What did they call the poet, then,
In the old, old days when the world was new?
Was it not "Maker"? Ah, you men!
You thought the dreams of the world were through!

They never are through, the lovely dreams;
Never, while life and love are here!
While the thing that is is the thing that seems,
And the thing that is far is ever near.

And time comes back from other lands,
And faces mingle, and tears are shed;
And moments are left for clasping hands;
And the living laugh on the graves of the dead.

Yes, he is the Maker still, the man
Who builds of nothing his airy rhyme;
The only being who dare and can
Uplift to something a weary time!

And Science gathers, and Learning waits,
And earth is older, and tears are more—
But here the Maker, before the gates
Of Eden peers through the open door.

Another world, and another will!
And old things perish, and new things rise!
And he is the poet, now and still,
Who sees, as of yore, in Paradise!
Among the many sentences that fall from men's lips, there are probably but few charged more heavily with sterling truth than the oft-quoted maxim, "Where there is a will there is a way."

It would betoken great ignorance on our part should we assert that there are no limits to human capability in any of the affairs of life, since in every calling and profession, in every sphere of human activity, men may meet with colossal obstacles which, though they tax their utmost energies, they cannot overcome. Circumstances also may hem a person in and operate so powerfully upon him as to make it almost impossible for him to force his way through them. But we are happy to believe that the occurrence of such occasions is quite seldom, and obstacles that at first look like high and jagged mountains often dwindle into insignificant mole hills before patient and persevering effort. After yielding all due allowance for extraordinary occasions, we may safely say that he who intensely wills to do anything, will most likely find a way to do it. Strong desire itself will often convert "possibility into reality." If a person has an intense wish to do a thing that is worth doing, something not beyond the reach of human power and reason, and will concentrate all his energies upon that cherished object, and calmly and patiently pursue that course despite the reverses of circumstances, success will almost inevitably crown his efforts.

Many a man makes a miserable failure in nearly everything in which he engages, and all on account of lack of indomitable will-power; the timid, half-hearted, feeble-willed man generally finds everything impossible because he believes it so to be.

We may look over the history of the world's great men from time immemorial, and we shall certainly find that the men who were giants in intellect, the men who scaled the rugged steeps of fame, the men who went hand over hand up fame's ladder until at last, sitting triumphantly astride the topmost round of human honors, were without a peer; the men who, struggling against both wind and tide, fought their way through adverse circumstances, and at last towered like the Alps and Himalayas above the rest of humanity, were men characterized by iron wills, invincible determination, and inflexible purposes.

This quality—this tenacity of purpose—will do almost anything in the world. The longer I live, the more I study, the more and more am I convinced that the difference—the mighty chasm that separates the great from the insignificant—is energy, strong will-power, an obstinate determination to know no such words as defeat or failure.

Men possessing such sterling qualities "trample upon impossibilities." In the vocabularies of such men as George Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Hannibal, Lord Chatham, and many others equally as great, there can be found no such word as "fail." Impossibilities they laughed to scorn. A glance at their history will be enough to convince one that a resolute will was the predominating and leading characteristic of their lives.
No wonder, then, that before the steady march of such men we see mountains gradually disappearing, and obstacles of seemingly massive proportions overcome. Then, too, such men possess the power of converting their adversities and difficulties into helps and stepping stones to success; and often transform them, as the oyster the sands which annoy it, into pearls.

Yes, if we would make any good and lasting impression on the world, which, as Emerson says, "is no longer clay, but rather iron, in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows," we must set before our minds the ideal of pure moral dignity, and then bend all our energies towards its attainment. Nothing less than excellence in any avocation should be our aim. We should pursue the ideal of duty. If we do that, surely streams of perpetual freshness and delight will flow into our daily livee. Each new morning will waft on its wings richer fragrance, sweeter music, and brighter charms than the last. Our lives will glide by filled with a grand welcome service full of God's spirit and love.

We should put forth every effort to act well our part where all the honor lies. We should scorn to do anything unworthy of our nobler nature. We should never be satisfied with being poor apologies for men; but should banish forever every ignoble quality, and be men such as when one comes into our presence he may truly feel, and say, there stands a man.

A. T. H.

Fidelity to Truth.

It strikes me that this subject is in some respects suited to an occasion like this, a reunion of the literary societies of Richmond College, where intellect is being schooled, disciplined and developed, and made a mighty power, soon to be started on a grand career, to move in sublime harmony with truth, and thus serve the highest ends of being; or go crashing through the world like some ponderous orb, recognizing no appointed sphere, and discarding all rules for the regulation of its movements. Truth has been defined, "Conformity to fact," and, according to Garrett, has respect, not to what is said or thought, but what is permanent, stable, and is and ought to be relied upon, because upon sufficient data it is capable of being demonstrated or shown to exist.

Truth may be divided into two general classes, according to the nature of the subject of thought and affirmation: these are essential and incidental truths. Under the former, range all the established laws of nature, every divinely appointed and unchanging principle that holds in the government of God, whether pertaining to mind, matter, or spirit. As illustrative of this class of truths we might refer to the fact that bodies let fall gravitate downward and toward a certain centre; and so of the fact that in the melting of ice there is absorbed and rendered latent 140 degrees of heat, and thus the tendency to liquidation, to that extent checked; and further, that the same water passing into steam or vapor takes up from surrounding objects 1000 degrees of heat of which the thermome-
ter gives no account. And when this same vapor is condensed and resumes the liquid form, it surrenders again its 1000 degrees of heat, and when reduced to the freezing point throws out another 140 degrees, thus demonstrating that freezing is actually a warming process, while thawing and vaporizing are freezing processes. Such may be set down in the class of essential truth, because they are as a part of the warp and woof of the great fabric of nature, and are truths because God has made them such.

Under the latter or incidental truths may be set down all the contingent and changing scene in the passing panorama of events, since men, devils or angels began to play their parts on the stage of being. That Caesar invaded Britain before Christ fifty-five years, may be ranged under the last-named head. Much that we might be inclined, however, to class with incidental truths, if more perfectly understood, would be found to belong to the former class. Such, for instance, as the crucifixion of the Saviour, from a human standpoint, a purely fortuitous occurrence—fortuitous because capricious and whimsical men were the actors in our view; but we are told that it was among the things made sure by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. So that what seems to us contingent to us is only relatively so, and relates to our ignorance of the far-reaching schemes and the connecting links in the endless chain of essential truth.

This fact ought to inspire the minds and hearts of men for the sanctity of truth, even when it appears to relate to matters only incidental in their character.

For instance, the untruthful report of ten of the spies sent out by Moses was an infraction upon the Divine plan, and doomed them and all who believed to death in the wilderness, and their little ones to forty years more of perilous pilgrimage.

Fidelity to all kinds of truth, then, is worthy to be inscribed upon the banner of him who expects to follow or lead the vanguard of the great army of seekers and lovers of truth. Among the most obvious difficulties, however, which lie in the way of implicit faithfulness to truth, may be mentioned (1) the fact of man's alienation in heart from the Author and source of truth. When he knew of his allegiance to God, he broke faith with truth also. Yes, it was credence given to the father of lies that if he ate he would not die, but become wise as God, that constituted the initial act in the fall of man. And since then men have shown a perversity of mind upon that point which has too often proved the displeasure of Him who desires truth in the inward points, and being found indifferent to truth, has given them over to believe a lie and be condemned. That there is a sentiment favorable to truth cannot be denied; but it possibly arises too largely from a conviction of the utility of truth.

The old maxim that "honesty is the best policy," is true; but he who is honest only from policy is a dishonest man at heart, and so of our interest in truth; if it arises from the supposed or real advantage it brings to society, it does not constitute us lovers of truth per se. Truth in itself, and disassociated with ideas of personal interest, has fared in our world about as He did who came to bear witness to the
FIDELITY TO TRUTH.

5

truth and was truth personified, but the world esteemed him not.

The comparative little progress truth has made in the world evidences too clearly the general want of interest in its triumphs. Pilate asked what is truth, and immediately, while attesting the innocence of Jesus, condemned him to death, thus perpetuating a judicious falsehood in giving his consent to make the embodiment of truth an object of execration before the people as a false pretender. Whately remarks that it is in the determination to obey the truth and follow wherever she may lead that the genuine love of truth is found. By applying this test, and it is certainly not too rigid, we may discover how almost insuperable the barrier in the way of our unqualified and unconditional fealty to truth is found in the innate perversity of the human heart. We cannot suppose that pure and holy beings have any difficulty in yielding the most unreserved assent and support to truth; nor can we suppose that the universal prevalence of truth, even to the exclusion of the dimmest shadow of untruth, could ever work other than the highest good to such creatures. No crimes to conceal, no penalties to avert, no advantage to seek at the expense of others—nothing to extenuate, nor aught in malice to set down, there would be no place for the untruthful man, because of no untruth to propagate, no tongue to set on fire of hell, no heart as black as death, no friendships to be broken, no brotherhood to be dismembered, and no creed of gaping fools to drink in the whisperings of moral pestilence, before whose breath the healthy shoots and blooms of social joy and happiness decay as with the touch of death.

