Shall we always tune our harp-strings
To the tenser forms of life,
While the simpler, sweeter music
Is forgotten in the strife?

Shall we never learn that beauty
Loves the dress that Nature weaves,
While she looks with shy suspicion
On the robe that oft deceives?

Robe of rarest, brightest texture,
Woven by fantastic Art,
While it may ensnare the fancy,
Ne'er can captivate the heart.

Form and fashion, fickle, changing,
Only bring contention, strife;
Sweet simplicity is ever
Welcome as the balm of life.

Smiles and gentle words stay with us,
Fresh and fragrant through the years,
Tender ministries, availing
Still to dry the bitter tears.

Shall we tune our harp-strings ever
To the tenser forms of life;
No, the simpler, sweeter music
Is remembered in the strife.

W. B. L.

Richmond College, Dec. 1, 1890.
FROM MARS TO VENUS.

"Look, mother, here is half of a broken horseshoe; I am going to be married within half a week, or half a month, or half a year." And notwithstanding the merry twinkle in Maud Latimer's bright eyes as she said this, there was a vague shadow of seriousness on her fair young face.

The sun was setting. It had been a glorious spring day. On mountain side and lovely vale the mild sunshine had been kissing forest trees and meadow grass and modest flowers alike into new life. Profound peace and quiet reigned at length over a land that for four years had been swept and desolated by the terrible tempest of war. The contending armies had disbanded, and valiant veterans, war-worn and battle-scarred, were returning to their homes. But, alas, from some homes brave men had gone out to return no more; and in such homes—amid general tranquility and national rejoicing—there were eyes dim with weeping, and hearts that ached because of manly forms that were buried on distant battle-fields.

Near the residence of Mr. Latimer was one of those sorrow-darkened homes. Mrs. Latimer, ever ready to cheer the afflicted and to help the needy, and Maud, sweet, sympathetic, remarkably thoughtful for a girl of just eighteen, had been on their accustomed mission to the bereaved family, and were returning to their quiet, happy cottage home when the sight of the significant omen called forth the playful remark with which our story begins.

Mrs. Latimer smiled and gently cautioned her daughter not to think too much of "signs." But after all, perhaps, her dreams that night were of broken horseshoes and wedding festivities.

On that same evening a solitary soldier might have been seen riding leisurely along the mountain road not far from the famous Peaks of Otter. Two days before he had bid adieu to his comrades at Appomattox Courthouse, and turned his horse's head towards his home in southwest Virginia. Dim shadows of wrecked hopes and ruined fortunes—his loved South-land crushed and bleeding, apparently almost a hopeless wreck; many, very many, of her strongest and bravest sons lying under the sod, her homes in ruins, her resources exhausted. These things naturally tended to awaken gloomy thoughts in the mind of the faithful defender of the Lost Cause. But Robert Randolph was young and strong, full of courage and energy, possessing a hopeful, buoyant spirit, and in the midst of melancholy reflections bright visions would occasionally pass before his mind—visions of his childhood's home, which he had visited only two or three times during his four years of military service; of his anxious, devoted father and mother waiting and longing to welcome home again their noble soldier boy, and, brightest of all, per-
haps, appeared the vision of a sweet face that had haunted him through all those eventful years. The lingering radiance of bright smiles that had somehow remained with him, and the remembrance of cheering words spoken in the long ago, had refreshed him on the weary march and inspired him with fresh courage on the field of battle; had sustained his drooping spirits in the hour of defeat, and in the moment of victory had made doubly sweet the exultation and glory of well-merited triumph.

Old Mr. Randolph and Colonel Lewis lived on adjoining farms, and had always been fast friends. Annie Lewis and Robert Randolph had been companions and playmates in childhood, and though no declaration of affection had ever passed between them—no vows of mutual devotion—yet Robert had often confessed to himself that he was in love with the gentle, affectionate, sweet-voiced Annie, while she, although accustomed from earliest childhood to look upon him as a "big brother," would not have been greatly surprised, nor displeased, perhaps, if at any time he had spoken to her of love.

On that calm, beautiful evening he found his thoughts reverting with increasing frequency to the happy hours they had spent together, and over and over again he wondered if she had changed much, and if there might not be happier hours yet in store for them. And perhaps he ventured to picture to himself a happy home, in which Annie should reign a queen, wielding the golden sceptre of unselfish affection—a home in which his brightest dreams of happiness would be abundantly realized. And then his thoughts would recur to his shattered fortune and blighted prospects. At the age of nineteen, with lofty ambition and brilliant expectations, he had entered a famous institution of learning, where he intended to prepare himself for positions of distinguished honor. But before the close of his first session he was called upon to exchange the quiet pursuit of knowledge for the noisy camp and field of deadly conflict. And now, after four years of perilous and toilsome service and heroic sacrifice in behalf of a cause that he believed to be right, he was going back to the home of his boyhood, only to stand amid the ruins of his once splendid hopes and prospects, and with poverty staring him in the face he must labor for the support of those whom he loved and who had so tenderly cared for him in his helpless infancy.

The sun had disappeared behind the western mountains. So entirely occupied with varied reflections was Robert Randolph's mind that he had thought but little of the rapidly approaching close of day, or of where or how he was to spend the night. Deeper grew the twilight shadows, and still our hero rode leisurely on along the rugged mountain road, when suddenly his horse, unaccountably frightened, sprang to one side so quickly and unexpectedly that the rider was thrown with great force against a large rock, and while his
spirited steed scampered away, he was left half-conscious, bruised, and bleeding on the roadside.

