Fancy.

I.
Hail! Heavenly one, where is thy home
Who spurns the dust and earthly care?
What Circean palace, stately dome
Erected high holds one so rare?
Or dost thou dwell 'mid golden billows
Piled high against the darkling sky?
Dost thou linger 'neath drooping willows
Where the waters flow idly by?

II.
Etherial, mystic and uncertain
Thou art through all the night and day
Painting on the far future's curtain,
Soon, ah, soon to be swept away,
Picture, sketched from life's glowing scenes
Where the dreamer is exalted
High above Earth's mighty kings and queens
Up to where the sky is vaulted.

III.
Fancy, are you the young man blessing
By all these pictures bright and fair?
Or are you his spirit depressing
To the dark pits of foul despair?
Or dost thou lead him, like the swamp light,
Expecting peace and comfort near,
But to forsake him in the grim night
Pinched by hunger, chilled with fear?

IV.
Far away o'er life's distant hill-tops
The star of Hope is brightly beaming,
While, like the sunbeams on the rain drops,
Fancy's home lies grandly gleaming.
And now she tells us of her glories,
And now she beckons us to come;
With faith in all her specious stories,
We seek her shining, radiant home.—Ex.
I had not been in Rochester many days before my eyes were turning longingly toward that wonderful cataract, Niagara Falls.

Very soon the day was decided upon when the visit should be made, and I waited about as patiently as a small child for a promised stick of candy for the time to come. The appointed day at last dawned, but, alas! rain appeared with it.

Now, I scarcely ever murmur about the weather, and never interfere with it—positively, I do not—but this was too much. If it had not been raining for two weeks already it would not have been so bad; I could, in a measure, have consoled myself, but the facts being as I have stated, I was as gloomy as the day.

I once heard of a man who, after he had lost everything, consoled himself by saying, "Well, bad weather and taxes are still left." That man ought to be here, and he could get all the consolation he wished; that is, so far as the first article is concerned.

Undaunted, I procured rubber coat and umbrella and started for the depot. Now, am well seated in the train, and presently it moves off—off for Niagara! Soon we are in Buffalo, a little later beautiful Lake Erie stretches out before the eye, and then the lovely river of Niagara—how placid and calm now, but soon I know it will be seen turbulent and raging. "Niagara Falls!" shouts the conductor, and soon I am on my way to see the Falls and surroundings.

The first view is taken from Prospect Point, above the American Falls. I stand within a few feet of the water and watch that mighty volume dash headlong over the precipice. I look up the river a little way and watch the raging waters come dashing along, faster, nearer, and then hurl themselves violently over the brink.

It is said that many state that while looking into the chasm an almost irresistible impulse besets them to leap into the fearful flood. No such "irresistible impulse" besets me—not a bit of it.

A vaporous cloud is forever rising from below. I stand and gaze in wonder and admiration at the scene. Then I walk a short distance to the inclined railway, and soon am at the base of the Falls. I climb over the rocks, get as close as possible to the Falls, and then look up. What a sight! There I behold that mighty volume of water rushing over the precipice, one hundred and sixty-four feet above, and falling with a deafening roar at my feet. It is grand, awful, sublime! I am awed, but at the same time delighted. From the time it breaks over the crest until it reaches the bed below it is snow-white—how grandly beautiful! In admiration, I exclaim: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

I never before, in all my life, felt so small. If a man wishes to feel small, let him stand at the base of the American Falls and look up. I know some people whom it would benefit to stand there, and, if they had the same feeling ever afterwards, probably it would benefit the world also.

After gazing at this overwhelming sight for some time, I walked over the
rocks in search of something as a souvenir. I picked up a clothes-pin, and in wonderment guessed what was its history. Near the pin I saw a dead rat, which, by the way, I did not pick up. I stood there wondering how he came to his death. I could not solve the question, but in sympathy said: "Poor fellow, you have seen better days."

My next point was the Suspension Bridge. I walked leisurely across that grand structure, and now I am in Canada—no, hold on, some one calls me—I had forgotten all about having a ticket. I am sure I probed into the depths of six pockets before finding the required article.

In Canada! "No, no, no! I don't want a hack!" I never saw any set of people more persistent than these hackmen on the Canada side, and then any place which you wish to visit is always two miles off.

A short walk brings me to the Horse-shoe Falls. I am looking intently at the roaring cataract, in a deep ravine, when a man approaches and asks if I will have a rubber suit and guide and go below the Falls. Of course I will. I go into a well-heated room, the guide is sent in, and soon I'm in a rubber suit from head to foot. He indicates that I shall follow him, which I do, and soon the elevator lands us at the base of the river bank. He steps out, I following, and we walk about twenty-five feet, then he stops short, and for the first time opens his mouth. "See that point yonder? Well, go there and look up." It was a place not more than fifteen yards off, under a small stream of water. Any one could have gone there without a rubber suit. I felt like throwing that fraud, in the shape of a red-face human being, overboard. Being huddled up in that suit I was afraid to make the attempt—I think that was the only reason—so, without a word, I went to the point indicated and looked up, then I looked daggers at that man standing about fifteen yards from me, for I was disappointed. I suppose I felt somewhat like the young man who was going to take a trip, and as he would pass the station where his girl lived, wrote her to be on the platform, for he wished to kiss her when the train stopped. It was a fast train, a very fast one, and made no stop at the station, but whizzed by. Just before passing, however, he looked out to see if his girl was there; she was there waiting for him, so he fixed his mouth in a kissing attitude, reached out as far as he could, and—and kissed an old colored woman at the next station. I am sure he was disappointed; so was I at the sight before me. This was a grand sight, but did not come up to my expectations. I determined to crawl over those rocks and go farther than that point, even if I broke my neck. I knew I would be even with him if I did the latter thing, for I had been told that they were responsible for the safety of the visitor when a guide was procured.

By crawling, falling, and sliding, I reached the place which I had in view. The sight was grand! The water was falling just in front of me, and the sprays were thrown all over me. Among those huge boulders I found some fine specimens of white rock.

After making that guide wait for me as long as I wished, I emerged from behind the rocks and was soon with him at the elevator. I found some other persons waiting to go up. One of them asked
the man what he did. "I guide visitors under the Falls," he replied. Just then I thought what'll I, what'll I, what'll I—do with my rocks, of course.

Soon we were up, and that guide had taken my suit off, then a pen was handed me to register in the Queen's Book, and then—and then I had to search for my pocket-book.

There were four hours left yet, so I strolled leisurely down to the Whirlpool Rapids. I took a seat in the inclined railway car, and in about a minute I was down—down at the Rapids! There is a plank way built for several hundred yards along the river, so I walked along this, gazing at the raging waters a few feet from me. I have often stood upon the beach and seen the angry billows break and dash themselves upon the shore, but it was not with the rage and fury of these waters. How those waters just a little way above, so placid and silent, can become so rough and boisterous, is a mystery to me. The river for a mile or more above this point flows smoothly and noiselessly. This point is about two miles below the Falls. The water was throwing itself up into mighty billows, dashing here and there, as if striving to break itself and everything else to pieces. As I stood there and looked at that angry torrent, remembering that Captain Webb had risked himself into it, I thought, "Poor fortunate fool that he was." I call him fortunate, inasmuch as he was drowned. Every one who attempts such a thing should be drowned, and his body found, as Captain Webb's was, seven miles below, or, perhaps, never found.

The grandest sight I beheld while I stood there was not the Rapids, I think, but the heights above me. The river bank rises almost perpendicularly at this point, to the height of about two hundred and fifty feet. To me it was a grand sight.

Another minute took me up, and for the two or three minutes' ride I paid fifty cents, but that was all right, as I was in Canada, and everything was "quite English, you know."

I walked leisurely along the river bank until the Suspension Bridge was reached, and as I had not been fortunate enough before leaving the United States to get the position of bank president or cashier I decided to recross. After going over to Goat Island, Three Sister Islands, etc., I boarded the train. It was about dusk when I dropped into my seat, thoroughly tired. Very soon I discovered that the seat just ahead of me was occupied by two lovers. I watched them until I began to grow homesick, then I closed my eyes and sought sleep. The scenes of the day passed before me—Niagara in all its grandeur. I left impressed with the fact that I had never seen anything equal to Niagara Falls. Never can it be described by pen or brush, nor can it be appreciated until seen.

"Hail! Sovereign of the world of Floods! whose majesty and might First dazzles, then enraptures, then overawe the aching sight: The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone, Grows dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery throne!"

W. H. B.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1888.
It was upon a glorious morning in the early part of August that two College boys boarded the northern-bound train at Fredericksburg. Our hearts were all aglee with anticipations of a pleasant trip to the capital city and several other places of interest, the number of which was to be regulated by our pocket-books.

Though the railroad from our starting point to Washington does not make its way through rugged mountains, and inscribe the horse-shoe curves which are so much praised in representation of the scenery of other roads, yet there is presented to the eye of the traveller a view far more lovely than the productions of the artist’s brush.

For twenty miles our train ran just on the edge of the broad Potomac, sometimes seeming as if it were about to plunge into its depths. On its majestic waters could be seen steamers and schooners and sloops and boats of every description plying to and from the city to which we were travelling. Here and there could be seen the fisherman in his little smack, making his way to some more plenteous quarter, or else returning with the results of his labor. On the distant shore the picture was framed by the forests of the Maryland Heights. Being enchanted by their beautiful presentation of nature, we were hurried into Alexandria before we were aware that we had made half the trip. (This is a prosperous city of about 15,000 inhabitants, but, as at most other places, presents a very poor appearance at the depots. No doubt its progress is retarded a good deal on account of its proximity to Washington.)

Leaving Alexandria, fifteen minutes’ ride brought us to the first city in which we expected to stop. We got off at the Sixth-street Union Depot, which, by the way, is one of the finest in the country. Our first object of interest appeared in this building. In the ladies’ waiting-room, three feet from the door leading from their department into the general waiting-room, a brass star may be seen upon the floor, which marks the spot which Garfield’s head struck when shot by Guiteau, July 2, 1881, while just above this, on the wall, there is a marble slab to his memory.