But in a world like ours the demand will create its own supply, and truth goes begging while falsehood is at a premium. So that he who frames a law to punish false swearing will bribe the witness whose perjured testimony will save the sinking cause. The discrimination made by law and society between swearing the truth and speaking the truth, will ever prove prejudicial to the supremacy of truth. Truth in the yea, yea, or nay, nay, is as inseparable from and indispensable to fidelity to the truth as when we lay our hands upon and place to our lips the Holy Book. And while the state of sentiment mentioned indicates the status of the human heart as respects truth in itself, the universality of this sentiment constitutes the second obstacle in the way of individual fidelity to truth. The moral sense of mankind is poorly formed and further calculated by the conduct and opinion of others, and our fidelity to any cause is not likely to meet a severer test than that of the general unfaithfulness of others. We were wisely constituted to be impressed by example, but the misfortune is that the example before us is calculated to mislead and corrupt upon this point.

You have marked how readily the little urchin falls into the habit of an untruthful parent; and how the plastic form of the individual, as well as that of public sentiment is impressed by examples of infidelity to truth upon the part of those in high positions. What a corrupting tidal wave is now pouring over our land from the great cess-pool of political and social corruption. It, as if Gehenna had been opened, or the debris of ages had been disentombed and borne upon the public press, and upon the lips
of the political demagogue, in the cheap yellow-backed literature and false science of the day, which is like drops from Java's tree, or the fell blast that sweeps Arabia's sands, would wither every floweret of truth. Not only is the force of example to be resisted, but also the impression that our interests cannot be defended except by the same means that have been employed against them; or, according to the old maxim, "we must fight the devil with fire," it sometimes happens that when the enemies of truth are using falsehood to break her impregnable walls, in fear of the result we betray our fidelity to truth by enlisting falsehood in our ranks to fight our battles for us.

Then, again, falsehood turns benefactor and offers a present advantage against a future good; and, in the garb of an angel of light, would have us do evil that good may come of it. Altogether he is a moral hero who stands firm in his fidelity to truth amidst so many incentives from within and without to desert her standard. Not the least of which is the consciousness that his heroic virtue will call forth no labored panegyrick, no encomium to be pronounced by silver-tongued orators in legislative halls, or sung in sweetest lines of poesy; neither will be chiselled in marble or cast in immortal brass. And yet a higher niche in the temple of fame is due him than he who gains her portals through storms of leaden hail or fields of flashing steel or double ranks of red-mounted cannon.

A fourth embarrassment in the way is found in the poor facilities we possess for acquainting ourselves with truth. In the fall that man sustained in passing from the sublime heights of moral innocence, where his unclouded intellect gazed with unobscured view upon the fields of truth, the mental as well as moral apparatus was so impaired that it has never worked well since. Like the unsettled needle upon the quadrant, it points too often in a wrong direction, and leads the too confident navigator out of the track of truth to be hopelessly wrecked and find his grave in the dark oblivion of error's bottomless sea. With the very best cultivation and all the appliances at hand we still see through a glass darkly; and our distorted vision not unfrequently presents things in a false and ludicrous light, and we are forced to turn away with disappointed feelings after a vain pursuit of what proved to be but an ignis-fatuuus of error instead of real truth. Man in his highest estate knows but little, and that little so imperfectly that when he would do truth service he is ignorantly fighting against its progress.

A fifth difficulty worthy of mention is that whatever truth we may possess will not be the result of intuition, but, like most other things of value, is to be found by those who are willing to confront difficulties, and encounter obstacles at every advance, and with patient, long-continued efforts make soundings in the deep sea of thought; until the anchor holds in the immovable ledges of truth. Like the rich vein of precious metal it sometimes dips far beneath the surface, and if her stores of wealth are found, it must be by the severe use of pick and spade.

Stout hearts and strong arms must be brought into requisition. Her ores must be smelted in the furnace of thought. The developed truth that constitutes the heritage of our advanced civilization has descended to us through the efforts of
those who have tunnelled mountains of
difficulty, traversed deserts, scaled
heights, and fathomed depths in search
of truth, and by patient endurance and
unswerving fidelity have shown them­
selves to have been what Pluto denomi­
nates, “Hunters of the truth.” They are
the pioneer corps leading the march of
intellect from the known to the unknown.
Such are benefactors of their race, and
the world’s indebtedness to them is
great. Down many a winding step to
dangerous dark, to many a cave bestrewed
with mouldering bones, where no sun­
beam enters and no zepher blows, they
tread, unmindful of fame or wealth, in
search of God-appointed truth. Much
truth invaluable to the world has been
ascertained by chance. The alchemist
 vainly sought the philosopher’s stone for
transmuting the baser metals into gold,
nor did they, as they hoped they should,
find the panacea of all human ills. But
in their search for these they did find
much truth. So that under all the dis­
advantages attendant upon its develop­
ment truth has gradually evolved, and
passing back over the track of time we
are greeted by a noble army of martyrs
who rise up to cheer us in our search for
truth. Many anxious fears have been
indulged by its friends as they have
watched with dread the unequal conflict
upon this hard-contested field, while the
issue seemed suspended upon a single
fact. Hope and fear have alternately
swayed the heart, like light and shade
upon the field, while flying clouds now
hide and now reveal the sun. But
crushed to earth, she has risen again, and,
like the proud old forest tree whose ele­
mental strife has only served to make it
grasp with firmer hold the subterranean
rocks, and imbed itself more deeply in
the sub-soil of earth, truth, by the se­
verest conflicts of the past, has been more
firmly fixed and deeply rooted in the
hearts and consciences of men. In the
conflict of opinions and the upheavals of
the past the lines of truth have been
more clearly discovered, and her leadings
better understood.

Passing from this part of our subject,
let us indulge in a few reflections upon
the importance of fidelity to truth. This
will be seen to arise from the nature of
the social compact that binds men and
communities together. The supremacy
of truth is the prime condition upon which
all well-ordered societies are founded and
are to be perpetuated. It is to society
what cement is in masonry; it strengthens
and solidifies, and makes what were sepa­
rate stones as though they were solid
rock. It unifies and binds together; it
is the centripetal force that counteracts
and overcomes the disintegrating and
divergent tendencies of error.

When it has been abandoned, the moor­
ings of society have been lost, and we
will soon drift into the vortex of social
and moral ruin. With truth discarded,
confidence must be destroyed, and without
confidence in one’s self, confidence in
others, confidence in the uniformity of
the laws of nature, and faith in God, man
is set adrift upon a sea for whose waters
the mariner has no chart, and from whose
rock-bound shores no friendly light-house
easts its peering rays nor warning fog­
bells ring.

Another consideration, quite as impor­
tant as the one just mentioned, is that
fidelity to truth is requisite to the devel­
opment of the highest qualities and finest
feelings of our nature as individuals.
It is the Thermopylæ where is to be gained or lost all that is worth guarding or defending in our natures. And he who has abandoned this stronghold of defence will find it exceedingly difficult to hold other and more salient points. I venture the opinion that men seldom, if ever, commit crimes of any character, or yield to temptation, until truth has been abandoned and the heart's consent obtained to lie.

This holds alike true in the case of the boy who ventures for the first time to violate a father's command, and of the self-abandoned and matured criminal whose far-reaching schemes and deeply-laid plans of villainy look to the pillaging of countries and the destruction of empires. Hence the inspired injunction to "buy the truth and sell it not."

Its importance is further enhanced in our minds by the consideration that every true advance that has been made in science or art, government, history, or religion has been dependent upon the development of truth. Every forward revolution that the wheels of progress have made has been under the motive power of truth. It is the spirit moving upon the face of the waters, bringing order out of confusion; a voice amid surrounding darkness saying, "Let there be light."

It is the rising star of the world's hope, whose ceaseless glare will light it on to a brighter and higher destiny in the future. It is the ensign under whose inspiring fold the greatest moral victories will be achieved. It is the Gibraltar upon whose surge-repelling sides the drifting craft of false philosophy, false religion, false government systems, and false men shall wreck and sink; while truth itself shall lift its God-like form high above the waves and storms of time, where the thunders do not roll and where the lightnings never leap from the dark cloud of error.

Fidelity to truth stands in the way of hasty deductions from insufficient data. It inspires the mind with a conscientious dread of being imposed upon by receiving into the sanctity of an unbounded confidence that which is entirely false or has but a veneering of truth.

It stands beside us in the laboratory of the scientist, and marks with closest scrutiny the dissection of material bodies to ascertain the laws of their composition and organization, and vetoes many a hastily-formed conclusion, and sends it back to be reversed or confirmed by a clearer exposition of indisputable facts.

