RICHMOND COLLEGE: EAST VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING.
A SONG.

To and for "The Boys" of Richmond College.

There's a scene that haunts your dreams
With its flowers and skies and streams;
And you often feel again that you are there,
When you close your eyes in sleep,
And their watch good angels keep,
Though a thousand miles you wander other-

Sigh no more, my laddie,
Oh, sigh no more, I pray,
And we'll sing one song for the home you've
left behind,
Childhood's dear old happy home far away!

There's a lass that loves you well,
Though her love she ne'er would tell;
And her bright face comes at night your sleep
to bless;
And her mouth of rose-red hue,
And her eyes like early dew,
Fill your slumbers with fair scenes of happi-

Sigh no more, my laddie,
Oh, sigh no more, I pray,
And we'll sing one song for the lassie
left behind
Longing for her absent boy to bless her sight;
And you see her eyes of love
Look to Heaven's throne above,
And her dear lips breathe a prayer for you

Sigh no more, my laddie,
Oh, sigh no more, I pray,
And we'll sing one song for the mother left
behind
In your childhood's happy home far away!

There's a lass that loves you well,
Though her love she ne'er would tell;
And her bright face comes at night your sleep
to bless;
And her mouth of rose-red hue,
And her eyes like early dew,
Fill your slumbers with fair scenes of happi-

Sigh no more, my laddie,
Oh, sigh no more, I pray,
And we'll sing one song for the lassie left
behind
In your childhood's happy home far away!

October 22, 1890.

—Ricane Lame.
In the history of the world the tendency among governments has always been from absolute monarchy to republicanism, and in every age that country which has had the most liberal government in encouraging individuality and equality among its citizens, has always been the happiest and most prosperous. Is there not in this truth that will help us to a just theory of government?

The tendency has been to the equalization of men. In the first glimpse we get of the world through history, we find that men were considered born to unequal stations, with unequal rights and privileges. Some were born to rule, others to be ruled; some to be masters, others to be slaves; some to be rich and powerful, others poor and weak. In short, part of the human race was held to have been created for the express purpose of administering to the wish and pleasure of the other part. They, as have all just men, believed that just government should conform to natural laws; hence the lower classes, separate from their masters, were considered without any right, and no treatment of them was thought unjust or wrong. Government was nothing but an instrument in the hands of the powerful to protect and perpetuate their power and authority.

But this must pass away, for all things must be in conformity with the laws of nature and the demands of justice. At last, when men's minds began to expand and develop they began to feel an individual ambition and a personal interest in their surroundings, and to demand justice and protection in their rights. Then absolutism was dethroned and aristocracies and more liberal governments were established. Still justice was defrauded and nature disobeyed; still the great mass of people were as much without justice as before, and as far from having the power to obtain it. However, a great step forward had been made. But this one step led to others, and as the privileged class grew larger and the unprivileged smaller, governments became more liberal, stronger, and better, until so-called democracies and republics were established. In these larger classes of men than ever before had rights and privileges, and the power to defend them. Still individuality was not recognized; every citizen was part of the state and had no interest outside of the state. Nature is higher than forms of government, hence the government must yield whenever it comes in conflict with nature. Little by little the idea of independent individuality grew until it was declared that all men were equal so far as their rights and claims on justice were concerned. Government is no longer an instrument for the strong, but an institution administered in behalf of the weak, to protect every individual against the oppression and encroachment of his more powerful neighbor. The theory of government has been reversed. In that ideal end toward which this tendency points no class is favored above
ACQUISITION AND DISPOSITION.  

Decision is a very important element in character. The reason for this lies in the fact that there are so many questions constantly in every one's experience which call for a decision. Hence this faculty is continually being brought into requisition. Among the countless questions that crowd upon us in the practicalities of life is, What shall we do with this or that possession? Life is largely made up of acquisition and disposition. It is a process of gaining and using. Due regard must be had to both of these elements of success. We must not be so absorbed in our efforts to acquire as that we shall neglect to make a proper use of what we have gained. A fruitful source of failure lies in the fact that men too often give more attention to acquisition than to disposition. They are always striving to get more, and never stop to order and dispose of the material they have in such a way as to make it yield the best results.

This question—what use and disposition we shall make of what we have—is one of great consequence. Acquisition depends largely on disposition. One of the best ways to get more is to use properly what we have. A good thing badly used is comparatively valueless. Anything misappropriated loses half of its potentiality. We recognize this law in the proverb: "A place for everything, and everything in its place." It had better be in no place than out of place. In nature everything is in its place. The streams, rivers, lakes, mountains, etc., have their proper positions. The great reason that so many towns fail to grow, and so many men to succeed, is because they are out of place.

All multiplication is only the result of disposition. The world contains no more to-day than it did ten centuries ago, and yet we enjoy a thousand more facilities and advantages than were known then. Whence have risen all these multiplied improvements? We have had no new material to work on; we have simply made a better use of
what already existed; we have only discovered possibilities; we have only learned how to use. All our railroads, telegraph wires, etc., are the result of our having learned how to use steam and electricity wisely. A wagon is a tree wisely used.

What anything is to me depends upon what I do with it. A thing good in itself may be wasted by misuse. Whether I increase in wealth or not, whether I derive any benefit from my money, depends upon how I use it. A father dies and leaves his son $50,000. Will it be a help and a blessing to him, or will it prove his ruin? It all depends upon how he uses the money. It will be an instrument of good to himself and to others, or the means of his own destruction, according as he uses it wisely or foolishly. Here is a man endowed with splendid powers of mind. Will this prove a blessing to himself and to the world? We must inquire to what purpose and end does he employ these capabilities. His endowment may fit him to be a man of great usefulness or of great rascality. The very same possession or qualification may prove a help or a hindrance, a curse or a blessing. It all turns upon the use to which it is put.

A young man comes to college. Great opportunities surround him. Grand possibilities invite him. With what result? Only let us know how he uses them. He finishes his education. Plunges into the turbid, boiling sea of life. Is his education of any value to him? We must wait to see how he uses it. Many college-bred men fail. This is sometimes used as an argument against education. But the cause of this failure lies not in the worthlessness of the education, but in the poor use that was made of it. Even such a good thing as an education may prove to be of no service unless it is wisely utilized.

The great question, then, for us to consider is not so much, How may I acquire more? as, How may I employ what I have to the greatest advantage? Sometimes it is better to endeavor to make the trees that we have bear fruit, and more of it, than it is to plant more trees. The successful man is not the one who has most, but the one who makes the best use of what he has.

Finally, is life worth living? Is my life worth anything to myself? Is it of any service to the world? The use that I am making of it must decide this. What are you doing with your life? Misused material is worthless. A misemployed life is wasted. H. F. W.

