah they could hear no word,
 Yet all their sighs and groanings he had heard,
 And sent them Moses with his sword of wrath,
 For their release to hew the rugged path.
 They started, through the wilderness their route,
 While cloud or fire served them as a scout ;
 But Egypt's chariots hung upon their rear,
 And Israel trembled with its slavish fear.
 Before them spread the waters of the sea ;
 Behind them Egypt's armies swarmed the lea ;
 Yet, "Forward," they obeyed the high command,
 And frightened Israel gathered on the strand ;
 When lo! both sides, the friendly floods, retreat
 And shrink away before their timid feet.
 When Egypt's host rushed in the beaten track
 Deep o'er their heads the waters thundered back ;
 But Israel dry-shod stepped upon the shore,
 And the great Clock of Destiny struck—IV.

"Tick, tick," it said, the Clock still labored on,
 Ticked out the countless dead, ticked in the born ;
 Ticked, while from Sinai's thundering, lightning crest,
 Jehovah gave to man his great behest ;
 Ticked while the manna fell like driveling snow,
 Ticked down the embattled walls of Jericho,
 Ticked while the host swept over field and flood,
 Till the great temple on Moriah stood ;
 Until that morning brought the Light of lights,
 When mid-day stars emblazoned Judah's heights ;
 Till chanting angels hovered o'er the earth,
 And to the shepherds sang the Saviour's birth—
 Proclaimed: "The lost are found, the dead, alive,"
 And then the Clock of Destiny struck—V.

And hark ! those glad and glorious chimes still roll
 Across the Christian world from pole to pole,
 And to all hearts bring peace and hope and cheer,
 Which mingle with the ticking that we hear.

The peals that ushered in that morning's ray,
Will thunder through the hours of the day,
And echo far and wide to every shore,
Till the great Clock of Time shall strike no more.

Now Rome sits crowned the mistress of the world,
And o'er all lands her eagles are unfurled;
Arrayed in grandeur on her seven hills,
She wills her pleasure and does what she wills.
Is there no power that can Rome destroy?
Where are Palmyra, Nineveh and Troy?
They heard the knell of that same solemn Clock,
And Rome must fall from Fate's Tarpeian rock.
See yonder gathering lines of Goth and Hun;
Already her death-struggle has begun;
No more shall she the fate of nations fix—
She fell, and Destiny's great Clock struck—VI.

And all was dark, the gloom of blackest night
Hung o'er the mental world; there was no light,
Save in the glow of nature and the glance
Of hermit's torch and knighthood's bloody lance.
Both art and science fled the reach of man,
And simple nature was beyond his scan—
Grim barbarism, with its savage pride,
Rolled down the work of ages on its tide,
While the fierce might of superstition's arm,
Dashed down religion as a demon's charm,
But lo! a light in yon horizon far;
It was the rising Reformation's star,
Which waked the human conscience, pierced the mind,
And man again beheld himself mankind,
Turned up his blinded eyes once more to Heaven,
And the great Clock of Destiny struck—VII.

Proud Science spread again its gilded wings,
And new-born Reason leaped up from its springs;
The Bible came forth from the hermit's cave,
And Art rushed out upon the land and wave,
Till, hand in hand, and with undaunted breast;
They found at last a region for their rest—
Beyond the reach of Superstition's chain.
They found a world beyond the trackless main,
Where Freedom was to rear its proudest dome,
And build for all earth's wanderers a home—
Yea, build the pillars of a mighty state,
And then the Clock of Destiny struck—VIII.

And yet Oppression reached her heavy hand
Across the seas, and laid it on this land;

In vain did her grim fingers clutch, in vain!
 Her shriveled carcass whitened on the plain.
 The Patriots met in Independence Hall,
 Not for the ruin of a Tyrian wall,
 Nor to lay waste some rival Libyan shore,
 But to proclaim their freedom evermore.
 They wrought their mighty purpose and design,
 And the great Clock of Destiny struck—IX.

The flag of freedom fluttered in the breeze,
 Waved o'er the land and floated on the seas;
 While white-winged commerce kissed the farthest shore,
 And Janus slept within his bolted door;
 Peace passed her pipe and sunny nature smiled,
 The summer spread its fruits and autumn piled—
 Great God! are there not charms enough in life
 That man should rush into unhallowed strife;
 Should spurn the sanction of Thy righteous law,
 And fly to the arbitrament of war?
 Its clouds now gathered in Columbia's skies
 And wreathed ten thousand death-fraught argosies.
 For now the great Clock tuned its solemn chime,
 To ring a nation on the stage of time;
 And by the Alabama's sunny stream,
 Appeared, full armor-clad, the ivory dream.
 The cannon roared, the welkin rang, and then
 The mighty Clock of Destiny struck—X.

And still they roared and hung the nation's morn
 With wreaths sulphurous at its early dawn;
 But ere the Clock had scarcely tolled the hour,
 Its guardian angel left the trembling tower;
 The star that rose upon the gloom so bright
 Now sank into the sable clouds of night;
 But not until its bright and glorious ray
 Had shot its golden beams along the day,
 Had stamped its brightness on the face of time,
 And lit a beacon torch in every clime;
 Where glory's anthems still its praises swell,
 And fame's eternal fingers tunes its knell.
 But hark! the Clock now points to other lands,
 Where prophecy doth move its faithful hands,
 Where towering mosque and minaret must fall,
 And molder 'neath the Christian's rising wall—
 When, stripped of power and superstition's gloss,
 The Crescent shall eclipse behind the Cross:
 When Pagod shout, Muezzin's call to prayer,
 No more shall shriek upon the midnight air;
 But one vast, universal chant of praise,
 Shall rise in unison of Christian lays,
 In notes resounding to the choir of heaven,
 Then Destiny's great Clock will strike—XI.