*T * * * * *

'Twas a lovely May morning. Myriad flowers, yielding to the sweet, persuasive influence of the warm sunshine, were unfolding their richest treasures of color and fragrance, while a multitude of happy birds were holding a charming concert.

Maud Latimer stood on the vine-covered portico in front of the neat cottage that she loved so much—her childhood home. She was looking westward along the rocky highway that wound like a huge serpent around the majestic mountain heights. A horseman had just passed out of sight, going in the direction in which her eyes were turned. Dear reader, you have already guessed who that horseman was. Yes, it was Robert Randolph. On that eventful evening Mr. Latimer had found him on the roadside and had carried him to his home near by, where he had been tenderly cared for until he was able to resume his homeward journey. His horse had been found and returned to him, and that beautiful May morning he had bidden adieu to his kind new friends and turned his face homeward again.

And now that he was gone, sweet Maud, radiant and blushing, the bloom on her cheeks rivalling the fairest roses that were kissed by the sunlight that morning, stood for a long time looking toward the west. She was happy, and yet sad—happy, because the hero of her heart-life had crossed her path and called her his queen; sad, because that hero was gone and she would not see him again for months, perhaps. And yet he was coming again. Ah, it was the old, old story. Robert Randolph had been unable to resist the charms of his fair nurse; she, in turn, had learned to love the manly, gallant young soldier, and before they separated they had promised to be true to each other always.

Near the home of Mr. Latimer lived farmer Wilson, who had but one child—a strong, energetic young man, now about thirty years of age. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Latimer had been warm friends from boyhood, and they had often laughingly spoken of the probability that the former’s son and the latter’s daughter might be married some day. To George Wilson it had become a decidedly serious question. Long before she was old enough to consider such matters he had realized the fact that he loved the bright, winning, beautiful Maud, and the hope that she would one day be his had become a part of his very being. And Maud had always liked him; he was so kind—yes, and good-looking, too. She liked him; perhaps imagined that she loved him. Anyhow, while on a brief visit to his home, toward the close of the great Civil War, he had offered himself to her and been accepted. And now he was full of plans and hopes and bright anticipations for the future. All that manly strength and energy and devotion could do to make her happy he would do.

Oh, the fraility of human hopes;
the uncertainty of human prospects! Within one short month after his return at the close of the war he learned that the idol of his heart loved another, and the blessed light of earthly hope and joy that had burned so long and brightly on the altar of his heart—the light that had cheered him in so many struggles and sustained his drooping spirits in so many dark hours—went out in hopeless night.

It was hard; and yet who will say that Maud Latimer deserved to be censured? She never really loved George Wilson. Deep down in her heart she pities him still as the years go by, and his life drags wearily on—for he has never loved again, and never will—but Robert Randolph had won her heart, fairly and honestly, and she had no right to withhold it from him.

Soon after returning to his home Robert called on Annie Lewis. She received him cordially. She had not changed very much, and yet somehow to Robert she did not seem to be quite the same. Perhaps she thought that Robert, too, had changed. Suffice to say they have always remained good friends, and Robert Randolph would be sure to receive a cordial welcome if at any time he should visit an elegant home in one of the growing towns of southwest Virginia—a home of which the fair playmate of his childhood, now the loved companion of a prominent lawyer, is the light and ornament.

Bright was the autumn of 1865. Abundant harvests rewarded the faithful labors of brave men who the preceding spring had returned to the quiet pursuit of agriculture. Already renewed prosperity was beginning to smile on the South, and fresh flowers were springing up on the graves of dead hopes. All through the summer months Robert Randolph had been quite busy assisting his father in gathering and arranging the remnants of his scattered fortune. However, he had found time more than once to visit the mountain home of his beloved Maud. During one of those visits they had joined a party of excursionists on a trip to the Peaks of Otter. Bright recollections of that delightful day—the exhilarating climb, the enchanting scenery, the social pleasures of the trip—will linger in their memory until their life-path is lost in the dim shadows that mark the borders of the spirit-land.

One bright day in the month of October there was a quiet wedding in the cottage home of the Latimers, and Robert Randolph, looking handsomer than ever, supremely happy, strong, and brave, and Maud Latimer—blushing, radiant, charming Maud—plighted their vows of constant fidelity and mutual devotion.

In a sweet and happy home in a prosperous Southern city may be seen a contented, cheerful family group. From that home, in the recent past, the first-born of the family—a fair, intelligent, and dutiful daughter—has gone out to brighten and bless a new home. The eldest son is now pursuing a course of study in the same institution in which his
father once hoped to fit himself for higher service in life, and he has good reason to console himself with the hope that his own blighted expectations will at last be realized in the useful and successful career of his son, for we at once recognize Robert Randolph as the father of that happy family.

And Mrs. Randolph—retaining much of the freshness and beauty of her earlier life—while believing fully and trusting implicitly in the guiding and sustaining care of Him whose “tender mercies are over all his works,” yet somehow, through all the years of mingled sunshine and shadows, has not entirely lost her faith in the significance of broken horseshoes.

TRAVELS THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

"Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven."

On the 27th of June we boarded the Chesapeake and Ohio train in Richmond, and the city, with her warm walls and dusty streets, was soon left behind us. We rolled on through Henrico, crossed the Chickahominy into Hanover, passed into Louisa, and looked upon the green earth and saw the glad sunshine streaming through the rich foliage of the trees. We could but exclaim, “Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright. Thou art indeed the bridal of the earth and sky!”