A MARRIAGE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

There had been much rain. Crops were flourishing, and the heart of the farmer was filled with hope. The disastrous failures of former years were forgotten in the glad prospects of an abundant harvest. The summer was drawing to a close. To the overworked student it had been a brief, yet bright and restful season of social enjoyment and varied recreation amid enchanting mountain scenery and among friends tried and true.
In the neighborhood where I was spending my vacation there lived a widower who was blessed with seven blooming, bright-eyed children. Not many months had passed since the mother of those children had lain aside the cares and burdens of a weary housekeeper's life, and had gone away to rest in the beautiful paradise where the angels live. They missed her. As the long summer days passed wearily away, the poor man sighed for relief from his loneliness and for some one to care for his motherless children.

Far back among the rocky recesses of those majestic mountains, that looked down in silent sympathy upon the sad and sorrowing widower, there lived a maiden fair. Her heart was full of sympathy for the unfortunate—sympathy so deep and genuine that she was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the needy. And so when our widower friend sought her hand in marriage she could not refuse.

All things were now ready. In response to an invitation received some days before, I started out one bright morning in the month of August to perform the interesting and important task of uniting in lawful wedlock two happy souls. Eleven o'clock A. M. was the hour appointed for the ceremony. The residence of the bride-elect was several miles from the place of my temporary abode, and as I was not entirely familiar with the route over which I was to pass, I made an early start in order to allow time for getting lost.

Brightly shone the summer sun. All nature seemed arrayed in bridal robes. At any rate I soon caught sight of one object in wedding apparel; it was the prospective bridegroom, driving briskly along the rocky road in a buggy drawn by a stately mule. In a little while I overtook him, and after exchanging the usual greetings I inquired if he experienced any unusual feeling of nervousness, or mysterious foreboding of impending peril. He meekly replied: "I have been there before."

On we went. At last we reached a point where the mountains, steep and stern, seemed to say to us: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." But we had arrived at our destination, and desired to go no farther.

A small clearing, surrounded by rocky crags and wooded heights; a modest cottage, containing two rooms below and one above; near by a sparkling brook that laughed and danced in joyful haste to the verdant vale below—such was the scene of that august event.

The father of the heroine met us, and with a pleased expression on his fatherly face invited us into the house. We went in. A small group of mountaineers had gathered to witness the embarkation of the happy pair on the sun-lit sea of matrimonial bliss. Presently one of the gentlemen handed me a formidable looking document, and assured me that I would find the fee in it. After satisfying myself that it was all right—the document, I mean—I took my stand, prepared for the
solemn duty before me. Soon, preceded by a number of waiters, the interesting couple came forth from the adjoining room—he with a look of sublime and even thankful resignation; she with an air of conscious superiority and power—came with "measured step and slow," with firm, determined tread, as if advancing to mortal conflict—came to plight their mutual vows of faithfulness and affection until separated by the iron door of death that opens but one way.

The ceremony over, the worthy mule was again pressed into service, and followed by a few friends and many congratulations and kind wishes, the newly-wedded pair started homeward.

The towering summits of those grand old mountains never looked upon a lovelier scene. As we passed along the happy birds carolled a matchless wedding march, to which the crystal mountain streamlet murmured a melodious bass, while the little fishes danced and played in gleeful accord with the spirit of the occasion. And every man of us—not excepting the young clergyman whose delightful duty it was to officiate—deep down in his heart wished that he might be the next.

W. B. L.

IS MAN'S LIFE THE PRODUCT OF ENVIRONMENT?

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—Sallust.

[ A speech delivered upon the negative of the question by Mr. H. T. Louhan, of Clarke county, Va., before the Mu Sigma Rho Society.]

"Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, growth up as the grass of the field," and as a transplanted vine beneath the scorching heat of the noonday sun fades away and is no more. On a page of the great book of eternity his life is indeed as that of the Hypanian, whose greatest existence is but four and twenty hours, and in the ages that are past and gone, and in those that are yet to come, his hours are but as the second-tick of time. Such, in one sense of the word, is the allotted time of man, but on the other hand his days are many and his years not a few. The war-cry at his birth tells that the great battle of life has begun. At the "blast of the bugle" cohorts of destruction, batteries of death, lines of peril, and sharpshooters of danger appear upon the great hill of opposition full in front. The flag of disappointment, guarded by gleaming bayonets and blades of steel, is seen, now here, and anon there. The sun has ceased to shine, the day has shut her glories in, clouds of darkness roll through the heavens, the lightnings flash, and all things tend toward despair. But now the clouds roll back, the light of day appears, and far in the distance are seen heights of opportunity and mountains of success. Whether the great opposing forces are overcome and the heights of success and usefulness reached, depends upon not whether the man lives in a palace of the Tuileries or a cabin of the Rockies, but whether he is courageous at heart and in the true sense of the word is a Man.
Those of the affirmative claim that, though a man may have the natural ability of Carlyle, the intellect of Gladstone, the poetic fire of Milton, or the firm determination of Leonidas of old, that all these things count as chaff driven before the wind; that these all-powerful qualities are but as foam tossed up by the great expanse of waters, and that for a man to be a man among men it is only necessary for him to have certain surroundings.

Is it wealth that makes the masterpiece of God's hand a patriot, a philanthropist, a statesman, a warrior? On the other hand, is it poverty that produces a Blackstone, a Pitt, a Napoleon, a Henry, a Lee, or a Jackson?

Let us see! After the Revolutionary war, one of its heroes, who had served in it as one of the mounted men of Georgia, settled in Kentucky. In 1782, a citizen of Rockingham county, Va., removed to the same State. A son of the first-named settler was born on June 3, 1808, and on February 12, 1809, was born a son of the other. The settler from Georgia moved to Mississippi, and there his son grew up surrounded by all the luxuries of a southern home. During his boyhood he attended the best schools of the land, and no doubt when vacation came he mounted his spirited charger and viewed with pleasure his father's broad acres of bursting cotton and fields of waving cane. The son of the other in early manhood removed to Illinois. He became a common laborer upon a farm; at one season turning the sod and sowing the golden grain, at another felling the strong oaks and splitting them into rails. In the summer, when the hands returned home for the noontide meal, he was not found passing his time in idle conversation, but apart by himself, dressed in his overalls of blue, and stretched upon the emerald sward, he could be seen pouring over the pages of Blackstone or Vattel.

Though a son of toil and an acquaintance of want, he let not his surroundings mould his life. Likewise the boy in his far-off southern home became not effeminate and useless on account of his father's independent circumstances, but both the one and the other—though in different States and brought up under entirely different circumstances—had hearts of steel and wills of iron—and such qualities that made their lives the product of environment (?) No! but it made them on the other hand the creators of events universally renowned, and the leaders of men during one of the greatest conflicts the world has ever known. I need not tell you that the one was "The tall chieftain of the men who wore the Gray," and that the other was the one who guided the affairs of the men "who wore the Blue." Let him who makes environment the great central figure, and man but the background, in the master-scene of life, look at the lives of these men, and then say, if he can, that their lives were the product of their surroundings.