Sometimes her presence has been interdicted, and her authority contemned, and, like a strong man that cannot save, she has been forced to look upon truth outraged and violated, and her fair vestments made to hide the deformity of monstrous error, which, Goliath-like, has vaunted and paraded itself in its supposed impervious coat of mail, until fidelity, with its smooth pebble of truth from the clear brook of essential and God-established fact, has felled the giant to the earth, and wresting his own weapons from him, has cleft his head, and left the bleeding, prostrate form to die amid its worshippers.

She has laid her talismanic hand upon the deductions of infidelity and atheistical philosophy and the mad speculations of scientists, so-called, and made them the pummice-stone upon which truth has been brought to a finer edge.

She has brushed away the dust of ages from the manuscripts of ancient.
authors that the lines of truth might be more clearly traced. Like a tutelary goddess, she presided over the expedition of Livingstone, Kane and Columbus; has gone with the tourist to the supposed spot of man's primogeniture, and sought by means of such mysterious links as dark hieroglyphics, Egyptian pyramids, and other "footprints on the sands of time" to form a connected chain of truth.

She has made her own voice heard in subterranean vaults, and, like the Witch of Endor, has called up the ghosts of departed ages to tell the truth of their history. Under her superintendence the earth's solid crust has been penetrated; her periods, if not her ages, have been counted; fossilized races of pre-Adamic monsters, reaching through a period of millions of years, have stood up to be counted, measured, and classified.

With science in one hand and the Bible in the other, both speaking the language of the same Author, she has sought to guide the querist back through the trackless waste of yet uncounted ages, and standing amid the awful dreariness of universal nonentity (save as things to be developed were hid in Him of whom and by whom are all things), waits to see the first created form of material substance fall from the omnific hand of the great First Cause, and which laid the foundation for the first asserted truth of revelation—that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Having now taken the first step in the onward march of time, she bids us mark, as upon pain of death, what we see and hear, while the segregated particles of nebulous matter gather, coalesce, and cohere to form the nucleus of this present earth, whose then seething mass and liquid, perchance first led the way of other worlds to find their place in the boundless beyond. If such was the earth's primeval state, it was only prophetic of the after period in its moral history, when from Eden shone a brighter light too soon to be extinguished in the gloom of moral chaos coming on. Under the guidance of fidelity to truth we view the laboratorial changes in the early forms of matter, until the earth's firm foundations are laid in the granite rocks of the Cambrian period. She does not desert us as we gaze admiringly as period after period brings its contribution to the glowing superstructure, while oceans form and mountains rise, and we hear the awful tread of the Magatherium, or the splashing of the bulky Ichthyosaurus, until successive catastrophes depopulate the prolific earth to make way for higher orders of animal life, and especially and finally for man, the appointed proprietor of all. And now in this disputed proprietorship, fidelity stands at the anvil of reason to forge with diamond point the shaft with which to drive from the field of thought every enemy of truth, and with more than a Ruth's devotion to Naomi, she says to Truth, "Where thou livest, I will live, and where thou diest, if die thou shouldst, I will die, and where thou art buried, there will I be buried also."

But truth can never die, and fidelity to it will yet reap in riper fields a richer harvest than has ever yet been gleaned on earthly ground.

C. T. K.
The old Anglo-Saxon is full of words that express the tenderest relations, such as mother, home, and heaven. We are not surprised to see the above words have a similar origin. Such words have been among the first of every language, because no civilized people can do without them.

Among the God-like traits Adam retained when he fell was the desire to love and be loved. All mankind has inherited this desire, and value it as one of the most potent factors in our character. It moulds society, unites humanity, and will ultimately decide the destiny of the world. For instance, notice how families cling to each other; misfortune may come, social standing may be lowered, or what not; still they cling to each other. This being our nature we must have an object to receive and reciprocate our love, hence the necessity of a friend.

The value of a friend can be appreciated only by those having at one time tasted the sweets of friendship, and at another been deprived of such associations. It seems that no words are more expressive than "Alone and friendless." To many a college boy such feelings are experienced during the first few weeks. In many instances he has never realized the value of a friend. He has left a loving home—that which there is no place more like heaven—surrounded by those whose ideas of life, ambition and desire almost coincided with his own. How these will be missed can be understood only by those who have experienced their loss. Nothing can take their place. A confidential friend can in part. Such a friend is not easily found, and often when found is won with great difficulty, but when found and won becomes a life-long treasure.

Effort breeds esteem, that which costs little is valued little, and therefore friends easily made are easily lost. Beware of those who are willing to become every one's confidential friend.

The best friends are those who are not blind to our faults, but who by long association and study of character can make the good traits overbalance the bad ones. Hence the best friends are those who are accustomed to looking at the bright side of things.

Constant grumblers seldom make the true and lasting friends.

Friendship enables us to see many good traits where others see only faults. A charitable disposition is invaluable property.

It is impossible for a person to enjoy good fortune by himself. There may be some joy for the hermit, or the miser, but would not one envious of their joy be considered foolish? What is their joy compared with that of the philanthropist, of the minister of the gospel, or any other one who carries out the aim of life? Different from this is grief. Blighted fortunes, sickness, bereavement, come to every one at some time in life. In fact, our lives are necessarily checkered with joy and sorrow. There must be some one to share these.

Cicero recognized this in the following: "Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by doubling our joy and dividing our griefs." How much pleasure there is in sharing one's good fortune with others. How much strength in
opening the heart, whether good or evil, to a sympathizing friend!

For friendship to be strong and lasting there must be personal contact. As a general thing time also is required for it to grow and develop. There are few instances of strong friendship in which these two principles are not noticeable. By coming in daily contact with a person we can judge of his real value, and whether his friendship is desirable. In this manner David and Jonathan, Paul and Luke, Meccenas and Horace, Johnson and Boswell were knit together.

Mere relationship or hearing of a person will never make a friend; nor will gifts. These may make a person feel grateful and try to show his appreciation. For instance, notice how hard it is to write a letter of thanks to one whom you never met. It seems that for one to feel that love which begets friendship there must be personal contact, extending through some space of time.

Addison gives the following definition of friendship:

"Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other."

Few, I suppose, will deny that the more happiness a person produces the more he himself will obtain. The same is true in regard to friendship. Addison says it is "an inclination"—we would rather say a desire—to promote the happiness of a friend. In carrying out this desire, one's own happiness will be doubled. From this we see that the self-lover loves little, and naturally is little loved. Such a one seldom makes strong friends. The very nature of some men prohibits strong friendship, especially the above-mentioned. They of all men ought to be pitied.

Bacon quite correctly remarks, "Whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beasts, and not of humanity." Strange that any human being should take in part the character of a beast, but when we are filled with self there is little room for anything else.

A person's friends have a wonderful influence in shaping his character. So much so that a stranger wants no better index. Many times has a word from a friend changed our course, and sometimes brought about a reformation in our lives. In this respect the friend occupies a very important position. He only can correct us without fear of resentment; for we know since friendship is composed of "esteem and love," he can have no other motive than for our good. He has our hearts, and while he cannot bring about desired results, he can so impress his thoughts and desires on us that we find ourselves unconsciously carrying them out. It is important, therefore, to have the right kind of friends.

Another characteristic of true friendship is, that it is free from envy, which is one of our greatest faults, and hardest to overcome. To see our companions rise to places of eminence, or have honors thrust upon them, while we occupy the same insignificant place, and still have no feelings of envy, is no easy task. But a true friend sees his friend rise and become prominent with as much pleasure as he would see himself raised to such a position. David and Jonathan furnish us the best example of friendship, and especially this phase of it. Is there any
strife or jealousy shown when he tells David that, though heir to the crown, he willingly surrenders his heirship and accepts second place? How does this compare with the oft-repeated expression, “There’s no friendship but selfishness.”

True friends will never desert us in time of adversity. They do not necessarily show their friendship, except by esteem and love, in time of prosperity, but in all times of adversity. Look at Luke as he follows Paul from city to city, and finally when he is imprisoned and all forsake him, we find Luke never growing tired of waiting upon and alleviating the sufferings of his old and honored friend.

Then, since a friend is so valuable, so necessary and indispensable to happiness, who can be so foolish as to shut himself in his own self, and desire nothing better? Since friendship is free from jealousies and strife, and is characterized by love, by esteem, by charitable judgments, by unselfishness and self-sacrifice, who can help longing after it? Then let us remember that he only who loves much is loved much, and realizes the joys of friendship and the value of a friend.

We conclude with the following quotation of Lord Clarendon:

“Friendship hath the skill and observation of a physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, the tenderness and patience of the best mother.”

Wm.

A Summer in the Saddle.

A horseback ride through the valleys and mountains of the Shenandoah Valley and counties on the west is truly grand. The beauty of the scenery and points of historic interest cannot fail to attract and please the traveller. The eastern boundary is formed by the Blue Ridge mountains, which catch the clouds as they come in laden with moisture from the Atlantic, while a continuation of ridges of the North, or Shenandoah mountains, lay far to the west. The fertile soil of the valleys, the excellent timber of the mountains, the silvery streams, the bright blue skies, and good people make this indeed “a land flowing with milk and honey,” and as charming as “the vine-clad hills and citron groves of Italy.”