Having walked half a block on Sixth street, we found ourselves on Pennsylvania avenue, where we took a car bound for Smithsonian Institute and the National Museum. Among the objects of interest in the former building were a good many mummies, but none of them were so well preserved as our little “Princess and Priestess” in Richmond College Museum. We were so highly entertained in the National Museum that it was indeed with reluctance that we left. One could easily spend two days in this building alone and continually find something of interest. The many classifications are too numerous to be mentioned. All that we can do is to advise the reader to go and look for himself. But it would not be just to leave the matter without mentioning some of the things which so interested us. In the centre of the building is a pool around which are growing several kinds of trop-
ical fruits, such as the date, the cocoanut, the banana, &c., and in the pool are little fish of every hue. While standing and admiring their movements and colors a lady threw the fragments of her lunch into the water, which were as rapidly devoured by the ravenous little creatures as a three-o’clock dinner is by hungry college boys. The zoological department was interesting, too. Stuffed animals of every description, both large and small, were to be seen represented in their native states. There were buffaloes grazing on the prairie, orang-outangs in the forests of Africa. These were very natural. The representation was two males fighting forty feet from the ground in a tree. One was holding the other’s wrist and had bit off one finger and had another in his mouth, which was filled with foam and gore, while a few feet above was a young animal of the same kind looking down upon the scene. The group of Virginia opossums held our attention for some time. All of these animals present an appearance true to nature.

The collection of money was immense. There could be found coins from every country, and of almost every date. Of special interest to us were the coins of ancient Greece and Rome. We recognized nearly all of the ancient coins of which we had read, and found even the Denarius. It was with peculiar interest that we beheld this coin of centuries ago, and of which the student in Lecture-Room B reads so much. There was not only silver and gold and copper, but also paper money of every value and series.

For fear of wearying the reader’s patience, we will hasten to the description of other places of importance. From this point, we turned our faces toward the Agricultural Department, but not finding so many things of interest here as we had expected, we hastened to the Botanical Gardens, which are exquisite in their beauty. Here may be seen plants of every clime. Here the cactus grew; the orange and the lemon flourished; the banana and the fig bore as well as in the tropics; and in one hot-house we saw the most beautiful grapes our eyes ever feasted upon; but we did not feast our appetite upon them. They were “sour.”

From the Botanical Gardens we proceeded to the Treasury Department, and were here interested for an hour by the various objects of interest. We were shown the vaults, where is contained all the surplus over which the two great political parties are contending so much. In another room we saw the notes as they came from the Printing and Engraving Department, being stamped ready for circulating. A College boy doesn’t generally handle much of them, so of course we had a peculiar feeling when in the presence of so much. In one corner of this building, on the third floor, is a little room, in which are all kinds of counterfeit money, some of which was so nearly perfect that it had deceived many bank cashiers, and would be accepted by any inexperienced hand. We could not possibly have detected that it was counterfeit had the officer in charge of it not told us so. Whenever a counterfeiter is caught, his photograph is procured also, and many of them deck the walls of this little room. Guiteau’s was among them. It seems that he had already acquired some notoriety before he became an assassin.

Some of these men deserve credit for their fine workmanship, even if they have
been condemned as frauds. A knife was shown me which one of them had hammered out of a large nail, using the larger end for the handle. It was as bright and as pretty as one made by the finest manufacturer. He used it for splitting notes, and would then paste one half of a good note to another half of a counterfeit, and then there would scarcely be any question in regard to its validity.

Well, by this time we felt that we needed our "Physiological sunshine," as the honored professor of philosophy would say, so we started off down Pennsylvania avenue and soon came to Moore's Exchange Hotel, which seemed to be the kind of an establishment we were looking for. We entered, and in a short time dinner was served, which just then presented a better appearance than anything else we had seen that day. There was everything to satisfy the appetite of a weary sight-seer.

The next place to which we went after leaving here was the capitol. This is a grand, majestic building, and a fit emblem of our nation. We proceeded at once to the dome, the topmost part of which is 375 feet from the ground. For curiosity we counted the steps, and found that there were 445 in all from the lowest to the highest. It is a long journey from the ground to the top. We see written on the college walls: "One mile to the Tower," which has a tendency to discourage the "rat" and his city girl upon their first ascension, but were it as high as the dome of the capitol at Washington they would likely conclude that it was a reality instead of a joke. But having reached the topmost point, we felt amply repaid for our efforts. Though it was an extremely warm day, and very close down below, yet a delightful breeze was continually blowing in these ethereal heights. It seemed that we had entered a new world. The bird's-eye view from this point was magnificent. All around us was spread the beautiful city, with its parks and fountains and public buildings. All the avenues came to a point at the capitol. It seemed that we were at the centre of some vast circle whose radii extended in every direction. All the public buildings could be seen, such as the Patent Office, Treasury, White-House, Smithsonian Institute, &c., while looming up in the distance, 180 feet higher than we already were, could be seen that vast pile of marble to the memory of one of Virginia's noblest sons, who well deserves such commemoration. Surrounded by such grandeur, my "old lady" could not refrain from responding to the inspirations which the scene produced, so he out with his paper and pencil and wrote a missive of love to his "Darling Mary." I, led on by his actions, inscribed the initials of mine upon the lofty pinnacle.

After descending we spent some time in the main building admiring the beautiful paintings and statues; and it is unnecessary to mention that many of the heroic men there represented had their birth-places in old Virginia. Beneath the canopy overhanging the rotunda is a large fresco entitled "The Apotheosis of Washington." The immortal Washington, sitting on a rainbow, looking down from the clouds of glory, occupies the centre of the picture, while on his right hand is the Goddess of Liberty, holding the fasces in her right hand and in her left the Constitution of the United States, and on her left is a winged figure, crown-
ed, and holding in one hand a palm branch, in the other a trumpet, which she is blowing. This figure idealizes Victory and Fame. Before these three, forming a semi-circle, are thirteen female figures in various positions, representing the thirteen original States; underneath, surrounding this centre, are six other groups—War, Agriculture, Mechanics, Commerce, Arts, and Sciences—illustrating the great powers of the Republic. This is grand, and would require the skill of an artist to be properly described. While at this building, we saw both House and Senate in session, which seemed to fall far short of our literary societies in regard to the order preserved. Some were smoking, others talking or reading, and one fellow speaking to perhaps a dozen attentive hearers. But a record—the "Congressional Record," it is called—is kept, so that they lose nothing which goes on when any important issue is in hand.

The next place of interest we visited was the White House, but for some reason the President did not give his usual reception that afternoon. We contented ourselves, however, with an inspection of the East Room. The chandeliers especially attracted our attention. They were magnificent. Life-size portraits of Martha Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and other nobility of the past, decked the walls.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in strolling through the parks and the streets on which the finest private dwellings were situated. The great variety of architecture will at once attract the attention of a stranger. One house was pointed out to us which contained eighty-nine different designs of architecture. It was on this stroll that we passed by Washington's monument. We had hoped to ascend its towering heights, but it was not open to the public. They are waiting for Congress to appropriate money to put in an elevator. There certainly ought to be some provision made for this, for nearly every visitor meets with just such disappointment as we. We had to content ourselves with an outside view, which, by itself, was almost worth a trip to Washington. It is fifty-five feet square and its walls fifteen feet thick at the base, while its thickness tapers off to seven inches at the top. We looked up; it seemed that it reached the clouds. It is 555 feet high. We so strained our necks looking at its height that we held our heads high all the next day.

On our way back to the hotel we stopped to see the panorama of the battle of Shiloh. Passing through a hall-way about thirty-five feet in length and ascending a winding stairway we found ourselves upon a circular platform fifteen feet in diameter, around which there seemed to be raging a battle of the fiercest nature. One has, indeed, a peculiar feeling when entering upon this scene. He feels as if he were in the midst of the battle himself. All around can be seen the dead and dying—horses without riders, and bombs bursting in every direction. It is so skilfully painted that some objects seem to be within fifteen steps of the observer, while others seem to be fifteen miles or more. On the ground below the platform there are soldiers, muskets, broken wagons, and everything pertaining to war. So perfectly does the scene on the canvas blend with the real on the ground that it is with extreme difficulty that
one can detect where the one begins and the other ends. For instance, there was a horse, one part of which was stuffed, the other painted—a man, whose body was natural, and head painted on the canvass. We would never have noticed these had the guide-book not described them. The whole scene presents such a degree of perfection that one feels himself in the presence of living, breathing men. So awe-inspiring was the occasion that none of the spectators along with us spoke out of a whisper. Just at the edge of the railing which surrounds the platform are holes, through which an artificial breeze is forced, and the roar of battle is heard as if coming from the distance. It has not the appearance of an enclosure, but of an open country. It was grand, indeed, and will never be forgotten.

From this interesting scene we proceeded to our hotel, and were soon within the gentle embrace of Morpheus.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)
books to depend upon for success are invariably failures.

There ought to be, and are, many inducements to bring the students into contact with one another. The athletic, social, and other organizations are formed with this view. These associations and organizations dissolve all class distinctions, bringing the untrained into contact with the trained; the dull and the bright are brought together; the younger are thrown with the older, thus having a stimulating effect on all sides. From the literary societies especially do we derive great benefits. Association in these tends to bring out our prominent qualities, and teaches us to be calm when defeated, and unpresuming when victorious. Besides the advantages of these organizations, they are very necessary as a recreation from our routine class-work.

A young man, having attained a certain age, must appear in the arena of life; he can no longer remain at college, but must go forward to become something. He must act, whether he is necessitated to labor for his maintenance, or is exonerated by fortune from all apprehension of and care for the future. It is the intent of his education to enable him to act successfully and rightly. But without pretension to prophetic honors one may safely say that a man coming into business life cannot act thus unless he has had some association with men and has found out something about their natures.

It is by association that ties of friendship which frequently accompany us all through life are formed. We must remember, too, that if these ties are not formed at a comparatively early age they will never be formed in middle life or old age; for if a young man is cynical and self-retired at twenty he will be much more so at forty. That young man who goes forth inspired by a host of trusting friends is to be envied much more than one who has none. The former knows that he is watched kindly, and that his success will be more than self-gratifying, while the latter has nothing to stimulate and arouse his energies save the impulses and desires of his own nature.

A man forced into action and obliged to take some prominent position in life may, notwithstanding his best endeavors, fail to fill it properly. To fail for want of knowing what books could have taught him would be a great misfortune, but to fail on account of not knowing what association with men could have taught him would be a still greater calamity. The man who has availed himself of the opportunities afforded by association compared with one that has not, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and it is almost equivalent to another sense, if we consider how it rectifies our ideas, broadens our views, and enables us to feel at ease in business transactions.

If the young man who started in life with a thorough knowledge of both men and books is as successful in manhood as his parents and friends had wished, and as he himself had expected, then the happy hours of association will be recalled with pleasure, and the dreary hours of learning will be abundantly rewarded.