He who advocates the affirmative of this question forgets that man has
an intellect; he forgets that he has powers of reasoning and powers of judging; he forgets that he has powers of willing and powers of knowing; he forgets that man can go down into the bowels of the earth and there read the history of the ages that had grown old even before our first parents had their being in the world; he forgets that man can foretell the approaching storm, and that in almost a moment of time can girdle the globe with his thought. Let him think of these things, and then say, if he can, that man is a creature of circumstances.

One who allows himself to be moulded by his environment may perhaps be a person, but he cannot rise to the dignity of a man. He who has been given the dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth, and permits himself to be shaped and bent as a green withe in the hands of a cooper, should be expunged from the society of man, and be classed as a thing.

But let one of the world's true men stand before us. Take, for example, Robert E. Lee. Behold his noble brow; his piercing eye; his lips so firmly, yet so kindly set; his heroic form; and then think of his gallant conduct upon the heights of Mexico, and of the heroes he led upon the blood-crimsoned soil of Virginia! You can see him as he stands amidst the leaden hail. As you look upon him, will you say that his life was the product of his surroundings? No! And you have said "No!" to your children and grandchildren's children by erecting yonder in immortal bronze the horse and his great rider.

Was it the royal purple or the crown of gold, the wide extent of empire or the fur-robed subjects, that made Peter the Great the man he was? The records answer, "No!" He was the founder of Russian civilization. And how did he accomplish this great end? When a boy designing parties tried every possible way to corrupt his morals and destroy his energy of character; but his mind was strong enough to resist their wiles, and convert the very instruments of corruption into means of education. So great was his desire to raise his country above its surroundings, that he applied himself personally to learn the arts of Western Europe, that he might the better introduce them into Russia. For the sake of the drill, he enlisted as a private in a company of soldiers. He then worked as a peasant in the dock-yards of Holland, that he might learn the arts of fortification and ship-building, and thus pave the way for the great advance his country made during his reign.

Let those of the affirmative look at the life of Peter the Great, and then say, if they can, that his life was the product of his environment.

Look at the life of William Carey, who rose from the shoemaker's bench to be one of the grandest missionaries the world has ever seen; at Napoleon, who by his genius rose from an artillery company and made
the whole of Europe to tremble; at Garfield, who came from the tow-
path to the presidency. Think, gen-
tlemen, of the discouraging events in 
the lives of these men. Then think
of your own disappointments, diffi-
culties, and disadvantages through
life, and you will say: "Time may
dull the eye, rob the cheek of its
bloom, and delve furrows in the brow,
but it cannot quell the seraphic fire
that burns in the heart of him who
wreathed the night-time of life and
made himself one of its shining
stars."

Up in Northern Virginia, near the
eastern base of the Blue Ridge, not
far from where the Rappahannock
takes its rise, is a beautiful country
home. In one part of the yard, be-
neath the rich foliage of the wide-
spreading shade-trees, bubbles up the
waters of a crystal spring. "The
orchard, the meadow, the deep-tan-
gled wildwood," wide fields of wav-
ing corn and golden grain, and the
little stream coursing by the road-
side, can be seen from the emerald
sward in front of the vine-covered
portico. In the background the
mountains raise their great blue
heights to kiss the skies; the clouds
form banks of white and gold; the
birds sing their sweetest carols, and
as evening gathers about old mother
earth, the stars come forth from their
hiding-places, look down upon the
scene, and seem to be lost in wonder.
There, about forty years ago, two
sons were born into the house. There
was but fourteen months' difference
in their ages, and they grew up to-
gether with the same kind father and
loving mother. The same tender
sister watched over them during
their young days, and led them to
the afternoon sabbath-school, down
at the little church in the grove not
far from their home. They attended
the same school and had the same
playmates. While the older was
quite studious, he also loved a good
game. The younger, however, pre-
ferred the game to the school-room,
and it could be seen at times that he
was inclined to be reckless. Years
rolled on and they grew to be men.
They both remained at the old home-
stead. The elder applied himself to
the study of law, but the younger
seemed to care for nothing save "to
eat, drink, and be merry." Though
with precisely the same surround-
ings, advantages, and opportunities,
to-day the first is one of the most
gifted lawyers in the Valley of Vir-
ginia, while the other is filling a
drunkard's grave.

Let us turn now from particular
cases to the universal. Man's life is
not the product of his surroundings,
else to-day we would have no better
advantages than had the first genera-
tion of men upon the earth. Were
it surroundings that make man, man
could not have risen above these sur-
roundings, and to-day instead of the
swiftly-flying locomotive, we would
have nought but the slow camel-post
or the weary foot-man crossing the
plain; for the mighty steamer that
carries hundreds of passengers and
the produce of every nation, we
would have but the sailing vessel,
tossed hither and thither by every
wind that blows; to the telegraph
and the great international postal system we would have nothing to correspond; the whistle of the thresher and the buzz of the loom would not be heard in the land, and all things would be as old as the hills and as inconvenient as an unhandled axe.

Man’s life is not the product of his surroundings, but the product of what he does. Whether he be a merchant, a mechanic, a machinist, a laborer, a lawyer, a lover of souls, a statesman, a soldier, or a sovereign; whether he spends his years in the trenches or on the throne, in the pulpit or at the plow, behind the counter or in the casting-room, his life in every case will be measured by what he accomplishes. Every one, from a peasant to a prince, if he performs well his part in life, will be honored and called a man; but he who comes forth as the potter’s clay, to be moulded by every surrounding, will be unnoticed, unnamed, and unsung.

If we look back over the ages that have flown, we can take men from every class of surroundings who, as has every man that is worthy of the name, have made their lives the product of what they have done for the world. What men of science do we find? Pascal, Torrecelli, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Herschell. What inventors? Stephenson, Fulton, Franklin, Morse, Ericsson, Edison. What explorers? Columbus, Cabot, Drake, Smith, Kane, Humboldt, Livingstone, Greeley, and Stanley. What poets? Homer, Horace, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Goldsmith, Longfellow, and Whittier. What orators? Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, Henry, Webster, Clay, and Daniel. What men of arms? Alexander the Great, Caesar, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Napoleon, Washington, Jackson, and Lee.

And now as we look back and see that from every strata of environment, from every round of the ladder, these men have risen; that they have climbed to the very top and have placed themselves upon the great pinnacle of fame, we can well say that whether a man be Greek, Roman, Scott, Scythian, bond or free, that—

“The tissues of the life to be
He weaves with colors all his own,
And in the fields of destiny
He reaps as he has sown.”
EDITORIAL.

A bright and happy time for all of the boys—the new as well as the old—this session. We have had nice receptions and warm welcomes by several of the churches of the city. The new students, instead of having their toes pulled, the doors of their rooms knocked down at the dead hour of midnight, when in quiet repose, and then taken out for trial, have been given a nice reception by the Young Men's Christian Association; and the old boys seem to be trying in every way possible to add to the comfort of the new students and make them feel at home here.