Gordonsville, in Orange county, was soon reached. This point has become almost as well known to travellers as the Forum at Rome and the Acropolis at Athens. “From the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” the old black mammy, with her waiter of chicken-legs, brown biscuits, and cups of coffee has been on hand to refresh the weary tourists as they journeyed homeward. When this town gets on a boom and the railroad is made to run around the city many reminders of this old custom will be removed. We all know, however, that then, to commemorate the daily thoughtfulness of these sable sisters, a statue in their likeness will be cut from marble of spotless white and placed upon a pyramid of chicken-legs. The monument will bear this simple inscription: “Here is the place to get your money back.”

There we took a private conveyance to go twenty-six miles into the country. Then it was that we wished we had a double pair of heels that we might throw them upon our trunks in front of us and drink deep of the beauties of Nature which lay upon every side. The mountains and hills were breaking before us like clouds from the western horizon, and all the trees of the field were clapping their hands. The two bays moved briskly for-
TRAVELS THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

ward. The carriage-wheels rumbled over the bridge across the Rapidan and we passed into the bounds of Madison. On we went, and as twilight drew her delicate veil and shut out the scenery so green, we rolled into the one and only street of Madison Courthouse, and having paid our best respects to a most excellent supper, retired to our several rooms. We had been rocked all day in carriage and car, and, like weary children, were soon asleep.

The next morning it was raining. We looked out upon the old town, her one long street and quiet houses; and as we heard the rattle of the stage-wheels, accompanied by the sound of the bugle, we were forced to exclaim, "Ah, ancient of days! would that a boom would strike your borders and bring them into close relation with the moving world!"

Later in the summer we returned to the old town and spent an evening with a college chum. We stepped across the way to a friend's, who is an expert violinist, we had known in our first years at college. How natural he looked and how familiar was the sound as he made his instrument speak in sharps and trebles. As we looked upon the familiar bow and the strings so finely strung we were carried back to the days when our friend made the college campus melodious with his music.

After supper my friend took me around to see his best girl, at her residence on Long avenue. He sat about nine feet from her, and seemed to be among the buds of May and blossoms of June. Just at this time a cousin of hers came in, and as we are by nature quite shy, we were afraid to have a greater distance than a foot between us. The minutes came and the hours went, but we knew it not until we were suddenly aroused by something striking upon the floor above. We then departed "with deep regrets," in slow and measured tread. Before the next afternoon passed we had the pleasure of meeting other fair ones, and as we turned homeward, from our hearts we could but say, "There is hope for the old town yet."

We left the Courthouse soon after the blowing of the bugle, and drove six miles farther into the country. Near the hamlet of Haywood was "Spring Hill," the Old Virginia home where we were to spend the summer. As the carriage passed from a wood upon the mountain side, what a scene lay out before us. There was the homestead, surrounded by the locust, cedar, and holly, lying far below upon the brow of a hill. From the distance the out-buildings, so neatly whitewashed, gave the surroundings the appearance of a little village. In the background the rugged spurs of the Blue Ridge raise their great blue heights to kiss the skies. "Pelion is piled upon Ossa," and there indeed is a place "where each old poetic mountain inspiration breathes around." Through the gate, adown the winding way, we rolled on. Then we crossed the meadow stream, went up the steep hill, and the bays came to a rest at the stile before that picturesque home. Some of the party had never before crossed
that threshold, but being with those who had often been there before, we were soon made to feel that the hearts of Virginians ever contain a true and tender welcome.

The days rolled on. Some were filled with sunshine, others were dark with storm. And how this reminded us of life. One season overflowing with joy, another flooded with trouble. Yet, would we have it otherwise? How sweet is the peace that comes when "the clouds have rolled away"! The trees look greener, the grass fresher, the sky brighter—deeds seem greater, men nobler, and friends dearer.

There, where we had "camped" for the summer, the squirrel and "old hare" have never been disturbed in their peaceful haunts by the whistle of the locomotive, and the cooing dove and partridge in her dress of modest brown have never broken their necks by flying against a telegraph or telephone wire. We were surrounded by the same forests of oak and pine in which no doubt Powhatan, having left his tidewater home in company with his trusted braves, used to hunt the mountain bear and chase the fleet-footed deer. The broken arrow-points of flint found here and there, and the lonely Indian graves, covered with piles of stone, still remain to tell the story of the Red Men.

How calm and peaceful at "Spring Hill" were the evening hours. As the lark ceased to sing and the great owl began to seek out its prey, the angels of night, with their white wings keeping time to celestial mu-
the owners of the greater part of the
mountain live. They are six sisters—
five of them old maids. There being
only one man in the family, he is
considered merely an ornament. The
"ladies" show that they do not want
him in their way. In the spring
they lay their own hands to the
plow and turn the sod upon the
steep hill-sides. When the autumn
leaves begin to fall they may be seen
far up where the pine once grew,
husking their corn to be stored away
for winter use.

We passed on by a winding road,
through the growing corn and pump­
kin vines, to the top. There we rested
"beneath the shade of the trees," and
with a glass we looked out upon
the beautiful panorama that was be­
fore us. On every side were seen
mountain farms, and away in the
distance like a miniature picture lay
Culpeper Courthouse. A sketch of
the party was taken, and we then re­
turned homeward.

What a grand dinner awaited us at
the home of our friend. The grand­
mother sat at the head of the table
with the dignity of Victoria and the
genialness of Richmond's Mayor.
We thought some of our churns
would kill themselves eating chick­
en legs. The table groaned beneath
every vegetable that a garden can
afford; all the jams, jellies, and pre­
serves that the orchard and the woods
can produce; and as we looked at
the old ham presiding over the scene,
we could but say, "Truly they have
fed us upon the fat of the land, and
this indeed is a place flowing with
milk and honey."
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.”