And then those faithful hands will tick their flight
 Beyond the bounds of nature's dreamy night,
 And from the lofty summit of its dome
 The Clock will strike Jehovah's kingdom come;
 The great high noon of earth, high noon of heaven,
 When law and mercy shall be balanced even,
 And man no more in sin and sorrow delve,
 Then Destiny's Great Clock will thunder—XII;

And heaven's High Host, all nature's labor ceased,
 Will spread the banquet of his sumptuous feast.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Among the many things that we have enjoyed, and by which it is to be hoped we have been benefited this year, are the excellent lectures.

We were glad to have with us in the early part of the session that eminent and loved friend and trustee, Dr. Curry. His lecture on the "Armament of Europe" not only interested us, but gave us much valuable instruction. It taught us what, in the natural course of events, we are to expect in Europe in the immediate future. And even now it seems that his prophecies are about to be fulfilled.

Many of the nicety, romantic ideas many of us had formed of missionary life were replaced by true notions under the influence of the very interesting lecture of Dr. J. H. Eager, missionary to Rome. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, missionary to Brazil, gave us a very instructive lecture on his work there on the 28th of April. This added to the clearness of the view we had already gotten from Dr. Eager.

We were given an insight into Roman Catholic life, and especially priest-life, by the plain, instructive lecture of the Rev. Mr. Scully. We were very much

disappointed, however, that he did not return to give us that other lecture that promised to be even more interesting and instructive than the one he did deliver. We shall yet hope to hear it.

Under the *truly great* power of Dr. Ellis we were made to raise our standard of an ideal life and of true manhood. We were given truer conceptions of the relation of *Christianity to manhood*.

Dr. Henson was welcomed not merely as an old student and the *first graduate* of the College, but because of the valuable instruction we had expected to gain from his lecture. To those who know the Dr. it is useless for us to say that we were in no degree disappointed in our hopes.

Prof. Young's lecture on Astronomy made us realize more than ever before the goodness and wisdom of that generous family who established the Thomas Lecture Endowment Fund. He taught us that there is in the skies a *hidden* beauty and grandeur that by far excels that which the wandering, admiring, and *even loving* gazer sees with unpracticed eye even when "The *curtains* of night are pinned back by the stars and the

beautiful moon leaps the skies;" or even when the beaming sun lights up the eastern horizon or "trembles at the gates of the west."

Prof. Harper gave us an insight into Assyriology and the relation of ancient monuments to the Bible.

Others have been heard with pleasure and profit. Last, but not because least in importance or interest, we mention the regular weekly Bible Lectures by Prof. Harris. His interest in Bible study and the instruction of young men is clearly manifested in this work that he seems to take such pleasure in doing free for all who desire it.

However much we may have appreciated the others, and however much we may have been benefited by them, we think more real, lasting good has been derived from these lectures by Prof. H. than from *any, if not all*, the others.

We wonder that they have not been more fully attended. "Strange we never prize the music till the sweet voiced bird has flown."

And as the session closes we know that we are to have other men of renown to instruct us from the rostrum.

The question for each student is: How much real benefit have I derived from these lectures? It has been said, and truly, that we are responsible for our opportunities.

And since our opportunities for receiving instruction in so many departments of knowledge have been so great, our responsibility is by so much increased.

We cannot forget all that we have heard in these lectures, and they will not be without their effect on our after lives. But to what degree we will be benefited is an individual question.

We should be better and wiser after each lecture we hear. If we are not we are losers and not gainers. Unless lectures are heard attentively, and with a purpose of being benefited, our time were better spent in some other way.

"The next thing to having a good rule is to know when to break it." The importance of having a definite object in view, a purpose in life, ought to be emphasized. But after one has marked his goal he must be systematic in the prosecution of his work, if he would rise to any degree of eminence in his profession. Law is the basis of order. But, *per contra*, the man who binds himself to a petty rule, has not risen to a just conception of the dignity of his being. Woe unto that man whose master is a "rule!" We can think of nothing that will better illustrate how a good thing may be abused than a glimpse at the English language. It is true, that the English language is very difficult and very few are able to handle it with ease, but in the number of those who butcher the language must be included those who pin their face to the sleeve of an English Grammar as well as those who never saw one. When we hear a man speak who is afraid that he will not arrange every sentence exactly in accordance with a certain Grammar or Rhetoric, &c., we are reminded of the merchant going South, when politics was high: of course, he was anxious to please everybody, hence the first man he met, taking him to be a Democrat, he said he also was of that party, but being mistaken he changed his politics for the next one, and finding out to his sorrow that he had failed again, when accosted by a third he replied, "I'm

nothing, and very little of that." Just so with the man who is so careful to observe the *rules* of the English language rather than the underlying *principles*. Perhaps it is better to have knowledge locked up in books than not to have it at all, but if one must consult the "preponderance of authority" before he can advance an idea with reference to the most trivial linguistic question, he will find that "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

When he has consulted all of the accessible authorities he will find that he may justly conclude that he has gained "nothing, and very little of that." We are not condemning investigation. It is *necessary* for us to examine standard works, but let us not be hypercritical monomaniacs. An abusive thing may be used, and a useful thing may also be abused. With regard to *language*, whatever is usage is right. One had just as well undertake to keep back the waves of the Atlantic with a spoon, as to try to ward off or overpower the floodtide of the usage of the English-speaking people with a little Grammar. In either case both he and his defensive armor will be o'erwhelmed in the flood. All habits are strong. But we do not mean to say that a thing should not be abandoned simply because it has been a custom; that we should go on in the same old rut singing "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." No, not that; for the world does not stand still, all things change; and the English language has not been a whit behind other things. Since this is the case it is absolutely necessary for us to keep pace with our language. Hence

we must search far and wide, not confining ourselves to Mr. anybody's *book*, unless he represents the English world. Of course, there are many things that must be taken into consideration when we attempt to determine just what is the law of style. There is danger of getting into provincialisms, barbarisms and many other "isms."

Style must be national, reputable and present. Many forms of expression that were good English a century ago have become obsolete, sound awkward, and even grate upon the ear. For instance, the phrase "what went ye out for to see" was perfectly good when it was written, but it is not now. Then what we need is not to know *rules*, but *principles*. Whenever we undertake to learn the language from the rules we are putting "the cart before the horse."