Early in July, with a gum coat strapped behind the saddle and a pair of saddle-pockets thrown across the same, we mounted “Bob Lee” and started on our summer’s ride. Our horse was an excellent traveller, and for sixty-seven days we enjoyed scenes of nature, art, and history.

At the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, in the western angle formed by these two historic streams, is situated the renowned town of Harper’s Ferry. A number of the buildings of the place, like the ancient castles on the Rhine, are nothing but ruins. A moss-covered house with a “sky-light” formed by the disappearance of the shingles, recalled the story of the Arkansas Traveller, and just below, a house of stone
near the sands of the Shenandoah, presented its southern end crumbled to dust, while in the northern part smoke curling from the chimney indicated occupation. The buildings of the old United States Arsenal are to be known only by their falling walls, and now no longer are bayonets, shells, and balls sent forth from it upon missions of death. Near the ruins of the Arsenal stands a building over whose doors is placed this inscription: JOHN BROWN’S FORT. This is a structure of brick, about twenty-four feet long, fifteen wide, and twenty high. As we looked upon its doors of solid iron we thought of Brown and his blood-thirsty followers within, and of Colonel R. E. Lee and his determined marines when they made the attack upon the fort and captured it. The old fort is in a good state of preservation, and can be readily seen from either branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. A solitary cannon stands on silent duty, and seems to say, “Mutilate not these walls, for history is wrapped within them.”

Leaving the fort, a walk of several hundred yards up a very steep bluff brought us to Jefferson Rock, from which point there is one of the grandest views ever presented to mortal vision. Jefferson expressed it but mildly when he said, “To see the view from this point is worth a trip across the Atlantic.” Far below is seen the Shenandoah, which, like a stream of silver, sweeps with a graceful curve around a promontory of Loudoun Heights, and anon goes dashing and roaring through the breakers, but as it nears the golden waters of the Potomac it seems to be filled with reverence, and where the waters of Virginia and Maryland blend their “fortunes,” they move along as calmly and gently as dawn verging into day.

Just across the Shenandoah are seen Loudoun Heights, from the summit of whose boulders, grand and gray, “Stone-wall” Jackson poured shot and shell into the ranks of the Federals during “the late unpleasantness.”

As we looked down at the Potomac dashing itself against the northern cliffs of these Heights, then up at Maryland Heights on the other shore, we thought of the time when perhaps this beautiful valley was the bottom of some great lake (as fossils found on the mountains seem to indicate). Then the thought came to us, “What ages must have passed before the waters wore away the boulders and earth of this mighty mountain?”

Following the course of the Potomac, we see the landscapes of “My Maryland” spread out before us like stars slumbering in the upper deep.

Leaving the mountains and rivers behind us and riding for eight miles to the southwest, we reach Charlestown, “West Virginia, now a place of about three thousand inhabitants. Here we see the courthouse in which John Brown and his confederates were tried and convicted. Not far distant is pointed out the place of execution. The tree mentioned in the song, “Hang John Brown on a Sour-Apple Tree,” is but a poetical fancy.

Passing now for twelve miles over a splendid road, and by fertile farms, we come to “Soldiers’ Rest,” near Berryville, Clarke county, Va., one of the homes of Gen. Daniel Morgan. This old building of colonial times is in a splendid state of preservation, and is now owned and occupied as a residence by Mr. J. Edward
Barnett. Often have we sat down to the hospitable board spread in the long, old-fashioned dining-room, and as we looked at the carved mantel, the old clock, the high ceiling, and the wainscoting, we thought of Morgan and his friends when they dined within the same walls before the days of the Revolution. Here the high-spirited Morgan lived in his early manhood. He was accustomed to attend the magisterial courts at Berryville. At these courts he often engaged in fist fights with the muscular youths who gathered from the surrounding country, and Berryville, from these encounters, received the appellation of Battletown. Young Morgan, of "Soldiers' Rest," afterwards became a noted hero of the Revolution.

Just below this old mansion, near where a crystal spring bubbles up beneath the wide-spreading branches of a gigantic tree, is a small log building which was the headquarters of George Washington, when, only seventeen years of age, he was making his survey in the Valley for Lord Fairfax of "Greenway Court." Many, many thoughts do these old historic logs recall of the youthful Washington and of the early scenes through which he passed.

About four and a half miles southwest of Berryville, in the edge of a large grove of stately oaks, we find "The Briars," the home of John Esten Cooke, that pleasing historian and romantic writer, whose pen, after many years of useful labor, is "now at rest." We were shown into the historian's study. Strangers now live at the place, but this room was unoccupied save by scenes which recalled the renowned author. Upon the walls hung antique paintings of his parents, an old-fashioned sideboard sat in one part of the room, and near by was his chair.

A few miles from "The Briars" is "Saratoga," another home of General Daniel Morgan. This is an old stone building which Morgan caused to be erected by the Hessian prisoners which had been captured at the battle of Saratoga (hence the name of the residence).

Having followed Morgan to two of his homes, we now step reverently into the Confederate cemetery at Winchester and view his last resting place. Upon a broken, moss-covered slab, resting simply upon a mound of earth, we read the following epitaph:

 Maj. Gen. Daniel Morgan departed this life on July the 6th, 1802, in the 67th Year of his Age. Patriotism and Valor were the prominent Features of his Character; And the honorable Service he rendered his Country during the Revolutionary war crowned him with Glory and remained in the Hearts of his Countrymen as a perpetual Monument to his Memory.

In this same historic enclosure we see the shaft over the grave of those gallant and dauntless warriors—the Ashby brothers, Turner and Richard. Ever dear to one another in life, and often fighting side by side against a common foe, the "patriotic dust" of the one now unites in sympathy with the mortal remains of the other, as they calmly sleep in each other's embrace. The two sabres upon the shaft recall their glorious and daring deeds, and how their lives were given in defence of their mother State. Around the tomb of these two gallant heroes are the graves of many others who wore the gray.

Adjoining this "eternal camping ground" of the "Boys in Gray," is a
national cemetery, in which are resting hundreds of those who wore the "Blue." The Stars and Stripes float silently over the scene and seem to say:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave."

As an old Confederate, leaning upon his carbine—cut in marble of spotless white—looks from his lofty position towards the "Star Spangled Banner," the spirits of those who were once foes seem to be holding sweet communion, while the North and South join heart and hand and peacefully sing:

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

Leaving Winchester and riding about eighteen miles to the southeast, we reach Riverton, in Warren county, a picturesque little town in the angle formed by the juncture of the north and south branches of the Shenandoah. Bridges of the Shenandoah Valley railroad and the Virginia Midland, which span the river here, and the four-story building of the "Riverton Mills Company," with the mountains in the background, indeed present a picture grandly sublime. Mr. George W. Cone, a former student of Richmond College, is at the head of this large milling company, and is known as the Young Flour King of the Valley.

Twenty-five miles to the south lies Luray, the "Seven-Hilled City" of the Valley. The place is the very attribute of the beautiful. Its sunlight is "born" among the heights and boulders of the Blue Ridge, and gently sinks to rest behind the towering Massanutten. The Hawksbill flows through its midst, and upon its bosom the youth and maiden float in their little bark canoes, and sweetly sing of "the moon and its broken reflection." The Cave near by, with its stalagmites, stalactites, falling columns, frozen fountains, crystal springs, and deep chasms is indeed grand, and represents a miniature world.

Page county, of which Luray is the county seat, is one scene of grandeur. As we rode through this section—grand in mountains, waters, skies, and people—we were truly charmed.

Leaving Page "with regrets," we crossed the Massanutten and came upon the far-famed Valley pike at Newmarket, in Shenandoah county. We passed through Mt. Jackson, and as the shades of evening were silently gathering, rode up to the beautiful home of a Mr. Allen.

Though "a stranger in a strange land," we were hospitably received in the dear old Virginia way, and as we sat upon the porch with the pleasant family on that delightful summer evening, and looked up at the stars, and then at a "dainty lilly" near by, the hours "came and went as a pleasant thought."

The next morning, "casting one long, lingering look behind," we sprang into the saddle, and for a whole day looked upon as beautiful scenery, magnificent farms, and deep blue skies, as "e'er the sun shone on."

The summer is now drawing to a close, but we have not yet taken you to the place which is dearer to us "than all else besides." It is "Ellwood, the Home of
Friends.” Here each week, after our long rides, we would return and rest for a season beneath the shade of the trees. “Ellwood” is a model Virginia mansion, just on the edge of a large wood of oaks, a few miles south of Berryville. At this pleasant home is found every joy and comfort characteristic of a large Southern farm.

The wide-spreading fields of waving grain and Indian corn; “the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,” and the old wind-mill “at the well,” bring up associations and memories that would arouse the thoughts of a Longfellow and call into play the pen of an Irvin.