Association offers advantages which wealth cannot procure, and which, when once possessed, poverty cannot take away.

J. W.
Twilight.

Twilight is the faint light which is reflected upon the earth between sunset and dark, and between daybreak and sunrise. In considering this subject, let us dissipate from our minds the mere sentiment and fancy that usually cluster around the word twilight. For it is rich in meaning, and to the one who thinks it worth while his time and pains to study its contents, it unfolds profound and never-to-be-forgotten lessons. Other terms might be used to designate this time of day, but none other like that of twilight awakens within us such fond memories of pleasant hours of the “sweet long ago” — hours spent, perhaps, with loved ones who watched over us with anxious care, and whose sweet voice ever spoke tender words of comfort and cheer, but whose freed spirit has long since passed the pearly portals and is at rest forever in the city of its God. We take but little interest in the morning twilight. It arouses no emotion; it awakens no fond memories; and thus it fails to engage our attention. We are in mad haste to make our business of the day a success. Perhaps fortune, and even reputation is involved, and our success depends upon the use we make of the opportunities of the day. So we have no time, it seems, to stop and meditate upon the morning twilight as the sun hastens in his course dispelling the beautiful curtain of gray that seems loth to lift itself from a waking earth.

But by and by the successes and failures of another day have been experienced, and as the sun sinks behind the western horizon, having laid aside our work, we turn our steps homeward; some of us with cheerful hearts and others with sad ones. It is then that we can truly appreciate the sentiment of the following familiar lines:

“The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.”

This hour of quiet and rest afforded us a season of rejoicing over another day well spent, and at the same time one of repentance for him who had allowed opportunities for good to pass unimproved. And as the shadows thicken we are reminded of the time when the twilight of life will be past, and all opportunities for good taken away; and we are constrained to raise a prayer for that guidance that shall guard us against the mistakes and evils of life.

Perhaps we are more forcibly struck with the significance of our subject when we apply it to life. For every man, as truly as does day, experiences two twilights. In very early life the child revels in the grey twilight of happiness. But as soon as he lays aside the playthings for work and study, the mad rush of business and a sense of obligation attract his attention, and he fails longer to enjoy the beauties of the departing twilight of childhood. But by-and-by the day is ended — the sun of our active life ceases to shine; it has smiled upon us and sunk to rest forever. Then it remains for us to lay down the perplexing cares of business, and number ourselves among the aged and infirm, who quickly
pass the evening of life in the old armchair, or with tottering step roam over the familiar grounds of by-gone days.

This is a season, also, in which we may on the one hand rejoice over a life well-spent, and on the other bitterly repent the mistakes and short-comings of the past. And as the twilight begins to thicken we are reminded that already the frail barque is waiting to bear us over the mystic river to the "summer land of song." How sweet must be this twilight to him who has made the best of life! How bitter and gloomy it must be to that one who has misspent all his days as they passed filled with golden opportunities for good!

When the twilight of our life folds its mantle of gray about us, how shall it be with us then? Shall our lives in that hour reflect more beautifully the noble characters that we have formed in days gone by, or shall it be said of us at last, he spent his days in trifling cares, and in gray hairs he is laid to rest unwept, unhonored, and unsung?

\[ Monthly oration by Mr. J. H. FRANKLIN, before the Sigma Rho Society, November 23, 1888. \]

Virginia's Great Men.

Virginia is rightly known as the "Mother State;" she is justly entitled to her name "Old Dominion;" and it has been truly said that she has produced more great men than any of her sisters. Even in her infancy, when the black cloud of British oppression was hovering o'er our land and endangering our liberties; and when each State, aroused to a sense of her condition, looked around in indignation to see which of her sisters would give voice to her wrath, Virginia was the first to come to the front, declaring to the world her determination to die or be free.

It was her son, Patrick Henry, who, by his eloquence, moved his countrymen to take the first step towards independence; it was he who made famous the walls of yon St. John's church; and it was none other than he who, in the world of oratory, reached that exalted eminence which the world continues to admire but cannot rival.

When the States determined to throw off the yoke of England, who but Thomas Jefferson drew the declaration showing forth to the world that they were, and of a right ought to be, free and independent? While the cry of war rang from North to South, and from East to West; when men, aroused by a love for their country, turned their backs upon home and dear ones; and when dark as night seemed the future, Washington, a son of the "Old Dominion," because of his acknowledged superiority was chosen to lead the heroic American forces to victory or to death. Caring not for self, we find him ready and willing to undergo any hardship or suffer any privation, that the infant struggling colonies might secure for themselves, and transmit to their posterity, the blessings of liberty. Still mindful of nothing but his country's welfare, we find him at the end of the conflict voluntarily laying down his commission, and seeking the repose of quiet
life, claiming nothing in return for the noble sacrifices he had made and the glorious victory he had achieved.

Here, indeed, are examples to which with pride every Virginian can point to the remotest period of time, as one of many glorious testimonials of the fact that Virginia has ever done all in her power to honor the Stars and Stripes, the flag for which so many of her sons were proud to die.

When victory was at last purchased at the risk of everything sacred and dear to them and to those for whom they fought; when the fiery billows of war ceased to roll from boundary to boundary; when in their stead came the balmy zephyrs of peace, bearing upon their bosom glad tidings to the stricken colonies; and when the States, after the struggle, like the sea after a storm, rose and fell in their anxiety for a government, Virginians again came forward, and upon the troubled waters poured oil to quiet them.

Among the presidents of our land none have proved themselves more worthy of the honor conferred upon them than have the sons of the "Mother State"; among them stand the names of Washington, Jefferson, and Monroe. Of statesmen she can boast; statesmen whose records are not only an honor to themselves, but also to their country; statesmen whose names adorn the pages of history, and statesmen whose works will live forever.

In the days of sixty-one, when State was divided against State; when civil strife resembled a smouldering heap which required but a breath to cause it to burst forth in violence; when a war such as the world had not known in nineteen hundred years seemed inevitable, and when death stood almost face to face with our land, Virginia cast her lot with the Confederacy, and sent forth her sons to battle for what she believed her rights, and although her efforts were in vain, it cannot be denied that in the Virginia forces were some of the bravest soldiers that ever buckled sword. Search where you may, look back to the days of Alexander the Great, of Caesar, or of Napoleon, but you will find none of more undaunted courage than the two central figures in the history of the Confederacy—Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson—sons of the "Old Dominion."

They were sons of which Virginia has just cause to be proud; sons who will never cease to be dear to the hearts of Southern people; soldiers who, in the near future, must, by both North and South, be acknowledged the bravest of all who fought in the great conflict; and warriors who before the mouths of belching cannon bravely fought, fearing not death itself, and caring for naught but their country's welfare. When Virginians review the past; when they remember that their State produced the Father, the Sword, the Tongue, and the Pen of this land, all of which wielded a mighty power; and when they consider the present outlook, they should be proud—proud of the great men gone before, proud of the sons who helped to place this country in the front ranks of nations; proud of those who gave their lives to save us from servitude, and proud of their Jackson, Lee, Washington, Henry, and many others, whose lives stand out to mankind examples well worthy of imitation, and whose deeds have placed the "Star Spangled Banner" upon the mountain heights of freedom.
The mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arm of progress leans;
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
The mightiest of them all—The Press."

A brilliant author of our time has said: "The Press is the Argus of the world, the ear-gallery of the globe, the reporter of all things earthly." Its myriad eyes, flashing from ten thousand centres, survey all lands and peoples.

No corner of civilization, especially, escapes its searching glances. No hidden thing evades its scrutiny. And as it sees, it listens; and as it listens, it tells abroad; so that all the world can discuss at the breakfast table of to-day what the rest of the world did yesterday. The flying trains, the heaving steamships, the telegraph, the cable, the telephone, the pen, the type—all are its trained servants. In short, the one maximum force of this nineteenth century is—The Printing Press.

The method of communicating thought through the medium of characters to be seen by the eye, is almost, if not quite, as ancient as that by vocal sounds to be heard by the ear, and for the conveyance of religious truth has equally the divine sanction. When the Holy Sovereign of our world would make a revelation of his law to our race, he himself wrote it upon the tables of stone—that it might be read and preserved. The prophets and apostles, also, whom he inspired to speak, he in like manner inspired to record what he made known to them. But what the Divine Being so long ago sanctioned and made so prominent as a method of communicating and promulgating his truth, he has in these modern days—through his kind providence in the invention and usefulness of the Printing Press—seemed to exalt to even a higher place, and established as one of the foremost agencies in this service.

The page and the preacher are the two mightiest human agencies for winning the world from evil and training men to walk the path of truth. The Scriptures and the ministry are divine ordinations. They are complementary. God made them to walk together, and they have been co-workers in all the history of the churches, of Christ. The apostles used the pen as well as the pulpit, and employed written truth to guide the faith of the people. The press has ever been the most effective ally of the preacher, and has greatly multiplied his audiences and his power. The power of the press as an agency for good began to be appreciated very soon after the invention of printing. The words of the New Testament were then taken from those old parchments, which had on them the rime of ages, and printed upon paper. Afterwards the Old Testament in several portions was printed, and very widely circulated; and through these and the writings of Luther and Melanchton, the great Reformation was begun and pushed into a thousand places hitherto unvisited by the Reformers in person. So, too, was it with the work of Wycliffe in England. Many a poor peasant was made to rejoice on England's soil as they had never done before on account of the Word of God being printed on slips of paper, in their
own language, and given to them that they might know the truth as it had never before been presented to them. Luther testified in his day that "Printing is the latest and greatest gift by which God enables us to advance the things of the Gospel." And the monks declared of it: "We must put down printing or it will put us down." But the art of printing at that time was far from being the power for good that it is to-day, when thousands upon thousands of printing presses are at work in our noble land, and when, as compared with the few then, the great majority of our people now read. No human agency in this age is, probably, doing more to stimulate thought, formulate public opinion, mould the characters of individuals and nations, and to decide their moral and eternal destinies than the printing press. When this power is wielded by Christian hands, and is consecrated to man's spiritual advancement, it becomes one of the most effective agencies known in modern evangelism. The Press is one of the potential educational forces of this age. As a moral power it ranks with the pulpit in its influence on the public mind. If this power be wisely regulated and rightly directed its beneficence is almost unlimited; but perverted to immoral and vicious ends, it is widely destructive in its effects. Unfortunately, a vast portion of this influence is prostituted to the interests of error, infidelity, and vice. The greatest counteracting force to this pernicious agency is the religious press; and from it the friends of truth may hope for the happiest results.