We must deduce the rules from the language, taking things in their regular order, for the language existed before the rules. A rule is a kind of crutch, and no one but a *cripple* needs a crutch. It is true that an infant may have to push a chair in order to learn to walk, but when it becomes a *man* it no longer needs such assistance.

In the February number of the *Messenger* there appeared an article entitled "The Loafer." We had hoped that after this severe hit our unwelcome visitor would make his calls less frequent. But, on the contrary, he seems determined to carry out his original purpose and it almost seems that he is trying to take vengeance on all of us for the treatment by the author of that article portraying his character and showing his standing. But we must, if possible, keep even with

him, hence a few more remarks concerning his doings.

There are in every college, so far as we know, some who are there not for the purpose of being benefited, but that they may have a good time. (The two are hardly compatible.) They are wholly unconcerned about the pleasure and welfare of others. They never study any themselves and prefer that no one else study.

They stay up late at night and seem to think it a solemn obligation to keep others up late.

There are also instances of disturbance by even the best and most diligent students. These are not aware of doing an injury to any one, nor would they in any way intentionally interfere with a fellow student. Having worked until tired, they conclude that you are in the same condition and that it would be a favor to prevent your working too much. Just here a difficulty arises: to tell to what extent social visits among students may be carried without interfering with the work of any one.

Now that the close of the session is so near, and examinations so frequent and so oppressing, it is exceedingly important that *all* take into careful consideration the rights and circumstances of others. This is the time that tries men's constitutions—the time when men not unfrequently wreck their health. They have time enough to do all their work and come out unharmed, but they have *no* time to spare. Some intimate friend will call to-day, to-morrow another, each claiming some of your time: the *professional loafer* will put himself in your way; some one whose girl was unusually sweet and kept (?) them until a late hour

of the night thinks he has failed in his duty if he does not wake up everybody on his floor when he comes in. No one of these little things would be of much consequence and would call forth no complaint. When repeated and continued, together they amount to a great deal, often to more than any of us imagine.

Upon the whole, the students of our college have been exceptionally quiet this year, and if all will put forth a little extra effort during the closing months there will be no cause for the complaint often made by those who do not make their classes and attribute their failure to the disturbance of some thoughtless fellows.

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Opposition is the spice of conversation. How dull and lifeless is conversation with one who agrees with you on every subject, who loves what you love, and hates what you hate! We do not speak of one who cannot agree with anything proposed, but of such as think for themselves and are not afraid to express and support their opinions.

How much opposition inflames the heart of the lover! No matter from what direction it comes, the effect is always the same. Those who are skilled in the treatment of such cases generally let them wear themselves out. Take the mighty river it flows more noiselessly and more sluggishly where there is the least obstruction or friction.

But to bring the matter nearer home, let us notice some of the advantages and disadvantages of this powerful influence in our schools and colleges. How to encourage in a moderate degree a generous rivalry among students, which shall be the means of stimulating them to better work, has been the subject of much

thought and discussion. There is a point beyond which a contention should not go. Up to that point all is good, but beyond it there is danger.

The system of reports, marks, honors and medals all have their advantages, and at the same time their dangers. You have seen young men leave college with their health all gone, having lost what they will in their sober moments tell you is worth all the degrees and honors in the world. They are physical wrecks. They have been "over educated"; or rather *under educated*; for while one part has been abnormally developed, every other part is useless. That is not true education.

Such are some of the evils of undue rivalry in our schools. And not only is this true at our places of learning, but even out in the world among businessmen we may see the evil effects of this spirit of rivalry.

The almighty (?) dollar seems to be the goal towards which the majority of our people are bending their energies. Day in, day out, there is the same spirit abroad in our land. They may consider themselves fortunate who have made no enemies, and whose homes have not been made sad by the presence of this baneful evil. How many good things may be turned to bad! How many blessings when abused turn to curses!

The struggle between fact and fiction has been vigorous and long continued.

The mistaken idea that productions of fancy are antagonistic to truth, and consequently highly injurious to moral and intellectual culture, has perhaps been strengthened by the two vivid colors with which it has sometimes clothed its

scenes and nature; but we would advise lovers of fiction not to yield to literature of an immoralizing tendency, lest the desire destroy the love for that which is pure and elevating to humanity.

But with the progress of mind, the wild extravagance of fancy and the hope of lofty designs have softened into milder forms and assumed a more refining and elevating character, thus showing that the imaginative power, when restricted within its proper limits, forms a very important element in our intellectual constitution. It raises the intellect (to a certain extent) above all that is low and groveling, directs its powers to some essential object, and it gives the loftiest conception of that which is beautiful and good.

It makes the care-worn heart, for a time, forget its sorrows and its woes, and "listen to the soothing notes of heavenly music wafted from the shores of the blest."

It paints its fairest scenes and brightest visions of life's morning sky. Literary productions are very remarkable illustrations of this fact. A certain elegance of style and loftiness of expression are the objects to which the youthful aspirant directs his energies; but as manhood's softer years succeed the golden joys of youth, thought, once arrayed in attempted eloquence and flowery expressions, assumes the garb of simplicity and true worth.

This manner of mental development is prescribed by nature's laws, and for that reason no other should be attempted. It is right and proper that the youth should exercise his natural train of thought, and attempt nothing above his abilities; for his mental powers are as yet undeveloped.

He has not had any experience in the stern realities of life, and he knows nothing of its sorrows and gloom—all to him is joy and hope.

A glory-gilded future looms up before him, and not a cloud obscures his sky; aye, intoxicated with the prospect of a full enjoyment of life's pleasures, his thoughts and feelings are light and fanciful, and the next expression of his thoughts must accord with his feelings.

Memory may enrich it with the rich stories. The light of reason may deduce for it the wonderful truths of philosophy, explore the arcana of nature, and build up fabrics of intellectual greatness, which will command the applause of men and astound a wondering world; imagination can pass beyond this limit and picture scenes of beauty and grandeur which no reasoning powers can ever discover. Time's ocean stretches wide its rolling billows, but imagination can span its mighty tide, and revel in the sunlight of creation's morn. The future is great, but imagination can measure its cycles and read the record of its ages. Perdition is deep and dark, but imagination can measure its depths and dwell with its fiery fiends. A myriad gems of light blazing out far above in the canopy of the sky, but imagination's gaze is beyond these unmeasured heights.