From there we drove to the Shiloh Baptist Association, which met at Alum Springs, in Culpeper county. How pleasant it is to meet old friends and “to greet one another again.” The “world and his wife” were there, but all desired especially to see Hatcher, Thomas, and Wharton, who have become so well known in the Baptist circles of the Old Dominion. Hospitality reigned supreme. What magnificent dinners were spread beneath the overhanging oaks! Such quantities of pies, chickens, shoats, lambs, and mutton are not often seen, and with fair hands to pass the tempting viands, it cannot be wondered that upon many was conferred Brother Wharton’s degree, “D. O. E.”—or, in English, “Death on Eating.” We bid farewell to the many friends whom we had met during the three days of the Association and returned to Madison.

The days of the summer were drawing to a close, but several memorable horse-back rides were taken with friends to Criglersville, Slate Mills, and Bloomfield. Long will be remembered the starlight visits we paid to the waters of the Robertson, and of how we rolled upon her “surging billows.” The frequent coming of our dear friend “Blackstone” upon his good horse “Billy” will be remembered even after the stars have ceased to shine and when earthly things are no more, and the little Sabbath school at Haywood and the kind friends there will ever occupy a tender place in our heart.

The time for parting came; and how it reminds us of the “Last Farewell,” when we are all, one by one, to leave scenes that are Old to take our place among scenes that are New. Then shall come the

“Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that—the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When we embark;  
For tho’ from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear us far,  
We hope to see our Pilot face to face  
When we have crossed the bar.”

OLD VIRGINIA.

POLITICAL PREJUDICE.

Very few have a true conception of how much they are influenced by prejudice—of how near they are its slaves. As prevalent and lamentable as prejudice is in all the walks and shades of life, nowhere is its hold firmer or its effects more deplorable than in politics. It is as hard for us to see a good trait in our opposing party as for us to see beauty in our foe’s face; as difficult for us to discover a mistake that our party has committed as for the enthusiast to see a fallacy in his theory. Just
as the lover, blinded by his affections, is unable to see a blemish in his mistress, so we, influenced by political prejudice, find no language rich enough in which to enshrine the name of our chosen party, or no epithet bitter enough to stigmatize the character of the opposing party.

Cæsar said that "man thinks as he wants to think." And it is just as natural, in politics at least, for us to think that we are right, and others wrong, as it is for the seasons to keep their appointed time.

It is a regrettable but an obvious fact that in a political canvass that which goes straightest and strongest to the heads and hearts is not reason and truth, but that which has been conceived in malice and uttered in unfairness. How many who have reached the very zenith of party zeal and of party hatred could not give a valid reason for assisting the one or resisting the other of the two great parties? How many who have found no words harsh enough out of which to forge a thunderbolt to hurl at the Force bill or the McKinley measure have ever read either? Too many of us base our accepting and rejecting upon what our party friends advise; too many of us read politics not with our eyes, but with prejudice; too many of us put more passion than reason into politics. There are too many narrow, contracted, and bigot-minded, and not enough broad, expanding ones in politics. Too many of us forget that it is the man that makes the party, and not the party that makes the man, and allow an actual antipathy to spring up in our hearts towards those who think and vote differently. Sincere opinion should never interfere with personal intercourse or social esteem. Dear to me are the principles I love and cherish, and sacred to my memory are the traditions of my party; but God forbid that the time shall ever come when I shall have anything but respect for those who honestly differ with me. As to my party affiliation, it could not be warmer, but I trust that it never will so intoxicate me that I shall think that the party whose fortunes I follow, and whose fortunes I intend to follow, to be synonymous of all that is good in government and true in patriotism. You talk about the corruptness of politics. They are all right. It is our narrow minds that gives them an unsavory flavor. If men would acquaint themselves with the great principles that meet each other, and the great issues that clash against each other, fairer fortunes would smile upon politics.

If truth ever gets a hearing, if imperishable history ever be written, we will find no marble white enough upon which to carve the name of politics.

F. W.
THE POWER OF PURPOSE.

It is by no means a rare thing to hear even thinking people give expression to the belief that, as a rule, men are all they are capable of being; but, on the other hand, one of the great philosophers has said that "men lack purpose, not capacity"; and when we withdraw from expressed opinion and turn our view to the scene of life, examining history, present and past, we are inclined to the latter view of the subject.

Men do not lack capacity. This is evident from the fact that those of the most ordinary endowments often achieve wonderful success in life. Often men with harsh, grating voice and stammering speech finally come to sway their fellows with the power of eloquence; those deprived of limbs perform great mechanical feats, and those without some of the faculties surpass many others who are specimens of nature's perfect work.

Many of the men who not only made themselves felt throughout the civilized world during their own generation, but have sent a mighty influence down through all the succeeding ages, were hindered, restrained, and impeded both by external difficulties and natural defects in their own person. Demosthenes, by the most strenuous and persistent effort, conquered the organs of his own speech before he could conquer assemblages with the power of his eloquence; the three great poets of the world—Homer, Ossian, and Milton—had not the faculty of sight; and it is said that Alexander Pope was such an invalid that he had to be sewed up every morning in rough canvas in order to stand him on his feet. Gambasio, so widely famed for his achievements in the art of sculpture, could not see the marble on which he worked. Time would fail us to tell of the grand examples of those who, despite nature's favor, misfortune, disappointment, and temporary defeat, have husbanded their crippled forces, overridden impediments, and, climbing the steeps of difficulty, have filled out the full measure of human attainment.