In estimating the probabilities of good accomplished by such a wide and expansive diffusion of literature as we have in this nineteenth century, two facts should always be considered: First, that great numbers of people, young and old, as is well known, are converted to Christ through the reading of Christian literature. Others, that may be Christians already, are through it better instructed as to the faith; and yet others are awakened to a sense of accountability and thereby inspired with new zeal in God's service. Thousands of the living and the dead could say with Baxter: "Thus it was, by means of books alone, that God was pleased to resolve me for himself." But the second fact to be remembered, as encouraging hope for good, from the wide spread of Christian literature, is this: That though much of this literature is lost, a large portion of it is permanent, and will live through generations, and even centuries.

Spoken truth usually depends upon the immediate impression it produces, or relies for the future effect on memory, which is often treacherous. The printed page, on the other hand, abides often for generations and ages—its revelations ever the same, and its lessons of wisdom unchangeable. We are told that copies of the first edition of the Bible, printed more than four centuries ago, are still extant, in spite of fire and faggot, to which its enemies sought to consign them. Little do we think the Apostle Paul, when he wrote those letters to the Romans, the Corinthians, the Ephesians, and others, ever dreamed that those same letters would come down to this late age. But, as uninformed of the fact as he may have been, we have them, and greatly rejoice that we have greater facilities for preparing those letters for distribution than there was at the time they were written.
See the wide circulation of those letters within the past two centuries; they have been printed in more than one hundred different languages, and circulated almost without limit. "The just shall live by faith." So with the literature now being sent forth from the press; it will, much of it, live on and do good when those who now work in distributing it shall be living here no more.

W. E. W.

How to Teach.

The object of this paper is not to present an exhaustive discussion of the above subject, nor to advance a sum of new facts thereon; but simply to collate and briefly notice some of the qualifications of a teacher. The tendency with intelligent people is to pass over the questions that underlie any subject as being already settled, and only fit to be brought up for the sake of explanation and instruction in the school-room. But it seems well to call a halt occasionally, and examine with care the foundation upon which the superstructure of our knowledge rests. Foremost among the requisites for a good teacher is preparation. By this is meant not merely a glance each night at the lessons of the next day, but a carefully-selected course of reading, such as is calculated to broaden the mind and render it thorough and ready on any question. The above sentence is not intended to depreciate the importance of getting ready for each day's lessons; but that should not be the sum total of a teacher's work of preparation. Practically, the teacher ought to be always striving to better his own education—to rub up some things on which he is rusty, and to acquire knowledge of new subjects. If this be done, and a constant drill of elementary branches be conducted at the same time, the teacher will find the work of the school-room becoming easier and easier year by year, and himself better equipped for filling higher stations in his profession. Hitherto the discussion has been with regard to the importance, but has brought out nothing about the duty, of preparation; for surely there is no teacher but who acknowledges that he is morally bound to render himself competent to instruct the young minds committed to his care.

The next essential is punctuality. A number of schools under the writer's observation have failed because of tardiness on the teacher's part. Nine o'clock would find most of the scholars present, but no teacher; and when he did come—15 or 30 minutes late—the lessons of the day would lie pushed so that faithful work could not be done. Now, frequently the teacher is not responsible for lateness, and when he arrives but few scholars greet him; nevertheless, the statement holds true that punctuality on the part of the instructor will insure punctuality of at least part of the instructed, and when this is the case the machinery of the school moves smoothly and well.

The discussion so far has concerned
the things necessary in preparing for and coming to the school-room. But however auspicious the launch, the voyage is not as a matter of course fair sailing. There will be explanations to go over day after day, dull and refractory children to manage, and various other drawbacks to the harmonious working of the school to remove. Some teachers think that they have more discouragements than other people; but they should remember that they can overcome by far the greater number of difficulties if they only begin aright. Treat all pupils with kindness, yet let them know that you must be obeyed; show no partiality, allow no talking or moving from one seat to another without permission, and in nine cases out of ten the most stubborn spirit will submit.

All this shows that a teacher without perseverance is like a business-man without money—he will necessarily fail. It may be—nay, it is—hard to watch so keenly and constantly for fear that that boy on the back bench will thump his deskmate on the head, or throw a paper wad across the room; or that those two girls over in the corner will begin whispering. Be this as it may, it is nevertheless true that if the teacher begins by letting the children see the reasonableness of the rules imposed, and by persistently enforcing a steady adherence thereto, it will not be long before the school becomes well-behaved and studious. Just how much kindness and how much firmness a teacher should exercise are questions which cannot be answered by setting forth any general principle, but must be settled by practical common sense. Two sights equally deplorable are that of a teacher without firmness, whose will the scholars in no wise respect, and that of a teacher whose severity and austerity of disposition repels the children.

The next qualification—precaution—applies with special force to advanced teaching, and yet has a place in elementary instruction. Precision in the teacher engenders precision in the scholars. Let two things be explained by showing them in contrast—in how much they coincide, and just where they differ, and the learner will grasp and retain the difference with more ease and zest than if a cut and dried, loose differentiation were given. Teach a child early to notice nice distinctions, and the greatest obstacle to his highest education will be removed. Agassiz, the great scientist, is said to have laid special stress on keenness of observation. To a young man applying to him for instruction, he gave the skeleton of a fish, and told him to examine it carefully and report to him in half an hour. The young fellow took it and looked at it attentively. At the time set he brought the skeleton to Agassiz, and told him all he knew about the fish from observation. The great chemist inquired what he knew of the nature of the specimen from the presence of such and such a bone, and why two bones were connected in just such a way; the young man could not explain. Thereupon, Agassiz delivered a most interesting lecture on the nature, habits, &c., of the fish before him from data obtained by simply regarding carefully the bony skeleton. The most successful men and the best teachers in any branch of learning are those men who have trained themselves to make nice, sharp-cut distinctions. The best practical aids for doing
this are a study of English synonyms and of the higher mathematics. In fact, this is the object of a course in advanced mathematics. The conic sections, calculi, and modern higher algebra are not so immediately practical as arithmetic, algebra, and geometry; yet as trainers of the mind they are invaluable. Many a man has failed in the pulpit and at the bar simply because his reasoning faculty lacked the training given by the differential calculus.

Again, precision in teaching makes study all the more interesting to the average elementary pupil. When he sees such distinctions as those holding between yearly and annual, obstruction and obstacle, bleach and whiten, and a hundred others his intellectual activity is quickened to a more intense study and a closer application.

One more requisite of the highest importance for successful teaching presents itself, and it is the last to be mentioned—viz. a spirit that continually seeks direction and strength from an Almighty Hand, and attributes to Him whatever success be obtained. This feeling of dependence upon and thankfulness to God is the lever which, controlled by the hand of a skilful teacher, will set in motion all the machinery of the schoolroom. Then the teacher, animated by a trustful and humble spirit, will intelligently and safely conduct the weak and impressionable minds of youth towards the goal of a thorough education.

C. O. FREXBRETH.

Ambition a Curse.

The goal of ambition is the sound of a name; and oft has the appellation wrecked human happiness upon the strand of desolation, and caused an immortal soul to writhe amid the bitter recollections of the past. History's pages are emblazoned with examples hereditary to fallen humanity, which prove the fanaticism of the atheist and the fallacy of the sophist. We often contemplate with horror the excessive sufferings of mankind through the tyranny and oppression of ambitious rulers. We as often wonder that rational beings endued with passions and capable of wielding the sceptre of revenge, will suffer insult, degradation, and their rights torn away and trampled in the dust—their earnings being given to pamper the luxury of a ruling despot. Yet the experience of all ages has confirmed and illustrated the truth that insurrection, revenge, and revolution do but plunge them deeper in misery and hasten their destruction. But in searching out through the dusky annals of the past for examples that prove the assertion that ambition is a curse, we are struck with the characters that once lingered around ancient Rome, that once trod the streets of Athens and of Carthage, and
AMBITION A CURSE.

sat upon the thrones of England and of France.

Go sift the mouldering dust of Alexander, awake the spirit of injustice to a sense of truth; see the lustre fade from his conquests, and the appellations great fall from his name! He had reached the summit of earthly glory; no conqueror was more fortunate, no hero more brave, no monarch more splendid; yet that burning flame of ambition that was instilled into his nature impaired the lustre of his fame, and cast a dark shadow over the bright actions of his career. See the artful and ambitious Philip, using every means of strategy, and even resorting to bribery, to deceive the Athenians! In order that he might secure the influence of those whom he knew to be base demagogues, who led public opinion, he spared no expense nor vile exertions. Thus these fires of resistless ambition burned on until, by his vile schemes, the whole Grecian empire was virtually betrayed into his hands, and he had obtained the honors to which he had long aspired, and which he was now able to demand—the appointment of generalissimo of Greece in the projected invasion of Persia.

But in the midst of this fanatical course his young, vigorous, ambitious life came to an untimely end by the murderous hand of an obscure Macedonian. When we regard his actions, achievements and character, we can but say that he was the ablest statesman beyond the Augustan age. Yet fanatical ambition proved an unmistakable curse to him. Yet while ambition flashed like a meteor across the moral sky of once proud Athens and withered her freshest laurels, it no less hung over the destinies of imperial Rome, where vile Cataline, inflamed with fanatic ambition and imbued with infamous desires, perpetrated one of the darkest and most sanguinary plots that ever marred the beauty of the historic page.

But individuality has not survived the curse alone. The injustice of ancient Rome to her noblest sons adds another fibre to the flame and tears from her brow her fairest gems. The voice of two million victims to Cæsar’s wrath condemns the theory that “Ambition is a virtue and the only basis of true greatness.” As we read history, we wander amid nations who were once active in the scenes of time, nations who once drank deep the inebriating draughts of luxury and pleasure, but over which ambition has held its sway until now their loveliness is gone, their strength has decayed, their glory perished, and they have been consigned to the silent dust to reap the retributions of eternity.

Where is the once proud and flourishing republic of Holland? where her mighty fleets? where her prosperity and glory? By the resistless arms of a daring Philip, and the ambitious spirit of a Lewis, her sun is set, her glory forever faded, and she is humbled in the dust. Switzerland, among the rocky cliffs of the snow-clad Alps, has felt the all-pervading curse; the story of the brave and virtuous William Tell must no longer be remembered, the days of honor, virtue and liberty are past, and the Swiss inhabitants submit to the mandates of a foreign ruler, or a vile fanatic. The nations of men resemble the rolling and conflicting waves of the ocean. If a billow rise high, it is but to sink as low; if it rage and foam, it is but to be the
sooner o'er; if it move tranquilly on the bosom of the deep, it is but to sink forever by its own gravity. Thus with all nations, with all human institutions, and with all the noblest inventions of art. But alas! the ravages of time, though rapid and resistless as the mighty waves of the ocean, are too slow to satisfy the furious rage of restless, ambitious mortals.