It gilds with glory life's thorny ways, wanders over stormy seas and oceans calm, amid celestial splendors and tartarian gloom, through illimitable areas of blazing shores and chaotic wastes, nor stops its towering flight till it stands in the presence of the eternal God, where golden glories beam their gorgeous

splendor, where saints and angels sing their sweetest melodies.

"When are you going to get through?" "Are you trying for M. A. or A. B.?" "I think I can skip Jr. II." "I am afraid I will fail on my degree this year." How often do we hear these and similar questions and expressions! What does it mean? Does it not indicate that the chief aim of many men is to get a *degree* or a *promotion* whether they get knowledge or not?

The first aim of the student should be the acquirement of knowledge, his second purpose should be to *acquire knowledge*; his *whole* aim should be *knowledge*.

It may be said that a man cannot get his degree without standing his examinations, and that he cannot stand his examinations unless he understands the course embraced in the examination. This may be true in some cases, but we are persuaded that there are few men who, if they *thoroughly* understand fifty or sixty per cent. of the work embrace in any course, cannot "cram" enough more to make the examinations unless the standard be *very high*. And it is by this "cramming" that men who are willing to do it, ruin their minds.

They seem to forget that, in life, they are not to be judged wholly, nor for the most part, by what they may seem to have done at college.

A college degree may start a man in a good position in life, may open up fields for him that, but for his degree, would *at first* have been closed against him. But it is far better for a young man to commence lower down—even at the bottom—and work up to the position

for which he is qualified than, by recommendation, secure a position that he cannot hold.

This does not, of course, apply to such as secure their honors by true knowledge and merit, but only to such as are unfortunate enough to be able to rush through a college course.

A great objection to not having entrance examinations, as is the case with many colleges, is that many a student thinks himself better qualified for a college course than an examination would show him to be. It looks like a long time to spend four, five, or six years at college, and he whose aim is graduation will often commence a little beyond the limit of his qualification and omit some class of seemingly little importance and thus injure himself for the whole course, and, what is more, for after life.

There are also those who are anxious to carry off the honors of the college—medals, etc. They join literary societies

and work, not for the good of the society or even for their own *real* good, but merely for the high official positions, the medals, etc. If they secure these, their work is done and their interest in their society dead.

Some aim at the honors of some one class and neglect all else to secure them. These things seem to show a shallowness of purpose, a narrowness of view, that ought not to exist.

Let the aim of every man be to prepare himself for the work of life. Let him aim to secure for himself the honor in life that good men bestow upon deservers and not to make a reputation at college which in the end will be of little worth unless he have that with which to sustain the reputation he has won. Let the professors of our college discourage all such work and all such ill-guided efforts as tend only for the present reputation and honor of the student.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

TO PERFORATE EARTHENWARE.—

A method which is said to be very satisfactory is recommended by Professor Stuart as follows: Instead of a drill a soft copper rod or pipe is used in the lathe, it being fed with a mixture of powdered emery and linseed oil. The emery is embedded in the copper by the friction, and cuts right through the hardest material in a very short time.

Herr J. Puling, of Vienna, has devised an ingenious method of rendering visible the form of a stretched string set

in vibration by having one of its extremities attached to one prong of a tuning fork, which was kept in motion electrically, and gave a definite note, the pitch of which was carefully determined. The vibrating string was lighted up by a vacuum tube connected with a Ruhmkorff coil, the rate of discharge through the tube being alterable at will, and when this is made equal to or some aliquot multiple of the number of vibrations made by the string, the latter was only illumined when occupying some one definite position, and owing to the per-

sistence of its image on the retina, appeared as if at rest. In this way the shape of the string and the positions of the modes and vertical segments are rendered clearly visible.—*Scientific American*.

EXPERIMENT ON SONOROUS CONDUCTIVITY.—A number of rods of the size of a common lead pencil are prepared from rubber, cork, gutta percha, wood, glass and steel, and in order to facilitate the experiment, are united in threes by means of rubber bands, fragments of tubing of the same substance being interposed between them. To perform the experiment, place one end of the rods on a resonant box, and, holding them with one hand, touch their free ends in succession with the handle of a vibrating tuning fork. The sound is not audible when the rubber rod is touched, but becomes louder and louder when the entire series of rods is passed successively in review. By this method, the laws of sonorous conductivity are easily demonstrated, and it is shown that the intensity of sound remains constant, if we substitute one rod for another of the same substance, but of which the length and section vary in the same ratio. On varying the length only, we change the intensity, as we do also when we vary the section and leave the length constant. This method may be employed also for demonstrating the difference in conductivity of wood parallel with and perpendicular to the fibers, and even for determining the numeric ratio of these two conductivities.—*Jour. Russian Physico-Chem. Soc.*

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.—The finest

astronomical observatory in the world is the one called "The Lick Observatory." It is situated on the top of Mt. Hamilton, 4,200 feet above the sea, and about 50 miles from San Francisco. It was founded by Dr. James Lick, who, in 1875, gave \$700,000 with which to build it.

Its site is most favorable; so high as to be unaffected by dust, smoke and mist, which hindrances trouble the Washington and Greenwich observatories to a greater or less degree. The principal telescope in the observatory, a 36-inch equatorial, is the largest in the world. The object glass was made by Alvan Clark & Sons.

The largest object glass in the world before this one was made is the one at St. Petersburg, which is thirty inches in diameter.

By the Lick telescope larger photographs of heavenly bodies can be taken than by any other. A photograph of the moon six inches in diameter can be taken without enlargement.

The iron dome which covers this great telescope is seventy-five feet in diameter, and weighs 107 tons. The whole dome is made to revolve so that any point in the heavens can be brought in line of vision. All the bearings of the different wheels are made like the bearings of a bicycle—running on hardened steel balls.