We are constrained to believe that we are going to have one of the most prosperous sessions that Richmond College has ever known. We are much encouraged at having so many of the professors on the college grounds—a thing that the boys have long desired in order that they may know their instructors better, and being with them may receive more sympathy and encouragement from them. It is a source of extreme pleasure to us to have several of the professors with us every morning at our prayer service.

The chairman gave us a most excellent address after all of the students had arrived and gotten comfortably fixed. He said that some people had remarked that he was too easy on the boys, and that the boys could bulldoze him and get him to do almost anything for them, but that whatever might be said, and although he might be a little more jovially-disposed than some other members of the faculty, he should accomplish his object if he could only get the boys not to look upon him as a tyrant or hard master, but to come to him and talk with him about their troubles; "and," says he, "so far from its being a trouble to me, I shall consider it a pleasure to aid you in any way possible." He remarked that he was glad indeed to see that Richmond College was getting almost entirely free from hazing; that every man had an exclusive right to his toe, and that he could not blame the poor boy whose toe was being pulled if at the time of extreme agony and pain he should send a ball whistling through whoever might chance to be pulling it. He further remarked that he felt that this was going to be the brightest year that Richmond College has had for many years, and that by the help of the Lord he intended to make it so. He said that it was very essential that there should be a general good feeling between professors and students. He spoke very encouragingly to the boys, and in such a manner as to make us all feel free and at home within the walls of Richmond College.
Many of our boys went North to Moody's summer school last June, and we gained, besides much information, improvement, and rest, fresh impetus and zeal from the enthusiastic speakers and the determined and resolute boys and men who were there from all parts of the world. Everything was moving there, and that was just what we need—more energy everywhere in all of our labors in all of our colleges. We hope many may go from our college next June.

We are glad the College Young Men's Christian Association conference will meet with us in November. I have often heard it said that when a man starts down everybody is ready to kick him further down, and when he starts up everybody is ready to help him and encourage him on his pathway. Now, Richmond College has been up all of the time, but as this session opens with a larger number of students than common, it seems to me she is being shoved on in every direction.

"He certainly is a lucky fellow."
"That fellow has all of the bad luck."
Such expressions as these are often heard in regard to some man who is getting along well in life and is very prosperous in all of his undertakings; or some man who manages badly and everything seems to be working against him, and almost every attempt he makes is a failure. Now, do we propose to say that this is a mere accident? I don't think so. I believe very often, and in fact almost always, it is due to the fact that the prosperous man has looked ahead, and is constantly getting things together to bring about the thing desired, while the other man makes no preparation, and is getting together no material to bring about the desired end. What very often seems to us as mere chance—as, for instance, the great success of a commander—is the result of hard labor and the loss of many a night's sleep while meditating upon his plans. So very often with extemporaneous speaking. Hereafter, when we hear of some one getting a high position or an important trust, let's be ready to say that that man has done something worthy to be called a man, or he never would have reached such distinction. Fellow-schoolmates, if a boy gets along well in his classes, let's not say that the professors are partial, but that the boy is working.

It is reasonable to suppose that when everything else is pressing to the front, the literary societies are going to be abreast with the times. They have opened with a larger membership than ever before, as far as our knowledge extends, and the intense interest which the boys are taking causes us to think that there will be some good work done in them this year. The societies not only improve the student in debating, but in reading, declaiming, and in every particular that will fit and prepare a man to come before the public.

Some one has suggested that Bro. J. B. F. Mills would establish an
orator's medal at Richmond College if it were only hinted to him. If this be true, I certainly do hope some one will whisper it in his ear. The boys are crying for this, and they need to improve along this line.

The college boarding-house, or mess-hall, is well fixed this year for taking boarders, and it has started off with quite a large number of boarders. The matron, Mrs. Woolfork, is much beloved by all of the boys, and I don't think I have ever seen her equal in this special line of work. She knows how to do, how anything ought to be done, and how to manage to have things done. Mr. F. C. Johnson attends to the board-bills, and makes quite an efficient hand, as he knows both how to keep books and to handle money.

The professors, as well as the boys, seem very much pleased with our new professor, the Expression teacher. Everybody says that he is a thorough master of his undertaking, and all are constrained to think that he will accomplish much for Richmond College. The boys all like—yes, I might say love—him.

We call special attention to the poem signed Ricare Lane, and hope no reader of the Messenger will fail to read it, or he will miss the very dessert of this whole number.

The professor of Modern Languages seems to be giving perfect satisfaction among the boys who are under him, and also our instructor in Mathematics. Professor Harris, who is always ready to do any and every good thing for the boys that is within his power, has kindly agreed to meet us once a week to study the New Testament in Greek. We are very proud of this opportunity, and expect to derive a great benefit from it.

We are glad to see the boys taking an interest in athletics. Mr. C. T. Taylor has been appointed gymnasium instructor, and has large classes, which he thinks are progressing rapidly.

We call the students' attention to the Students' Directory, as contained in this number of the Messenger, and by the means of this we hope they may have no trouble in soon learning the different houses that advertise in our paper—whom the boys expect to patronize.

We have some live boys at Richmond College this session, and have put some of them on the editorial staff, so we are expecting to have even greater success with our College paper than even during the past sessions.

We were proud to have Dr. Robert Ryland, a former president of the college, with us a few days since. He gave us a good talk, in which he enforced the idea that we are now being rubbed up for future use. He, although over seventy-five years old, seems as resolute and determined as ever. May God's richest blessings rest upon him in these his latter years. The boys looked upon him with a deal of reverence and respect.
Locals.

Prep—coëducation.

Rat—cat—toe—pull—yell.

Oh, don't the students make a fuss, When the poor rat comes on the campus? —Poet Laureate (would like to be).

Mr. (ex-R. C. student): "I am not taking a vacation because I need it, but because my church needs it."

"Tommy" (alias "Ye Local Editor") writes us word that if we run short of chestnuts, he will send us down a load. All right, "Tommy," you may send some now.

Mr. K. (on a steamboat for the first time): "Say, C., it's a wonder this thing don't scare all the fish out of the bay."

Mr. R. (also enjoying his first trip on the water): "Golly, C., if two of these things were to come together, wouldn't there be a smash up?"

Mr. L. (rat): "These oxygen accents in Greek certainly do worry me."

Mr. L. (boots) advised him to combine them with hydrogen and drink them down.

English: "What is a parachute?"

G.: "It's the shoot of a pear."

M.: "G____, who was Zaccheus?"

G.: "Wasn't he the son of John the Baptist, and didn't he mind Christ when he was a baby?"

We publish the above for the edification of our new ministerials (and the old ones also).