But while ambition in extremes is a baneful curse, yet, like most everything else, it has been one of the mighty levers in raising the ponderous weight of ignorance from the eyes of the world, and in lifting mankind upon a plane of more extended view.

But it is only of fanatical ambition that we speak—that ambition that de-thrones reason, destroys principle, and has only the mean idea of self aggrandizement and self-praise. The man who would employ all his powers to accomplish a great deed, prompted only by an ambition to gain the applause and congratulations of men, is not only a curse to the world himself, but his ambition is a curse to him.

When, oh! when will such selfish pride cease to fill the minds of men? When will man cease to cultivate that spirit that fills the world with misery, destroys true manhood, and brings down the curse of heaven? When we shall learn that he who desires least praise is he who deserves most; that he that humbleth himself shall be exalted; that wisdom weeps over man's ambitious folly; and when the last spark of fanatic ambition shall be blotted from existence, then let me live.

J. SHOWEN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

It gives the Messenger pleasure to greet again its numerous friends. We are grateful to many of our exchanges for their kindly mention of the Messenger. We are glad that the college journals of our country have at last begun to confine themselves to a word of praise or a just criticism upon exchanges. We assure our exchanges that we will always appreciate what is worthy of appreciation, and will not hesitate to criticize articles which should never appear in the columns of a college journal. Should the articles in the Messenger fall below the average article written by a college man, we should much prefer a cutting criticism to soothing flattery. Severe criticism will sometimes discourage the young writer, but more frequently, we believe, it will stimulate to renewed and redoubled effort. Men love praise better than truth. Dr. Johnson has said: "To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our power, and show that our favor is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood."

So much has been said of late upon the place of the gymnasium in college work, that we hesitate to speak of it. Its great importance to College students is our only excuse. The success of the
student depends upon his health. Without it he cannot expect to succeed. When the physical man is prostrated, either by overwork or disease, the mind can but sympathize, and hence be rendered incapable of grappling with the subtle truths of Mathematics and Philosophy. That we may be men who can reach the highest round of the ladder, and remain there, successfully defeating the foes which are continually trying to destroy health, our physical and mental nature must be developed pari passu.

With a few notable exceptions, the men who have been the greatest powers, both in pulpit and at the bar, have been men of magnificent physique.

There is a tendency among College students to neglect regular exercise. This is a natural tendency for many reasons. The healthy do not think they need it. The close, diligent student does not feel that he can spare the time; and perhaps, a class, even greater than any other, is that composed of those who do not think about it at all.

"Mens Sana in Sano Corpore." If we possess it, let us keep it by regularly exercising both body and mind. If we do not possess the sound body the sound mind cannot exist. We are gratified that the "Board of Trustees" of this institution deemed physical culture of such importance that at one of its regular meetings a few months ago it was decided that hereafter there would be a regular instructor in this department.

Mr. F. W. Boatwright, a former student, was appointed instructor. He now fills the position with great acceptance to both Faculty and students. His instruction does not aim at enabling the students to become graceful gymnasts, but at developing the heart, lungs, chest, and muscles. Great wisdom is shown in not overtaxing the muscles. The plan is thorough development by light, quick, muscular movements. Of the two methods to develop any muscle or set of muscles, the aim will be to take the simpler and safer. To this time we have worked almost exclusively with chest-weight machines, dumb-bells, wands, and Indian-clubs, using the celebrated Roberts dumb-bell system, which combines simplicity and efficiency. As soon as practicable the regular classes will begin regular drill with parallel and horizontal bars, rings, and ladder. At the beginning of the session measurements were taken according to the Sargent system. We are much gratified at the interest being manifested by the students in this kind of physical culture. Seventy-five per cent. of the resident students are enlisted in the regular classes and receive instruction daily. In behalf of the students we thank the Board of Trustees for the improvements they have made, and commend to them the following paragraph:

It is to be hoped that the Faculty and Board of Trustees will pardon a few suggestions which have to do with the equipment and efficiency of our gymnasium, for we remember somewhere to have read that it is fitting for older persons to consider the views of those who are younger, and to make use of them if they are of practical value. In the first place we need a good solid plank floor in the gymnasium. The objection to an earthen floor is that it requires constant sprinkling to allay the dust. This must be done so that the student may have some pleasure and comfort in his exercise. The laying of a plank floor will also
preserve the mats which are necessary in every complete gymnasium; and this reminds us to say to those who are in authority, that we are sadly in need of a sufficient number of mats, in fact, we have not as yet had any, but have employed as substitutes some mattresses which, on account of their dense population, were deemed more capable of subserving the feet of a gymnast than of affording rest to a sleepy student.

The equipments and additions of which your gymnasium stands in need are many and various, and some of them we are able to forego now; but it is necessary that we should have a plank floor and a number of mats, which are a *sine qua non* to successful work in any gymnasium; and we urge that this be done not next fall, nor next spring, nor in the near future, but at once.

The routine of our College life was interrupted on the 11th instant by the semi-annual meeting of the trustees. Twice each year these guardians of College interests meet in our handsome library hall, close the doors, and for hours inquire, consult, and decide upon many important matters.

We asked if we might get a peep into the secrets of this recent meeting, and were pleasantly answered, Yes! This means, no doubt, that there were no secrets *this time*.

Among other things done was the acceptance of the new Lecture-Room and Laboratory prepared for the School of Physics. The committee, in charge of which Dr. C. H. Ryland, superintendent of grounds and buildings, is the executive officer, has just completed this handsome suite of rooms, and the Institution may well be proud of them. The Lecture-Room will seat comfortably one hundred and twenty persons. It is high-pitched, well-lighted, very tastefully fitted up, and is, we suppose, one of the most delightful teaching-rooms in the land. Adjoining it are the Professors’ private office and a spacious apparatus-room, with neat cases, and a plenty of space for growth in this direction. Close by, across the hallway, is the Laboratory, with its dark room for photography, operating-tables, and apparatus, well mounted for daily use. In every one of these rooms we find plenty of gas light, water, and other conveniences, making a very complete outfit for the Physical Science department.

The trustees met in the lecture-room and were welcomed by Rev. Dr. Tupper, chairman of the committee, who explained the work done, and introduced our accomplished Professor C. H. Winston. We learn the little man, who knows how to talk of heat and light and sound, sent his electric currents of thought and aspiration very deep into the minds of the governing body, and spoke earnest and timely words for his pet “department.”

After this preliminary work the Board addressed themselves to business. Among other things they decided to give Prof. Harris a long vacation, if he will take it, that his health may be fully restored. In the mean time Mr. Boatwright will teach his classes, and Prof. Puryear preside in the chairman’s seat. Tender and affectionate words were spoken in regard to the ailing chairman and professor. The hearts of the trustees are evidently bound up in H. H. Harris, the great teacher and faithful public servant.
It is whispered that a change is contemplated at the end of the present session in the college management, as Prof. Harris declines to act as chairman longer than June.

When the dinner hour arrived the Board was handsomely dined in the delightful hall of the students' club. The Faculty were their guests. After dinner Mr. Boatwright, the director of the gymnasium, gave a "drill" of his best class for the edification of and honored visitors rulers, which was greatly applauded. As the august body left the dining hall they were greeted with a genuine college "yell." We learn that the trustees were so pleased with the progress made in the department of physical culture that they instructed their committee to inquire into the propriety of establishing a "Field Day" for sports in the College.

Gentlemen, we like you, and the Messenger, will be glad to join the rest of the College in welcoming you again.

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Sweet 'tatoes! 'tatoes!

Hurrah! for Christmas.

Hurrah! for the foot-ball team.

Eleven to nothing.

Well, I think we got there.

Well, I think we did.

How tempus does fugit.

Mess Hall Slang: "Say pard, I'll take a little but, give me a few cof."

Hog-o, hog-ere, pigs-i, lard-um.

Chop and grunt.

The Ashland boys wear canvass coats,
The "Pantops" wear the same,
The Richmond boys wear none at all,
But they get there just the same.

Judging from present appearances Mr. A.'s mustache will sprout in about three years. "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Mr. D. to Mr. F.: Say, do you study Athletic Geometry?

Mr. S. got his lips sun-burnt last summer.

Prof. P. to Mr. W.: Do you know anything about the origin of Promethean fire?

Mr. W.: Yes, sir, it originated from the Last Days of Pompeii.

Rat to Mr. R.: I wish you would please give me the address of Rev. Case, I want to thank him for these nice books.

A young lady, seated on a lounge beside Mr. B., during his stay in Ashland, was heard to remark, "I refused one Richmond College student, but I don’t see how I can refuse another."
Old boy, you must have been getting there.

Mr. Q.—I move, Mr. President, that the gentleman be elected by proclamation.

Mr. B., Jr., offers to bet even money that Cleveland will be Vice-President.

Mr. S. left Mrs. S. because she would not allow him to take his meals in the cook room.

Rat: “Say, boys, did you take a ride on the “hunchback” during the Exposition?

Prof. P. to Mr. T., of Mexico: Mr. T., what are we on to-day?

Mr. T.: Professor, I have just eaten a large dinner, and am “too full for utterance;” please call on some one else.

Mr. H.: “Say, boys, did you know that Shakespeare was going to play at the theatre to-night?”

Mr. N.’s girl thinks he came home for her to dedicate his moustache.

Prof. P. to Mr. J.: “If a fellow took sulphuric acid, what would you give him?”

Mr. J.: “I’d give him up, sir.”

Prof. to Rat: “Have you ever read Romeo and Juliet?”

Rat—“No, sir, I have only read through Cæsar.”

Prof. C—is such a staunch Democrat that he has not yet become acquainted with the familiar pictures of Harrison and Morton. While walking down the street, a few days ago he stopped an old negro and accosted him thus: “Say, uncle, can you tell me whose pictures those are?” “Dat am de pictures of Harrison and Morton, Boss,” replied the old darky.

“Ah,” said the Professor. “What business are they in?”

Mr. P—wants to know if he can’t buy a chunk of electricity; he thinks it would be better to start his fire with than lightwood.

Mr. R. to Mr. S.: “How many brothers have you?”

Mr. S.: “Four, counting myself.”

Mr. A., while walking back and forth in front of a young lady’s house, trying to get up enough courage to ring the door-bell, was mistaken by the young lady for the “New Tramp in Town.” She called her father and told him that a very suspicious-looking person was walking up and down in front of the house. When Mr. A. had finally screwed his courage up to the “pulling” point he was confronted by the irate father with

Prof. P—charged Mr. W—with electricity; then drawing it from his nose, asked him if he could smell it.

“Sickness is next to badness.”—Dr. Pollard.
a pistol in his hand. We hope you were not scared, old boy.

Prof. T. to Mr. Q.: "What is language?"
Mr. Q.: "It is the vehicle upon which thought rides, sir." You are evidently a "curling" thing, old fellow.

Prof. H. to Mr. N.: "What is serfusus from, sir?"
Mr. N.: "Perflunko, perfunkkere, perfusus sum."

Translate: "Mollis abute an has acute."

Prof. B., having written a letter to his best girl, and fearing some one would see the name and address, hastened to put it in the mail box and failed to stamp it.

Mr. H., while walking down Grace street the other evening, was accosted by a young miss thus; "Hello, there, you little dude give me a cigarette picture."

Mr. H. to Mr. B.: "Say, B., grab a handful of those red beans as you go by."
Mr. B.: "You goose; don't you know cranberries when you see them?"

Prof. B. to Mr. H.: "How long is a lunar month?"
Mr. H.: "Two weeks, sir."
Mr. H. (after the class was dismissed): Well, I declare, I must get me a psychology and study those things up."

Lost!
One dark-brown pony, two eyes missing, but still a good traveller; shows evidence of having lately been ridden very hard. When last seen he was wandering around on the 4th floor. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gladly received by "CLUTS."

Ye local editor haveth ye very unpleasant taske. Lo! he riseth up in ye
morning and scratcheth his head, and
tryeth to get up ye joke upon ye innocent
"Rat," and yea, he scratcheth until ye noon-day sun striketh upon him, still ye Muse refuseth to play around his brow, and ye joke cometh not; e'en until ye dusky shades of evening doth appear, he scratcheth his head, and tryeth to think. Then, perchance, there straggleth into his head one puny joke; straightway he seizeth his pencil, and inditeth it down, and he smileth the smile of the funny. Verily, ye trials of ye funny man are multifarious; he walketh into his class-room, and lo! his professor catcheth him unawares, and breaketh it off in him, and he wisheth he had never been born. Ye professor putteth on ye very wise look as he writeth ye o in ye report book. Again he scratcheth his head, and thinketh "what might have" if he had not undertaken to edit ye locals. He putteth on ye Sunday suit, and goeth down ye Grace street to call on ye sweet Miss. He becometh so engrossed in his musing that he walketh over one small, dark-skinned, black boy, and ye small boy calleth him some very unpleasant names. He calleth up ye spirits of ye Ananias, and writeth ye joke upon ye small-size man, known under ye name of "Fatty W.," who becometh disgruntled thereat, and when ye peaceful Local Editor hieth away to partake of the wherewithal to sustain ye inner man, lo! "Fatty W.," with a lot more of ye conspirators, stealeth into ye Local Editor's sanctum and layeth it to waste; and when ye Editor returneth his room looketh as if ye cyclone had struck it. It maketh ye heart of ye Editor very sad, for verily he loveth his Penates, but he being ye goodly man useth no invectives, but goeth to work to fix ye room in ye presentable condition once more. And now a few words to ye man who never occupied ye eminent position of ye Local Editor on Messenger let ye woes and ye lamentations of ye present incumbent sufficeth thee. It were better for ye that a mill-stone were hung about your neck and ye were cast into ye deep than be made to fill such a place.

The following letter was received by Mr. B—— during his vacation last summer:

"Mi dere Seasl:

"i hav only bin watin for yure picture b4 I ansered yure letter reserved several daze agow, an yure picture came to-da. it waz a right good phote, but the kornar got broke, core u never baf fixt it up. the. phote lookt like u had bin on a bender and had stade bent, my fokes think it is a picture of a rite good lookin pheller, espeshally his hare. tha don't beleve you are such a hard case, tha kant imagin it is the phace of a man that wil git drunk and stele an li an chete, but i tel them tha just ort 2 no u. i tel em that very fu no how mene yu r, but i no, because i have bin the victim of yure invirtuous and ungraceless doins. i put yure phote on mi mantel piece but i had to tak it down, it was turned agin the phace of my clock, and the clock stopt and wouldn't go til i moved it. it sprung a mowe-trap an mi dorg has wedged himself under the house and kant git out, he seen the pictur au got skeert, its ugly, taint no use shutin that, but its got wun redeeming feeture about it, aud that is it favers yu. so ime goin 2 kepe it ef mi clock wont never run an mi dorg starves himself 2 deth.
iz yure wether hot? ours iz bilin. ole sol hav jest bin showing hisseto the natives, the thenomitter aint nowhere. we r waying hete in skales. sody water an lemonad, an sasperriller is awl ime eatin, with a fu ice to flavor. iz u in the harvest field? i can see yu there now, in the pig's i. Charlie ma b there an Par may b there, and the niggers ma awl be there; but Seasl he'z layin low, ain't sayin nothin. he ain't there; hez restin after his hard work at college. i wuz over on eastern shoar about 2 weeks ago, and I seen R— H—. he wuz orfully glad 2 c me, an I wuz orfully glad 2 c him. we wuz both orfully glad 2 c each other. he warnted me 2 spend some tim with him, but i didn't hav nun 2 spare; B. R. waz at mi hose 2 daze lass weak. i sertently wuz glad 2 c him. he hav gon to Nu York on a pleazure trip he spoke of yure havin a bruther yu were goin to send 2 skool, he wants to take him in trainin, he thinks sumthin coold hav bin mad or yu ef yu had bin took in hand in tim, he don't see whi awl vure fafher's childrun, shood by no count he coodnt of node jo, jo were a fine stujent wernt he? i hav lost mi darlin mary's meddle what i yusd to ware I had a drawin of it in yure kemistry book i wood like 2 hav it, do yu no what u dun with it ef u guv yure book 2 eny boddy tel me an i will rite to him an get that phak simily what i drawd, i want 2 hav 1 mad like it. Seasl i wur goin bak to richmond Kol lige, and hate 2 think i aint ever goin 2 liv in richmond *ennymore. hav F. rote yu he r not goin bak. i heerd so b heersay. i hope it r not see. pore ignurant boy he kneeds 2 go longer an I hate 2 see him stop. ef he is short on bood i'll let him hav a fu. I hav more than i kneed. ef yu see enny pore boy out in yure neglected naberhood that needs nuthin but bood for an edukashun; let me no an i will help him out; i hav got a grate big filanthracite hart an want 2 dew sum good while i live. i hav bin so bizzy that I hav had 2 rite a little at a time. i hope mi nuse hav not got stale. gude-bi ole Seasl, rite soon 2 yure frend luvling an sensere,:

Our foot-ball team came back from Randolph-Macon very much elated over their success. We had felt a little sore about the way the Randolph-Macon boys "did us up" in base-ball last session, but now we are perfectly contented. The game was indeed a very enjoyable one and the very best of fellowship was shown on both sides. Very little "kick ing" was done, and each team readily acquiesced to the referee's decisions. There is only one thing that we regret, and that is that our full-back, Mr. Whitehead, was compelled, according to the rules of the game, to sit on—so to speak—the captain of the Randolph-Macon team. We hope this gentleman entertains no animosity towards our full-back, Mr. Whitehead, was compelled, according to the rules of the game, to sit on—so to speak—the captain of the Randolph-Macon team. We hope this gentleman entertains no animosity towards our full-back, as he was simply fulfilling his duty. The fine playing of Mr. C. H. Baker, of Richmond College, and of Mr. Hereford, of Randolph-Macon team, was especially noticeable. Mr. Hill act ed as referee.

The score was: Richmond College 11, Randolph-Macon 0. Below are the list of our players: J. W. Whitehead, full-back; C. H. Baker, half-back; H. E. Jones, half-back; M. W. Thomas, quarter-back; T. A. Woodson, centre-rush; T. G. Bush, J. R. Bagby, E. E. Garrett, C. W. Jones, C. T. Trumbo and
J. N. Johnson, rushers. We hope to play several other colleges before the session closes.

The other day a gay crowd of us started out for a stroll. Soon becoming tired we took a street-car, which carried us out of town. Then we secured an old wagon, and by the aid of a Wright we soon had it in running order. Then we hired an old horse with Brown Spotts on its back and hitched it to our wagon, and drove merrily on. Some one proposed that we have a song, but each one claimed to be No(f)tsinger. However, one of the boys tried to make us some music by blowing in a Long Reid. Passing down the road we met an old Miller, who asked us if we had seen anything of a Fox which had been catching his lambs. Crossing a little stream, we came to a piece of Wood(on) our way through these we stopped and tied our horse. Borrowing a gun from an old man with a Whitehead we started through the woods in pursuit of whatever game we might see. Coming to a lake we concluded that we would catch some fish, but we were told that Laws had been passed which prohibited fishing in that lake. So giving that up we decided to take a boat ride, but the boat that we found had a hole in it, and as no one of us was a Boatwright we could not fix it. While at the lake we saw a Martin fighting some Hawks which were flying through the woods. Getting hungry some one proposed, as we had a Baker and a Tin-can, that we cook some of the game that we had killed.

Sending to a house, which was close by, we got an axe from the Porter. But we could not cut the Har(d)wood. However, finding some bushes Handy, we broke off some sticks and soon made our fire Burn(ley). Dinner being over, we started back to our wagon. While crossing a field we were chased by a Motley cow, but no one was Hurt. Proceeding homeward we met an old woman who was very much excited, and she Shuck as she told us that some one had tried to Rob(h)er-son. And said she, "I believe that there are people in this neighborhood who would Foster a robber." While talking to the old woman a Hunter came up and tried to sell us a deer which he had killed. It is a good Sizer and I will sell it cheap, said he. We declined to purchase, but told him if he would Cum along with us we would carry his deer to town for him. However, he declined our offer, saying that he was a good Walker, and he would prefer walking. Our horse losing a shoe, we stopped at the Smith's to have another put on. While waiting there we had our boots blacked, and one of the boys getting in a very Loving state of mind, asked us to wait till he could go and see his girl. "There is nothing Farar than this," he said. But knowing that he was somewhat Trickey, we declined to comply with his request. Coming through town one of the boys stopped to see a Taylor, and before we reached the college the King of day had long been gone to rest behind the western horizon, and the Queen of night was high in the heavens wending her way toward the setting sun. And the Dew was sparkling on the campus as we passed up the walk. On reaching the arch we saw a Light in the "mess hall." So all hands rushed over to supper. Hic.
Three things to love—Courage, Gentleness, Affectionateness.
Three things to admire—Intellectual Power, Dignity, Gracefulness.
Three things to hate—Cruelty, Arrogance, Ingratitude.
Three things to despise—Meanness, Affectation, Envy.
Three things to reverence—Religion, Justice, Self-denial.
Three things to delight in—Beauty, Frankness, Freedom.
Three things to wish for—Health, Friends, a Cheerful Spirit.
Three things to pray for—Faith, Peace, Purity of Heart.
Three things to be prepared for—Life, Work, and Death.