One man, without the aid of levers, can move the dome. A push of 200 pounds will move the mass of 214,000 pounds. Besides the large telescope, whose monstrous eye is expected to bring us into a clearer relationship to the celestial worlds than we have ever been before, there are two smaller telescopes, also equatorials, with six and twelve-inch object glasses, respectively. These, al-

though of equally perfect construction and delicate workmanship, are considered only as helpers or accessories to the great lens, as are also the meridian circle, the siderial clocks, the spectroscopes, micro-meters, and all sorts of minor appliances. A corps of five of the best astronomers in the United States will have charge of the observatory, each having charge of certain instruments, and attending to a certain part of the observations.

This observatory, which Mr. Lick so generously founded, is purely the product of American science and skill; and it is *the finest* observatory in the world.

It should be a source of pride to us that within the bounds of our own land we can find the ability to build, and the

talent to man such a marvelous proof of the progress of astronomical science.—
From a Description by Edward S. Holden, L. D. —Ex.

A total eclipse of the moon will occur on the night of July 22d and 23d. The eclipse will begin at 10:55 o'clock, total at 12:45 o'clock, and ends at 2:35 o'clock.

There are three partial eclipses of the sun to take place, the first on February 11th, the second on July 8th, and the third on August 7th. If a person wishes to witness the eclipses, for the two he must go to the Indian or South Pacific Ocean, and to the Arctic Ocean to see the third, which would mean considerable travel.

LOCALS.

A number of the students were recently highly entertained by John Jasper, the well-known colored divine, while preaching his sermon, "The Sun Do Move." He commenced by abusing a fellow pastor that had opposed his theory. It has been said that Uncle John sometimes says: "Dat man ain't got no more biznis in de pulpit, dan a bull frog haz got in de Prezident's chair." After giving this brother a good shaking up, he said, with a smile: "I don't know dat de queen Thee-bee went any farther to hear Solomon dan people have kum to hear me preach. Some have kum 22,000 miles." He then gave a graphic history of the Israelites from their origin until Joshua appeared with them upon the plains of the Promised Land. Uncle John is a long-winded old fellow and as he drew the "geographic line" between

the two classes of the plague locusts of Egypt, and told how "dar want a bit of freeze about dat water of de Red Sea when de Izerlites passed threw," his hearers began to long for "de sun to move."

At this point his text may be said to be "De sun do move and de earth am squar." He spoke as follows:

"I'll fight three battles. Dey wont belong, and den I'll prove de sun do move. I ain't got time to quote everything fully. I'll jes tech on it as I go long. Some say dat Pharaoh wasn't drowned. Ask dat gentleman to take dat bak. Some preachers use manuskrit in de pulpit. I spek I'se a hittin some of deze visiters here, but I don't mind dat. A man what doz dat ain't fittin to preach. If you believe I don't use manuskrit kase I

can't write my pints, you get taken in. I'se gwine to move right on now.

"Dey got over Jordon an' den came de battle of Jericho and Ai. Da'ts two little short wars. De Gibeonites comes up and made a treaty, an' dey waz den made hewers of wood and drawers of water. Dar's whar deze words come frum. Now, when Joshua and his hostes got into de plane of A-ja-lon, de sun waz rite abuv 'em. De sun waz dar, and how did it git dar if it didn't move?

"De mune waz also dar. An' Joshua commanded dem to stan' still. Now, what in de name of kommon sence did he say dis fur if dey wan't movin'? An' dey took fife kings and hung dem on trees until de sun went down. Kould it go down an' not move? De grait army staid dar until de sun roze agin. If it hadn't lef, how wuz it gwine to git bak dar?

"Philosophers say we are livin' on a roun' earth. De earth am squar'. If you ain't been techin' dat way in your grammer you had better do it after dis. De wins blow frum de four corners of de earth. How kould de earth be roun' an' hav' four corners? De philosophers say dar are people undur our feet. If dey are down dar dey are everlastingly disfranchised. Whar did dey git all deze udder worlds frum? Tell me about one missionary who haz bin under de earth, dat haz come bak an' made a report. Dey haz bin to China an' Africa an' all dem forin kuntries, but dey haz never tell us about dis kuntry under de earth. Whar iz de hole dat de axle of de earth goze threw and what dez de axle rests on? Dar ain't no axle.

"Deze same philosophers talk about measuring de distance to de sun. It wud

take a ball frum a strong cannon goin' a mile in four seconds 351 years to go to de sun an' 351 to come bak. Den de man wouldn't hav' time to teek de tape line on de sun, 'fore he wud be shootin' bak. Dats 702 years in all. A man wud hav' to set on dat cannon ball fur 702 years. He wud hav' to karry several suits of cloze, a hole lot of taters, chickens, an' other 'visions. Den he wud hav' to hav' a kookin' stove and a cook an' a wash-woman, an' how in de name of rezin kud all deze people an' other necessary comforts git on one kannon ball! Gentlemen and ladies, don't suffer your pure minds to be destroyed."

Prof. H. (in Jr. II. L.)—"What *Accusative* is that, and why?"

Mr. B.—"It is *terminal*, because it is at the *end* of a line."

Mr. G. would like to know whether leap-year (1840) had anything to do with Victoria courting Prince Albert.

Mr. D. (looking at a 5c. cravat, says to clerk)—"I am a College student; won't you give me 10 per cent. off on this?"

Prof. P.—"Mr. S., tell us the result of the potato failure in Ireland in 1845."

Mr. S.—"Well, by emigration, famine and *other diseases*, she lost one fourth of her population."

Mr. W.—(Touching on Evolution)—"Prof., do you think we have *descended* from a monkey?"

Prof.—"If I were to speak of any relationship, I would say we have *ascended*."

Mr. H.—“Prof., how did Victoria go about courting Albert?”

Prof. of E.—“Mr. H., suppose you have a correspondence with the Queen on this subject. I would say, though, that you can find out practically without going near so far as London.”