But “Ellwood” proper lies within the noble hearts of those who dwell in this grand old Virginia home. Had our pen the touch of Gray we might attempt to draw the beautiful picture of the grandmother, who now has passed her four-score years and ten; of the father and mother, brothers and sisters, friends; and of the little ones—one resting upon father’s knee and the other nestled within mother’s bosom—but

“A guest were we at “Ellwood,”
And more behooves not guest to say;
The very pictures on the wall
With kindness seemed to whisper, “Stay.”

Happy Trout Lake.

The Power of a True Principle.

The world’s grandest achievements have been reached by slow degrees. Every great and true principle that has elevated mankind, dispelled the darkness of ignorance, lifted off the veil of superstition, placed the ideal of life higher and higher, and made the world purer and better, has had to overcome opposition and wrestle with difficulties through every inch of its progress. True, changes are constant and sudden, yet revolutions have not swept over the world in a day. The erasing of false principles which have long been instilled into the life and heart of a people until they have become the cherished heritage of forefathers, cannot be done in a moment; nor can the establishment of new ones be accomplished at once. The great rough marble stone before the sculptor’s gaze contains in it his ideal of a beautiful statue, but it is only under the continued strokes of his skilful hand that it assumes more and more the symmetrical and perfect model conceived in his mind. Superstition has for ages been hovering over the world as an apparent eternal night. Ignorance and error were seated upon the throne as monarchs in this realm of darkness.

’Twas then that false doctrines and erroneous creeds filled the minds of the people, and immortal Homer crowned Olympian Jove as the God supreme over heaven and earth, and peopled with minor deities sea, land, and sky.

’Twas then that the proud Roman blessed the day that made him a Roman citizen. He knew not how mighty were the chains that held him fast under the galling yoke of tyranny. He had never stepped beyond the walls of his beloved seven-hilled city, which had boasted, in her pride, “I shall be no widow, but a queen forever.” His blinded eyes had
THE POWER OF A TRUE PRINCIPLE.

never been lifted from devotion to her unnumbered deities to look away from his own idolatrous worship—to recognize One, and only one Great Ruler. But these curtains of darkness were not always to hang over the world, shutting out heaven’s intended light. The Roman heard coming to his superstitious ears the cry, “Ye are men;” and it was then that the curtains parted and the light began to dawn on his clouded vision; and then it was that a great and mighty struggle for a principle, of which the world may be proud, began.

The light shone more and more brightly, and one by one its rays darted more deeply into the long night of gloom. The dark ages came on, and Dante, catching a glimpse of the coming day, aroused his slumbering genius and went singing a “mystic unfathomable song” through Pluto’s wide domains.

Papacy was then advancing with giant tread. Men were being bound in chains even more galling than before. And it is to that dark hour in the world’s history that we look to-day to behold undecaying monuments of the truest sacrifice for a noble principle.

Martyrs who paid their penalty with their own lives exhibited a power of a true principle that stirs up all the latent energies of man’s soul, fixes his motives, and causes him, like Socrates of old, if needs be, to die for truth. This was the fire that was burning in the heart of the great Reformer of the sixteenth century. Men had lost their valor, and tremblingly were falling in humble submission to the array of Papacy. This hero, seeing how the truth that was in men was perverted by gross errors, struggled to fire their hearts afresh with the same flame that was burning in his own soul, and to lift them upon a higher plane to see the glorious light that was beaming so brightly upon his own vision.

But that cruel age following the world’s custom of crucifying its Saviours and exalting its Caesars, condemned his writings to be burned and his energy toward reformation to be crushed forever. But the power of a true principle was not so easily crushed. For his heart, tuned by the sacred touch of truth, when struck by the rough decree of the Pope, gave forth a clear note of defiance that has echoed down the halls of time to the present, and will yet ring in sweet melody upon the ears of generations to come when the name of the true hero of Reformation is mentioned.

Men under the influence of the power of a true principle have braved the dangers of a stormy ocean, and setting their feet upon the rock-bound coast of uncivilized America, began to kindle upon its dark hearth the fire of civilization, seated upon her throne, the Goddess of Liberty, and set in motion a ripple of influence that has now become a mighty wave that sweeps over this great nation.

True principle is an essential element in American progress. The elements of Christianity are wafted in every passing breeze, from the isles of the sea to the woody dells and mountains of the world, and the gloom of heathenish ignorance that has so long hung over many peoples is rapidly being dispelled by the light emanating from the principle of truth and virtue. The amount of energy and power in man is untold. But when by the friction of a true principle his faculties are set in motion, they never cease to act. And so under its influence the
earth blossoms to-day, and will continue to bloom even more beautifully, until virtue and truth shall be the mighty powers that permeate the life of all peoples and govern all nations.

MALE SCRIPTUM.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this issue a new corps of editors take charge of our monthly.

We are proud of our paper, and say with pardonable vanity, what has often been said by those more competent to judge than we, that our journal ranks high among college papers. With this fact before us we feel the weight of the responsibility resting upon us. Let every alumnus of our college and every student remember that he has a personal interest in the Messenger, and remembering this, let each one do all in his power to make it an honor to our Literary Societies and to the institution.

If the students will co-operate with us we promise that our paper will not only hold her rightful position, but that she will start upon an era of progress never before known in her history. Let it be remembered that our columns contain only original articles contributed by the students, and sometimes we are compelled to reject articles either because they do not come up to the standard or are unsuitable for the Messenger. We should be glad to devote a few columns of each issue to letters from old students. Could not such writers as Lipscomb, Hatcher, Quick, Alderman, Pollard, Stearnes and Straley send us a short article now and then? We shall always be pleased to hear from such of our alumni as have not forgotten their early struggles and triumphs at Richmond College.

Throughout our country all classes of our citizens are evidencing a lively interest in the coming national election. Of this we are glad. We are aware that in many cases it but shows that a multitude of greedy and unprincipled politicians of all parties are scheming and planning for their own personal preferment and gain. Yet, again, we believe that it shows that thousands of the citizens of our country are interested in national and individual prosperity, and hence are laboring for the success of the party in which their judgment tells them they should be.

Men, to a certain extent, are out of the question. Grand and leading principles is the ground of conflict. Whilst we would rejoice in the victory of the party of our choice, we are grateful that the classic shades of our college seem to form a barrier over which the strifes and jealousies incident to this great political movement cannot force their way.

Although all parties are represented here by warm, zealous advocates, no political clubs have been formed, and the students seem much more interested in Greek, Philosophy and Mathematics, than in the great crisis near at hand.
We honor them for this stand. They certainly cannot be successful college students and strong politicians at the same time. We do not undervalue a knowledge of the sciences of politics and sociology, but let them be studied in the class-room at present.

Whilst we encourage our embryo statesmen in their heated debates in literary societies upon Prohibition, Woman Suffrage, and kindred topics, we can but cry a truce to the college papers whose editorial and literary columns are wrested from their legitimate end and made political debating grounds, where invective and vituperation are rife, and where the average college student endeavors to debate and decide great national questions which the most astute statesmanship has yet left unsolved.

Whilst as Grover Cleveland walks our streets we stand uncovered, and enthusiastically sing, "Hail to the Chief," we have no word or thought of bitterness for Mr. Harrison and the friends of Protection, and we shall hail the day with pleasure when the Prohibition party with Gen. Fisk at its head shall drive the rum traffic from our fair land.

Somewhere in Bulwer Lytton's novel "Devereux," the following phrase occurs: "There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get one a good name, or to supply the want of it." Alas! there is too much truth in these words. Everywhere we find the extended hand, the kindly word and the smiling face, while bitterness rankles in the heart. We are sometimes constrained to believe that this deceitfulness is at its maximum among college students. But few of us realize how much of our politeness is simply the result of policy.

Remove selfishness from us and from our actions, and let us be governed by our feelings, we fear that many of us would not be urbane and courteous in our deportment.

To us, true politeness is the best index of a gentleman; of course we have no reference to studied grace of manner or carriage, but to a simple, natural, gentlemanly bearing. Then, fellow-students, let us be courteous and polite to one another, not from some ulterior motive, such as personal preferment among our fellows, but because we have come to realize that our fellow-students are men, and are worthy of our respect and attention. Let the strong help and encourage the weak, and with false and foolish pride, let petty prejudices be banished from our college lives, and let each lend one another a helping hand, that we may the sooner come to the full stature of manhood. But whilst we would labor to establish harmony and brotherhood among our boys, we have no word of reproach for those who seek as their intimate associates those intellectually, morally, and socially their equals. History of the past and extended observation confirms our opinion that in every well organized state of society there must be, of necessity, certain classes of men drawn together by similarity of pursuit, oneness of aim, and genuine congeniality, and hence bound together by especial ties of friendship. No man can have every other man as a personal, intimate friend, but, fellow-students, is this a reason why blind, bitter prejudice should rise to bring discord into our ranks, to give rise to and
foster bitter enmity and to cause many to lose, to a certain extent, their Christian influence? Let Richmond College hereafter be noted as a college where these walls of prejudice have been broken down, and let each circle of intimate friends join with each other circle, and all together form one grand, harmonious whole, characterized by loyalty to truth and steadfastness to duty.