The Fourth Annual Conference of the College Young Men's Christian Associations of Virginia convened with the Randolph-Macon College Association, on November 16-18, 1888, inclusive. The conference was opened on Friday, at 7:30 P. M., by a praise service, conducted by Mr. F. C. Johnson, of Richmond College. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Collins Denny, of Salem, Va. The hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung, and Rev. Dr. McBryde, of Lexington, Va., lead the conference in prayer, after which he took charge of the exercises, and introduced Dr. W. W. Smith, president of Randolph-Macon College, who made the address of welcome. Dr. McBryde then introduced as the speaker of the occasion, Rev. F. M. Ellis, D. D., of Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Ellis' subject was "Whole-heartedness."

Saturday morning the Conference convened at 9.30 o'clock. Mr. C. F. Kuder, of Roanoke College, read a paper on "The Best Time and Place for Meetings of College Students." Mr. C. K. Ober, Secretary of the International Committee, read a paper on "The Workers' Training Class." Dr. McBryde then addressed the Conference on "The Place and Importance of College Work." The exercises were interspersed with music. The morning session adjourned at 12.30 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—The Conference assembled again for work at 3 o'clock P. M. Mr. W. A. Christian, President of Randolph-Macon College Association read a very interesting paper on "Association Rooms, What They Are, and How They Help You." Mr. W. S. S. Downmann, of W. and L. University, spoke on "Missionary Meetings." Rev. Collins Denny read a letter from Mr. Bradbury, a missionary to Japan. The afternoon session adjourned at 5.30 o'clock with prayer by Mr. Dadmun, of Staunton, Va.

Saturday Evening Session.—The Conference met at 7.45 o'clock, and was led in prayer by Rev. Collins Denny. Addresses were made by Mr. J. G. Scott, of the University of Virginia, and Dr. J. R. McBryde. Their subject was "The World's Conference at Stockholm." Mr Saunders, a graduate of Yale, then made an address on foreign work. The session closed with prayer and the benediction.

Sunday Morning.—The Conference met at 9.30 o'clock, and the first hour was devoted to a consecration service, and after an intermission of fifteen minutes the Conference was led in prayer by
Rev. Mr. Betty. After singing and reading of the Scripture, Rev. Collins Denny, of Salem, Va., preached a most excellent sermon from the text, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12: 3.

Sunday Afternoon.—The Conference met at 3 P. M., and devotional exercises were conducted by Mr. C. K. Ober, after which Messrs. Ober and Saunders gave us excellent addresses on "The College Young Men's Christian Associations in History, in Action, and in Prophecy." A meeting for men only was conducted by Mr. Ober from 4 to 5 P. M.

Sunday Night Session.—The Conference met at 7:45 P. M., and after devotional exercises was addressed by Messrs. Ober and Saunders. Then followed the farewell exercises, which were participated in by many of the delegates.

All the delegates then rose and joined hands and sung "Blest be the Tie that Binds," and were dismissed by Dr. McBryde.

Monday Morning.—At 6:30 o'clock a consecration service was held, and after taking breakfast we left on the 7:45 train for our homes, feeling greatly benefited by our having met together. The following table shows how the colleges were represented: Miller School, 2 delegates; Washington and Lee University, 8; Fishburne School, 2; Kenmore High School, 1; Pantops Academy, 3; Hampden-Sidney College, 3; Blacksburg, 2; University of Virginia, 4; Virginia Military Institute, 4; Emory and Henry, 4; Augusta Male Academy, 1; Roanoke, 9; Richmond College, 5.

Total number of delegates present, 58. Associations represented, 13.

The reports from 12 associations show that in their schools there are 1,660 students, 1,084 of which are members of the Y. M. C. A., and during the last collegiate year 124 students were lead to Christ under the auspices of the college Young Men's Christian Associations of Virginia.

SEMPER.

AN EVENING WITH BEN HUR.—Those who have not read that charming work of fiction, "Ben Hur; or, a Tale of the Christ," may yet enjoy a rich literary feast. On the other hand, those who failed to witness the performance bearing the title of this article, at the Mozart Academy of Music, on the evening of October 29th, have all the rest of their lives to regret their misfortune, or at least, until a similar opportunity is offered.

The most prominent scenes in the tragic and eventful life of the son of Hur were presented in twenty-five beautiful tableaux.

The audience were charmed by the reading of scenes, and especially by the description of the chariot race between the Roman and the Jew, given by Miss Stearnes, of Springfield, Mass., who enjoys quite an extensive reputation as an elocutionist.

The scenery carried the beholder back, in imagination, almost two thousand years, to the land of palms and olive groves.

Those familiar with the story followed, with ever-increasing interest, the varying fortunes and often touching experiences of the devoted Jew.

Rudely snatched from the fond embraces of a loving mother and sister by
the conquering and lion-hearted Roman, and carried into slavery, after years of hard toil he attracted the attention and won the sympathy of a Roman ruler who adopted him as his son.

From that time his pathway grew brighter and brighter at every step, until he was led to recognize the directing hand of the God of his fathers, and was brought into an intimate, personal acquaintance with the Incarnate Son—the Christ—whose compassion and healing power had restored to him his mother and sister, who during their long imprisonment had become lepers.

With the beautiful Esther, whom he had long adored, now his bride, he devoted himself to the service of Him who had brought so much sunshine into his life, and found in His service his highest and truest joy.

"Discipleship to Jesus is the loftiest pinnacle of human dignity" and human happiness.

W. B. L.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

No. 1.

Did you ever sit down alone and consider what an astonishingly small number of people really care to hear about your achievements and successes? It is a humiliating undertaking. You probably think it is due them that they be informed of what you have accomplished, and that, of course, no one can do this so well as yourself. And so indeed it would seem, for in all probability what you have done is worth relating and worthy of remembrance. Perhaps but few others could have attained what you have. But it is as strange how preverse some people are. They may out of deference to your feelings, or the position you occupy, pay some attention to your recital of your deeds, or even go so far as to manifest a well-feigned interest in what you are relating. Yet you would be mortified beyond measure could you only hear the comments of the party when you have retired from their presence. The almost universal verdict is, "Well, whatever else he may be, he is certainly conceited."

I tell you, young man, when you have named your father and mother, you have in most cases, completed the list of those who feel sincere gratification at your advancement, and share your joy over hard-earned success.

'Kiah Playfair.

PERSONALS.

Conway R. Sands, '79-'80, who is a very popular young lawyer of this city, was, at the late election, chosen by a large majority to complete the unexpired term of Hon. J. T. Ellyson in the State Senate. We tender our most hearty congratulations to this worthy son of our Alma Mater.

B. A. Pendleton, '81-'82, is pastor of a Presbyterian church at McDowell, Highland county, Va.

From the Virginia University Magazine we learn that Page Massie and C. F. McMullan, '86-'7, are in attendance upon the Medical School of the University of New York.
J. G. Paty, B. A. of ’86, is Professor of Latin in Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn.

Among the former students of Richmond College who are studying medicine at the Medical College of Virginia is Ernest C. Levy, ’86-’7.

O. L. Martin, ’87-8, is at the Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

We were glad to read in the University Magazine of the honors conferred upon our old college mate and friend, S. L. Kelly, at the last Commencement of the University. Besides society honors he received his B. L. diploma, and expects soon to be admitted to the bar.

T. Henry Edwards, ’86-’7, attended the summer Law School at the University of Virginia last summer, and is now reading law at his home in “King Billy.”

Among those who were formerly our fellow-students, but who are now attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., are the following: E. B. Pollard, M. A. of ’86; T. R. Corr, M. A. of ’87; H. W. Williams, B. A. of ’87; and W. A. Borum, and J. M. Morris of ’87-’8.

J. L. Brown, ’85-’6, has returned to this city, and is in business with “Starke and Sons.” We are glad to have you back “Lute,” and wish you success as a merchant.

Again Dame Rumor is busily engaged in heralding tidings of the prospective termination of bachelorhood for one of our “old boys.” This time she says that C. R. Cruikshanks is the happy man (perhaps better, will be the happy man.) He is at present the popular pastor of several churches in Hanover county, Va.

J. H. Corbitt, ’87-’8, is taking an academic course at the University of Virginia.

(In the November Messenger we wrote as a heading for six personals, “Among the B. A.’s of ’88,” but our printer gave us the following chaste English sentence: “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”; leaving five names without any date.)

We have been asked again and again, “Why does Mr. M. E. Parrish (M. A. of ’88) come to Richmond so often of late?” We are unable to answer, but the following solution of the problem has been offered and is probably correct:

“His visits are of a purely scientific character. He has been, and is, peculiarly interested in the refrangibility of the diamond with respect to the light of a particular star that has become fixed in the zenith of his affections.”
EXCHANGES.

The *Varsity*, from the University of Toronto, is rather "tame" so far as its literary department is concerned. It is our humble opinion that the article entitled "The Higher Education Again," is not worth the paper upon which it is printed. The *Varsity* appears to take very little notice of its exchanges, and mixes its editorials and exchanges, putting them both under one heading. Its exterior is very unattractive, being covered with advertisements.

We have before us two copies of the *Lehigh Burr*, in neither of which is there any literary matter. The height of the Burr's ambition seems to be the education of its readers in athletic sports, especially foot-ball. Take its issue of November as a specimen. Its contents are as follows: Two out of four "editorials" on Athletics; about two pages of "Gossip"; a notice of a "Convention"; a "Suggestion" about foot-ball, some half a column in length; a "Class Supper"; four pages, describing very minutely as many games of foot-ball; "De Alumnis"; "Kernels"; "College Notes"; "Clippings" all covering less twelve pages. A college journal which aims merely to give descriptions of sports which are of no interest to those outside of its walls, and to keep its readers informed as to what transpires there, utterly fails to accomplish the true purposes of a college organ. As we understand it, the real benefit derived from such a publication is the training of young minds in literary composition, and a paper publishing no literary matter certainly affords very little, if any, such training. Mr. *Burr*, when we open you again, let us find a nut worth our cracking.