Mr. G., who has a very scientific mind, recently said: “Prof., if the world is round, don’t you think that a man could jump off into space if he could get to the North Pole?”

Prof. H.—“What is a *hippodrome*?”

Mr. R.—“It’s a man that runs on his *hips*.”

A certain Rat and a Sophomore not long since went to pass a pleasant hour with some fair maidens. The hour passed, but the “Rat,” looking into the eyes of a “congregation of one,” was just beginning. The Soph. being used to the ways of the world, entered into a compact with his “temporary better-half” that they would wait and see whether brother “Rat” would mention that the time of parting had come. They waited. So did the “Rat.”

As seconds grew into minutes, and minutes into hours, and as the moon, having passed her zenith, was wending her way to the western horizon, the Soph. and the gentle maiden at his side looked from behind a wide-spreading fan, and lo, the “whole congregation of one” was *nodding* assent to the eloquent “Rat.” The Soph., seeing that his watch indicated a few minutes to 1 A. M., now had to gently remark that they must go.

This reminds us of a lassie who once upon a time parted her lips and spoke to

a lingering youth as follows: “Did you ever see a snapping-turtle? ‘Why,’ do you say? Well, you remind me so much of one, because you hang on so.” This is the original article, “Rough on Rats.”

Mr. J.—“H., do you know who has Mark Twain’s Sketches?”

Mr. H.—“What do you do with them? *Marks* and *sketches*! What kind of things are they?”

We were recently made glad by having with us Prof. Lewis and his class of young ladies from Powell’s Institute. They came up to visit Prof. Winston’s Physics and Experimental rooms. It is said that none of our students were to have been admitted to this “special lecture,” but our good Professor had to have some one to assist him in his experiments, and consequently volunteers were called for. It was gratifying to see how nobly the call was answered. And some, not being able to get into the lecture-room, climbed a tree overlooking the window that they might assist by their smiles. As the experiments went on, others of us were necessarily detained in distant lecture-rooms discussing ancient lingoes. We would have preferred, of course, to have been assisting Professor W.

But we were not left entirely desolate, for as the galvanic battery was applied, we could hear the fair maidens pealing forth some of their sweet little *squeals*. How those gentle and melodious vibrations did cheer us up, and as a thrill went through us, we almost concluded that *certain* sounds would make a good conductor of electricity. The hall by this time was well filled with the surplus

volunteers who were trying to see through the Physics door, which now had "Co-Education" upon it in large letters.

Some were rejoicing that as a beginning had been made, the words upon the door might soon be realized, while others said, "I don't know what we would do if we had co-education, for with these lassies around I have forgotten all my Latin for to-day."

Prof. Lewis then took the young ladies around to call on Princess Pharaoh, of the Museum, and afterwards went up to the Thomas Memorial Hall. On their way back to the Institute their gallant Professor took them by Moesta's and set before them the confectionery of the season. They made it a point to reach the threshold of the Institute just as the last classes were being dismissed for the day.

Mr. F. (standing near the Electric Car railroad as a car passed)—"There goes an electric car! If I were to put one foot on each track and my hands on the wire, I wonder if I wouldn't run by electricity?"

We hope he will make a few experimental trips before he attempts to carry passengers.

Rev. E. W. Winfrey, of Partlow's, Va., will preach the annual sermon of the College Y. M. C. A. on Sunday evening, June 10th, at the Second Baptist Church.

Rev. R. R. Acree, of the First Baptist Church, of Petersburg, Va., has been chosen by the Societies to deliver the Improvement and Best Debater's Medals at the Commencement.

Mr. W. F. (at boarding house, looking around for the invisible cake, calls the boy)—"Say, what are we going to eat with this ice-cream?"

Boy—"Mrs. V. say you can eat it *wid* a spoon."

In a distant Parrish there was a new Comer who was fond of sport. On a bright morning in September he with a Gay company, hitched a Brown mule with White Spotts on his sides and with Cruik'(d)shanks to a vehicle which stood Handy, and having brought their guns from the Garrett, drove out a principal Street. They Wood-son have been on a Huntt in the Grove had they not broken their vehicle. But though Harris-ed, they were not outdone, for they carried the broken vehicle to a Smith near by. Having this all Wright they proceeded. Then they came to a Morris (morass) and had to Poll(h)ard to get through. They had many trials, but Bor 'um patiently, without being much Hurt. They passed by the way a Walker with a Long staff, and attended by a dog with a Whitehead. They met a Motley crowd at a turn in the road. They finally arrived at their destination and tied their mule to a Bush, but were not much Hunter(s), as you may No(w)ell, since they killed a Martin. But having had a jolly time, they returned, calling by the way to leave an order with the Taylor, and having gotten home, warmed themselves by some Coles, then proceeded to do ample justice to the Baker and Carver.

RANDOLPH MACON VS. RICHMOND COLLEGE.—A game of base-ball between the nines of Randolph Macon and Richmond colleges was played on the grounds

of the latter, Saturday afternoon, April 28th. This game terminated in the withdrawal of the Randolph Macons after their fifth inning, and therefore was awarded to Richmond College on a score of 9 to 0.

The apparent cause of their withdrawal was the decision of the umpire in regard to a blocked ball; but in reality they were desirous of any pretext to escape certain defeat. Mr. James R. Gill, the umpire of the occasion, is a member of the Ashlands, of Pennsylvania, a professional team. He has umpired several games this season, and has always given perfect satisfaction. In all of his decisions, Saturday, he was upheld by the approval of those free from the prejudice of party spirit. A marked feature of the game was the "kicking," all of which came from the Randolph Macon side, and it is a source of regret that their captain did not prevent this by exercising proper control over his men.

We are now eating eggs of the *latest edition*.