A question of great practical importance to a young man beginning a college course is, "What use should I make of the library"? A question more difficult to answer than one would imagine.

We have known men of unquestioned ability and indefatigable industry to fail in their college course because of too much valuable time given to reading. We have known others to leave college, having graduated with high honors, with no practical knowledge of our magnificent literature. If we would be benefited by what we read we should be very careful in the selection of our authors.

Many students read, with much advantage, reviews and magazines treating upon subjects studied in the class-room. Whilst we cannot over-value such parallel reading, particularly upon philosophical and ethical questions, and even in the natural sciences, we realize that with many it partakes rather too much of the nature of routine work. Hence, without insisting too much upon this kind of work, we will say let our reading be confined to reviews, magazines, and books which will strengthen our minds, broaden our views, and give us practical knowledge of the different periods of our literary history.

We believe that certain classes of novels may be read by students very advantageously. We all should read Dickens, that we may become acquainted with lower English life; Thackery, that we may be ushered into English society; Scott, that we may combine the pleasure incident to his easy, graceful, flowing style with leading facts in Scottish, English, and Continental history; Disraeli, who presupposes an intimate acquaintance with the history, politics, and social customs of England; "George Eliot," that we may realize that she is the peer of any of our English novelists, as evidenced in her inimitable "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda."

We regret to notice a tendency among our young men to spend their time upon such novels as simply rob them of their time—novels having no true life in their plots, but representing such a state of society as never has existed, and probably never will exist, and, as Zimmermann so truly says, "Not forcing their readers to sin, but only instructing them how to sin."

After having carefully selected our books, let us be careful about our methods of reading.

We may read, and read extensively, and yet we may reap only a weakening of our intellectual powers. We may spend hours of each day revelling among the sublime truths and magnificent diction of Ruskin or Milton, and yet may secure not the slightest benefit.

Desultory reading is, as a rule, a waste of time. Let those of us who have the time determine to devote one or two hours a day to regular, systematic reading, and then give equally as much time to digesting what we have read, to meditating upon the truths which have been
presented to us, and to formulating them in our minds, that they may serve the purpose whereunto they were sent.

Lord Bacon has said: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

The following piece of poetry was given to Mr. C. by the young lady who operates the typewriter at the Exposition:

"Slowly England's sun was setting
O'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty
At the close of one sad day.
While the farm-hands mowed the hay,
And the children stopped to play,
This is all I've got to say.
Good-day.
BELINDA BLUEGRASS.

Mr. L., of Penn., is very sad at present, because the girl he has loved for three years was married last week.

For Sale!
6 beer bottles,
2 packs of cards,
6 dime novels (pretty well thumbed),
1 dark lantern,
1 long string (good for pulling purposes),
1 Greek Testament (never been used).
Apply to
"Slim Jim,"
Cottage, No. 144.

Mr. B. to Mr. T.: "Why, sir! it seems incredible to me how a man could rest beneath the classic shades of this col-
lege and not receive knowledge; the very air appears to be tintured with culture." (Miserabile dictu.) The tinture was a little too strong for Mr. B.’s constitution, and he was compelled to go back to his home two weeks after the beginning of the session.

Rat: "Have you seen Buffalo Bill’s Last Days of Pompeii?"

Mr. A., of Fauquier, is very much grieved because he could not go home to vote for Belva Lockwood. Never go back on the girls, old boy.

A few days ago we received a note from a young lady who resides down town, earnestly beseeching us to insert the following in the “Messenger”:

“Notice!”

“Will Mr. P—, the gentleman who stole a kiss from me last Sunday night in the hallway, please return it at once?"

“Fatty W.” called on a young lady over on Church Hill not long ago, and had his dignity very much offended. Upon ringing the door-bell, the young lady came to the door and mildly enquired, “Who do you want to see, little boy?” He says if they judge a man according to bulk over in that country, he will send them “Zukety.”

Mr. G. to Mr. W.: “What is the technical term for a self-evident fact?”

Mr. W.: “A maxim.”

Mr. S. to Mr. Q. (on seeing him perform some of his gymnastics a la Prof. Boatwright)—“Say, have you ever studied ecclesiastics?”

Mr. H., seeing a young lady in the telephone department at the Exposition with the headphone on, asked: “Miss, does that concern assist your hearing any?”

Mr. D. (translating Zenophon)—“There was no grass in this country nor any other kind of trees.”

Mr. J. to Mr. T.—“Please take me into the library and show me the dummy.”

Mr. H., on seeing the advertisement of C. H. Page with the pictures of Cleveland and Thurman on it, remarks: “That must be Mr. Page’s picture when he was a young man and after he got to be an old one.”

Prof. B. to Mr. C.—“That, sir, is a spurious dipthong.”

Mr. C.—“Sperious, sperious! I never heard of them things before.”

Prof. B. to Mr. B.—“What do you mean, sir, by the subject of a proposition?”

Mr. B.—“The subject, sir, is that which is affirmed of the predicate.”

Mr. M. (who had just returned from taking a drive with his best girl): “Say, Kluts! I drove all the afternoon with one hand.”

Kluts: “What did you do with the other one?”

Mr. M.: “Oh, I let that go to waiste.”

Mr. H—- thinks the faculty requires too much when they make the new students study the catalogue and commit the schedule to memory,
Mr. D—— is said to have escorted his lady love to the Exposition, and as he had only one 25c. he paid her way in and waited outside until after she had seen the sights.

Mr. S——, on seeing the new heater that is being put up in the basement, remarked: "That thing is a water-tank, 'aint it."

Owing to the mildness of the weather, our spring poets have commenced to put forth their little buds again.

Little Willie Smith was sick, And I was dreadful sorry; But the fever came on fast and thick, And now he's gone to glory.

Willie was a bully boy, And he was good and true; But when he sucked his painted toy, His spirit upward flew.

Willie had a "yeller" dog, Who for him loudly cried, And when his master closed his mug, He committed suicide.

We had a little Charlie once, He was our joy and pride; But he was too good for this earthy earth, So he taken sick and died.

Strange that all our poet's fancies seem to consider the latter end of man. Here is another:

In Memoriam.
Here lies Hotel De Vou, By the noble ten put through; "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," The ten couldn't stay there, but D—— must.

Professor: When I went to college I dipped a little into Greek; well, that is, I dipped enough to get my little dip.

Prof. P. to Mr. D.: "Sir, are you an optimist or a pessimist"?

Mr. D. (looking perplexed): "I don't know whether I am or not, sir."

Mr. M. to Prof. P.: "Most people would define animal as a four-legged quadruped."

Prof. to Mr. S.: "Who is the greatest preacher of the present day?"

Mr. S.: "Spitzbergen, sir."

Sunday-school scholar to "Chippy" J.: "I wish you would tell me, please sir, who was the first left-handed man mentioned in the Bible."

"Chippy" J.: "I don't remember exactly who he was, my little man, but I think his name was Exodus."

Mr. H. to Prof. P.: "Professor, if I was to die, would'nt I transpire?"

Mr. S. to Mr. Q.: "Say, 'old lady,' I'm going to the hydrogen to get some water."

Although seven days have elapsed since the house cat bit off the canary bird's head, nevertheless the frost on last year's tobacco crop has so lowered the price of coal-oil that the President of Mozambique has issued a proclamation to all the Faithful earnestly exhorting them to bait their hooks with mocking-birds' gizzards in order that the inhabitants of Florida may take in their winter's supply of alligator's teeth before the spring rains set in. This policy on the part of this great dignitary will awaken
great interest in the whole political and scientific world, not so much on account of its inherent and nativistic properties, but because of its close relation to the decision arrived at by the grand tribunal of the Geneva Conference, Alabama Court of Claims. The Queen of the Crocodiles, who inhabits Nubia and Kamchatka, has endorsed this proclamation of his Excellency the President of Negroland, and has ordered all the cats in the kingdom to be immediately embalmed to Isis. The Sphinx smiled broadly when she was informed by her friend and contemporary the statue of Rameses, and declared that he was very sorry; but "he hadn't the change." Rameses, the ancient, then replied: "No, my dear sister, I suppose not; for during our whole acquaintance of twenty-five or thirty centuries I have never seen any change about your person." At this undignified play upon the Queen's English the western sky blushed, and the mummy of the oppressor of the Hebrews turned nervously in his coffin, where he lay in Prof. Maspero's great museum at Boulogne. In nine cases out of ten the specific gravity of pigeon's milk has been found to exceed the diameter of the earth's surface. Consequently this Imperial Edict of His Royal Blackness has been found to be superficially considered one of the greatest of modern works of art. It is to be stuffed, smoked, dried, and preserved in alcohol and displayed in the well-known and extensive museum of Richmond College, where, by an intelligent descendant of Ham, yeclipt "Cris"—the now reigning King of Egypt.

Our college has at last adopted a yell and colors. The yell goes thus: Yah! yah! yah! R! A! T! hurrah! tiger! R, C, V! Yell! Our colors are black and crimson. We hope that all the students will heartily join in the yell when an opportunity is given, and that they will display the colors on proper occasions.


We are glad to see that the boys are paying more attention to athletic sports. Nothing is more conducive to the health of a student than exercise and plenty of it. The new students seem to take especial delight in football, and we expect, from the material that we now have, to organize a team that will add to the renown of the college. It is earnestly desired that as many as possible will join the Athletic Association; the assessment per capita is very low—just enough to pay expenses.

It is the intention of the Athletic Association to hold a Field Day some time in the Spring of '89, before the final examinations. The contests will consist of running, jumping, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, throwing the baseball, and other athletic engagements. These sports are open only to members
of the college, and any student will be allowed to enter as a contestant by deposing a small entrance fee. The students of Richmond College should show themselves to be true Americans by entering into this coming event with all their zeal.

Prof. L. R. Hamberlin, who is now living at Shreveport, La., has been heard from, and expects to compose and deliver his poem before the Alumni of Richmond College at its next annual reunion. We are glad to learn that he has agreed to favor us with one of his poems, and we look forward with much pleasure to the occasion.

Every student should subscribe for the Messenger. This thing of sponging on another student is contemptible, to say the least. A student who can and will not support his own college paper is fit only for banishment to Cairo.

From the beginning of the session up to the last regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. sixty-five active members have been enrolled, and we hope that each meeting in the future will find our Membership Committee ready to report the names of the Christian students in our institution who have as yet failed to identify themselves with the Association. The zeal with which the students have entered the work at the several stations portends a glorious result for the Master's cause, provided faithfulness is exercised and a prayerful remembrance of the "source from whence cometh all our strength" is maintained.

At a late meeting of our Executive Committee the following members were appointed delegates to the Virginia College Conference of Y. M. C. A., to be held at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., on November 16th to 18th, inclusive: Messrs. H. T. Allerson, J. A. Broadus, R. E. Chambers, E. W. Greaner, W. L. Hayes, W. C. James, C. T. Kinean, W. B. Loving, R. M. Penick, A. J. Ramsey, H. H. Street, C. T. Taylor, M. W. Thomas, J. M. Wilbur, F. C. Johnson, W. B. McGarity, W. T. Creath, H. F. Williams, and J. W. P. Harris.

We desire to correct the mistake made in the last issue of the Messenger that, instead of being corresponding secretary, Mr. J. W. P. Harris is our recording secretary, Mr. W. B. McGarity having been chosen for the former position.

For a number of years past the students have been in the habit of giving, at the close of the session, a little pleasurable entertainment known as "The Jollification." It is notable that these "jollifications" have been given every other year, which, when we recall that the last one was held just before the commencement in June, '87, it will be seen very readily that this is the session for another display of our talent in the line of "fun making." And in a meeting held for the purpose the students manifested a very decided desire that this year prove no exception; so that after having obtained the consent of our "honored faculty," the committees will arrange the parts, and those participating will immediately begin weekly rehearsals.

The gentlemen chosen as the officers are: Mr. Baker, president; Mr. E. E. Garrett, treasurer; Messrs. C. B. Tip-
pett, P. H. Shuck, and J. H. Whitehead. executive committee. With these gentlemen in charge we are confident, knowing as we do that they have the goodwill of the students, that they will do all in their power to make the "Jollification" of 1888-'9 a most successful one.

LIBRARY ITEMS.—There were 534 volumes added to the Library last session. The number of books borrowed from the Library last session was 1,256. Of these the students got out 1,167. There are now over 9,000 volumes, all catalogued and in good condition. The Jeter Library Hall will soon receive a full life-size portrait of Dr. John A. Broadus. It was painted by Mr. Lucien Cocke, of Virginia, and is the gift of Rev. Dr. George B. Taylor, of Italy.

There is a good line of magazine literature on our library tables. We believe the most popular are Harper's Monthly and Weekly, and Century. It costs pretty heavily to run the Library, we learn, but no charge is made the students for anything. We have in this a great advantage over other colleges.

There were 382 registered visitors in the Library during October. No doubt there were twice this number in all, for many do not register.

We desire to call the attention of our patrons to our advertisers. We have aimed to advertise only representative houses in the several lines of trade. All we ask is that you give them a fair trial, and then if you cannot do as well with them as with other houses that do not advertise with us, we do not, of course, ask you to patronize them. Our advertisers do not propose to undersell all other business men of the city or of the country. They do propose to keep first-class, reliable goods at prices as low as any. Give them a trial.

Notice that this year we have a number of new advertisers, and of the old, a number of changes have been made. See Kinney Bro.'s new cut and the change of Allen & Ginter's advertisement. So in other lines. Use the Messenger as a trading directory.

The advertisement of the Broad-street Pharmacy appears in this issue for the first time. We desire to call attention to this house, which will be glad to have you call at any time. The proprietors will furnish you with anything in their line on reasonable terms.

The Philologian Literary Society decided at its last meeting to hold its regular annual "Public Debate" Friday night, December 14th, 1888. Her representative men upon this occasion will be as follows: Debaters—W. C. James, Texas; C. L. Laws, H. W. Jones, A. J. Ramsey, Virginia. Declaimer—H. N. Quisenberry, Virginia. Reader—E. E. Garrett, Virginia. The term-president, Mr. C. T. Kincanon, will preside and welcome the audience. A committee will be appointed who will attend to decorating the chapel, and will procure an interesting musical programme. It is hoped that this will be one of the most interesting public meetings the Society has ever held. As usual, a cordial welcome will be given to our friends.
OUR LIBRARY.
Few colleges in this country—none in the South—have such accommodations as ours for library work. The hall itself is a model of convenience, comfort, and beauty. Its length is one hundred and three feet, its width forty-five feet, and its pitch twenty-two feet. The twelve handsome walnut cases are of the latest patterns, and admirably adapted to their purpose; they cost four thousand dollars, and will hold two thousand volumes each. The revolving cases contain such books of reference as are needful for daily use. The tables are handsome and the light is excellent. Upon the tables may be found pads and pencils, and the supply of magazines and other current literature is varied and sufficiently full.

To this splendid apartment the students are always welcome, and its privileges are extended to all who are willing to observe a few needful rules, without charge. In other colleges and universities there is a regular library fee, in some instances as high as $5 per session; but Richmond College opens wide the doors to these advantages without a cent of cost to the student.

Our catalogue of books shows nearly ten thousand volumes, and there are frequent accessions of standard works. Whenever a book is asked for that is not in the library, a note is made of it, and if practicable it is soon added to the attractive list already on the shelves.

It is not claimed that Richmond College library is complete; not at all. It hasn’t the age and it hasn’t the size for a finished work. But it has what is better—a young and vigorous life, and a determination to grow. And it is growing steadily and wisely. It is said that other improvements will be made this session, and other conveniences secured. Let our students show appreciation of and interest in library work, and they will not only find increase of pleasure, but intellectual growth. They will also find sympathy from the library officers and committee, and have yet ampler means placed at their command.

In after years, when our books are closed and other duties crowd our hands and bear heavily upon our shoulders, we will love to think of the cozy alcoves in the Jeter library hall and the hours spent in communing with the great men of the past and present. Such memories will be sweet.    More Anon.

PERSONALS.

A. M. Carroll, M. A. of ’88, is principal of a graded school in Asheville, N. C. We prophecy for him success as a teacher.

W. C. Robinson, M. A. of ’87, is teaching at Moore’s Academy, in Chesterfield county. We are pleased to hear that he is soon to strengthen the ties that bind him to the academy by taking for his bride one of the principal’s fair daughters.

Among the B. A.’s of ’88, during October, the classic halls of his Alma Mater opened their doors to receive a visit from M. A. Coles. He is at present enjoying a rest at home.
J. G. Dickinson is receiving a theological training at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

The "direful geschichte" of B. P. Willis now breaks the silence of his rural home in Orange county.

J. D. Martin is preaching in Chesterfield county, and teaching in the Chester Female Institute. It was a real pleasure to see him (?) at the College last month, attended by a goodly company of smiling maidens. How is the railroad, "Mar-toun"?

Our wit of the second floor, J. T. Noell, Jr., is reading law in Lynchburg, Va. "You can't down a working man!"

John S. Sowers is initiating himself into the mysteries of the pedagogic art at Silcott Springs, in Loudoun county.

We rejoice with our old friend, W. A. Harris, M. A., of '86, at the honor conferred upon him in the shape of an honorary scholarship at Johns-Hopkins University.

J. W. Mitchell, '84-'5, who holds a pastorate in Albemarle county, has recently taken to himself a wife from among the fair daughters of Southwestern Virginia. We tender our congratulations.

We find upon the college register, under date of October 23, the names of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stone. Eugene was with us during the session of '84-'5, but has since been graduated from the Rochester Theological Seminary, and only last month received his "dip.3 on Calico, in Christiansburg, Va. He presides over a prosperous charge in New York, some fifty miles north of New York city.

C. W. Duke, '84-'5, also paid us a visit in October. He is teaching in an academy in Nansemond county, Va.

E. E. Dudley, '87-'8, has been unable to return to College on account of sickness. He hopes, however, to be with us again in February.

The "Basso of 28," John R. Comer, '87-'8, has charge of a school at Bennettsville, S. C.

Once more the hymeneal bells are ringing. This time they tell of one who is to be no Moore, but who is henceforth doomed to the fate of a Cook. We congratulate our old friend and fellow student, J. B., upon having at last entered the blissful state for which he used so often to sigh. He is now located in Louisa county, and is a very popular pastor.

EXCHANGES.

The October number of the McMicken Review, the organ of the University of Cincinnati, contains eight pages, about two and a half of which may be styled literary matter, two and one fourth more are taken up with defences of College Fraternities, and the rest is merely of local interest. We are of the opinion that an institution with such a high sounding name should publish a larger and more interesting magazine.

The Niagara Index is well edited and neatly arranged. Its issue of October 16, 1888, contains among other well writ ten articles one on "College Debating So-
EXCHANGES.

We, the members of the chapters of Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, and Delta Tau Delta, at Butler University, hereby agree to refrain from all initiation, "spiking," or pledging of new students until after December 1st, 1888.

"This does not include casual conversation on fraternity topics (in which fraternity men are to only answer questions), but any attempt (direct or indirect) to break the spirit of this agreement will be held as dishonorable, as a plain violation of its letter."

The above agreement, made by the fraternities among themselves, is, if strictly adhered to, a move in the right direction. Few, if any, students when first entering school are able to decide where they wish to cast their lot. They may, of course, have no desire to enter a fraternity, but in case they do, it is of the utmost importance that they have time to make their own choice, and decide which will be most congenial to their tastes. Much of the student's after career in school depends upon the associations he forms, and he must have time to find his own element. It is in recognition of this fact that the above agreement has been entered into."

The Pacific Pharos of October 10, 1888, like the most of our exchanges for October, contains but little, except Locals.

The Wake Forest Student is among the best of our exchanges. One thing that we like it for is the prominence given to editorials. Its editors appear to have a lively interest in their work, and show it by writing for their college magazine. We, of course, do not believe that the editors ought to have all, or nearly all, of the writing to do, but we do believe that they ought to be willing to do their part.

"There is that in connection with the Whitechapel murders which would lead..."
an observer to believe that the assassin is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and commits his crimes in the belief that he is rendering society a magnificent service in ridding it of characters which are of no particular value. If there is anything in this theory, what a blessed good thing for the average American college editor that the gentleman’s field of labor is on the other side of the ocean.” —Hesperian.

Evidently the exchange editor of the Hesperian is congratulating himself that a mighty ocean rolls between him and the perpetrator of the crimes mentioned.

The September number of the Hamilton College Monthly contains an article entitled “Business Capacity of Women,” in which the fair writer attempts to prove that women are as capable as men of enduring “the hardest blows of Cruel Fortune” in the world of business.

The fact that a few women have succeeded in various business pursuits does not prove that their success has been equal to that of some men; much less does it prove that woman in general has a capacity for business equal to that of the generality of men, and that woman is equally capable of success in all the pursuits of life.

We have not the space to notice the young lady’s argument in particular, but we would call attention to a few of her statements.

In speaking of woman’s success as a minister of the gospel, she says: “Having more pity and forgiveness in their hearts, they can the better explain the great and exceeding love of God for all his children.” If woman can “the better” explain God’s love, why was it that men, and not women, were chosen of Christ to preach his gospel? Is not Christ omniscient? Did He not know that women would make the best ministers?

Again, she says, “We should be glad that we live in a country where ‘woman’s sphere’ is thought almost as unlimited as man’s, and her capacity not much inferior to his.” We are inclined to think with an old Tennessee preacher, that neither man nor woman has a ‘sphere,’ but that each has a hemisphere; that the two put together make exactly a sphere, and that when both get upon one hemisphere the whole thing topples over.

The women in Christ’s day “followed and ministered unto Him,” and that is woman’s true position—to follow and to minister unto man, not as his slave, but as his friend and helper. Let man attend to the public business, and let woman reign in the heart and home, and then all will be well; for it will be according to God’s economy.

---

COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.

The will of the great Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, gives to Cornell University, of Ithaca, New York, the sum of $30,000, to endow a professorship of Mechanic Arts in that University.

George Gabriel, who made his fortune in New Haven by repairing umbrellas, died recently, leaving $10,000 to Yale College and $15,000 to Yale Divinity School.
Twenty-four young women have graduated as lawyers in Michigan this summer.

A chair of Pedagogics has been established at Northwestern University.

Exeter now numbers three hundred and ten, Andover three hundred and twenty.

The Freshman class at Yale is the largest which has ever entered. It numbers three hundred and thirty-seven, with two hundred and twelve in the academic.

Madison University, Clinton, N. Y., is to have a new library, the gift of James B. Colgate.

The Freshmen won the cane rush at Troy Polytechnic.

Cornell is to have a $225,000 Library building.

Amherst's Freshman class numbers ninety-six, the largest in the history of the college.

C. H. Sherrill, of Yale, broke one of the tendons of his right thigh in running the one hundred yards dash at Detroit on Wednesday, September 19.

A $15,000 telescope has been presented to Yankton College.

The largest library in the world is the Imperial, at Paris, which contains over 2,000,000 volumes.

The Japanese government has ordered English to be taught in the schools.

A Portland woman has read the Bible through eighty-five times; she is seventy-five years old, and began when she was seven. She reads from the book with which she first began, and has read it at least once every year.

He (at the beginning of the third act): How spicy the play is getting. She (who sat alone between the acts): I should say so.

"John," observed Mrs. Gray," "I think we ought to get an aviary." "Well, I don't. There ain't nobody what comes to see us can play on it."

What is it that goes to wreck and ruin yet does nothing but good? The lifeboat.

First Liar: "Talking about rare coins, my brother has one of the original pieces for which Joseph was sold by his brethren."

Second Liar: "That's nothing. I've got an uncle who owns the identical ladder Jacob saw in his dream."—Texas Siftings.

Of the 1,400 students of Michigan University, it is stated by President Angell that the parents of 502 were farmers, 171 merchants, 93 lawyers, 83 physicians, 52 manufacturers, 54 mechanics, and 61 clergymen.—Ex.

"Non paratus," dixit Freshy, Rising with a troubled look; "Omne rectus," Prof. respondet, "Nihil" in his book.

An astronomical observatory, to cost $40,000, is in the process of erection at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

The new Science Hall of the University of Wisconsin, lately completed and occupied, cost $270,000.

"Will you eat a Philopena?" Gently whispered I; "Give and take?" she gaily questioned Mischief in her eye.

Then she talked and sweetly smiling, The converse growing keener,

Gave me a rose, without a sigh, And answered "Philopena."
We clip the following from The College Transcript:

"The Woodland Clearing, a monthly paper published by the faculty and students of Woodland Seminary, Cumberland, Mass., is an eight paged octavo paper, appearing for the first time, and representing the interests of the colored patrons and students of that seminary. The paper vouches for the truth of the following letter, which it claims to have been sent to its principal—Rev. S. S. Steele:

"Mr stele deeer cir yu wunt plese teech Mi Boy no more of thet stuff about Hiz Branes he aint got none No How and if he hed it aint None of youre business An i wunt hev it nuther And i wunt yu too cend mi gurl out when that fixyology foolry goze on to they Aint got no yuse to no about Branes an Blud an Boans nohow an i just Wnnt hev It it ain t nice fur Gurle to no such things an mi gurls hez bin Raze Nise mi wif never Noed such fool stuff an she is just as good a wif as I want An shele raze Cane with yu If yu doant stop it yures trewly, A B D"

Miss S. (fond of using big words): Some girls threw two defunct mice into my room last night.

Miss B.: Mercy! And were they alive?

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1
CIGARETTES

CIGARETTE SMOKERS, who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarette, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1
CIGARETTES

are made from the brightest, most delicate'y flavored and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the firm name as below is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VA.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

VIRGINIA BRIGHTS and DIXIE CIGARETTES,
OLD RIP, IMPERIAL MIXTURE,
RICHMOND GEM CURLY CUT,
And other high grade SMOKING TOBACCOS.

D. F. FLATAU'S
MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY OF

BOOTS & SHOES.

415 EAST BROAD STREET.
FIRST-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.