Then, surely, men do not lack capacity. If those deprived of some of the most important faculties, and compelled to row over life's sea against counter currents, reach the the desired haven; if others, possessed with all the gifts which nature furnishes, and favored by what we call "fortune," fail in life's great ends, then the difficulty must be attributed to some other cause than the lack of native ability.

No! Generally speaking, it is not the want of native ability that causes men to fall below the desired mark; nor is it the possession of special talent that always lifts them to eminent importance in the world's affairs; but in either case it is the purpose a man forms in his own mind, and the standard that he erects before him, that determines the stratum of life in which he will move.
We need not go into the history of by-gone days to see this, but only observe what is daily transpiring before us.

In college life it may be quickly discovered that those who attain the highest honors are by no means always the most intellectual and brilliant, but often the ungifted youth, plodding with steady step, climbs above his intellectual superior and plucks the prize. In either case the original powers of the man give but little clue to the final outcome, but the indication of the purpose which is going to apply those powers reveals the whole story.

Follow this same class of men after the educational period is past. One attains the highest honors of his college, and masters thoroughly the whole system of arts and sciences, and yet he goes out into the world and is never heard from again. On the other hand, the other, who accomplished nothing in the way of education, addresses himself to business, and soon rises to eminence.

Surely the one with finished education and developed faculties is not incompetent; nor does the other find any resources in his ignorance. But the sum of the matter is this: both had the ability to do what each did, but one had the desire and the will to do one thing, and one another, and as each purposed in his heart so was he.

How often we are attracted by unmistakable evidences of the most wonderful genius in a man, and yet he puts it to no practical use whereby it may benefit neither himself nor others, but he walks in the most humble spheres of life, and often in subordination to his inferiors.

It is not the man of high favor, great resources, and innate superiority that sways the minds of men, masters the great problems of life, and unlocks nature's stores; but it is the man who realizes that he has something to do, sets his mind upon it, and bends his whole energies to the accomplishment of one purpose.

This principle is grandly illustrated in the life of Columbus. He was a man of poverty, had many misfortunes; at times was forced into menial service, and had his life threatened. Yet when he considered a great purpose he set into operation the forces residing in him. He lived down every difficulty that opposed him, swayed the minds of monarchs, and, though without means, perfected an enterprise which cost thousands of dollars.

At the very time this was going on there were hundreds of other men in the world who had all the means required for the accomplishment of this enterprise, and the same, or in many cases better, opportunities than Columbus for learning of its practicability. Yet they did not turn any of their powers to this or any other worthy object, and died unknown to the world.

Few people are there who do not constantly observe about them those who possess high social qualities, are of quick insight, deep penetration of thought, and gifted with special genius, and yet they never rise. They display the utmost readiness
in meeting any demand upon their powers, and are masters of the situation in every emergency. Yet they never, by the exercise of voluntary will, reach out and seek for a larger field of action. They accomplish no great work, and never rise above the sphere in which they are born. Not because there does not reside in them all the forces, both intellectual and physical, that men had who have blessed the world, nor because environment is less favorable to their success in the realms of greatness, but because there is no purpose behind the power they possess.

As skill enables the artist by a few strokes of the pen or brush to so connect promiscuous marks and colors as to throw them into life and beauty, so purpose enables a man to gather up the forces of his being and embody them into living action. As a mass of cork floating down the river, when by debris is pressed beneath the water’s surface, with every move gains an ascending inch, so purpose braces a man up when crushed by misfortune, and allures him from the depths of disappointment.

When you want to know how high water can be raised from a spring, you note the elevation of its source, not the volume of its flow; so if you would know how a youth entering upon the arena of life will rise in the scale of worth, look not at the signs of ability he exhibits, but rather at the purposes he cherishes.

We often wonder at the enormous amount of unemployed force there is on the earth. The thought almost stuns us when we attempt to form a conception of these hidden powers. Who could estimate the mechanical power of the winds that continually sweep over the earth? Think of the water dashing down the mountain side and flowing idly along the river’s channel. Even the soft, gentle sunbeams ever streaming upon an entire hemisphere are pregnant with power. This is continually gathered up and stored away in the vegetable world till the very forests have pent up in them the force to move mountains. But the mountains themselves envelop vast deposits of coal containing power available in the form of steam and electricity that would rack the world to its centre and make it to quiver on its axis.

Surely the idle forces of the material world are vast—vast beyond all human conception. Yet hardly greater are these than those physical, intellectual, and moral forces vested in man that are never set into operation.

There is a familiar saying that “God makes great men for great occasions.” This is true, and intensely more than true. God makes great men, so far as his work goes, always, and great occasions call into play the powers he has given. The world is full of men created with all the possibilities of greatness, and when these rightful heirs of the undying praise of men and the eternal approval of God rise in their strength, and with the vigor of manhood exercise the intelligent forces of the world upon the insensible material, this old planet, buzzing with life, will hum the praises of its Almighty Creator.

C. S. D.
There is in every man something of the poetic. He may not have at hand language in which to express himself, may be no polished orator, no silver-tongued rhetorician pouring out beautifully rounded periods; but yet there is an indescribable something in him which is aroused and struggles for expression at the sight of some noble work of art, some famous deed, or, best of all, some one of the wonderful mysteries of nature. She, the mother of poets and theme of all poetry, stirs up to the utmost this indefinable emotion in man. There are times when this subtle essence so pervades the being that one feels he has but to stretch out his arms and soar away to brighter and better spheres. The hand of the All-wise is on him. He has nobler thoughts, higher aspirations, and becomes, in commune with nature and nature's God, a better, nobler man.