In accordance with an epistolary engagement Mr. R. went home from an afternoon meeting with Miss M. After supper a motion was made and seconded to take the electric car and go over to Church Hill to hear friend P. preach. Mr. R. was so absorbed in the subject under consideration that he did not consider the subject of car fare. After starting, Mr. R. felt in his "once fat pocket book," and found only five cents. After some mathematical calculations, Mr. R. decided that five cents would take them over there, and that he could, when there, borrow five cents from friend P.

so as to return. Once at the street-car line, Mr. P. made a wonderful discovery. He announced to his fair companion that five cents was the fare for one, not two. As the thought flashed through her cranium, she gently rebuked him for not telling her sooner. The car had now arrived. Miss M., pitying her escort's embarrassment, suggested with a woman's quickness that a minister be visited immediately, and after being made *one* by him, they could then go for five cents. So, ordering the street-car driver to wait a while, they departed in order to carry out the fair one's suggestion.

Mr. D. having an appointment to preach in the country, went on Saturday evening to the C. & O. depot, and seeing two trains there, let the one he wanted to go on "get away in his very presence." He came back to College, spent the night, and went down early the next morning. He got the train this time, but having to ride on horseback several miles, part of his congregation "got away before his very eyes." While he was preaching, his horse also "got away before his very eyes." Mr. D. then had to "plod his weary way" back to the train. When he arrived in Richmond he went over to the electric car line, but seeing no horses to the car which was then passing, he was unable to determine which way it was going. He jumped on, however, and when he found himself he was on Church Hill, about three miles from College. He now changed his course for *old R. C.*, but stopping at a fire he got lost again with the whole city "in his very presence." The philosopher has well said that when a man steps around steam, horses, congregations, electricity and fire,

he must know which way they are moving.

Scene in an ice-cream saloon : A young college boy, Mr. B., is seated at a table with his girl (?) eating cream. At an adjoining table are three other college boys, much to Mr. B.'s disgust. The two have eaten their first saucer, but he decides to take his second, though she will not join him. (He had not insisted.) At last some bouquets are brought around and he is urged to take two, one for himself and one for her. "How do you sell them," said he, "a cent apiece? I will take two at that." "No, five

cents," was the answer. "What! jee-whilikins, I haven't got that. This last saucer of cream has broke me." He looks excited and disturbed, and runs his hands into his pockets nervously. "Don't get touchous," remarked J., one of the three, "I will lend you a quarter." He was in a worse box now than before; he frowned, and to show how "touchous" he really was, throw down a quarter and would not take the change, to the intense amusement of all around, especially of his fair companion.

The next day he remarked to a friend of his that J. was stuck on his girl, but did not stand a bit of chance.

OUR LETTER BOX.

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

A few days ago one of the students was the happy recipient of what he thought to be a letter from his "Darling Duckey," but upon opening it found only the following:

APRIL 1, 1888.

Mr. T—:

And now dear ———, I must impart
To you the secret of my heart.
Will you believe me when I say
That you have stolen my heart away?

And now dearest boy, I must confess
No other charm but you can bless,
No other charm but you can cheer
My little dark-eyed ———, my dear.
Never show this.

Your friend,

APRIL FOOL.

He wishes to reply, however, to this sweet authoress, and prefers to do so through these columns:

And now dear ———, I am a debtor
Unto you for your nice letter.
Its tone was sweet in every part,
Its words were music to my heart.

Were I to pour forth all my soul,
My love would then be untold:
So do not measure my affection
By this my poor and lame selection.

But ——— dear, my heart is thine,
Not only now, but through all time.
And, Oh, how deeply it makes me sigh
To say the sad, sad words "Good-bye."

Hoping to hear from you again soon, I am
your friend ———.

"Miss L. H. P."—Yours relating to "correspondence on the subject of matrimony" came just in the nick o' time. "Tar Heel" of N. C., "Sigerma Rho" of Va., "Zeukety" of Ky., and "Dude" of W. Va., have recently become *wido o-crs* by the departure of their "old ladies." Any of these gentlemen will receive a letter addressed to Lock-box 5,728½.

"Invalid."—Dr. Crinkenshanks may

be found in his office on the "Second." He is quite accommodating and will put up a compound prescription of "eloquence, oratorical flights, and curls" at any hour of the night. He recommends the following for spring-fever:

The gentle breezes fan our brow
While on the grass, feeds the big brown cow.

"*Education.*"—" *Girlogy*" is a new work by W. H. B. It is a very practical science and its author is now taking a post-graduate course in it. He says that it was rather impertinent in us to ask what section he is in, but adds that it would be section 200 if he judged by the number of kisses he gets each week. Friend B. believes in a practical education, and in connection with "*girlogy*" is studying the science of raising chickens and potatoes. This author is best known by his two works, "*My Mustache*" and the one referred to above. We have just received a letter from him in which he says: "I am 'in my cottage by the sea-side,' still living, but now

growing old. I love my chickens, porpoises, pet oysters and young whales, and in fact everything except Math."

"*Alligator.*"—The following, given by one of our wide awake boys, describes quite well what we would like to do after a hard day's work on an examination: "When I got up at 6 o'clock this morning, I was in Ashland. I jumped into my Physics books and studied for dear life. Soon after I *gobbled down* (haven't time to say *ate*) some ham and eggs, boarded the train and flew on to Richmond. I jumped off at the station, and as I struck for the College, I splashed mud about a mile high. I got to my room, put on my business suit and walked up to the Physics room. Here I wrote about light, gas and electricity and if "*Trickey*" understands what I put down, he can do more than I can. Yes, I am going to see my best girl now, and if the other Physic boys don't do the same thing they ought to be excommunicated."

EXCHANGES.

Through a mistake of the publisher a considerable amount of matter, which should have been inserted in last month's edition, was left out. We were disappointed on account of it, since a number of our best exchanges had been freely criticised by us for the lack of the same matter.

Spring has come, and with it the mania among college students to write poetry and prepare orations. How delightful it

is for the Exchange editor to read the orations which make their appearance now in college monthlies. We open the *Wake Forest Student* and about the first article which attracts the attention is "*America Holds the Future*," which we must say is quite good in some respects, and in others it reminds us of "*Lysias' Funeral Oration*." However, this is a land and an age "so pregnant with future possibilities," that it is but natural for the American youth to give reins to his fancy

and imagination and let them "soar untrodden heights and seem at home where angels bashful look." The editorial in regard to the retention of the mark and medal system is good. We extend thanks for the article, and hope other higher institutions of learning will take the same move. The *Student* stands in the front rank of college magazines.