There is in the Phililogian Society hall a very fine bust of George Washington. Frequently some one uses it as a hat-rack, and such an action was the occasion of the following remark last Friday evening:

"Mr. President, there is a gentleman present whom we all reverence and love, but he is trespassing upon the dignity of the society, and I move, sir, that Mr. Washington be requested to remove his hat."

We are perfectly aware that the above original remark has been heard about as often as "Little Annie Rooney," and we publish it in order that many more may be the originators of it.

There is nothing in this world that has so high a market value as character.—Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson.

Mr. C., of Loudoun (in Capitol Square): "Are all of these boys and girls running around here the representatives' children?"

SOCIETY REUNIONS.

The Phililogian Society held its annual reunion on Friday, October 26th, beginning at 8 P. M. In the
absence of the president, the vice-president, Frank Williams, called the society to order and made a very pleasing address of welcome. He then introduced the orator of the evening, E. M. Whitlock, who had chosen as his subject: "The Progress of Civilization."

Mr. Whitlock began by saying that those who lived in the earlier stages of civilization would have been astonished had they been able to look into the future and see the height to which civilization was to mount. He noted the progress of the ancient and modern peoples. At times his language was quite figurative. He closed by referring to the part that the men from our societies are taking in the advancement of civilization in this and other countries.

Professor Pollard was then called up, and he made a very fine address on the following points:
1. Join one of the societies.
2. Do faithful and honest work.
3. Exalt criticism.
4. Let merit rule the day.

Upon invitation, Professor Harrison favored us with some very earnest remarks on the power of clear thought and expression, and said that this was increased by work in a literary society. He also very strongly emphasized Professor Pollard's last point.

Several members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society and new students were called on, and some of them were kind enough to speak.

The president then announced "the following business with closed doors," and the visitors retired. Eight new men were elected members. Upon the whole, the evening was a pleasant one, and we hope profitable.

 Saturday evening, October 27th, at 8 o'clock, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather (as the newspapers say), there was assembled in the Mu Sigma Rho hall a large number of students (new and old) and visitors to join in the reunion of the old Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society. Though it was all dark, dreary, and dismal without, happiness reigned supreme within.

In the absence of both president and vice-president, Frank C. Johnson, upon the request of some of the old students, took the chair, and in a short, well-worded speech welcomed the audience, specially mentioning the ladies who had braved the storm to show their interest in the Mu Sigma Rho Society. He then said: "It gives me much pleasure to introduce Mr. James C. Harwood, the orator of the evening."

Mr. Harwood handled his subject, "Education," in a most acceptable manner. His ideas were clearly and forcibly set forth. His words were fitly chosen, melodious, flowing as naturally as water from a mountain spring. His delivery was well nigh faultless, his action gracely, his gestures well timed. All present, we feel quite sure, enjoyed the oration, and we believe it made lasting impressions.

Then quite a number of students, new and old, made short speeches, mostly upon the importance of so-
society work. Mr. J. Garland Pol­
lard delivered his "Political Speech," which added much to the enjoyment of the evening. He was greeted frequently with hearty rounds of applause.

**RECEPTIONS.**

Tuesday evening, September 30, 1890, from 8 to 10 o'clock, a welcome was extended to the students of Richmond College by the officers and teachers of the Grace-street Baptist Sunday-school. The bad weather somewhat marred the pleasure of the evening, but nevertheless all who were present felt more than repaid for coming out.

Mr. Pace made a most pleasing address of welcome. Mr. J. H. Franklin, in behalf of the college boys, responded to it.

Prof. Harris was called on for a speech. He responded by saying that he thought all present would prefer partaking of the tempting refreshments to listening to him talk.

Whether that remark be so or not, we know that the refreshments were partaken of and enjoyed very much.

Through the columns of the Messenger the students of Richmond College extend their thanks to the officers and teachers of the Grace-street Baptist Sunday-school.

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It has been the custom of the Young Men’s Missionary Society of the Second Baptist church to hold annually a reunion, to which the students of Richmond College are always invited. This year it was held Thursday, October 2d. There were a very, very few Richmond College students who did attend. They all knew full well that there was a good time in store. The greatest expectations of all were more than realized. Words fail us when we try to express in language the good time we had.

Mr. C. R. Robins, the president of the Young Men’s Missionary Society, welcomed all in a most pleasing speech. The new students could but feel that they had gotten to a place where there were some people who had a deep interest in them. We are quite sure that the words of welcome spoken by the president will linger long in the memories of all, both new and old students.

Prof. L. R. Hamberlin, of the school of Expression in this institution, in his own peculiar charming manner entertained all with an address and recitation.

A feast of good things had been prepared and were much enjoyed.

Richmond College students love the Second church people, and don’t love them for the good times they give them, but because they are lovable people.

Mr. C., of Loudoun, (hearing the chimes at Centenary): “Say, boys, is that a piano?”

Mr. L., of Fauquier: “No, goosie; that’s the charms!!”

Mr. H., of Montgomery: “My hair has gotten full of danver since I took Senior Math.”
LOCALS.

Ye College Graduate.
He can give the laws of Solon,
He can draw the flag of Colon,
He can write a Babylonian I O U;
He can make a writ in German,
He can draft a Turkish firman,
But the English common law he never knew.

He can write his thoughts in Spanish,
He can make a speech in Danish,
And recite such Sanscrit as would turn your brain;
The Muallakat Arabic
He can scan in fret syllabic;
But he couldn't tell old Shakespeare from Mark Twain.

He can fathom all the mystery
Of old Ethiopic history,
He can name one thousand Norse kings—more or less;
He can mark the Roman boundaries,
And describe the Aztec foundries,
But he has never seen the "Statutes of U. S."

He can trace the radius vector
With a geometric sector,
And can give the moon's diameter in feet;
He can analyze the arum,
Classify the Coptic carum,
But he cannot tell a cabbage from a beet.

OUR NEW PROFESSORS.

Along with many desirable improvements that characterize the opening of the present session, we are glad to welcome four new professors. Two of these have been elected to fill vacancies; the other two take charge of new departments.

Judge Roger F. Gregory comes as professor of Law. He is a native of King William county, Va., an alumnus of William and Mary College and the University of Virginia, and has been a prominent and successful lawyer and judiciary for several years, and has more than once represented his native county in the State Legislature.

Prof. L. R. Hamberlin takes charge of the School of Expression, another important new department.

He is an alumnus of this institution, and by his excellent productions in the realm of poetry has well merited the title of Poet Laureate of Richmond College. By natural endowment and by careful training he is admirably fitted for the position which has been assigned him in our worthy Faculty.

The chair of Mathematics, recently made vacant by the sudden death of the gifted and popular teacher and Christian gentleman, Prof. E. B. Smith, is now filled by Prof. R. E. Gaines, of Georgia. This gentleman is a Master of Arts of Furman University, and has pursued special studies in Johns Hopkins University. He is young, energetic, a born mathematician, and gives promise of being a worthy successor of the lamented Prof. Smith.

Last, but not least, we are glad to welcome Prof. F. W. Boatwright to the School of Modern Languages. He is an M. A. of this institution, and during the last year or more has been pursuing his studies in France and Germany.

Richmond College honors herself in honoring these young men who have used so wisely and well the advantages they have had.

Faith is self-surrender.—Dr. W. W. Landrum.
We are glad to be able to state that the literary societies start off this session with brighter prospects than ever before. The interest in society work seems greater. The meetings that have been held have been characterized by more exciting debates, better declaiming, and the readings showed better preparations.

We publish the following for the good of our funny (?) fellows:

Don't be funny unless you can't help it. Of all the dreary, or if not dreary, disgusting performances which we are sometimes compelled to witness, it is the attempt, with malice aforethought, to be funny. When natural humor bubbles up and overflows it is truly refreshing, but when the attempt is made to pump it out of a dry well it is a laborious business for all concerned. One of two things usually happen in this case. The speaker is either exceedingly dry or else decidedly vulgar; and it is entirely possible that he may be both dry and vulgar.

Don't be funny unless you can't help it.

SOCIETY OFFICERS.

*Mu Sigma Rho.*—President, E. M. Pilcher; Vice-President, W. McS. Buchanan; Censor, S. J. Young; Recording Secretary, T. C. Skinner; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. Luttrell; Treasurer, J. A. Mills; Chaplain, C. E. Lynch; Critic, W. C. A. Gregory; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. B. Loving; Hall Manager, F. C. Johnson; Monthly Orator, J. C. Skinner.

*Philologian.*—President, E. M. Whitlock; Vice-President, W. H. Ryland; Censor, H. W. Provence; Recording Secretary, F. Scanland; Corresponding Secretary, — Marstella; Chaplain, — Britt; Critic, C. J. Taylor; Treasurer, E. B. Winfrey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Williams; Hall Managers, E. E. Reid and J. E. Hixon; Historian, D. H. Rucker; Monthly Orator, H. T. Allison.

Mr. L. (of Madison): “We are in an awful predicament.”

Rat Lawyer: “Don’t you want me to clear you?”

Mr. L: “If we get after you, you’ll clear the campus!”
In Memoriam.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the students of Richmond College in a mass-meeting recently held in honor of Professor Smith:

Whereas, in the dark, mysterious, but all-wise dispensation of Divine Providence, our beloved and honored teacher, Prof. Edward B. Smith, M. A., of the chair of Mathematics in this institution, has recently been removed by death from the sphere of his useful labors and wholesome influence in our midst; therefore,

1. Resolved, That while we yield with humble and uncomplaining submission to the will of Him who "doeth all things well," yet we are deeply conscious of the sad loss we have sustained in the removal of so competent and faithful a teacher, so firm and true a friend, so noble a type and ideal of Christian manhood.

2. That we shall always delight to honor his spotless name, and to cherish the memory of his pure and useful life; and that it shall be our constant aim and desire to emulate the shining example he has left us.

3. That while we blend our heartfelt grief with that of the large circle of his friends, we respectfully tender our special and sincere sympathy to the bereaved and sorrowing family of our beloved professor.

4. That these resolutions be published in the Richmond College Messenger, the Religious Herald, the Richmond Dispatch, and the Charlottesville Chronicle, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

W. B. Loving,
H. T. Louthan,
J. M. Burnette,
Committee.
THE STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA FOR CHRIST, AND CHRIST FOR THE STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA.

The sixth annual conference of Virginia College Young Men's Christian Associations will be held with us November 14-16. Over one hundred and fifty representative college men of our State are expected to be in attendance at this conference. Dr. R. Z. McBride, rector of Christ church, at Lexington, Va., will preside. Some of the most prominent men in this country, noted for their interest in college work, will be present to give direction to the movement.

The programme arranged is an exceedingly interesting one, and it has been pronounced the best of any American conference ever held.

The call to all the Colleges and Universities in the State, requesting them to send large delegations, has been sent out, and it is hoped that they will respond in large numbers.

We are looking to the people of Richmond of every denomination for assistance in the entertainment of the delegates, and so far have met with much encouragement. All denominations seem anxious to do all in their power to make this meeting a success. Let us look forward to this great gathering of college men, and pray that a great impetus may be given to the work throughout the State.

THIRD ANNUAL RECEPTION OF Y. M. C. A. OF RICHMOND COLLEGE.

On Wednesday night, October 1st, the Young Men's Christian Association held for the new students its third annual reception, which was considered by all to have been the best that the association has yet held. The students all met in the college chapel, and the meeting was opened with singing, after which a prayer was offered; then the president, Mr. W. L. Hayes, delivered a few words of welcome to the new students, and congratulated the association on the fine prospect for work before them during this year. The future before the association seems better than ever before. The new students seem to be determined to do real earnest work for the Master.

Mr. E. E. Dudley had been chosen to lay the work of the association before the new students. He told them of the abundant opportunities that are offered here for work, and urged them to enter heartily into it.

After Mr. Walthall had read an amusing selection, Professor Harris followed with an excellent talk, in which he commended the work of the association, and told of our need of just such an organization as the name of the Young Men's Christian Association indicated.

After the meeting in the chapel President Hayes said: "There is a
second part of the reception, and all things are now ready." This was much enjoyed. It consisted of an abundant supply of ice-cream and confectioneries.

We all felt grateful to Mr. J. H. Franklin, chairman of the reception committee, for the excellent entertainment which he had provided, and we congratulate him on the success of the reception.

**OUR MISSION STATIONS.**

On each Sunday afternoon about twenty-five of our men go to the Virginia penitentiary to meet with about four hundred prisoners who gather in an upper room to sing songs of praise and to hear "the way of salvation." The student, with his Bible in hand and his heart burning with love for lost souls, stands among these men wearing the stripe of black and white, looks full into their eyes, touches elbows with them, and with an outstretched helping hand, says, "Repent, believe, and be baptized, and you shall be saved."

On Sunday afternoon, October 19th, Rev. G. F. Williams, Baptist city missionary, baptized three prisoners in one of the fountains within the walls. "Scatter your bread upon the waters, and it shall be gathered after many days."

About the same time a number are at the city almshouse holding a series of meetings. In the Old Ladies' room, where many lie upon beds of unending affliction, they sing, pray, and talk to help these old saints to bear their burdens until the Lord shall call them where afflictions are unknown. An hour later they go to the chapel, where one of the students preaches to the lame, blind, and halt who gather there from every part of the great building. "As ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

At 11 o'clock in the morning, when the streets of Richmond are thronged with church-goers, a small company may be seen leaving the western limits of the city for the country. These are our boys going to Soldiers' Home to meet with the "Boys in Gray" in their little chapel beneath the wide-spreading Virginia oaks. There from Sabbath to Sabbath we tell them of the Prince of Peace who will greet every one of them who serve faithfully under the banner of the Cross. May they who defended so nobly our homes and our firesides, when they come to lay their armor down, rest sweetly about the hearthstone of our Great Father where the gleam of bayonets is never seen and the clash of arms never resounds.

**IN DARKEST SOUDAN.**

Many of our number remember the visit paid us last spring by the three young missionaries, Helmick, Jaderquist, and Godding, who were bound for the Soudan. One of them said, "My light may be no greater than that of a candle, yet I am going to the darkest of all the places in the world, for there it will shine the brightest." There were about nine in the party who reached the dark land. Three of them have
since been called to their reward.

As we read the following letter from Helmick, let those of our number who desire to give our lives to the Lord's work in the dark places of the earth take courage and trust more firmly in Him "who doeth all things well":

Sierra Leone, West Africa, July 31st.

My Dear Brother,—Through you may I not deliver this message from the "regions beyond" to the brethren of the National Missionary Conference? Just three months ago to-day some of us stood in the very city in which you are now gathered, looking anxiously across the seven thousand miles of land and water that separated us from the field where we hoped to give our lives. God has allowed three of the little party to realize that hope, and their bodies lie under the same soil that we are still permitted to tread daily. Deep peace and quietness has again settled around us—utterably sweet after the weariness and painfulness of the past weeks. We are humbler than when we left the home land, more patient than the day we landed, and at once commenced to plan for the interior, but none the less ready to move forward when God gives the signal. Our blessed Lord could not have taught us in any other way the value of his refuge and the strength of his fortress. The pestilence still walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noon-day, but so long as He hath a hungering child in the Soudan set apart for us to feed, we need fear none of these things. God is able to send forth and keep every delegate at the close of the meeting, and the Soudan alone would find no trouble to furnish a parish for them.

For "every creature," I am,
Affectionately yours,
Chas. L. Helmick.

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Personals.

B. P. Willis (B. A., '88) is teaching in Savannah, Georgia, with Prof. Taliaferro.

A. F. Hardy ('88-'89) is pastor of Antioch, Four-mile Creek, and New Bridge churches, in Henrico county.

T. R. Corr (M. A., '87) was ordained Saturday, October 11th, at County Line church, Caroline county, where he assumes the pastorate. He graduated from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, last spring. We wish him much success.

J. D. Martin (B. A., '88) has "taken unto himself" one of Hanover's fair daughters, Miss Sarah B. Isbell. Martin is principal of the High School at Bedford City. May happiness and success crown his efforts in both these new relations.

A. J. Ramsey (B. A., '90) is attending the S. B. T. S., and teaching mathematics in the Rugby School in Louisville.

E. A. Phaup ('89-'90) is clerking in the Boston House, on Main street, of this city.

J. V. French ('89-'90) is clerking for Miller & Rhoads, of this city.

N. C. Decker ('89-'90) is in business in Fredericksburg with E. S. Babcock, the "Practical Implement Man" of that city.

J. R. Thomas ('85-'86), a graduate of the Medical College of this city, is now a successful physician and
business man at Adam’s Grove, Southampton county, Va.

Stanhope Libby ('89-'90) is bookkeeping for A. B. Clarke, of this city.

A. P. Spotts ('89-'90) is in business with his father in Richmond.

We learn that M. W. Thomas ('89-'90) has given up the idea of preaching.

W. C. Robinson (M. A., '87) has a position as teacher in Louisiana.

J. M. Morris ('88) who has several flourishing churches in Southwest Virginia, was recently married to Miss Lizzie A. Smith, of Glade Spring. Old boy, if you are as successful in your work as your bride is sweet, all will be well.

W. C. Foster ('88) also took off a Glade Spring girl during the past summer. (We have a liking for a little Glade girl ourselves.) Foster has returned to Louisville to resume his studies at the seminary, while his wife teaches in that city.

W. E. Farrar (B. A., '90) is taking a Ph. D. course at the University of Virginia.

J. R. Brown ('90) is at Crozer Theological Seminary. “Old Culpeper” is ever ready. May he always be one of the Lord’s “Minute Men.”

B. B. Robinson ('87-'90) “The Boy of California,” is taking Law at the University of Virginia. “Bob,” if you love Blackstone as much as you loved THE MESSANGER, you will lead even the Philadelphia barristers.

C. H. Baker (B. A., '89) and W. J. Porter ('89) are both taking medicine at the University of Virginia.

C. T. Kincanon (B. A., '90) is at the Louisville Theological Seminary. How are the “sachet-bags,” “Kin”? W. E. Hurt, C. E. Sanders, and E. W. Greaner (all '90) are at Crozer.

F. W. Boatwright (M. A., '88) assistant professor of Greek '87-'89, spent '89-'90 in Europe taking a special course in French and German. This session he occupies the chair of Modern Languages.

L. R. Hamberlin ('84), poet laureate of Richmond College, is instructor in our School of Expression. The student says: “I had rather be with Hamberlin an hour than to talk with my best girl.”

J. S. Sowers (B. A., '88) and W. B. McGarity (M. A., '90) are both at the Louisville Seminary.

H. N. Quisenberry and W. T. Creath (both '89) are also at that institution.

W. C. A. Gregory ('87) has returned to take the School of Law.


Prof. Gaines, M. A. of Furman University, and a Ph. D. of Johns Hopkins, is filling the chair of Mathematics made vacant by the death of Prof. Smith. We welcome him to our halls and to our hearts.

To our “old boys” we would say
that our beloved Chairman of Faculty, Prof. B. Puryear, is still as young as a youth of twenty. The only thing "The President of the Tucahoe Farmers' Club" regrets is, that the progress of Richmond is encroaching upon his "farm" at the west end of Franklin.

N. H. Harris ('90), of the Editorial Staff, is in South Carolina on a business trip. N. H., the "0. Ks," send greetings, and the "Old Second" warmest love.

While we are speaking of the successes of our men in the arena of life, we chronicle with sadness the departure of one of our number from the great stage of action.

N. B. Elsea ('87) died of typhoid fever at his home in Clarke county, on the 29th of September. His church, which is situated high up on the heights of the old Blue Ridge, tells how his piety and Christian example led to the success of their Sunday-school, and more particularly to that of the church, and how he exerted an influence on all with whom he was acquainted. But now from the mountain peaks where his natural body could look far below upon the wide-spreading beauties of the Shenandoah Valley, his spiritual body has taken its flight, to be forever upon the heights and ramparts of the New Jerusalem.

Exchanges.

EDITOR: GARNETT RYLAND.

But few of our exchanges have found their way to the editor's table this early in the session, and as most of them devoted the last number of the past session entirely to their commencements, the exchange editor finds but little material upon which he may work. So he must be pardoned for commenting in a general way on the magazines which have most impressed him, favorably and otherwise, during the months he has perused them.

Foremost in pure literary merit stand the Nassau Literary Magazine, of Princeton, and our own Virginia University Magazine. The former is a model of its kind, and worthy of imitation in every particular. The latter holds, as it should, the first place among the college magazines of the South, while in short stories, especially, it is equal to any in the country. And it is no small honor to be the best of the Southern journals, for though not so numerous as those from some other sections, they stand high in order of excellence.

The coming of the Wake Forest
EXCHANGES.

_Southern Collegian_ (Washington and Lee), and _Vanderbilt Monthly_ is anticipated with much more than ordinary interest, which is always fully justified by their contents.

Coming closer home, our State finds worthy representatives, in addition to the above, in the _Roanoke Collegian_ and _Randolph-Macon Monthly_. Considering the size of her institutions, the South may well be proud of the high stand taken by her college boys in literary work, and the preëminence to which this department has attained in their magazines.

As we go farther North, we find more space given to miscellaneous news, athletics in particular—the _Lehigh Burr_ contains nothing else—and, except among the largest institutions, a corresponding decline in the attention given to the literary department. Among the best from the States north of Virginia are _The Dartmouth_ (a weekly, and one of the oldest college papers), the _Swarthmore Phoenix_, and the _College Journal_ (Georgetown, D. C.).

From the West and Northwest, strange to say, come most of our exchanges. Every one of the numerous colleges has its monthly, and many have weekly publications. Frequently the most attractive part of these papers is their cover, as they recognize the advantages of a good typographical make-up; while their contents, especially in the literary department, are often most disappointing both in quantity and quality. Many times it consists mainly of orations delivered in the intercollegiate contests, and it is no uncommon thing to read the same oration in a dozen different magazines.

A large proportion of the edition of a college paper is sent off to its exchanges. As no return in cash is ever received, this makes a heavy draft on the financial department, and involves what may seem to some an unnecessary expense; but if used aright, our exchanges are sure to prove a good investment. There is great pleasure as well as profit to be derived from reading the productions of the brightest minds in our colleges.

We can look beyond the narrow walls of our own institution, and see what is going on in the college world at large. To our table come college papers from every part of the union, including far away California and Dakota, and several from Canada.

Many useful hints can be obtained as to the best methods of running a college paper; and our own magazine should derive benefit from comparison with others.

Nor should the criticisms of our exchanges be neglected, for they are prompted in nearly every case by a sincere desire to benefit, and it is only through such friendly criticism that we can hope ever to approach perfection.

With this number the present exchange editor lays aside his pen and scissors. During his term of office embracing the busiest months of the session, his work may have been irksome at times, but he takes away only pleasant memories of the
many new acquaintances formed and pleasures derived from his monthly visitors.

It has been very gratifying to see the compliments paid the Messenger, and for our part it has been a pleasure to give merited praise, while all adverse criticisms have been from a sincere desire to advance and improve our college press.

To the gentleman who succeeds to this department, we extend our best wishes as expressed by a brother scribe in the following verses:

"May his ink-horn never fail,  
May his scissors never rust,  
May his chestnuts never stale,  
May his noggin never bust;  
May no critic black his eye,  
May no labor tire his hand,  
May his muses never fly,  
Nor his room-mate join the band;  
May his arrows never miss,  
May his war-paint never fade,  
May a notice such as this,  
Never on his desk be laid—  
N. B.—Gone into the country to post bills."

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**College News and Notes.**

**EDITOR: GARNETT RYLAND.**

John D. Rockefeller has promised $1,000,000 to the Chicago University, making in all $1,600,000 given by him to this institution.

A Japanese holds one of the professorships in Yale.

Lehigh has never conferred any honorary degrees whatever.

The average age of the graduating classes at Harvard is twenty-three.

At Harvard for fifty years no smoker has graduated with first honors of his class.

1,200,000 cigarettes are sold every month by one New Haven firm to Yale students.

Amherst has a society whose object is to do away with cribbing and ponying.

The New York Tribune, Post, and Mail and Express have special college departments.

A student at Yale was fined $20 for carving his class number upon his seat.

Dancing is to be taught at Wellesley as a part of the course in gymnastics. Horrors!

In the last fifty years only 4,468 students out of 6,669 appointments have been admitted to West Point, and of these only 2,305 have graduated.

Four college dailies are now in circulation. Princeton, Harvard, Yale, and Cornell, each publish one.

Yale University has received in gifts during the past year the sum of $716,000, and since the administration of President Dwight began, in 1886, $1,244,390.

Rev. Sam Small, the noted revivalist preacher, while on a "mission" in Ogden, was offered the presidency of the new Utah University (Methodist), and accepted. He enters upon
the duty of collecting funds, as the present university is now simply "a hole in the ground," the foundation only being in.

There is not a college or university professor in the United States whose salary is over $5,000, while the great majority are under $3,000.

Probably the youngest college professor in the country invested with a full professorship is Arthur T. Abernethy, professor of modern languages and adjunct professor of ancient languages and adjunct professor of ancient languages in Rutherford College, N. C. He is not yet eighteen years of age, but has already secured a wide reputation as a classicist and as an instructor.

A new system of student economy at Harvard will go into operation this year. It is the furniture loan system by which students of small means may obtain their furniture on loan and save the expense of purchase. Complete sets of new furniture, valued at $50 each, will be rented on a deposit of $7.50, of which $2.50 will be refunded at the close of the college year on the return of the furniture in good condition, and the lease may be renewed the next year. Single pieces will also be loaned at about 10 per cent. of their value. The arrangement promises to prove a popular one.

Argentine Republic has two government universities which are said to rank with Harvard and Yale.

The Y. M. C. A. of Harvard are raising money for the purpose of employing a secretary who will devote his whole time to their interests. An effort will be made to secure a recent graduate.

The Wooster students, last June, raised $2,675 for their Y. M. C. A. building in two hours and a half.

Lacrosse is fast coming to the front in college athletics. Lehigh holds the championship for last session.

Of the ten leading tennis players of the United States, it is well to note that all but the tenth are college graduates.

That field sports are gradually gaining more recognition in the college world, is evinced by the fact that every college journal of any importance whatever has devoted more space this spring to athletic contests than ever before.

“Yes,” said the learned youth, “I reached forward and struck him on the optic, and a minute later his alter ego was in mourning.” His what?” inquired his fond parent. “His alter ego—his other eye, you know, of course.” —Boston Transcript.

Nothing in this country more astonishes an English university-bred man than our college yells. He never takes the practice as a bit of American fun, but seriously sets to work to prove how even educated Americans follow the customs of the savage Indian, his war-whoop being perpetuated in the college yell.—Virginia University Magazine.

A riddle for the Law class:

My positive—why a young man studies law.
My comparative—why he graduates.
My superlative—why he leaves the profession.
Ans. To get on:—to get honor: to get honest.

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