There is in a section of our dear old Mother State a grove, not so celebrated as that of Daphne, nor yet so lovely, but which is of oaks gnarled and ancient, over whose heads storms of a century have blown—oaks that have spread benignantly their branches, with their sweet refreshing shade, over people of long ago. They have not changed. I sit on an outspreading root, a chair made in nature's own way; above me wave the branches, the winds whisper through the interlaced network of leaves—the same shade, the same music enjoyed by the people of the eighteenth century! Sometimes the mellow flood of moonlight through the branches casts ghost-like shadows along the ground, and a starry magic makes all things mysterious and the earth seems rising to meet the longing skies. Then it is that I sit here and, dreaming, hear dim whispers and tremulous replies, as if the spirits of those who once frequented the grove were holding converse above me. Then I hear music, as of many Æolian harps whose strains blend to make one mellow, bird-like voice. Listen to its story:

Once there was, in the days of yore, a much loved man, respected by all, and raised by the love and trust of the people to the place of their chieftain of Virginia. Grown weary of his burdensome duties at the ancient capital, he sought rest and quiet—some spot to which to fly, with his family, from worldly cares. Williamsburg, that lovely old town, full of a thousand memories of Virginia and her statesmen, did not satisfy him. One night he had a vision. A spirit to him came and bade him rise and follow. Unable to resist, he was borne with lightning speed o'er hill and vale, river and streamlet, to the verge of a lake. Where was he? How beautiful! Before him lay stretched the dark expanse of waters. The moonbeams kissing its silent ripples, gave it a silver sheen. Near the banks weird forms, shadows of forest giants,
spread their ghost-like shapes in and out among the rushes. At a landing near by them lay moored a shallop. The spirit stepped in, and taking the oars the craft sped smoothly over the bosom of the lake, the wavelets playfully smacking its sides, to the farther shore. As if still drawn by magic hand he went on and on, in a dream, yet still alive to the beauties around. At length they paused, arrested by the sighing of the wind through myriads of branches of mighty oaks. Around on all sides the mighty monarchs of the forest rose grim and gloomy in the night. Above the moonlight shimmered through the leaves, kissing the zephyrs toying with its silver rays. Awe-struck, overcome by the beautiful sublimity of the scene, the good man hears then the voice: Here lies the place as lovely as the gardens of the Nile. There a lake, here a grove, yonder a mountain, grim sentinel of the whole. Build here your home, and here, oh, faithful soul!

He awoke! 'Twas but a dream! Disappointment was writ on every feature. But he began to think. Glorious! He knew the way! Hastily making his preparations, he sped to the fair county of Amelia, ascended in a canoe the waters of the Appomattox, reached the lake, found the grove in all its pristine splendor. Joy reigned in his heart. He sent for workmen; built in that grove his earthly paradise; put on that lake boats; built here a mill to grind his corn. His house finished, fit companion was it for the grove—turret, gabled, handsomely furnished, a masterpiece of art. Here he brought his family, his lovely wife, his smiling children. Oh, the rest of that home!"

He has been gathered to his fathers. The place named after the Indian, "The Wigwam," was sold to my grandfather. Here he was for many years happy and prosperous. Here for the betterment of society, by educating its youth, he built a schoolhouse and established that institution known as the "Amelia Academy." Here my father, his brothers and sisters, have spent their childhood and happy days of youth. Hence the trees have many secrets to whisper, many strange sights seen, many lovely maidens shaded, many gay cavaliers rested under their widespread branches. Here, a second home, I come to visit, to dream of the old times, the faces seen no more, the many, many sad changes which have place even in my short life. Here, now, the maidens sit and sing, the young men ride up as of yore; the old trees give as sweet and refreshing shade; their spreading roots offer as comfortable seats; the lake is as lovely as ever, and is the scene of many happy hours spent in a shallop—image of that which bore the dreaming Governor over its waters long ago. All the beauties of the place are present! We see them as they of former years saw them, and feel, as they felt, that indescribable essence caused by a sight of the beautiful in nature or art.

The young, neither burdened with nor hardened by the cares of the world, are especially sensible to beauty. Their souls are fresh from
the hand of God, their maker, and more impressionable than after years of contact with the cold, heartless, and bitter world. As one just entering the door of life, I am as sensible to the beauty of the grove as was Governor Giles when, led by the spirit, he viewed it by moonlight long years ago. I feel an eagerness to be pure, to be good, even as He was good; to have the beauty of his soul reflected in mine, and to this end pray that I may ever be sensible of the beauty concealed in the poorest thing about me.

W. H. H.

Editorial.

HOW SHOULD THE DEBATER'S MEDAL BE AWARDED?

Last year one of our literary societies passed a resolution transferring the power of awarding the best debater's medal from its members to a committee of three selected by the society from among the citizens of Richmond.

In the May number of the Messenger there appeared a short article against this plan, and now that its first trial has given such universal satisfaction to all concerned, our previous convictions on the subject have been so strengthened that we can hardly refrain from giving expression to a few words of disagreement with the writer of the above-mentioned article.

In the first place, we wish to say that we believe there is no plan by which it would be absolutely certain that the member who really possessed the highest merit in debate would receive the medal. Valid objections can be raised to any plan which may be suggested, and this being the case, the matter of concern with us is to find the plan which has least objections.

We have three reasons why the medal should not be awarded by the boys.