The *Anthencæum*, of W. Va. University, contains much valuable information on general subjects. "Sectarian Culture and What Comes of It," by J. G. Holland, affords food for reflection. We also learn from the *Anthencæum* that Lee, Washington, Jackson and Harrison and many other prominent men were born in Virginia. We have often wondered why Virginia is called the "mother of states and presidents."

One can but notice how the minds of college and university students are exercised in regard to the future of America. Perhaps "Our Country" has had a wide circulation among them. Some take an optimistic and some a pessimistic view of the matter. About two thirds of our exchanges contain articles on the perils, etc., of our country. Some say we are going to destruction from emigration, some from intemperance, some from socialism; and now we find an article in the *College Rambler* which says that *Mammon* is going to ruin us. We don't know; we never had enough to experiment with. On the whole the *College Rambler* is one of the neatest sheets which comes to our table.

Among our most newsy exchanges not the least important is the *Deltau*. The

"College World" and "Exchange Columns" are especially well prepared

The *Fordham Monthly*—April number—contains contributions of a highly literary character. The "Pleiade" is good, and nothing less can be said of the article on "Easter Songs from Old Monasteries." We were amused, as well as interested in reading the sketch of "April-Fool Day." We think the managers of the *Fordham* could make improvement upon their already excellent magazine by enlarging the Exchange column and giving more room also to college news.

The *Earlhamite* has an interesting and worthy article on the studies requisite for a business life. It should have a wide circulation.

All college students, especially those who look forward to a professional life, are interested in the best methods for developing orators. We have recently received a catalogue of the *School of Expression*, 15½ Beacon street, Boston. This institution is conceded by all who have studied its methods to be the foremost school of its kind in the country. Its faculty is composed of *eighteen* lecturers and teachers. A summer session, opening July 9th, will be held for college students, teachers, public speakers and others. The catalogue, which gives complete information, will be sent free.

The *Occident* is always a welcome visitor to our table.

We are more and more pleased with the *Seminary Magazine* from Louisville, Ky., at every issue.

The *Olio* for April is very interesting.

The *Guardian*, of Baylor University, contains some choice matter. "Three Stepping Stones to Our National Down-fall" deserves commendation. We were much interested in reading "Mother Bailey."

We don't know exactly how to express our high appreciation of the *Purdue* for April. The Exchange editor will lose if he casts it in his waste basket. When it is found out, though, that the editor-in-chief is of a nature more tender than is ours, we can't wonder at the high success to which the *Purdue* has attained.

We have exchanges coming to us from the four quarters of our land, and representing the first colleges and universities. We hope, however, we will be pardoned for saying that the best of them come from the Carolinas. Wake Forest, S. C., and N. C. Universities send forth magazines of which they might be proud.

"Study had given Newton the valuable lesson of patience and calmness. Before beginning a customary evening walk, he forgot to extinguish his candle and let

out his dog. On his return he found the candle on the floor and his papers on fire. But despite the affliction this loss caused him, he contented himself with the remark: 'Diamond, Diamond, ah, if you knew the cruel pain you have caused me.'"
—*Ex.*

"The *Athenæum*, under date of April 21st, published by the students of West Virginia University, would do well to have better editorials.

The *College Index*, from Kalamazoo College, Mich., is a neat and spicy paper.

The *Fisk Herald* for April has very poor Exchanges and Locals.

The *Lehigh Burr*, true to its name, has very much the appearance of a burr (not a *chestnut* burr). The resemblance is still true when the *Burr* is opened, for everything is "done up brown."

The April number of the *McMicken Review* is on our table. We think the University of Cincinnati ought to be able to get out a better sheet.

The *Wabash*, from Crawfordsville, Ind., is a very scholarly magazine.



COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

Harvard holds examinations in Paris.
Persian is taught at Cornell.

Chief-Justice Waite was a graduate of Yale—class '37.

Cambridge University, England, contains about one hundred distinct colleges.

There are thirty-seven Japanese students at the University of Michigan.

The *Dartmouth* is said to have the largest circulation of any college paper—viz: 1,100 per issue.

Cricket in the East promises to be more popular than ever this spring.

The Presbyterians of Atlanta will soon establish there a denominational college.

It is said that \$3,000,000 have been subscribed by an American for the purpose of founding a university of learning in China.

Fifty of Yale's theological students are attempting to commit the Bible to memory.

The United States has 364 colleges and universities, with 4,160 instructors and 59,594 students.

Mr. A. S. Barnes, the publisher, of New York, has given \$50,000 to erect a Y. M. C. A. building at Cornell University.

Stagg has decided to take a four years' course in the Yale Divinity school.

Sixty-two thousand volumes of books are at present in the library at the U. of M. The library at Yale has 170,000 volumes.

"The story of Eve clothing herself with

leaves of figs was merely a fig-her of speech."

College men generally are interested to see whether Dr. Patton will allow Greek-letter fraternities to be reinstated at Princeton.

S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, has added \$25,000 to his previous gift of \$100,000 for a new library building at Yale.

The Harpers will publish a volume of stories by Miss Amelia Rives, a Southern writer who has grown quite popular in a short while.

In 1885 Germany spent for the education of her people \$10,000,000; England, \$36,000,000; France, \$15,000,000; Austria, \$9,000,000, and Russia, \$5,000,000. The United States that year spent \$100,000,000 for education, or as much practically as the five nations combined.

What is the difference between a maiden and an apple? An apple you squeeze to get cider; a maiden—you get 'side her to squeeze.

There has recently been incorporated in California the San Diego College Company. The company has a capital stock of \$200,000 divided into 2,000 shares of paid-up stock.

Two students of Oxford University, Eng., are at present visiting American colleges with a view to become acquainted with their manner of playing foot-ball, which they will on their return home, introduce among the students of England.

Scene (or heard) in geology class: