Lines in an Old Church.

[The following poem was written over forty years ago on the walls of the old church in Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., "by a stranger." The author is still unknown.]

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile;  
Thou art hastening to thy fall,  
And 'round thee in thy loneliness  
Cling the ivy to thy wall.  
The worshippers are scattered now  
Who knelt before thy shrine,  
And silence reigns where anthems rose,  
In days of "Auld Lang Syne!"

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,  
Where oft, in years gone by,  
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,  
The Highest of the High:  
The tramp of many a busy foot  
That sought thy aisles, is o'er,  
And many a weary heart around  
Is still forever more.

How doth ambition's hope take wing,  
How droops the spirit now;  
We hear the distant city's din;  
The dead are mute below.  
The sun that shone upon their paths  
Now gilds their lonely graves;  
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows  
The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back  
Who've gathered here in vain,  
Who've careless roved where we do now,  
Who'll never meet again;  
How would our very souls be stirred,  
To meet the earnest gaze  
Of the lovely and the beautiful,  
The lights of other days.
Some Thoughts on Prohibition.

In the heated contest for political and financial advancement, and amid the ever-active solicitude with which personal temporal interests are guarded in this progressive Republic and stirring age in which we live, too little attention is given to those great moral questions which exercise so important a bearing upon the welfare of society and of the nation.

It will not do for us to say that this whole subject of temperance—or intemperance—has been exhausted by long-continued discussion. True, 'tis an old, old story.

"Alas! it has been so often told,
That its very pathos seems dull and cold."

But it is not as old as the reign of sin in the world—not as old as the efforts of mercy, human and divine, to redeem fallen humanity. And as long as there are hearts that bleed and souls that perish day by day through the agency of the drink traffic, just so long must the servants of God and the friends of humanity, with tongue and pen, and ballot, too, wage constant and uncompromising warfare against this supreme curse of the age—the manufacture and sale of strong drink.

Besides, the question of suppressing this vile traffic by the strong arm of the law has but recently begun to assume interesting proportions as a great national issue.

And surely it is high time the nation should begin to adopt measures to check the mighty flood tide of evil issuing from that most prolific source of crime and misery—the saloon; a tide which is rapidly bearing away on its dark bosom the pride and glory of our country.

The history of the drink-curse can never be fully written. Back of all the dark record known to mortals there is a yet darker history—a history that lives only in the deep recesses of burdened, aching hearts—a history of sorrow and suffering known only to God and His ministering angels—a story of grief and shame never whispered except in the ear of the All-pitying One.

The inimitable Carlyle has well said: "O thou invisible spirit of Wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!" And is it not a demon, stalking through the land, ruthlessly treading upon quivering hearts—snatching the cup of earthly happiness from the lips of the young and the fair; driving the plowshare of destruction under hearthstone and child's cradle, and forever blasting the high, heaven-born hopes of thousands?

Poets, with brilliant imagination, who might have sent their thrilling melodies into the heart of a saddened world, dispelling many shadows and lifting many burdens, have given themselves to drink, which has been to them a demon that has hushed all the sweet cadences of song, making themselves miserable and the world more sad. Poor Robert Burns, whose unsurpassed poetic genius thrilled and won the hearts of two continents—"a soul like an Eolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody"—just at the time when he should have been ap-
proaching the zenith of his glory, sank into a drunkard's grave.

And our own matchless Edgar Allen Poe might have become the Shakespeare of America, loved and honored throughout the civilized world; and when weary, at length, of earthly honors, might have stood triumphant on the tessellated floors of that grand temple beyond the stars, where God's heroes are crowned with unfading laurel; but, alas! the demon of drink claimed him as his victim, snatched from his brow the budding wreath of fame, and dragged him down—down to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell.

There is a peculiar significance in the etymology of the word intoxication. It is derived from the Latin in, and toxicon—poison. Tracing it farther back, we find it closely and most appropriately allied to the Greek τοξίκον—the poison in which the ancient warriors dipped their arrow-points, in order to make them more fatal when buried in the bodies of their enemies.

Ah! the poisoned arrows that fly in every direction from the strongholds of the liquor traffic often pierce the warm, loving hearts of devoted wives and mothers, and innocent, bright-eyed children.

One of Longfellow's sweetest poems describes the course of a rifle-ball that pierced the manly form of a soldier on a Southern battle-field. After passing through the heart of the brave warrior and letting out his life-blood, it sped on its way over mountain and vale and through the "whispering pines" into a cottage far away among the blue hills of Vermont, and found its final resting-place in the heart of a fair maiden who loved the fallen hero. And so the poisoned arrow that slays the victim of drink finds its way at last into loving, trusting hearts, where its most cruel work is done.

When we look abroad and behold on every hand the desolation which drink has wrought, we may well echo the cry of the martyr-spirits under the altar: "How long, O Lord, how long?" And will the time never come when this nefarious business of drunkard-making and soul-ruining and heart-breaking will cease? Ask me not that question, earnest reader. Go ask your weeping mother, as with hands clasped in anguish and tearful eyes uplifted, she pleads with a merciful God for the salvation of her boy, who should have been the stay and solace of her declining years, but who has been hurled by the demon of drink into the lowest depths of degradation and shame; and see the glad light of faith and hope beaming from those tear-dimmed eyes—"a light like none ever seen on sea or land"—as she replies: "Yes! If there is a God of infinite justice and boundless mercy; if there is a Being who regards the widow's prayers and the orphan's cries, surely the day will come when drunkenness shall be no more."

We believe in the final and complete success of the prohibition movement chiefly for two reasons:

1. It is the cause of right, and hence the cause of God. It is a struggle against tyranny and oppression. It is conflict between right and wrong—between the powers of darkness, on the one hand, and the panoplied legions of God's warriors on the other. Prayer, the great reformer, has been the watch-
word and main reliance in every crusade against this giant evil. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

2. We believe in the final redemption of this world from sin. We believe the time will come when the green earth, "curtained with clouds and carpeted with flowers," will become the bridal chamber of Christ and His Church.

But the millennium can never come until the last slave of drink has been liberated and turned into a valiant soldier for God and for the right, and the last bar-room on earth has been closed forever. The saloon is the undisguised champion of all the evils of the age, and Satan’s mightiest earthly ally. But Satan himself shall be chained and his power crushed. The last black flag of sin and death shall yet be torn down, and in its stead shall be erected the bright banner of peace. And when the loud acclamations of joy and praise shall go up to Heaven from a world redeemed, the loudest shout of triumph that will reach the ears of the celestial hosts and awaken a sympathetic thrill of joy throughout all the “armies of the skies,” will proclaim the downfall of the drink-curse.

I could ask no higher honor or sweeter privilege, when that glad day comes, than to be permitted to bear the welcome tidings to some of the heart-broken sufferers from this terrible curse. To be permitted to tell to sorrowing wives and mothers and starving orphans that the demon of drink has been effectually chained at last, nevermore to darken with his fatal shadow the sunshine of home, would be an errand that might well be coveted by the brightest angel whose snow-white pinions gleam in the golden light of the glory-land.

Around ten thousand firesides will be found glad hearts and smiling faces, because husbands and brothers and fathers and sons will no more be exposed to the awful fate of the drunkard; and many an aged sire, upon whose brow glistens "the snow of age that only melts in the sunshine of the by-and-by," will, echo the sentiment of good old Simeon, as he held in his feeble, trembling arms the Christ-child—the hope of Israel—and the feeling of his heart found expression in the language of sublime satisfaction:

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord,
According to thy word, in peace;
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

W. B. L.

**Complete Manhood**

It will be admitted that it is the solemn duty of every one to make the best possible use of his time and talents, to take advantage of all those God-given opportunities for self-improvement and for rising to the highest possibilities of his nature, and for attaining to the fullest degree of personal development and the highest degree of human perfection. Even apart from the claims of religion, under a sense of the high possibility of our nature, under the claims of society, the spirit of our age, and the genius of our civilization, the work of self-improvement and personal development is recognized as a solemn duty de-
volving upon every one. And when we consider in connection with this the claims of religion, the sublime duty of personal development and of making the most of ourselves becomes doubly emphasized and intensely solemn; so that we may adapt ourselves to life's sphere, fulfil life's mission, and do life's work, that we may fulfil, as nearly as possible, the sublime purpose for which we were created and the great object for which we were redeemed. Hence the importance of a full, harmonious and symmetrical development of every part of our nature; of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual man.

The crowning thought in the mind of the inspired writer when he said, "Ye are complete in Him," will be the climax of the line of thought we shall here present. In the first place, we remark that it is the practical duty of every one to strive for perfection in physical development. This is necessary, first, in order that we may steer clear of the evil tendency toward physical deformity, so common under our loose system of development; in order that we may develop grace and symmetry in form, and beauty in our general personal appearance. Now, we maintain that it is the absolute duty of each one to strive by physical culture to possess a fully developed organism and a perfect body, marked by lines of symmetry and finished by an appearance of grace and beauty. This is necessary in the second place, in order that we may avoid the danger of physical infirmity, and take advantage of the increased possibility of health and longevity; for health is a matter of supreme importance and an inestimable blessing. These bodies were not formed by the Divine Hand simply as a model of symmetry and beauty, but they are the home of the mind and the abode of the soul.

No matter how strong, clear and active the mind; no matter how beautiful, grand and sublime the morals; no matter how bright, sweet and towering the spiritual devotion; if these have to perform their functions in a body impaired by disease, their activities and energies will naturally and necessarily be crippled and paralyzed. But, on the other hand, if they perform their functions in a perfect physical organism, their strength and activity will be both multiplied and magnified. Well, now, if physical culture and physical development give grace in form and a commanding personal appearance, together with increased health and longevity, it is therefore a matter of sublime importance that every child make the most of himself in the matter of personal development; but, since the undeveloped mind of the child is incapable of appreciating this responsibility and discharging this obligation, it is shifted from its shoulders upon the shoulders of ministers, teachers and parents. And that they may faithfully discharge this solemn duty devolving upon them, they must have not only a knowledge of hygiene, but also the best equipments and appliances available for doing their work.

Parents should begin the work of physical development with their children early in youth, using shoulder-braces and other necessary appliances for aiding them in their work; and instead of using low chairs with straight backs, as some do—enough to ruin the most commanding physique—chairs
should be purchased specially adapted to this object, even though it be done at the sacrifice of supplying the home with other needed furniture. So, in supplying our schools and colleges with seats, the best practical results in physical development should be constantly kept in view. The teacher and the professor should have the pupils and the students to sit, to stand, and to walk erect. A special department of physical culture should be established in connection with every school, college, university, and seminary, and a rigid and thorough course of instruction given.

All honor to those who teach the important science of physical culture! But in the country, where the people are deprived of these equipments and advantages, abundant open-air exercise should be taken; and with the shoulders well thrown back, copious draughts of heaven's free, pure atmosphere should be taken into the lungs; being both slowly inhaled and slowly exhaled through the nostrils, thus developing the lungs and chest and making the breathings deep and regular. Oh, the sad lack of physical development on the part of the people throughout the entire country!

We should strive for perfection, not only in physical, but also in mental development. And here let me say that the mind is a higher part of our nature, and more worthy of development than the body. The mind, that God-given principle, which the keenest eye has never been able to see, nor the most skilful analysis of the metaphysician to discover, is susceptible of indefinite improvement. It lies at the very foundation of progress, along every line and in every department of the world's history, whether in literature, philosophy, art, or science, whether in inventions or discoveries.

We are now living in the literary period of the world's history, and we must educate. Furthermore, let me say that education not only brings pleasure, but also profit; and still further, the possession of knowledge brings not only pleasure and profit, but also prepares for usefulness. The world, with voice loud and emphatic, is calling for men who are qualified to fill her positions of honor and trust. I believe, moreover, that education gives enjoyment and brings increased possibilities for usefulness, not only in time, but also in eternity. The man who is best prepared by an educated head and heart for the duties of life, will be the one who is best prepared to enter upon the everlasting round of duty. When we view the sad lack of interest and the careless indifference as manifested on the part of some parents in regard to the education of their children, we are made to tremble with fear for them. Because we know that it is a duty that they owe to themselves, to their children, to their country and to their God; and one that they will have to discharge toward their children, or answer for before the inflexible bar of Jehovah. Parents may give their children houses and lands, property and money, but under the misdirection of ignorance it may be squandered and lost; but when once an education is given, it is an ever accumulating fortune, and can never be swept away, not even by death itself. Hence the importance of parents' giving
their children the advantage of a good education, and of teachers' being faithful and diligent in their work, not only of developing the mind, but of directing it as well.

We should strive for perfection, not only in physical and mental development, but also in moral development. What is morality? We may answer that morality has reference to the relations we sustain one to another. And as we said that the mind is a higher part of our nature and more worthy of culture than the body, so we say that the moral principle is a higher part of our nature and more worthy of culture than the mind. In our bodies we may possibly approach toward the likeness and image of God. In our minds we do approach toward the knowledge and wisdom of God; and in morals we approximate the nature of God, His goodness, His love and His mercy. Then, if we may be allowed to discriminate between mind and morals, give us the just man every time in preference to the wise man. Yet a great many, even some within the precincts of the church, utterly disregard these sacred moral relations. How often do you see the property advertisement of the real estate agent in the columns of the newspaper, and you are led to believe that it is perfection improved upon; but when you stand on the premises and behold it, not through the newspaper advertisement, but by the more accurate sense of sight, it presents quite a different appearance from that seen in the advertisement.

How often do you see an advertisement of some patent-medicine that cures everything, and if you happen to be suffering from indigestion or some other physical disorder and have a vivid imagination, you can see it breaking up the pains and regulating the functional irregularities of the body; but when you have taken it, it does you just about as much good as the same amount of cold water would have done. How seldom do you hear the butcher crying spoiled meat, or the grocer damp sugar, and you never knew a real trader to have a cow or a horse more than nine years old, although the horns be filled with wrinkles and the teeth worn into the quick. You never knew him to have a horse for sale or for trade that was not absolutely sound and perfectly gentle; insomuch that little children and timid women might safely be trusted to drive him; and they, resting with implicit faith and confidence in his words, have committed themselves to the mercy of such a steed, and been dashed to death. Thus many a man, by perverting the truth—yea, by his downright lying—has become a murderer. How often are the scales too light and the measure too short or too small. How often are personal promises and business engagements broken and disregarded. How often are just settlements postponed by the debtor, even when he has the money in his pocket. How often is deception practiced on the innocent and the ignorant, and men, by their cunning tricks and sharp turns, take the advantage of others. This corrupt system of morals, that, like a cancer, is eating the very heart out of nations and corrupting their way upon the face of the whole earth, should be buried deep in a grave of everlasting oblivion, and a new system should be inaugurated and cultivated to its high-
est possibility. We ought to stand by principles of truth and right, and never swerve a hair's-breadth from the post of honor and duty, although such a course should bring temporary or even apparently permanent gain to us, to our friends, to our party, or to our cause. We should let integrity and uprightness preserve us, although it should entail loss of pleasure, of friends, of wealth, or of reputation. Stand firm by the truth, remembering that the God of all truth will stand by you.

Well, now, it would seem that, if a person has succeeded in developing his physical, mental, and moral nature to their highest possibilities, he is a complete man. But he is not. He has left the highest part of his nature untouched and undeveloped. Could he have the physical development of a Samson, the mental powers of a Solomon, and the morals of an Aristides all combined, yet without the spiritual devotion of a Paul he would be incomplete. Ye are complete, and complete only, in Him. A person may be a moral man without being a Christian; but no man can be a Christian without being a moral man. And as we said that morals are a higher part of our nature and more worthy of culture than the mind, so we say that the spiritual principle in man's life is a higher part of his nature, and more worthy of culture than the morals. Although we may have developed all the graces and virtues of the physical, mental, and moral man, yet without the development of the graces and virtues of religion, under the indwelling and transforming power of the grace of God, we are incomplete. The crowning point of man's perfection is the regenerating grace of God. The sublime paintings of moral beauty given to the life are the finishing-touches and the pencilings of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart.

Man reaches the acme of his life and of his existence when, by a divine process, he passes out of self into Christ. He reaches the very climax of human greatness and glory when he has come into loving fellowship with his Divine Creator through Christ, his risen Redeemer. He reaches the zenith of God-like perfection in the heart-process of repentance toward God and faith in our Saviour; and when, by an undying love, an uncompromising faith, an unswerving obedience and an ever-increasing perseverance, he sets in motion a thousand sacred influences, each one of which again turns a thousand wheels of soul-machinery, starting a wave of spiritual influences which rolls on in an ever-increasing, an ever-widening and an ever-deepening current, until it shall roll up and break against the eternal shore underneath angelic feet. Man meets with his highest and fullest development and perfection when his spiritual nature comes into contact with God in Christ Jesus, and when, under the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, his life has reached the greatest process of assimilation and proximity to Christ the perfect man. Religion is the finishing touch of life, and Christ the culminating point, where human life, towering up in spiritual devotion, comes into communion with its God. All true manhood culminates in Christ the divine man. Therefore, ye are complete, and complete only, when in Christ and in His service.

C. R. CRUIKSHANKS.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in 1807, at Portland, Maine, "in an old, square, wooden house upon the edge of the sea." His mother was a descendant of the John Alden whose wooing he celebrates in quaint, old-time "Courtship of Miles Standish." His father's family came from Hampshire, England. Longfellow was an alumnus of Bowdoin College, where, in the later years of his course, a few poems testify to his love of nature and of legend. He was a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne, George B. Cheever and J. S. C. Abbott. Like most of the literary men of his time, he was destined for the bar; but the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages in his college determined him to go abroad and fit himself for the position. His first book contained an essay on the "Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," and some translations from the sonnets of Lope de Vega. Before accepting a still more important professorship at Harvard College, he paid another visit to Europe, lingering in Switzerland and Scandinavia.

"A tree is known by its fruits." How can we better judge of Longfellow than by a careful study of his writings? His prose works, "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion" (the prose masterpiece), and "Kavanagh" (a novel of little power), are neither so well known nor so popular as his poetry. And yet, as one might easily imagine from his noble verse, his prose is far above the average. Blackwood's Magazine makes the following brief yet comprehensive criticism: "We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment and research, and devotion to his high calling, can hardly be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention; for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction."

Yet it is in poetry that Longfellow especially excels. And here the first merit we notice is the stainless purity and morality of his poems. There is not the slightest shadow which could bring a blush to fair maiden's cheek. Throughout his beautiful and often pathetic pen-pictures there shines a steady and ever-brightening faith. May we not judge from this what the man must have been?

Pope is especially noted for the ease with which he expresses his every thought in most musical verse. And Longfellow's irresistible harmony seems almost to equal the English poet's.

"For its tones by turns are glad, Sweetly solemn, wildly sad."

For ease of expression and beauty of diction, Longfellow stands above all other American authors. His extensive travel in trans-Atlantic countries, and thorough scholarship in all branches of study that become a poet, have caused his poems and translations to be read and appreciated in Europe as well as at home. On this subject, W. D. Howells has quaintly given his opinion. He says: "Our poet is the traveller of the wide realm of thought, the world of
imagination. He has touched at all the sunny Mediterranean and Adriatic ports; all the French and Spanish coasts are known to him; he brings wealth from the frozen Scandinavian lands as rare as the ivory set in the beryl of the immemorial icebergs; he gathers flotsam from the bays and inlets, the lakes and rivers of home. Full of the world, he transmutes his large experience and far-brought learning into the poems we know, with a secure and patient art."

If we seek to explain the eager and affectionate welcome which always hails Longfellow’s writings, we must ascribe it also to their genial humanity—a quality independent of literary art and of genius, but which is made known to all, and therefore becomes possible to be recognized by all. While the magnetism of his touch lies in the broad humanity of his sympathy, which leads him neither to mysticism nor cynicism, and which commends his poetry to the universal heart, his artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a literary study.

Doubtless the true charm of Longfellow’s productions is his supreme love of nature. Indeed, such is the case with all great poets. David among the mountains of Judea, Homer on the shores of Greece, Shakespeare on the banks of the Avon, Milton in the fields of Horton, Tennyson on the downs of the Isle of Wight, all opened their souls to the gentle influences of nature.

His poems are chiefly meditative, and have that legendary significance peculiar to the German school. They also often embody and illustrate a moral truth. There is little or no evidence of inspiration in his verse, as that term is used to suggest the power of an over-mastering passion; but there is a thoughtful, subdued feeling that seems to overflow in quiet beauty.

His longer poems are “Evangeline,” “Courtship of Miles Standish,” and the Indian Edda of “Hiawatha.” Perhaps the most interesting scene in the latter is “Hiawatha’s Wooing,” where the hero exclaims:

“Evangeline” is a beautiful reflex of rural life and love, which, from the charm of its pictures and the gentle harmony of its sentiment, became popular, although written in hexameters.

His “Skeleton in Armour” is the most novel and characteristic of his shorter poems; the “Psalm of Life” and “Excelsior,” the most familiar and endeared.

Longfellow is the artistic, as Halleck is the lyric, and Bryant the picturesque and philosophical, of American poets.

R. P. RIXEY.
Very few psychologists agree as to the exact function or province of memory. Some say that it is the power of the soul to recognize objects and ideas; others, that it is the recalling of particular impressions and pieces of knowledge (as opposed to the retention of general truths). Again, memory is that power or susceptibility of the mind by which those conceptions are originated which are modified by a perception of the relation of past time. From this last definition we see that it is a complex mental operation implying—(1) a conception of something; (2) a perception of the relation of priority in its existence. It involves processes and conditions of storing up experiences and also the processes and conditions of recalling those experiences. The greater the quantity of sensation the stronger will be the impression. If the experience is pleasurable, the mind dwells upon it, thus making it easier to be reproduced. Repetition works the same result. Revivable impressions mean nothing more than frequency and comparative vividness of representation, together with voluntary control. We know the mental state of a past experience to be of the representative; we believe that an experience which the mental state represents, it occurred to us in time past.

The processes and operations of recalling impressions have been explained in various ways. There are two main theories—(1) those who find the explanation in the organism; (2) those who find the explanation in the mind. A psychologist of the first class would say that "reminiscence is the revival of former sensational experience in a greater or less degree by means of stimuli supplied directly from the centres by currents along motor nerves." The psychologists who find the explanation in the mind would say that though physical and physiological stimuli are conditions, the physical reaction is the agent by which past impressions are reproduced.

We can compare our trains of representative experience with our trains of presentative, and note the differences and resemblances. Thus we say we remember a certain experience as having happened to us; and with the images brought up by memory goes the belief as to their actual occurrence in the past. Every man knows from a species of internal feelings whether there be grounds for doubting that the experiences in any given case are correctly reported in remembrance, for the same consciousness which gives knowledge of the fact of memory gives knowledge of its distinctness or obscurity.

Time is also a potent factor in any act of memory. Some experiences are definitely localized in the time order; others, indefinitely. A perfect act of memory involves the reinstatement of the psychological conditions of the particular previous experience or idea to be remembered, and also a knowledge of the definite time when it occurred.

Memory is both involuntary and voluntary. One thing suggests, and we go on calling up trains of past expe-
riences involuntarily; but when any pleasurable interest detains the attention we find ourselves in the position of trying to remember something or of voluntarily modifying the train of reminiscences. A past experience could be reproduced in consciousness by recalling all of our experiences in a backward order until we arrived at the desired one. This, however, is not generally done. We commonly reproduce ideally some portion of our past experience and localize our previous impression in that order. When a person voluntarily reproduces an experience which is not definitely known the attention has to be directed on what is thought to be connected with that experience. By following out the various lines of association the desired end can be attained. This voluntary reproduction is generally called recollection, and the involuntary, remembrance. Our ability to remember or recollect shows all degrees of variation. At one extreme there is perfect memory, and at the other, total obliviscence. Impressions seem to be continually dying out of the sphere of the possibility of reproduction. To recollect every experience would be impossible to an inhabitant of this world, though it may not be to one of the world to come, as we would have to possess a knowledge of our thoughts and deeds in this world to get a conception of the justice of our judgment in the next.

Memory is a common boon to all men. Without it all immensity of time would be reduced to a mathematical point. There would be no progress in any direction. The training of this great power is a subject worthy of consideration. This training, though it is not the whole of intellectual education, is certainly an important portion of it. *Tantum seimus quantum memoria teneamus.* The innate powers of mind should be gradually called forth by a continual increase in the complexity of the material to be operated upon. Interest must be stimulated; attention must be roused; the lines of association would thus be formed and a retention of the facts insured. If these conditions are not complied with, there will be no coalescence of the new and old knowledge, which is so important in all intellectual acquisition. All minds have not this same susceptibility in acquisition. The impressions on some minds are as channels worn away in stone, or the inscriptions engraved on the pedestal of some lofty statute, which defy the operations of the ever existing causes of decay and withstand even the defacing touch of time. The impressions made by the finger of consciousness upon the minds of others are like characters inscribed on the sand which the first breath of air effaces or are blotted out as the inrolling tide levels the little unevenesses on the seashore. The wind holds on its way unconscious of the destruction it has wrought; the tide again recedes only to return and obliterate other impressions. As a recompense for this gradual sinking of impressions and the dying-out of knowledge, thoughts, and perhaps feelings, which have long slumbered in forgetfulness, will sometimes recur in consciousness. Time has sped on its way to eternity, new occupations have engaged our attention, other thoughts and desires have passed through our mind. The past is clouded in impenetrable
darkness; memory is buried and the smooth mound is covered with garlands and budding roses. Yet some little event will call it up, phantom like, from its place to haunt us with the past. When the spring-time comes the twittering of a bird over the grave opens up the reminiscences of boyhood hours and brings out events which but for that had been forgotten. This shows that memory only sleeps, never dies; that on certain occasions and under particular circumstances pages of life's book are turned back, and we read there as plainly as when first written what we thought had passed away under the influence of time, or that had been blurred and blotted as in haste we turned the pages.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Let us, then, so write up the pages of youth that when in old age we examine them, no blurred pages, no blotted lines will be found to bring sorrow to the old man along with this great blessing—memory. The weary and care-worn traveller of this world having almost finished the period of life allotted by the fates, will naturally turn his thoughts to the treasures stored up in his mind during his youthful days. He cannot look into the future darkness; the present has no charms for him; but the past—how sweet are his thoughts when the gates of time are thrown open and he beholds those happy days resplendent with the sunny skies of youth! Yet, around the celestial form of memory they have left a halo of undying happiness. At such a time no troubles arise to disturb the peace of mind; no furrows of sorrow are imprinted on his face. The cares that have infested him "fold their tents like Arabs, and as silently steal away." Youth has risen with its laughing brightness; the meridian of life, with its hopes and fears, has come; and the stern reality of old age about to set, clouded with many a care, has taken its place. But the same sun of youth and of middle age will struggle through the clouds of care and shoot its long golden rays back to youth, and will illuminate the places that were dark in the morning of life. Then imagination, blending the past with the present, guided by the shining rays of memory, will peep into the retrospect, and we throw aside the garb of manhood and array ourselves in the brilliant apparel of youth, to sip in fancy of its bliss and cull the brightest flowers of happiness that entwine around its brow. The ashes of childish joys and deeds and the thoughts of home repose in our hearts, and love mingled with sorrow bends over them, chanting a requiem of their death.

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only their own deeds and thoughts, but yours and mine. By a mental process we are imprinting ourselves unconsciously on those about us. May we then be very careful of what we do and say. A single remark of a profligate or injurious tendency, or any misdeed of yours in the presence of a child, though forgotten and neglected at the time, may be restored to his memory in after life by some trifling event and brought forward as the justification of some bad act or thought. You who planted such seed in his tender breast may be silent in the grave, but still your influence has survived. On the other hand, we should inculcate truth and a sense of right in his mind; tell him of what is noble and magnanimous, of what is kind and lovely, of the great deeds that can be done by him, either for good or evil, as he chooses. These instructions will form links in the great chain of memory which no lapse of time, no change of circumstance, can entirely obliterate. They will recur in the time of need and misfortune, and will impart a consolation to the heavy-laden soul which nothing else can supply. Matter and mind are recording instruments. Never a word or sound has ever broken the silence of the night but is registered on the atmosphere, whose every undulation breaks upon the shores of Eternity. The phonograph of the Holy is always recording what you think and say, and when you stand face to face with it the cylinder will be turned back and your life will be repeated.

The second tablet is our own memory. That no impression is ever entirely lost seems to be a principle of mental life; the probability that we shall be able to recall the past may be greatly diminished, but it does not become entirely extinct. Great is the power of recollection and remembrance. As has been remarked, it slumbers but does not die. Some plaintive song, some look or word may call forth the bonds of association between the past and the present. Much seems to be covered beneath the debris of the past, the ruins of hope, the wreck of life, but there is some connecting link to bind it to the present. Men have prayed to forget. There have been deeds done, words spoken, to forget which were worth our while almost to die, if to die were to forget. But death is not forgetfulness. The Jordan of Death is not a Lethe. If the soul be immortal, its every attribute must be memory, just as extension belongs to matter. The soul never dies—memory abides beyond the river as long as life.

F. T. N.

Mind Culture.

No truth in science or morals nor attainment which a man makes is ever lost to him. At some time in life he will find it useful. Youth is the season of acquisition, and maturer years the time of action; and this action will be perfect or imperfect in exact ratio with his early acquirements. The child's character is formed and his destiny, to a very large extent, fixed by its environments and by the intellectual and moral influence in which it grows to mature age. As but few young people venture upon the uncertain experiment
of battling with life's conflicts immediately on becoming of age, most of them have several years of freedom from its absorbing cares and an opportunity for studying those things which are soon to prove of inestimable value. The character of these studies should be determined by whatever calling in life is anticipated. Just one example: If a young man desires to engage in commercial pursuits, he will find in an acquirement of the knowledge of modern languages a very important means of future advancement. If honest and competent, he may be selected, on account of his knowledge of French, German, or Spanish, to conduct a voyage as super-cargo to some foreign port, which will bring him into actual business contact with foreign nations—the most important means of enlarging our ideas, correcting false impressions, and maturing our judgments in matters of the world so essential to success. And so in every pursuit of life, some particular branch of information is highly important and greatly aids in future well-doing. How and when to direct his efforts every one must decide for himself from the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

Books of facts and books of principles should make by far the larger portion of reading for the youth, and works of fancy and fiction be resorted to only as mental recreation or the means of improving the taste. The first are essential to the development of his rational mind; they contain the food by which it is nourished and from which it grows into maturity and vigor. If, instead of this kind of reading, mere fiction be resorted to, a puny intellectual growth will be the consequence, and instead of there being the soundness of true mental force and discrimination there will be only the weakness of a trifling sentimentality.

It has been said that "great intellectual power turns on the ability to concentrate the attention."

But no amount of attention will constitute intellectual power. This depends on the possession of the intellectual ability of discrimination and assimilation. Yet the power of attention should be cultivated by drawing the mind away from the world of fancy and fiction and employing it with facts and principles. Now, the law of all growth is that it is appropriate exercise that strengthens faculty; therefore the materials and motives must be those suited to the stage of development already reached. That mind that has not yet cultivated to a certain extent perception, imagination, &c., needs not an exercise that would improve its power of abstraction. Mind improvement must be according to the faculties which develop first. History, biography, and travels furnish the mind with the main facts to be obtained by mere reading, and are, therefore, useful and necessary to the proper cultivation of memory and observation before the mind can deal with the more abstruse facts of science, which can only be acquired by patient, laborious study.

But patience and labor furnish the mind a rich reward. Now, when the mind has been thus improved it can begin to grapple with more difficult subjects and take more and harder exercise, such as mental and moral philosophy. There is great danger here of acquiring false views, and injuring rather than
improving the mind, because there are so many works and nearly all more or less imperfect, and yet so manifestly different, that he who reads is at a loss to know which author to accept and which to reject. History records the naked facts that have transpired, biography tells of a man's life, and books of travel open up to us the manners, customs, and peculiarities of other nations. We read them all and form our own conclusions.

But books of philosophy come to us as grave teachers, with precepts for our government in actual life. They assume to understand the constituents of the human mind, and to lay down laws for its government. Of these books there are many, and with systems as varied as they are numerous. Which one is to be accepted? Who is to lead the inquiring mind into a true system of philosophy? To this all-important question we would answer: Let reason, prompted by an earnest desire for truth for its own sake, be the guide. Prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

No man can truly believe anything that he does not understand, and therefore nothing can be truth to him that does not come within the scope of his reason. That which one's own rationality does not approve of ought not to be accepted as truth. The test of all truth is its ability to lead to good. If the mind accepts as truth that which does not lead to improvement, that is a proof of the falsity of the statement. A man may assent to what a great philosopher gravely states, but it is not truth to him unless it be rationally perceived. It is not a living, but a dead assent. He is none the wiser; his mind is not improved. The precept, "Man, know thyself," is the great underlying principle of mind culture.

No man can properly know himself unless he understands something of his mental and moral nature. Every one should have clear and distinct ideas of his own mental operations and the laws by which they are governed. Such a knowledge will enable him to know what is helpful and what detrimental to his own mind. No one can know what kind of food his mind needs unless he knows something of its workings. The mind of man is threefold: it consists of feeling, knowing, and willing. The will is man's very life, the moving impulse of his being; his understanding gives form to this affection, clothing it in thought, and from both will and understanding flows forth activity. In the will of man, which is his very life, resides his ends; these work by his understanding or reasoning faculty in the procurement of means for their gratification, and from both these flow the actions of real life. A man has some end in view, which is a desire for something. This is the first impulse he feels. He never thinks first, but always feels or desires first, and thought is but the consequence.

Further, we might say a man has a desire for something; immediately his reasoning powers awake and eagerly reach about for the means by which that desire may be gratified; but still a man might desire forever and think forever, and no effect would be produced if both will and thought did not consummate themselves in action. Now, we have made this seeming divergence to show that whatever be the quality of the
mind's affection or will, such will be the quality of the thoughts prompted by this will, and such the quality of the ultimate action. An evil will acts by false thoughts and produces evil actions, while a good will acts by true thoughts and produces good actions.

Thus we see that the philosophy of the human mind, though comprehensive as it is, is the mighty indispensable incentive to high mental culture. It causes a man to think well of his ends; and the quality of these he can see in his actions, for they reflect the ends which govern a man as clearly as a mirror reflects his face.

Ever keeping in view this law of the human mind, the young adventurer on the sea of metaphysical knowledge will at all times be able to determine his position, and to discriminate between the true and false lights by which he is compelled to steer his soul-laden bark. Man's study of himself is fraught with interest and full of the most important results. He who carefully observes the operations of his own mind is soon able to correct false views, and soon acquires a soundness of thinking on all subjects. He is now able to make lasting impressions upon society, and widen the plane of his influence, and point the inquiring minds to the true road that leads to broad mind culture.

What poet, artist, sculptor, or scholar ever attempted a noble work but found his ideas bounded by too finite a limit! The cultivated mind experiences thoughts too deep for utterance; and the vast field of fragments open to our view reveals the multitude of wondrous thoughts lost for want of expression. Never was there a true poet but had thoughts fitting through the chambers of the soul too grand for utterance; never an artist but has had revealed to his enraptured gaze scenes too wonderful for canvas; never a musician who has not heard strains too sweet to be evoked from his earthly lyre; never an orator who has not seen the multitude arousing to patriotic duty ere he had clothed his thoughts in words or even developed a single thought.

And is there any one who would suppose that these efforts were more than mere shadows of the thoughts that stirred within them? Ah, no! As the moon, o'ershadowed by the fitting clouds, sends forth but a dim, uncertain reflection of the sun, so the human soul, obscured by an earthly body, and tram-melled by lack of the development of its powers and the proper cultivation of its wondrous faculties, sends forth but dim, uncertain rays; and only sometimes with undimmed brilliancy it reflects its thoughts fresh from the eternal soul. It is by a study of the mind that man finds the link that binds him to his Creator; lifts him into a higher sphere, enables his character, purifies his thoughts, and by separating him from the allurements of vice wafts his soul across the bosom of eternity to dwell in the realms of eternal virtue, there to commence afresh a system of improvement and development not retarded by finite things, but in the free realm of infinite knowledge drink in forever that wisdom for which it was created, and to which it longs to go.

J. SHOWERS.
In High Altitudes.

Upon waking, one cool, crisp morning in October, I gazed out from my car window for the first time upon the plains of Colorado, a part of that immense barren, treeless waste, our "Great American Desert," and over which, not many years ago, thousands of buffaloes used to roam, and where many a tribe of savage Red-men indulged in their barbaric rites, until our brave scouts, appearing on the scene, drove them back from their favorite hunting-ground; and I imagined to myself now that I could almost see away in the distance the pioneers plodding along wearily with their slow mule teams, and peering almost disheartened into the west to catch the first glimpse of the Rockies, under whose shadows they have so longed to make their homes, and there in ease gather the glittering gold! And then, turning towards the west, I saw in the distance a high mountain, raising its lofty summit above the horizon. I asked the porter what peak it might be, and found to my surprise that it was Pike's Peak, that beacon-light of the old pioneer in the main chain of the Rockies.

I had hardly thought yet of getting a glimpse of the "backbone" of our continent, for we were many miles from its base, and indeed many miles from Denver, but owing to the rarity of the atmosphere (of which I will speak later) and the level character of the plains, I was enabled to see very much farther than any one living in the East might suppose. I noticed, a little distance from the train as we approached, some sneakish-looking animals stealthily moving off, and looking as if downcast by a guilty conscience, for what reason I knew not, and upon hearing one of the passengers say these were prairie-wolves, I took much more interest in them, as I had often read about them in my more youthful days, but had never dreamed of seeing one. They are about the size of common shepherd dogs, and often go in large bands, but their manner of carrying themselves, with head and tail down, indicates in outward appearance what is really their true character, as I have mentioned—that of a sneakish animal, and you feel very much inclined to enliven them a little by means of a leaden ball. They are called throughout the West by the shorter name of "cayotes," and are the cause of much trouble to the ranchmen, for, though perfectly harmless to man, they often attack the young cattle, carrying off hundreds of calves during the year. A dog is no protection against the raids of these animals, proving himself a great coward upon their approach; but the cowboy's rifle is fast decimating them, and in a few years I expect it will be a very uncommon thing to see one in a long day's ride.

In good time we arrived in Denver. After going through the customary salutations, I always braced myself for the following question, which is there universally asked: "How long have you been out?" Some take this to mean out of the penitentiary, for the Rockies are a great resort for such persons as have either escaped and are trying to conceal themselves, or else having served their term in jail, and thereby being disgraced, are seeking "new pastures" wherein they
may build for themselves a new and cleaner reputation; but this innocent question means, as you would suppose, "at the first blush," unless suffering under a guilty conscience, "out West," for no one supposes any person to be a native; their State being so young it is of very rare occurrence to meet with one "to the manner born." When you are landed here, the first thing that strikes your attention is the newness of everything, new buildings, new streets, young trees, but along with this also, everyone seems imbued with new life; for Denver, like all western towns, is always on a boom, or aiming at such, thousands of dollars being gained and as many lost in the attempt. It is surprising to see the amount of travelling that is done through this State, both by sight-seers and speculators; and I had pointed out to me several times men who had made large fortunes here; but, alas! the hundreds of poor fellows who had not were not pointed out. But why say poor fellows? for every one of them was full of hope, and every man expected to be a millionaire if his town boomed (which it certainly would shortly do), or if that fine gold-mine on his ranch was opened up. And so it is that we find throughout the world men tripping, stumbling, and falling over the little "ifs" that lie in their way on the road to prosperity. This, the largest city of Colorado, is quite thriving. It appears to be on the increase, but slowly, as it has been forced to resign its booms in favor of other towns that are constantly springing up wherever any signs of coal, silver, or gold have been found. There are many large manufactories here doing quite a good business, and their opera-house, the pride of the city in architecture, is really a very magnificent building. But I must not dwell on Denver, as, having spent only a few hours here, it behooves me to pass lightly over their "Queen City."

Taking the Denver and Rio Grande railroad I soon lost sight of her, and was speeding southward toward Pueblo, Colorado Springs being my objective point.

On our route the other Eastern passengers and I were much amused at the antics of the prairie-dogs along the way. These little creatures (a far greater pest than our field mice are to us) seemed to have become familiar with that promoter of civilization, the railway, and did not worry themselves much at the approach of the train, but, perched upon their hind legs, after the manner of a squirrel, seemed to be pleased at the sight of it. I looked in vain for their boon companions, the owl and snake (as I had so often seen in an illustration in Maury’s Geography), but suppose the winter was the wrong time of the year for their royal highnesses.

We were now skimming along parallel with the mountain chain, being about eight miles from its base, and beheld in clear outline upon our right the Rockies; and well are they named, for they appear to be nothing more than a huge conglomeration of rocks, for the most part above the timber line; for even where we were the trees were dwarfed, and at the foot of the mountain nothing grew but the pinion bushes, a species of pine, and higher up above these nothing but rocks, barren rocks, one upon another, and so they stretch for miles and miles, north and south. Whilst our attention
was quite absorbed in looking at the various queer shapes the rocks had taken in their formation, one tourist seeing a resemblance in one particular rock to some castle on the Rhine; another comparing the chain to the far-off Himalayas, and so on. Our time quite rapidly flew by, and we were soon passing that section of the country known as the "Divide" (altitude 7,500 feet), the watershed of that portion of the State, and were in a short while landed in the pretty little town of Colorado Springs.

Colorado Springs, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, lies between the Rockies on the west and on the east the immense plains, from which almost any night you can hear the dismal howls of the "cayotes" on the outskirts of the city. The city is apparently at the foot of Pike's Peak, but as I found out, to my chagrin, in the following way, it is quite a distance from its base. Having quietly seated myself with many other passengers in the hotel bus, we naturally commenced to discuss this immense mountain looming up before us, when the driver, knowing us to be "tenderfoots," as new comers are called, turned around, and with a smile asked us how far we thought the peak to be. I suggested five miles, another passenger seven, when the driver broke out into such a loud and long laugh that we almost despaired of his telling us; but, after awhile, we being "grinned," and he somewhat calmed, said, in a semi-sneering manner, "It's seventeen miles"! The cause of this great deception in distances is the rarity of the atmosphere. This is very noticeable upon entering Colorado, viewing objects now through a different medium from that to which you are accustomed. It takes some time to become used to it. The story is told of a young Englishman, who, being in Pueblo, proposed to a friend to take a stroll out to the Greenhorn mountains and back, one morning before breakfast. They started on this apparently short jaunt, but after going five or six miles and not seeming to come very much nearer to the mountains, returned disappointed to find out later that the Greenhorn is thirty miles distant. No doubt most persons have heard of the poor fellow having been so often deceived, on arriving at the banks of a small stream four or five feet wide, calmly sat down and pulled off his shoes to wade through, fearing that the distance was so much further than it looked, that he would not be able to jump it.

Another strange thing that you notice on entering this State is that you breathe much faster here than in the East, and your pulse beats much quicker; but these peculiarities need not alarm you, for it is nothing more than Nature's course, "a fitting of internal to external relations." But why is this? Simply rare atmosphere, the companion of high altitudes. Oxygen, that king of elements, being such an essential property to life, is of course required to a certain extent for sustenance, and the atmosphere of Colorado being so thin there is in a given volume of it less oxygen than in the same volume of lower air; suppose, now, Colorado air to be so attenuated that a certain volume, ceteris paribus, only contained half as much oxygen as the same volume of air at the sea-shore, then it is evident that you would have to breathe twice in Colorado for once at the sea-shore. I do not know the exact degree of rarity of the air, but there is certainly
a wide difference, and your pulsations and respirations are noticeably faster, especially upon taking a little exercise that you would think nothing of at home. But some one might ask if people in Colorado go about panting all the time? No, for after spending a few weeks there you regain your old respirations and pulsations; owing to this extra work upon your lungs your chest commences to expand, your lungs grow stronger, so that you are enabled to take in more air at one inspiration, and upon the same principle your heart becomes stronger and is more energetic than at first. This explains why it is I met so many invalids while there with weak lungs. Too often the sufferers are sent from the East too late, so that this extra exertion proves more injurious than beneficial. In fact, sometimes apparently strong people give away when ascending these altitudes. The story was told me—and I heard many similar ones—of a young girl, seventeen years of age, who, with seemingly all the vigor of youth, with a jovial company of friends formed a party to ascend Pike's Peak (14,000 feet). When the young girl found that she was overtaxing herself, she persuaded some of the party to return with her; but imagine the horror of these gay young people, who continued the ascent, upon their return that night to find their young friend, who was the liveliest of the party that morning, now a corpse. The poor girl, having decided to return too late, died before she could reach the lower air; and thus it is that persons with any affection of the heart whatever had better "make assurance doubly sure" by staying out of these great altitudes. Unfortunately, or fortunate, I know not which to say, I, being there in the winter, which is not the time of year to go on the peak, had to withdraw from that adventure. There is upon the top of Pike's Peak one "lone, lorn critter," living as one disgusted with the follies and vanities of this world, and having withdrawn to this secluded spot as an old monk would retire to his monastery; but this is not the case of this individual, for he is "one of those persons who are everywhere," the United States Signal Service officer, and being in direct telegraphic communication with Washington, he is enabled to inform his fellow-men whether or not to expect a cold wave, rain, or snow from that section, and consequently is often of inestimable service, especially to that young man who goes with gleeful spirits to ask the pleasure of Angelina's company to the party to-morrow night; because the kind-hearted signal service officer has whispered in his eager ear, "No hacks for Friday night." This lone man lives in a small room, built of stone, with walls about four feet thick so as to keep the winds from whirling him and his companions—viz., the barometer, thermometer, anemometer, and all the other 'mometers into mid-air. Often when walking through the streets of Colorado Springs on a clear, bright, mild day, I have looked toward Pike's Peak and seen the wind and snow like Furies sporting around this poor fellow, as if bent on driving him from his stone castle. His favorite amusement is pistol-practice, shooting at the poor, helpless, unfortunate coals that fall upon his hearth. Long may he enjoy himself!

The wind is quite a feature in Colorado and many devices are resorted to
to ward off its attacks, for it often blows with such violence as to tear down signboards, even lifting the roofs of houses and sometimes overturning heavy trains. Fortunately I had no more damage done me by it than to have my dignity seriously impaired by chasing several times, in a reckless manner, my sportive hat. But one of the most disagreeable parts of it all is to have these winds blowing into your face and eyes, almost every time you go out, this miserably fine, white sand, which their native grass, the buffalo, growing in tufts two or three inches apart, is not able to keep the winds from taking up. This annoyance, however, is almost counterbalanced by the beautiful, bright weather which prevails there during the winter. It is a great mistake that we imagine Colorado to be always bleak and dreary at this season. Now and then a driving snow will come up, and the thermometer will sink to zero or below, but it will, in a day or two, blow over, and the sun, in a little while, beam as brightly as ever—and such sunshine! Clear, bright, beautiful sunshine day after day with absolutely cloudless skies, is quite common; in fact, sometimes a few clouds hovering about are welcome visitors to relieve the monotony! Well may invalids seek this climate, if for no other reason than to bathe in so much sunshine, instead of being roasted in their close, furnace-heated houses at home.

Those rodents, rats and mice, the worry of all our housekeepers, never bother the women of Colorado, for, strange to say, they cannot live in this altitude, and are naturally somewhat of a curiosity there. I remember one day seeing a large crowd on the street in front of one of the stores, and being curious to see what was the excitement, I joined the boys who were eagerly rushing that way, when, to my disappointment, I found that the sole cause of the disturbance was a rat. One of the merchants had received that morning by a through express a box of goods in which the miserable rat had been accidentally enclosed, but the poor fellow, "in articulo mortis" here, lived hardly long enough to thank us for his cordial reception. I had come down town with the primary intention of paying my respects to the tonsorial artist, and as there was near the rat scene a modest shop, I quietly stepped in, pretending not to have run two squares to see a rat, but to have come to the barber's. I quietly ensconced myself in the chair, and, whilst looking leisurely over one of the "dailies," I heard a wee small voice behind me say, "Shave, sir?" and looking around to see whence this sound, behold—a feminine barber! I was not expecting anything like this, but after I had regained myself sufficiently to say "Shave," I sat there in fear and trembling, lest this young girl should cut my throat, but soon found her skill in using the "weapon" to be unexcelled by that of any of my previous barbers, and I came out with as neat a shave as I should desire, being also made the wiser by my experience.

As I had but a few hours now to remain in the city, I thought I would take a bird's-eye view of the place, and so, mounting a pony, off I went in a lope (for no one thinks of going at a slower pace in city or country). Soon I was passing the pretty little park, and now, out on Tejon street toward the boundary, the college, a fine piece of architecture in
stone, with spacious rooms, loomed up in front of me. Thence turning down Bijou avenue, I passed by a large four-story brick building, the Insane Asylum, in which are many mindless unfortunate. Then passing a number of pretty little residences in the suburbs, I turned into Pike’s Peak avenue, and, leaving behind me the house in which were the large electric-light engines, I came to the foot of the street, when I paused to see if there were, perchance, any familiar faces among the many persons that thronged the entrance to that magnificent hotel, “The Antlers,” said to be one of the finest in all Colorado. Here, giving my steed over to his keeper, I was just in time to catch the south-bound express for Pueblo.

When I arrived in Pueblo I felt very much “out West,” for the streets were full of Mexican and American cowboys, and it was quite amusing to watch the little pack-mules, with packs upon their backs twice as large as they were, not being led, but following along behind the mounted cowboys. The cowboys were always in a pretty merry mood, and for the small compensation of a drink any one of them would delight to make his pony do his best “buckling.” Pueblo, one of the very oldest towns in the State, is situated on both banks of the Arkansas, and right down under its bluffs, in the flats, so that you can scarcely see any distance out of the city. Its population is about 20,000, a great many being Mexicans, as indeed entire part of the city is Mexican, and it is found to be quite interesting to stroll through this section. These people, apparently quite poor, live in a very primitive manner, their houses, for the most part, being made of mud, which is allowed to dry after it is put up. Indeed, many of them cannot be called houses, but are simply holes dug in the ground over which a covering is made.

As I would remain for only a short time, and there being very few objects of interest here, I took in only the more important ones, and was shown one morning the immense steel works just on the suburbs. These are massive buildings, with chimneys almost touching the skies and belching forth the blackest smoke night and day. In these works many scores of men are kept busy all the while turning out the mighty steel, after the Bessemer process, and then distributing it to all parts of the country to be used for rail and other purposes.

When I had finished going through these buildings and the Mexican portion of the town I felt as if there was nothing more to be seen in the city, and so, preparatory to taking a short trip into the country in the afternoon, I repaired to my hotel to refresh myself. Armour & Co., pork packers, of Chicago, send their meats all through this country, and you could procure in almost any restaurant in Pueblo or Colorado Springs, oysters upon the half-shell, nearly as nice as those you get in Richmond, although they were well on to 2,500 miles from their native strand. Refrigerator cars are constantly bringing the delicacies of the East to these markets and the telegraph puts them in direct communication with the entire globe; but still I could not get over the feeling that I was “way out of reach,” for those great monotonous plains, which had taken me a day and night constant travelling to cross, made me feel as if I had been set down behind
some immense Chinese wall, hemmed in on all sides, with the Rockies at my back. Still, thousands live here contented; indeed, I suppose, it is very probable that if a native of Colorado should come East, he might feel set down behind a wall here just as I felt there; and so the world goes.

After returning to Pueblo from the country, my pocket-book began to whisper in my ears those low, mellow tones, "No place like home," and I was resolved to turn my course and steer for "Ole Virginny"; and so, acting upon this resolution, I betook myself to the ticket-office to procure the necessary article, when behold! I found that tickets back home over the self-same route were five or six dollars more than from home out. Well, this was a "stunner," but of course there must be a reason for it. Probably most persons, after being landed in Colorado for a short while, are so anxious to get out of the State that they have no objection to paying the extra money, and the railroads seeing this, consequently raise their fares; or perhaps the fares are raised to be in harmony with all the other charges, which are very high throughout that State. But let these explanations go for what they are worth! Suffice it to say that in a few hours after purchasing my ticket I was seated in a comfortable Pullman car, taking my last look out of my window at Pueblo and the bleak, barren Rockies, as the train was taking me farther and farther away from them, until at last the city vanished from my sight, and Pike’s Peak growing dimmer and dimmer, only the faint outline being discerned in the twilight, I grew weary with watching and lay down to dream of our beautiful Blue Ridge, clothed in its verdant dress, and our stately old towns lying in ease in the midst of rich pastures—whilst the train rolled on into the night.

Gamma.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We are sorry to state that it has been impossible to prepare the historical sketch of our Literary Societies during the past month. The materials from which we have to get our information are scanty, and our time has been so limited that we beg leave to defer the publication of the sketches till our next issue; and we ask that any one who can send us any interesting statements as to either Society will do so at his earliest convenience. Why have the Messenger’s old friends deserted her? Boys, let us hear from you.

We have a word to the Richmond College students about their paper. We shall speak in earnestness, and we hope our words will be considered. Although the Messenger has received various compliments from various sources during the session, those of us who have it in charge are not satisfied with its columns. We are sorry to say that, though there has been no dearth of matter offered for publication, that from a literary point of view the articles are far below the standard which the standing of our paper demands us to keep. Most of the articles bear unmistakable signs of hasty and careless preparation, with no depth of
thought and but little research. Fellow-students, this should not be the case. We think this the most opportune time to speak of the matter. We know that you have been pressed for time during the last few weeks. Examinations now are over. We bespeak for the Messenger a portion of your time for the next few weeks. Do not wait to be further urged, but go to work at once and prepare an article of which you need not be ashamed.

Remember the handsome medal that the Messenger offers for the best essay published during the session. Members of the societies are alone entitled to enter this contest.

Let each one determine to make an effort to gain this honor, and then our paper will be what it should be.

In less than two weeks the United States will have a new President, a new set of Cabinet officers; new hands will take up the work which during the past four years has been so well and faithfully done. But, before we welcome President-elect Harrison, let us take a brief survey of that Administration which is so soon to be supplanted by another.

The Democratic party came into power after twenty-four years of Republican rule. The people had made a change and were now anxiously looking forward to its results. The party to whom they had entrusted the reins of government was an untried party; the Democratic party of 1884 was far differently situated from that of 1860. New issues had taken the place of those of the past; another generation was fast succeeding the old.

What was the character of the standard-bearer of the successful party? What were his qualifications for the office to which he had been called?

With, perhaps, one exception Cleveland was the youngest man who has been chosen to fill the President's chair. But, though comparatively youthful, he was not without experience in public life. He had been mayor of a city of, perhaps, 200,000 inhabitants, and while still performing the duties of his office, the people of his State showed their confidence in him by electing him Governor by an overwhelming majority.

While Governor he behaved with the same business-like integrity and firmness which had characterized his conduct when Mayor.

The Democratic party, now the followers of an almost lost cause, seeing in him their grand opportunity, nominated him for President, and, after a hard struggle, elected him.

Cleveland began his administration with prudence and wisdom by appointing men of worth and ability to his Cabinet. Not hesitating to make changes when necessary he exercised his power of dispensing offices with moderation. Indeed, many in his party thought he did not give the Democrats a fair representation in his patronage.

Throughout all his course he acted with courage and independence. When he disapproved of bills passed by the House he did not hesitate to veto them. Indeed, the number of vetoes in his administration largely exceeded the entire number of vetoes from 1789 through Arthur's presidency. Many of his vetoes were those of private pension bills, which had been hurriedly rushed through the House without proper consideration. In this way he saved the country much needless ex-
penditure. Yet, notwithstanding the cry raised against him for vetoing pension bills, more money is paid out to-day to pensioners than ever before. The services of the soldiers of 1861-'65 are well remembered and carefully rewarded.

The public debt has been steadily decreasing, our navy has been enlarged, there have been fewer strikes and more general prosperity during the four years just gone by than, perhaps, in any preceding presidency.

Having the courage of his convictions, he resolutely stood by what he thought was best for the people. He took a decided attitude upon the tariff question, thinking that the taxes upon the necessities of life should be reduced in order that the consumer should be at less expense in providing for himself and family. Upon the defeat of this issue at the election last November, he gracefully accepted the verdict of the people. With serene countenance and the knowledge that he has done his duty, he will on the 4th of March give place to Mr. Harrison.

We feel assured that the new President will do what is best for the country, and our earnest wish is, may he do as well as Mr. Cleveland has done!

As it has been exceedingly hard for the editor to get time to get up his editorials for this issue, he begs to submit a friend's explanation of "that funny little word get": "Many and varied are the uses of the word get. On account of the numerous inelegant uses to which the word has been put, some exceedingly nice people seem disposed to thrust it ignominiously aside; and yet, what to substitute in its place, is the question. We use it in the sense of arriving, as to 'get home,' meaning to arrive at home. We use it in the sense of 'become,' as 'to get rich,' meaning to become rich. We use it in the sense of 'obtain'—e. g., 'I got my dinner.' Even in this expression get may convey two distinct ideas. A cook 'gets dinner' (presumably) before she 'gets her dinner.' We use the expression 'get up' in the sense of rising from bed, but 'get down' by no means conveys the opposite idea. Besides, there are many uses of 'get' which cannot be easily substituted for by other words; and often it is hard even to get circumlocutions which will convey the same idea. "We may 'get' on a horse and call it 'mount,' but when we get in a carriage it is hard to find another word in its place which will exactly fit. We speak of a man's "getting married." Well, none of the meanings previously given for get can be substituted for it in this expression. Become, comes nearest to the meaning; yet it is exceedingly awkward to say a man "became married." So that we are compelled to say (as the married men have always told us) that to 'get married' is to 'get married,' notwithstanding the fact that occasionally some flowery youth writes of it as, 'entering upon the blissful sea of matrimony.' After speaking of getting married, it is well to look upon the other hand as well. "A man—in elegantly speaking—'gets left' sometimes. Does that mean that he 'arrives left,' or 'obtains left,' or even 'becomes left'? No, he simply 'gets left,' solely that and nothing more. In some latitudes, even among cultivated people, the expression 'get to go' is current; which expression is an abbreviation for 'got an opportunity to go.'
Take another example of the queer uses to which \textit{get} is put. If a sweet, pretty girl tells a young man who is paying her marked attentions, to \textit{get!} he knows very well that she doesn't mean that he will ever \textit{get her}, but, as the slang goes, he has \textit{got her to get}. So we might say he accordingly \textit{gets up and gets}. Thus we see that \textit{get} is not only a funny little word, but also a very important little word, which we cannot well get rid of. And we do not see how we could get along without it even if we could.

SCIENCE NOTES.

"An interesting antiquity has recently been discovered at Palenque, in the Chiapas district of Mexico. The monument is situated upon the River Xhupa. Although it is now a complete ruin, it was originally a structure of considerable height, as three distinct stories are still distinguishable. The ground floor is very large, measuring some 120 feet by 75 feet. The floor above is attained through holes in the ceiling or vault, and here a room is found measuring some 27 feet by 9 feet. The openings referred to are natural and have been formed by the disintegration of the stone and the sinking in of the root. On the stone slabs set into the wall are bass-reliefs of human figures, warriors, etc. Although these stones are in a very bad state of preservation they are to be sent to the capital of Chiapas. Near this ruin are a row of houses forming a street, and not far from these the vestiges of a quite large town, all of course in a state of complete ruin."

On her trial trip on Friday, January 11th, the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius made a wonderful performance, covering 22.947 knots with the wind and tide, and 20.346 knots against the wind and tide, thus making a record of 21.646 knots mean speed. An indicated horsepower of 4,295 was developed. A mean of 271.8\(\frac{1}{2}\) revolutions was attained.

"Columbia College, New York, has decided to have a special course in electrical science, and not a moment too soon, for this has long been seen to be a department by itself, and, while allied to other branches of natural philosophy, requiring, at least from those who would adopt it as a profession, an undivided attention. Because of this it is to be made a post-graduate course of one, two, or three years, thus allowing those who have completed the rudimentary studies in electricity and magnetism in the School of Mines, and outsiders with elemental experience, to continue their studies. The proposed course will consist in practical work, construction of lamps, dynamos, primary and secondary batteries, insulation and installation of the plant, and, of course, investigation of the phenomena of electricity."

"A workshop, laboratory, and lecture-room such as it is designed to place at the disposal of the electrical department..."
of Columbia College, ought to be sufficient to turn out men capable of original investigation; men at least capable of taking a responsible position in the practical work in the mercantile field; who can design and work or superintend work from their own drawings. In a practical age like this, that would seem to be the most valuable college instruction which most nearly resembles what its recipients are looked to to accomplish outside of it.” — *Scientific American.*

There is a rumor afloat in scientific circles that a novel means of determining the true north has been discovered. Herefore mariners have been, for the most part, dependent upon the compass; and, since the use of iron and steel clad vessels, the compass has been a very uncertain guide.

Now, it is claimed in Berlin, that an electrical method has been found whereby the mariner will no longer be dependent upon the whims of his compass.

The site of the ancient Delphi, where was the most celebrated of all the oracles and where the temple of Apollo containing his golden statue stood, has been offered to Americans for the sum of $80,000.

This is regarded as one of the richest spots in the ancient world for explorations, and we trust that in this scientific age that no one will doubt the important bearing that such explorations must have upon the knowledge and thought, not only of our own, but of each succeeding generation.

Within the past few years the opinions of the world respecting ancient European and Oriental nations have been in many instances revolutionized, and each succeeding month and year adds its quota of knowledge dug from the ruins of fallen empires. Never was such a splendid opportunity offered to American science as the present, and it is to be hoped that the means necessary for the purchase will be speedily raised.

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**LOCALS.**

“Shylock is *my* name?”

Oh! where did you get that face.

*Young feller, did you flunk?*

“Say, boys, I can’t stand everything.”

You are no more of a poet
Than our sheep’s a go-at.

Mr. L. (on the stadia): “Say, Prof.,
if I break down, may I stop?”

Prof. P. : “You must be sure to go out before you come in.”

Mr. A. : “My hair cuts and *shampoos* cost me ’bout four dollars a session.”

Mr. L. (in the Society): Mr. President,
I wish to make some remarks before I begin to speak.”

Mr. J. (upon the slats falling out of the bed every night), said: “Look here, this thing is getting to be *monotonous.*”
Prof. P. to Mr. W.: "If fire is malleable, what will it do if you strike it?"
Mr. W.: "Go out, sir."

Hist! the examinations hover near,
And lift their dragon heads,
To drop upon the unsuspicious "Rat,"
And smash him right down flat.

Mr. T. has a wonderful clock. When the hands point to half-past ten and it strikes twelve it is quarter past one.

Mr. H. to Mr. J.: "What is oxygen?"
Mr. J.: "I declare, H., you are the greenest boy in college; why, it is a part of an engine."

Prof. H. to Mr. S.: "What is the Latin for whence?"
Mr. H. "Hither, sir."

Prof. P. to Mr. W.: "In what century is the year 1026?"
Mr. W.: "I don't know, sir."

Mr. J.: "Say, Rawley, don't think I do this for fun."
"Thereby hangs a tale."

Mr. R.: "Say, B., what are they going to debate about to-night?"
Mr. B.: "Oh, something about Oklahoma, I believe."
Mr. R.: "Oklahoma, who was he?"

When Mr. H. (Grandpa) went to matriculate, the chairman wanted to know if he had come to matriculate his son.

Mr. N. (who seems to have a special fondness for "Preps,?!) called upon a young lady not long ago, and during the evening her little sister came into the parlor and going up to Mr. N., placed her arm around his neck and said: "Don't we love sister N., Mr. N.?"

"It has never yet been proven what a young baby can endure at the hands of women."—Amelie Rives.

Mr. N.: "Say, B., it is time for us to go, I see they are lighting the lamp posts."

Mr. K.: "My flaryngitis is out of fix, so that I can't do anything with Math."

Books that Have Helped Me.—First Reader, McGuffey; Speller, Swinton; Copy-book No. 4, Spencer; Bad Boy’s Diary, Bad Boy; Eel Story, Chambers; "Pony" Virgil, Hart & Osborn; How to Box, John L. Sullivan; Essay on Truth, Chambers; A Possum Hunt, Ignatius.

"I blame a man for being sick more than I pity him."—Dr. Pollard.

Mr. H.: "She needn't think I'm so perceptible as to fall in love with her."

Mr. H. said: "I went to the theatre last night to see Lotta, and I had a good time."
Mr. B.: "I staid at College, but I had a Lot(ta) myself."

Mrs. H. says she did not mind Mr. J. visiting her daughter until he commenced to study for the ministry, that her daughter must have more money than a minister can afford to spend. Poor boy! we extend you our heartfelt sympathy.
"Winter still lingers in the lap of spring." We know we are a little previous with this chestnut, but it is because we don't propose that any magazine shall get ahead of us springing that chestnut on the public.

Mr. H.: "Say, did you get there in time to hear the preacher pronounce the valedictory?"

Mr. H. (who had never seen any bananas before): "Gee! ain't these big beans?"

"An humble, earnest preacher of the gospel is the grandest office upon earth."

Rev. H. M. Wharton.

"Has anybody seen anything of my friend Bro. Puller?"

Mr. H. says he was thinking about something during the examination and a fellow heard him.

Quite a number of noted persons have visited our Library during the past month. Among them we notice the names of—

Bull Johnston, Winchester, Kentucky.
Buffalo Bill, Oregon Hill.
Bro. Puller, Petersburg, Va.
John Jasper, city.
Jake Kilrain, San Francisco.
Billy Mahone, Sandwich Islands.

Mr. M.: "Well, Mr. H., why do you think that the 51st Psalm was written before the 1st?"

Mr. H.: "Because they are not arranged grammatically."

Mr. B.: "Whose Anabasis do they use here?"

Mr. T.: "Xenophon's."

Prof. P. to Mr. Q.: "What is the third way of making hydrogen?"

Mr. Q.: "By passing steam of liquid water through a hot gun-barrel containing iron fillings."

Prof. P.: "Well, Mr. X., a sheep was once covered up under a spreading pine by a snow-storm, and after several months it was found again, and proved to be a genuine bona fide sheep. What do you suppose he lived on during that time?"

Mr. X.: "Pine-tops and straw, sir."

Mr. Q. to Mr. S.: "What are italics used for?"

Mr. S.: "They are used to show that a fellow flunks."

Prof. W. to Mr. G.: "What is an island?"

Mr. G.: "It is a body of water surrounded by land."

Mr. M. to Mr. B.: "How is a notion when it is too narrow?"

Mr. B.: "It is not wide enough."

Prof. to Mr. N.: "What is pleonasm?"

Mr. N.: "Access of words, sir."

Prof. P. has discovered a very singular fact—that a rat confined in nitrogen dies not from the effect of nitrogen, but for the want of oxygen. Therefore he dies negatively, and not positively, and yet it is an absolute fact that he positively dies.
Mr. L.: "I carry my oration in my right coat pocket to absorb it."

Mr. W.: "Why don't you carry it on the left side, and so get it by heart?"

Verily, who beeth that young fellow that walketh around ye campus with his shoulders drawn up and his head drawn down, and looketh like ye wet guinea trying to find a dry place under ye straw stack? Say, who's that? Ask Little D.

Our Museum very much needs the skeleton of that pig which, having remained in a straw stack for eight months, came forth directis auribus.

"A straw tells which way the wind blows."

"The reason many people have no interest in Foreign Missions is because they invest no principal."—F. M. Journal.

Mr. M.: "Heat is not a material thing, because it is contrary to the laws of metaphysics."

Mr. Q.'s girl has come to the conclusion that he will never get a sheep-skin at college; so several days ago she sent him one.

Mr. Peculiar must have fancied himself not only a mule, but also a cart, when he backed himself up against a table upon which sat a handsome lamp, completely demolishing all that was demolishable.

We would suggest that the next time he goes to see any of the fair sex, he will get his friend Pompadour to hitch him to the hitching post at the front gate.

The White Caps' latest outrage is said to consist of seizing an Anarchist and giving him a bath. Could cruelty go further?

EPISTOLARY.

Dear Ben:—I take my pen in hand
To write what gives me pain;
If New gets in your Cabinet,
There ain't room there for Blaine.
Yours, J. G. B.
—Washington Critic.

I am inclined to thank God for the bicycle. It won't develop dudes. The dude is the creation of the unhealthy gases of the bewildering exercise of the ball-room and the dissipations sure to accompany it. The ball-room develops things, the bicycle properly used will develop men.—Rev. A. C. Dixon, Baltimore.

Mr. S. walked six squares with a young lady in silence, then the young lady said, "What did you say, sir?"
Mr. S.: "I didn't say nothin'."

Mr. B. in conversation with Mr. S. In the heat of the conversation Mr. B. quoted a passage of Scripture.
Mr. S.: "Oh, young fellow, don't come any of your chemistry on me."

Mr. F. to Mr. J.: "How old were you when you were baptized?"
Mr. J.: "Half-past eleven."

Mr. L. asked Mr. N. to declaim "A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers."
Mr. N.: "Algiers! What's that, Hades?"
Prof. P.: "If by winking my eye I could vanish all this atmosphere to Orion or Neptune before I could finish this sentence the vast depths of the sea would be evaporated, and the dead fish would be fluttering about on sands as arid as the desert of Sahara."

LONG NAMES.—The longest name borne by any Virginia young lady is that of a little girl who lives in Wytheville. It is "Julia Ann Morrison Doctor Robert Crockett Jessie D. Bailey Rider." Her only rival is the little son of two enthusiastic Baptists in Amherst, whose name is "John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness of Judea Thompson."—Ex.

A western paper speaks of a little fellow whose name will cause Mr. Rider and Mr. Thompson to retire. The lad's name is "Ben Harrison Grandson of Wm. Henry Harrison the Hero of Tippecanoe Smith."

A northern paper speaks of a man that is "elongated" to a greater extent than the ones named, and undoubtedly beats them all in this respect. The name is "Mrs. Francis Horton Green Snorten James Melinda Pigeon Putnam Jessie Annie Finch."

But our Institution is not behind the times, for we have a young fellow in our midst whose name equals, if not exceeds, any of whom we have yet heard. His name is Alphabetio Bugle Cat Duck Ephraim Flunk Gooseberry Ichabod John Kum Landorissimun Mew Nobody Old Peculiar Quixotte Professor of Catology Skunk Tidbit Ulysses V. William X. Y. Z. Harris.

Mr. F. was smoking a cigarette in the presence of his girl, and she remarked: "Whenever I see a young man smoking a cigarette I come to the conclusion that his pocket is not strong enough for him to smoke a cigar, nor his constitution strong enough for him to smoke a pipe."

Teacher: "What name is given to Virginia?"

Scholar: "Mother of God" State.

One evening during the holidays, at a social gathering, Mr. A. was observed for some time to be in very deep conversation with a young lady. After some time she was observed to blush and make some reply, which, as well as the question to which it was made, we leave the reader to infer. After a short pause Mr. A. was overheard to say, "Miss L., you don't know how those words pain me."

"Say, John, did you get sick when you crossed the ocean?"

John: "Of course I got sick, you fool."

"John, did you throw up much?"

John: "Yes, I threw up things that I ate before the war."

Dr. H.: "At Cologne I smelt seven different, distinct smells."

Mr. P.—to Mr. T.—(after the lecture): "Say, where is that place Kossuth, anyhow?"

PHYSICAL POETRY.

"No force, however great, Can stretch a rope, however fine, So that it will be perfectly straight, And in a straight line."

—Prof. Winston.

"When a man gets drunk they put him in a jug and his friends come around and bail him out."
Old Fogy to Local Editor: "Say, have you heard the latest criticism on the Messenger?"

L. E.: "No; what is it?"
O. F.: "Why, that the Messenger looks like an almanac and—"
L. E.: "Stop! young man; we can't stand everything. Another word, and your blood be upon your own head. This criticism was gotten off when we were in swaddling clothes."

Why is it that our students go mourning all the day long? Why is it that we no longer hear their gladsome voices ringing through the halls? Why do they go tottering across the campus as if they had no ambition in life? Why is it that "all the air a solemn stillness seems to hold"? Has some plague reached the college? No; examinations are upon us.

"No, I do not love you, Charles, but I shall always be a sis——" "Hold, go no further; I've about fourteen or fifteen such sisters already. What I want is a wife. Good day."—Ex.

Foolscap paper is paper that has a scope large enough to make a cap for a fool.

Mr. R. (who is very proud of being able to speak German), trying to converse with a German lady in her native tongue, was informed that she was very sorry, but she did not speak English.

Mr. "Rat" W. says if all right lines go to infinity, that it must be full by this time.

Mr. Hardy had a painful operation performed on his eye last week. We are glad to say he is doing very well, and hope that he will be able to resume his studies soon.

Mr. J.: "I'm studying Shakspeare's 'Merchant of Venice.'"
Mr. S.: "Oh, yes, I remember that I saw it in the Lynchburg Advance last summer. It was a continued story, wasn't it?"

What Is the Use of Boys?—The High School chemistry classes are taught by Dr. W. H. Taylor, a man of wit and wisdom, who is in the habit of giving them practical instruction with the view of affording information to be useful in every-day life. Sometimes the pupils write very unique answers to the examination interrogatories, and it has been a long time since the following, the product of the recent examination, was excelled. After you have read it you will not need to be told that it was written by a girl:

The Doctor's question: "What should a girl do if her clothing takes fire, and what could a boy do to help her?"

Answer: When a girl's clothing catches on fire she should be wrapped immediately in a blanket or shawl, and if a boy is standing near her (as is generally the case) he should throw off his coat and wrap it around her—only be sure to take it off before he wraps it around her; and he must throw her down and roll her over and over to shut out the oxygen, and so extinguish the flame. This is only in case a girl catches on fire. If a boy catches on fire let him go. The sooner he is out of the way the better.

Badinage aside, the answer is correct and to the point.
Mr. "Rat" W. has begun to keep very unseasonable hours lately. We understand that he has grown passionately fond of playing a new game called "Tusy."

Mr. N. and Mr. L. were reading the inscriptions on the tombstones of St. John's cemetery. Mr. N. came to one which read as follows:

"Alex. R. Weddell, Rector of St. John's church."

Mr. N. exclaimed, "Look here, L., here is the man who built St. John's church."

We understand that there is a young lady in the city who says that she just wants to get hold of that Local Editor. Oh! ye sweete Miss, send ye nooey and to No. 33, and your wish shall certainly be gratified.

"One day while Dr. Tucker was walking down the streets of Atlanta, he was accosted by a dude, who was wearing shoes turned up at the toes, and kid gloves. He had a beaver hat sitting on one corner of his head, and was twirling a rattan cane in his hand. He said to Dr. Tucker:

"Doctor, can you prove to me that there is a God?"

Dr. T.: "No, sir."

"Why, Dr. T., you, the President of Mercer University and a Doctor of Divinity, and cannot prove to me that there is a God?"

Dr. T.: "No, sir, I cannot."

"I am surprised at you, Doctor; why can't you prove it to me?"

Dr. T.: "Can't prove anything to a fool, sir."—Rev. H. M. Wharton.

DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.

I was takin' off my bonnet
One afternoon at three,
When a hineyee jumped upon it
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it,
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "Surely my senses
Is a gettin' in a fog."

So to drown it, I commences,
When it haltes to a frog.

Here my heart began to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky,
For the frog with one big jump
Leaped himself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed with great surprise,
That that monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor
Just as missus with a light
Came inside the kitchen door.

Then beginnin' to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you've been drinkin'."

I says, "Mum, you'll excuse me,
But I merely been a thinkin'."

"But as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see
A-gettin' out the winder
Have developed from a flea!"

We have wondered of late why it is that Mr. G. talks so much about Southwest Virginia, but when we remember that where the treasure is there the heart will be also, we are not at all surprised.
Great sorrow and affliction has overtaken our pious friend J. He leaves his room only for meals and classes. While going to supper a few nights since, a cow had absent-mindedly stretched her weary carcass across his meek and lowly path, and he, with his mind up Jeems creek about 150 miles, innocently tried to step over the obstacle, but the obstacle must have thought it was bad luck to be stepped over. Anyhow, before he could bring the other preponderance over, she gently but swiftly raised herself to her feet and started off over the campus at a rate that speedily brought him to his thoughts. He disappeared from sight (he and the cow in close communion).

Having hastily summoned Archer, he was sent off in the direction in which our friend and the cow had disappeared, with a wheelbarrow containing an ash-barrel. Archer soon came back with a mournful and stately tread. We looked, and behold, in the bottom of the ash-barrel there appeared a mass of hands, feet, and S. H. breeches. Poor, pious friend! We gently deposited him upon the grass. The moon burst out from behind a cloud about that time and shone full upon his white, upturned face.

There wasn’t a dry eye in the crowd. We thought of his loved ones far away, and his D. M. the author of all this tragedy!

While we, grief stricken, were standing round with bowed head, his lips moved; instantly his comrade bent with pitying glance to hear what he might say; all was as silent as death; his quivering lips trembled, and with a weak, hollow voice said, “Take me to supper.”

When Mr. L. went to board at Mrs. L.’s, he said to her: “Well, you will have a Loving boarder, and I consider myself Lucky to get here.”

Mr. J. says he is going to write home to find out how old he is.

We have only one man in College that made a clear hundred on every examination. Sad, isn’t it?

Mr. C. deserved a great deal of credit for having persuaded a number of our weak-minded young men to shave the down from their upper lips.

Verily, there seemeth to be no end to the trials and tribulations of ye Local Editor. Each day that dawnteth upon him bringeth him new troubles and new sorrows. The only spark of joy that remaineth in his heart is the hope that there is a better day soon to come when he can lay aside the duties of this sad office and be relieved of the woes and tribulations it bringeth upon him.

One would think that after having endured the many insults and trials heretofore related, that his heart would be crushed, and that he would not again dare to take his pen in hand to relate such distressing occurrences.

Notwithstanding the many burdens that are hanging like a ponderous weight upon him, ye Local Editor still liveth, and as long as there is breath in his body he intends to raise his voice against ye sneaking rascals that prowleth around the halls of this renowned Institution in the silent hour of the night, seeking mischief wheresoever they can find it.

O, ye night hawks, ye bats and owls, ye who are too cowardly to show your
face in the broad daylight, what are ye living for? Canst thou not find time enough to spend in idleness? Ye have all the time there is, but that sufficeth thee not. No, ye must have more; ye must steal some from ye hard-working student by traversing these halls after the light has been turned out when no one can see ye. But ye letteth him know that ye are there, ye turneth his mind from his books by forcing him to listen to numerous unearthly yells, whines, crowings, barkings, brayings, babblings, &c. It would have been much better for ye nightly intruders if ye had never been born.

Ye Local Editor goeth to the meeting of his Society and cometh back at a late hour of the night tired and sleepy; he fixeth himself and jumpeth into his bed, so verily he jumpeth upon one large-size railroad car-wheel. But ye editor tryeth to be ye goodly man, and he taketh it out, rolleth it away, and uttereth not a word of complaint.

Ye Local Editor tryeth not to slight any of ye students. He aimeth to do justice to all. But one young fellow known as Mr. "Tide-Water" J. feeleth himself slighted because ye editor overlooketh him and writeth no joke on him. So he quarreleth with ye editor about it. And to expedite matters ye editor doeth him up in the Messenger. Mr. "Tide-Water" J. getteth insulted thereat, rareth and raileth on ye Editor, and offereth to fight.

The heart of ye Local Editor sinketh within him at the mention of such a thing, for ye poor Local Editor beeth ye small-size man, and ye "Tide-Water" J. may be called a 200-pounder.

Taking this into consideration, ye Editor tryeth to keep out of the fight. But ye "Tide-Water" J. haveth his wrath kindled, and he listeneth not to reason. He pulleth ye Editor up from his chair and jerketh him into his own room. But ye Oracle worketh in favor of ye Editor. Ye "Tide-Water" J.'s foot slippeth, and he falleth upon the floor. Ye Editor, thinking that now is his time, catcheth him by the foot and wipeth the floor up with him, and stick eth splinters in his hands. Ye "Tide-Water" J. manages to get up, and throw eth ye Editor on ye bed, but he draweth his foot back and kicketh J. over the table across the room. Thus ended the contest. Ye Editor, thinking that all things were over, goeth to his room and considereth himself conqueror. But lo! one night when ye Editor's better-half had gone to the country and he beeth alone in his sanctum, Mr. "Tide-Water" J. acteth the act of a coward, and walketh in, having with him ye accomplice known as "Buck H." They lighteth in on ye Editor and tryeth to use him up. Sad, sad is the heart of ye Local Editor. But he has learned a lesson. If he can once get relieved of the duties of this sad office, he agreeth no more to edit ye locals.

At a recent meeting of our Y. M. C. A., a committee was appointed to wait on Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, Md., to get him to deliver a lecture for the benefit of our Y. M. C. A., the proceeds of which will go to furnish our hall. Mr. Wharton promised to deliver the lecture, but has not appointed the time yet.

Our delegates to the State Convention, Messrs. F. C. Johnson and H. H. Street, are now in Danville attending the session.
Prof. Harrison conducted the prayer-meeting in the chapel last Thursday night (February 14th). It was undoubtedly one of the best that we have ever had, and was largely attended. We hope that the Professor may be able to be with us often during the rest of the session.

The light recently placed in front of the mess hall adds greatly to the convenience of the students. We are sadly in need of another at the Broad-street entrance, there being no gas-lamps on this part of Broad street.

The heating apparatus that has recently been put in the gymnasium certainly is a great comfort. It not only heats the water that we use in bathing but is also used in heating the room in which we exercise. The cost of this heater was one hundred and fifty dollars. Dr. Ryland seems to be doing all in his power to add to the comfort and convenience of the students, and he certainly deserves our thanks for his kindness to us.

Hall and Reading-Room for the Christian Association.—It is a matter of rejoicing that the College Young Men's Christian Association is soon to have a nice room for their general work. The Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, Dr. Ryland, has announced his purpose to begin the work at once, and the room selected to be fitted up will be convenient, comfortable, and nice every way. Into it will go the religious papers, and it will be open on Sundays as well as at other times for the entertainment and instruction of the boys. So we go on from one improvement to another—all tending to the greater comfort and help of our students. We thank the trustees, and the Association will be stimulated to press forward with its work.

Notes from the Library—Portraits and Crayons.—The Library Hall is gradually being enriched by numerous valuable portraits, crayons, &c. It will be remembered that one of Sculptor Valentine’s best productions in marble is here. This is the full life-size bust of Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., after whom the hall was named. The latest accessions are a portrait of Rev. John A. Broadus, presented by Rev. Dr. George B. Taylor, of Rome, Italy. This fine picture is life-size, and represents the subject as sitting at his library table with his books about him. It compares in size with the large portraits of Jeter and Ryland. We learn that the wife of one of the alumni of the College, Mrs. Lucien H. Cocke, of Roanoke, Va., is the artist, and that the College is placed under obligations by the great kindness and liberality of both Mr. and Mrs. Cocke. They certainly have the lasting thanks of the students as well as the general public for rendering it possible to make such an acquisition to our gathering worthies. Many a young man will look upon this picture of Broadus and not only thank God for the great scholar, but take courage in the struggle he is making to imitate as far as he can the distinguished man’s noble life as a preacher.

The second notable accession to the list of pictures is a splendid crayon likeness of Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York, who gave the College $50,000. The work is done in superior style, and the face is marked by benevolence. The
College asked Mr. Bostwick to give a sitting for a portrait at their expense, but the good man said, "Keep your money and I will give you this crayon." The crayon is handsomely mounted on a pretty easel, and is a great addition to the hall.

We learn from the librarian that other portraits are coming in the near future.

Let the good work go on.

We notice that two revolving cases have been added to the Library equipment since our last report. There are now four—one devoted to encyclopedias, one to lexicons and dictionaries, one to commentaries and works on the Bible, and one to general literature. These cases are ornamental and very accommodating to the patrons of the Hall. Their contents are helpful, and being accessible at all times, are much used.

FIELD DAY FOR SPORTS—ARBOR DAY.—The index-finger upon the dial of college progress has again moved. This time it has made quite a stride. By joint action of the Trustees and Faculty a Field Day for Sports is to be inaugurated in the College. The Trustees acted upon the matter favorably in December last, and the Faculty cheerily responded at their last meeting.

The day fixed upon is Friday, April 5th. The College exercises will be suspended and the entire day given to fun and—perspiration. We shall, for once, see under the same sun, base-ball, football, tennis, and the gymnasium in wholesome rivalry. There is also a whisper that there is to be a "tug of war." We predict a grand day for the College, and no doubt staid old Richmond, that usually hasn't time to laugh, will feel a new (tickling) sensation in her side—western, of course.

Well, let's make a good thing of it!

Let the Athletic Association come to the front and Instructor Boatwright begin at once to put the boys on their metal. Six weeks is none too long for active drill.

A pleasing feature of the day will be the planting of a number of beautiful magnolia trees on the campus—so that the two occasions will blend very happily and each add attractiveness and variety to the other.

The two gentlemen most active in securing this holiday, with a view to the promotion of a higher college spirit and the stimulating of attention to out-door sports—Dr. H. A. Tupper, chairman of the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, and Dr. Ryland, superintendent—will work with the students in every appropriate way. With a genial April season, varied exercises and the cheering presence of fair faces from college and city, we anticipate a genuine Good Friday on the 5th of April.
PERSONALS.

Rev. George C. Abbit, M. A. of '82, is said to be progressing finely in his pastorate at Liberty, Va. He is justly a very popular young minister.

Rev. Carter H. Jones, '81-2, has recently accepted a very flattering call to the First Baptist church of Knoxville, Tenn. He will enter upon his new field April 1st, with a salary of $2,500. His pastorate in Elizabeth, N. J., has been a prosperous one, and the church in Knoxville is considered peculiarly fortunate.

In mentioning in a previous issue our former students who are now at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, we unintentionally failed to mention R. C. Hubbard, '86-7.

We enjoyed the honor, a few days since, of a visit from Rev. R. R. Acre, '72-'3. He has gained great popularity in Petersburg, where he is located as pastor of the First Baptist church. He has been suffering for quite a while with lameness, but we are glad that he is again able to walk.

J. E. Tompkins, B. A. of '88, has accepted a position as teacher at Ansonville, N. C.

We congratulate our friend and former college-mate, Albert H. Hill, B. A. of '87, upon the honor lately conferred upon him. He has been elected principal of one of the public schools of Richmond. During the past session and a half he has filled with honor a similar position in the high school at Scottsville, Va. We shall be glad to welcome him back to our city.

Rev. J. T. Lynch has accepted an unanimous call to the Baptist church at Citra, Florida.

S. Lee Kelley, '86-'87, is practicing law in this city, with his headquarters at Room 5, Reuger's building.

T. Henry Edwards, '86-'87, called upon us the first week in February, and honored the Mu Sigma Rho Society with a declamation, rendered in his own peculiarly graceful style. "Squaw" always "brings down the house."

Prof. Wm. F. Fox, A. B., of '56, for many years principal of the Richmond High School, has been elected superintendent of the public schools of this city. We tender our congratulations to our friend and former instructor.

We hear that "Prof." J. I. Ayres, '86-7, is pastor of a Baptist church at Clayton, Ala. He is preaching twice a week and holding two prayer-meetings. How about music, "Jessi"?

Hon. R. R. Fauntleroy, '86-7, son of Judge Fauntleroy, of Winchester, Va., and our former Mu Sigma Rho orator and debater, is in the city reading law.

Joseph B. Loving, B. A. of '87, who is now teaching in Louisa county, will assist Professor W. J. Edmondson at the Glade Spring Academy next session.
EXCHANGES.

"The Transcript has quietly undergone quite a change since the beginning of the year." "* * * * * The number of advertisements is almost double that of any previous year, and now, in order to accommodate the increasing demand of the alumni and local departments for more space, an additional page will hereafter be devoted to their use. Thus does The Transcript grow and prosper."—College Transcript.

We would suggest that there might well be a greater demand for more to be said in the space already allotted. Its exchange columns are very poor. They contain no criticism of any other papers, but consist merely of news (?) clipped from other papers. If one proposes to publish college news, let him call it by its right name and not head it "X."

We would call the attention of the Transcript, as well as that of no small number of other college publications, to the following paragraph from the Hesperian:

"Our taste may be pretty bad, but we do not like to see an exchange department composed entirely of clippings. If you have room for a column of 'College news,' and have sufficient knowledge and judgment to exclude 'news' that is getting gray-headed, all right. But to leave out the proper exchange department, which should be one of criticism and general discussion, and print instead items that have been read so often that they fairly take off their hat to you as an old acquaintance, rather irritates our generally peaceful nature."

It is just delightful (?) when one has nothing more to do than the exchange editor of the Messenger, to take up an exchange and read such jokes and "news" as "nou paratus, dixit," &c., and "all Europe has fewer colleges than the state of Ohio," which notes have been published and republished by college papers for something less than half a century. Surely, it seems that those who have the honor of having originated such items may congratulate themselves upon having thus rendered their fame immortal. Oh! when and where shall rest be found—rest for the worn out jokes and stale "news" and rest for the weary exchange editor who has continually to feed upon such worm-eaten "chestnuts"?

The Earhamite contains an excellent article on Mrs. Ward's new novel—"Robert Elsmere."

This book will be apt to lead many astray by presenting religion on a false basis.

The failure of Christianity to overcome sin in civilized countries and to spread rapidly in heathen lands is due, not to any demerit in Christianity, but to the half-hearted zeal, and often to the inconsistent lives, of Christian people. But religion will prevail.

In reading this book we must carefully watch the argument, and not be led astray by a seeming truth.

The appearance and contents of the Earhamite are commendable, and its literary column interesting.

The Owl, of Ottowa, for February, has reached our sanctum. It has a pleasing, indeed, a pretty exterior. We are glad also to find that the Owl sets apart a goodly number of pages for contributions
on literary subjects. This shows thought on the part of the students.

The essay on “Gladstone and Ingersoll” has a weighty subject, and one of current interest. However, had its author paid a little more attention to the rhetoric of the piece, it would have read much better. The sentences are too long and give a heavy tone to the style.

One other thing. Remember, Mr. Owl, that mere dogmatism does not establish anything; thinking men require proof. Bear this in mind, and do not be so positive in your statements.

The College Message, of North Carolina, has too much of the order of local news from other colleges, &c.

Fair neighbor, excuse us for this harsh notice, for “all is fair in love and war.” We trust that we do not cherish the latter sentiment toward you, Miss Message.

The Occident, a third class college paper, published at the University of California, and containing eleven pages, ten of which are locals, and the other one covered principally with stale “news” clipped from other college publications, has the audacity to publish the following:

“The exchange editor of this paper earns his salary by the labor of reading about one hundred college publications a month. From these he is supposed to select items of interest to his readers, but how few contain anything but matters of commonplace local interest! Out of the hundred or more papers only about twenty are worth (to any one not connected with the colleges they represent) the paper on which they are printed. In the language of our bellicose, yet esteemed, contemporary, the Columbia Spectator, ‘They are the veriest trash.’

* * * * * “We have to say that we have for several years made a study of what is advisable to print in the Occident, and really are of the opinion that we know better than you how to run this paper. If our contemporaries thirst for literary essays, we will send them old themes and English papers in quantities to suit. Please remember in making your criticism, that we are a NEWSPAPER.”

If there is one single item in this number of the Occident that is worth reading, we have been unable to find it, and would be glad to have it pointed out.

The W. P. I. for January contains an interesting article on the “Trials of the Exchange Editor,” in which are depicted quite graphically the experiences of this “knight of the quill.”

The writer gives the following as “the general solution for the Exchange column problem”:

“(a) The ________ from ________ College comes to us every ________ (week. ________ fortnight. ________ month. ________)
last number contains a very good ________ Essay on — ________ which is ________ Ex. column ________ clipping.
well worth ________ referring to. ________ The ________ reading.
young ________ men ________ who edit it ________ ladies ________ g’tl’em and ladies ________
deserve the highest praise. ________ “(b) The latest number of the ________ comes ________ rushing ________ in upon us with ________ sneaking ________ its ________ editorial ________ column ________ bristling ________ local or ex. ________ mincing ________ with ________ abuse ________ etc. ad infinitum.

“Mix three of a to one of b.”
This, we may observe, seems to be the model to which the majority of our exchanges strive to conform.

The above-mentioned article closes with these words (to which we would subscribe): "If any are still of the opinion that the Exchange editor has a snap, then all we can do is to wish him a chance to try it himself."

*College Chips, from Decorah, Iowa,* comes to us, in its January issue, with a most astounding statement. Its "Personals" conclude with the following:

"Mr. Grover Cleveland will quit his functions as President of the United States March 4th."

What a propensity some people have for finding out news! Can it be that the news has really reached Iowa that Cleveland was defeated last November? *Only* three months ago! Whew!

**COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.**

The largest library in the world is in the Bibliothèque in Paris. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals.—*Ex.*

'Neath moon serene, a student green
Was rowing with a maid,
While he in fear the shore kept near,
Nor seized the chance displayed;
Till from the bank, some person frank,
Who comprehended, said:
"Don't hug the shore, please, any more,
But hug that girl instead."

—*Ex.*

Edison says that "the resistance of a calf to the electric current is 3,200 ohms." But a calf is not a fair test of resistance. Try a mule.

A school in Vermont is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "The boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue. *Ex.*

Kiss me again, I like it;
Don't be afraid to try it;
But don't tell mamma,
For she'll tell papa.
Kiss me again, I like it.—*Ex.*

"A reputation," says Josh Billings, "once broken may be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was."

Gentleman: "May I call you Miss M——?"
Lady: "Yes, sir, unless you propose to change it."

Princeton has a student seventy-two years of age. He is studying for the ministry, and expects to graduate next year.

The jockey's horse has feet of speed
Maud S has feet of fame.
The student's horse has none at all,
But it gets there just the same.—*Ex.*

The young Emperor of China will be married on the twenty-fourth day of the First moon in 1889. The event will cost the National Treasury $2,500,000.
The telegraph informs us that the foot-ball game at Annapolis ended in a fight. But what puzzles us is, how did the spectators know when the foot-ball ended and when the fight began?—Boston Transcript.

HOW DID SHE KNOW.
They were in an old cathedral,
In the darkly glowing nave:
I don't know what he said there,
Nor how he did behave.
But when outside, his visage
A searching look she gave,
And then triumphantly she cried,
"I knew you'd ought to shave!"—Ex.

President Cleveland with his entire cabinet will attend the centennial celebration of Georgetown University, District of Columbia, to be held February 22d, 1889. The President will deliver honorary degrees to be awarded on the occasion.—Ex.

THE SAME IDEA.
Around her waist my fond arm slips,
"I love you dearly, I confess;
Will you be mine? Oh, from those lips
Let me, I pray, hear yes.
Say, my dear!"

She said not yes, but kissed me thrice,
And answered, cheeks with red aflare:
"A word were never half so nice;
Besides these kisses bear
The—same idea."—The Brunonian.

Harvard gave its first degree of LL. D. to George Washington.

Cairo, Egypt, boasts the largest college in the world, enrolling three hundred professors and then thousand students of Mahomet.

EARLY RISING.
"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; and try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
What'er the rascal's name, or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—early rising!

John G. Saxe.

Princeton, Harvard, Yale and Cornell, each publish a daily college paper.

Yale students are trying to raise $2,000 to lay out twenty tennis courts near the campus.

We learn that a professor in a Berlin university has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw dust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence-rail?

Little drinks of lager,
Little sips of gin
Make the red proboscis,
And consume the tin.

"Punched quarters don't pass," muttered the foot-ball player, as he viciously slugged the quarter-back of the opposing eleven.—Ex.
"Tiger," yelled the old man, and he broke both suspenders before he reached the gate.—*New York Sun*.

The Harvard College base-ball team cleared $2,500 last year.

Blanche: "Why, Charlie? You always said before we were married that I looked lovely in it."

Examinations have been abolished at Amherst.

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