1. In college life, just as in the outside world, every man has his special friends—and many of us have our special enemies. In legal proceedings he is considered the most competent iuror who bears neither friendship nor animosity to any person concerned in the decision of the case in hand. The same principle applies here. How like human nature it is for one to think that his friend is better than somebody else's friend. And even the most impartial, when the contestants are anything like equally matched, for no good reason will lean towards his companion. We know that such motives as we have mentioned should not influence a member in casting his vote, but the fact of the case is that they do, and the emergency should be met by
taking the matter out of the hands of the boys and putting it upon entirely disinterested parties.

2. The plan of awarding the medals through the members crushes all ambition out of the man who feels himself unpopular with the students. We have heard several members of one of our societies say that they would enter the race for the debater's medal if the contest were only decided by judges. Now, whether these gentlemen would, in any case, "stand any show" for the prize, we will not undertake to say; but one thing is certain, that the present plan of their society has repressed their efforts, which is in direct opposition to the very purpose for which the medal is given.

3. Men could be found who on account of their superior education and experience are better able to decide upon the merits of a debate than are the students.

On the other hand, it has been said that the new plan necessitates the awarding of the medal on one speech, which is inadequate in itself to serve as a basis of decision as to which contestant is the best debater. There is some truth in this; but is there not the very strongest kind of presumption that the most deserving man will on the night of contest show himself the best debater?

However, we recognize the fact that this is a question on which the students may and do differ, and therefore we invite discussions on this important subject.

THE LATE ELECTION.

The late election brought surprise to Democrats and Republicans alike. The most sanguine Democrat could hardly have hoped for a result half so favorable to his party, while the Republican that foreboded disaster was stunned by a blow that far exceeded his fears. Though the victory cannot be counted of any very great importance in its immediate effects, yet it shows that the people emphatically disapprove the recent policy of the Republican party. The McKinley bill, the Lodge bill, Reed's ruling, the action of Congress in the contested election cases, and the alleged fraudulent census, all contributed to this complete turnabout.

The former Republican States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois (Democratic for the first time in her history), Wisconsin, Iowa, Colorado, Montana have all passed over into Democratic ranks. The anti-Republican majority in the next house will be one hundred and fifty-four, seventeen States having sent a solid Democratic delegation. The hall of the House of Representatives will be almost as destitute of Republicans in the next Congress as it was of Democrats in the last, when the contested election cases were to be voted on. The Republicans, however, will have a somewhat different reason for making themselves scarce.

Out of the hundred and twenty-one delegates elected from the Southern States only six are Republican; and, mirabile dictu, the Democrats, without the aid of a single Southern
vote, would have a majority of thirty-five members. In our own State all ten representatives are Democrats; the aggregate popular majority received by them being, in round numbers, 65,000; though the fact that in several districts there was practically no opposition must be taken into the account.

When we remember that one hundred and sixty-eight districts, which in 1888 sent Republican representatives to Congress, have this year elected Democrats, the result seems to indicate that our people are as unstable in politics as the French. But we regard this change as a most gratifying sign that a large element of our voting population will break away from party lines when the occasion arises for them to condemn measures they believe to be wrong.

We hope the last election will serve to re impress on party leaders the lesson that for their actions they are directly responsible to the people.

"The first morning after the election the New York Tribune (Republican) conceded a Democratic majority of two Congressmen; the second day it conceded a majority of eighty; the third day one hundred and twenty." The Tribune is a progressive journal.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

In the late election the Farmers' Alliance made its first appearance in politics. The farmers are, no doubt, very much encouraged at the result. They claim to have secured, through one party or the other, the election of thirty-eight congressmen, and to have gained control of the legislatures of Georgia, South Carolina, Kansas, and Nebraska. The line upon which the Alliance is fighting may be seen from the following radical demands made by their National Convention held in St. Louis a year ago:

(1) The abolition of national banks and the issuance of treasury notes that shall be legal tender for all debts, issued in sufficient volume to do the business of the country on a cash system; (2) prohibition of "all dealing in futures" in agricultural and mechanical productions; (3) free and unlimited coinage of silver; (4) prohibition of alien ownership of land, and the reclaiming from railroads and other corporations of all lands not actually used by them; (5) all revenues, National and State, to be limited "to the necessary expenses of the Government economically and honestly administered"; (6) the issuance of fractional paper currency; (7) ownership by the people of "the means of communication and transportation."

Who knows but what this powerful organization may push all other questions to the background and make the above measures the issue of 1892?

PENSIONS.

The present Congress has gone to wild excess in the matter of pensioning. This fact may be fully realized from the clipping which we give below:

"It is now believed that Congress at the coming session will be com-
pelled to pass a deficiency bill of $40,000,000 to provide for pensions, in addition to the $109,000,000 already appropriated. That is to say, about $150,000,000 must be paid for pensions this year, with a good prospect that the amount will be fully $200,000,000 next year and $250,000,000 in 1893. When the people fairly realize what all this means, they will bury the politicians responsible for it so deep that nothing short of Gabriel's trumpet will raise them."

It is unquestionably right that the widows of the brave men who lost their lives in the late war, as well as the disabled veterans, should receive liberal pensions, but we do not believe in pensioning a man because his step-mother's cousin's son happened to be in hearing distance when a battle was being fought.

THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF DR. KOCH.

The medical world has been much excited of late by the discovery of a cure for consumption by Dr. Koch, of Berlin. Physicians from all parts of the world have set out for Germany to make a personal inspection of the new method, which, it is said, rests primarily upon the existence in diseased parts of minute insects the efficient cause of consumption. The problem before the physicians was to destroy these ravenous little creatures. Dr. Koch has found the poison that will do the work. This poison is applied by injection "under the skin of the back between the shoulder blades and the lumbar regions." The efficiency of the cure has been almost universally accepted by the medical profession. If a remedy for consumption has really been found—and we think there can be little doubt of the fact—it is a great triumph of medical science.