We congratulate the Milford High School of Massachusetts upon the energy displayed in the publication of a paper. *Oak, Lily, and Ivy* is a long name for a small paper, but it is an excellent paper for a high school to publish. In many respects it surpasses a number of our college and university exchanges. Its cover is one of the neatest and best that we have seen.

The October number of the *Virginia University Magazine* comes to us quite late, but is nevertheless worthy of attention. It opens with an excellent article on "The Language of Music," in which the writer displays considerable ability and gives evidence of a fine imagination. The literary department contains several other very readable articles. The exchange column is well edited, and, in fact, the whole magazine shows push and energy, and does credit to the University, except the editorials, which are sadly deficient.

We have received the first two numbers of the *Springfield Collegian*, published at Springfield College, Arkansas. We are glad to welcome this new magazine to our table, and wish its publishers much success in their enterprise. The *Collegian* is neatly arranged and has an attractive cover. The quality of the paper and the type, however, need to be
improved. Several of its literary articles are quite well written, and its editorials are brief, pointed, and interesting. It is to be hoped that you will not limit your paper to eight pages, but will seek after enlargement.

The University Reporter, of Athens, Ga., contains the following, in which, we suppose, our friend is speaking of the Messenger:

"The Messenger, published at Richmond, Va., is a well edited paper. It arranges its items in such a way as to arrest the attention of its readers and interest them. It devotes a great deal of space to literature, this being one of its chief attractions. Its locals are especially worthy of mention. Unlike most of our exchanges, its locals are not of mere local interest, but engage the attention of its readers at large."

The De Pauw Advertiser publishes under the heading Literary, an article entitled "The Great Campaign of 1888," which is divided into three portions, the first bearing the heading, "From the Republican Standpoint." We do not wish to enter into any discussion of political issues or election results, but we feel constrained to say that this portion of the article shows unmistakable evidence of one or both of two things on the part of the writer—either the most inexcusable ignorance or the most designing misrepresentation of the facts; or, both ignorance and misrepresentation. We shall only notice one or two of the gentleman's assertions. He says, "The defeat of President Cleveland is a rebuke to pretended civil-service reform. Professions of adherence to the principles of reform were followed by a record of partisanship unparalleled in our history. The people have shown that political hypocrisy meets the same fate as political mistakes." Thus this strutting coxcomb blackguards the most upright, the most fearless, the most conscientious President that we have had since the grand old ante bellum days. Thus, this insignificant little animal would bristle up and raise his petty growl, because he knows that he is too insignificant to be noticed by the great lion of Democracy. Again, he says that the victory of 1888 "is an endorsement of the Republican charges of inequality and injustice in the South." And in another place, "The South will doubtless pay dearly for her infamous record in the past." Thus the South, according to this young Solomon, has been tried and found guilty of "inequality and injustice," and is to be made to "pay dearly" for having voted for Grover Cleveland; and this, too, at the hands of that "grand old party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield," which was called into existence by, and which has so zealously contended for the enforcement of the principles of liberty, union and universal justice. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

The College Transcript publishes an oration delivered by Miss Price at the Chautauqua contest last summer—"The Faith Factor in Civilization." She begins by referring to the composite picture as "the marvel of modern photography," and says that out of the multiplicity of images of men, peoples, and events, thrown upon the sensitive plate of history, have come the strong and noble features of the present civilization. She then traces the progress of empire from
Egypt to the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England, and closes her introduction by briefly mentioning the Papal supremacy and oppression. She next asks, "What is faith?" and answers, "Faith is a threefold belief; belief in self, belief in humanity, belief in God." She speaks in well chosen and beautiful language of the self-reliance that has ever characterized the men and nations who have accomplished anything for civilization. Next, she shows that the State is dependent for its foundation and preservation upon principles of faith in mankind; for "the golden cord of union is woven of the shining threads of mutual faith." In conclusion, she paints in glowing colors the greatest of all the civilizing agencies in the world's history—faith in God—claiming that such a faith was the great controlling factor in the shaping of the grand characters of sacred history. The oration is well written throughout, and shows a depth of clear, logical thought seldom found in the productions of young minds.

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COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.

Dartmouth has sent out 290 college professors and forty-seven college presidents.

Amherst has given to the world 200 college professors and twenty judges of the supreme court.

Among the 559 women graduated from the fourteen leading women's colleges and seminaries in this country only 117 are married.—Ex.

There was a young fellow, a Senior, Who was really quite grave in demeanor, But his logic, you know, Has affected him so, That there's nothing now left of that Senior.

Harvard was founded 250 years ago. William and Mary, in Virginia, 106; Yale, 188; Princeton, 142; University of Pennsylvania, 139; Columbia, 134; Brown, 124; Dartmouth, 119; and Rutgers, 118.—Ex.

William and Mary College, the Alma Mater of Presidents Jefferson and Monroe and Chief-Justice Marshall, is to be re-opened this fall after a long term of inactivity. The war crippled this institution very seriously. It is the oldest college in Virginia and one of the oldest in the Union.—Ex.

TWO EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.—
Tramp (some years hence).—"I see you belong to a college society. So do I. Can't you lend me a dime?"

Man of wealth—"Yes, I am a graduate of Yale, and make $10,000 a year as a base-ball pitcher. Here, take this $5 bill and get a square meal. What college did you belong to?"

Tramp—"I am a graduate of Harvard. They don't teach base-ball at Harvard. Thanks."—Christian Register.

Ye studente breakethe ye maydene's harte,
He laugheth, unaware;
But eke, she breakethe hys pocketbooke—
Which maketh matters squire.

—Pennsylvanian.
A Vassar girl who lost a button from her shoe, remarked, "There has been an inadvertent elimination of prehensile attachment with a perforated ferruginous protuberance, necessary in fastening the integument of my pedal extremity."—Allegheny Campus.

The members of the Harvard Athletic Association pay a membership fee of $3 each.

A laboratory, costing about $50,000, has been added to Rochester University.

The richest university in the world is said to be that of Leyden, in Holland. It has real estate to the value of $6,000,000.—Ex.

A BLOODY TALE.
The editor sat in his sanctum
And over some copy did pore,
When he felt a draft strike on his shoulder,
And some one then entered the door.
A huge sign hung over the window—
"Let no politics e'er be heard here!"
But the stranger broke in on the quiet,
He never knew what 'twas to fear.
"If Cleveland," he stopped quite abruptly,
He cared not to finish, 'twas said.
They carried him home to his mother,
The once fearless stranger was dead.
Take heed, then, ye fiend politician,
Act not like that editor's guest,
Or they'll carry you home to your mother,
And silently lay you to rest.

Lord Wolseley, the commanding general of England, has written an article on the military art, in which he maintains that the five great captains evolved in the history of the world were Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Lee.

Quizz: Do you really think that cigarette smoking is as deleterious as they say it is?
Fizz: Yes, I do.
Quizz: What is there about the cigarettes that make them so destructive to the strength and morals of our youth?
Fizz: The pictures that come with 'em.—Lowell Citizen.

Pao Yun, president of the Pekin Academy, China, is translating Shakespeare into Chinese.

It is a common fault among students to choose a certain specialty simply because they think it would lead to their chosen profession or because it is a high sounding term that suits their exalted ambition. This should not be. "In what e'er you sweat indulge your taste," is an old saying that it will do to adhere to. If you have a faculty of learning one thing easier than another, that is what you should specialize upon. It is absurd for one to expend his energies upon mathematics when he can learn languages easier, or vice versa. It is not so much what you study as how you study and how you succeed. Some of our greatest historians were noted in college as students of Latin and Greek.—Indiana Student.

A few years ago, a well-dressed, fine-looking stranger called on Prof. Packard, of Bowdoin College, and asked permission to look over the college buildings. The professor courteously showed him all about the institution, and when the stranger went away he left his card, on which was the name of Henry Winkley. A short time afterward the college received Mr. Winkley's check for $40,000 with which to found a professorship of
Latin, and now upon his death the college receives $20,000 more.

Out of 162 college base-ball games played, Yale has won 117 and lost 45. In football, out of 86 games played, Yale has won 81.

A western newspaper is responsible for the following: School-teacher (to a stupid, fat boy)—"You are better fed than taught, or else I am mistaken." Stupid boy—"Yes, I be, 'cause I feed myself and you teach me."

If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.—Herrick.

The President is not a college man, but Mrs. Cleveland is a college woman. Dan Lamont is a graduate of Union; Secretary Bayard has a business education. Fairchild and Endicott are Harvard men. Dickinson is from Michigan University; Vilias from Wisconsin, while Garland is an Alumnus of St. Mary's College in Kentucky.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.—O. W. Holmes.

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.—W. R. Alger.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.—Wendell Phillips.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.—Colton.

There are forty tennis courts on Holmes' field at Harvard, and frequently they are all in use at the same time.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.—Leopold Shafer.

An appalling fact was brought out by a recent examination to West Point in New York. Out of thirty-one applicants twenty-two were declared physically ineligible, because they had what is known as a "cigarette heart."—Ex.

P. Norris, of Philadelphia, recently donated his law library, valued at $100,000, to the University of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Warren A. Chandler, who has just been chosen president of Emory College, Georgia, is only thirty-two years old.

Probably the richest college professor in the world is Prof. E. E. Salisbury, of Yale. He is a millionaire, and his fortune was made by investments in Boston real estate. Professor Salisbury is about seventy years old, is a man of courtly demeanor, and has travelled over nearly the whole world.

All Europe has fewer colleges than Ohio.

Further discussion upon Mr. Gladstone reveals the fact that he was flogged only once at Eton, for refusing to give away a school-fellow who had got into trouble.

Johns Hopkins gave $3,148 to the university which he founded; Judge Packere gave $3,000,000 to Lehigh University; Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $1,000,000 to the university that bears his name; John C. Green gave $1,500,000 to Princeton College; Ezra Cornell gave $1,000,000 to Cornell University; Isaac Rich gave $1,800,000 to Boston University; and Mathew Vassar gave $800,000 to Vassar College.
If the human race was evolved from the apes, it has at least the satisfaction of knowing that its ancestors were intelligent—they were educated in the higher branches.—N. Y. Tribune.

Prof. Peabody, of Harvard, says that the growth of athletics has tended to improve the general tone of the college.

J. B. Trevor gave $179,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary.

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