MR. HENRY K. ELLYSON.

On Thanksgiving Day, when our campus was alive with happy students enjoying their holiday sports, the sad news of the death of our friend, Hon. H. K. Ellyson, came to our ears. On all sides were heard expressions of deep sorrow on the part of the students. He was known as a friend of young men, and especially the young men of Richmond College. For the last five years he has been the honored president of the Board of Trustees of this institution, whose interests he never lost an opportunity to promote. For nearly a half century he was the corresponding secretary of the Baptist State Mission Board. We think the life of Mr. Ellyson furnishes us with a bright example of how a man, though actively engaged in business affairs, can lead a life of widespread usefulness in the cause of Christ.

The sixth annual Conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Colleges of Virginia, held with us last month, was a great success. The meetings were a source of great benefit to all who attended, and the spiritual life of our college was much awakened. A full account of the proceedings will, no doubt, be given in another department.

The students of Hampden-Sydney College asks the co-operation of the colleges of this State in the forma-
tion of an intercollegiate league for the purpose of promoting oratorical study. The plan seems to be that a meeting of the league be held annually for the purpose of an oratorical contest and the transaction of routine business, and that each institution be allowed to send one man to take part in this contest and to cast the vote of his college upon any matter that may come before the league. We regret that the above information did not come to hand in time to explain more fully the proposed working of the league. We think, however, the plan is a most excellent one, and will no doubt receive the cooperation of all the colleges.

Our foot-ball elevens are meeting with defeat on all sides, but we suppose all colleges have their off-years. This is our off-year in foot-ball. We have had five of them in succession.

LOCALS.

EDITOR : HARDIN T. BURNLEY.

Ah! there's a cat.

Did you hear Tiberius Crackus Jones?

What rose is born to blush unseen? Negroes.

Young Lady: "Will you sing a solo?"

Rat: "Yes; if you will sing with me."

Mr. M.: Can you tell me in what State is the University of Virginia?

Mr. M. says he is going to resign from the literary society of which he is a member as soon as he has paid his tuition fee.

Mr. L. was walking in the Capitol Square one Saturday afternoon, when, stopping suddenly, he pointed to the Capitol building and said: "That is the First Baptist church, isn't it, where I am going to morrow?"

Mr. H. remarks that when a couple engage to row in the same boat for life their condition is canoe-bial.

In literary matters it's first think, and then th' ink.

Pretty Teacher: "Why is flirting a common noun?"

Sharp Pupil: "Because 'tisn't proper."

A good way to expand the chest—by carrying a larger heart in it.

Why are cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here (hear).
Pat: "Which is the quickest way to get to the depot?"

"Smart Student: "Run."

Fee simple or simple fee, And all the fees entail, Are nothing when compared with thee, The best of fees—female.

Why are students like poison? Because they are Rough on Rats.

All good boys love their sisters, And so good have we grown We love other boys' sisters As well as our own.

A discussion arose in the English class as to which was the more proper form, learnt or learned, when Mr. B. remarked that he would always use the latter form, as he could spell it with more ease (e's).

New Student: "What does era come from? I can't find it in the dictionary."

Old Student: "You could find it without any trouble if you weren't a rat yourself."

Mr. P. called to see a young lady attending a certain institution of learning in the city, and upon asking for her received a message from the principal that she was engaged. "That's all right," said Mr. P.; "I'm the fellow she's engaged to."

We saw a fellow the other night with two heads on his shoulders, but this does not seem so wonderful when we state that one was his girl's.

Two young ladies were looking in Shakespeare for quotations. One exclaimed, "I have a good one." When the other replied, "Oh! no; that isn't a quotation, because it isn't in quotation marks."

Thrice he stretched forth his arms, and thrice he sought to embrace her at the foot of the steps.

Mr. H. contributes the following: A friend of mine lately visited the famous Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky. His attendant was an old negro, possessing no small share of that sense of the comic so characteristic of his race. He gave my friend the following distinction between stalactites and stalagmites: "Dem," said he, pointing to the roof of the cave, "is stalactites, 'cause ef dey warnt tite dey'd be berry sartin to drop down; and dese," pointing to the floor, "mite be stalactites, but as dey isn't, dey is of course staglagmites."

We meet with many curious things, And strange, it seems to tell, The latest craze among us is The Philosophic Swell. To be a Philosophic Swell All arguments resist, And state that nothing has, nor does, Nor ever will exist.

This notice hangs prominently upon the walls of a certain room: "Notwithstanding the high prices of things and the unexpected calls upon our purses, we are still in the 'Burg."

In a conversation in which the works of the standard authors were
being discussed a few days since, Mr. J. asked Mr. M., "Have you ever read Chaucer's Canterbury Tales?"
"No," replied Mr. M. "By whom are they?" "Why, by Dean Swift, of course," said Mr. J.

**FUNNY SIGHTS.**

I saw a cow hide in the grass,
A rush light on the floor.
I saw a candle stick in mud,
And a bell punch at the door.
I saw a horse fly up the creek.
A cat nip at her food;
I saw a chestnut burr, and heard
A shell bark in the wood.
I saw a jack plane off a board,
A car spring off the track;
I saw dust off the floor,
And then a carpet tack.
I saw a monkey wrench a hat
From a fair lady's pate;
I saw a rattle snake a bird,
And hogs heads on the plate.
I saw a pin wheel of a post,
A wheel wright in a shop;
I saw a brandy mash a glass,
I saw a shooting star;
I heard the corn stalk in the field,
And pig iron crow bar.
I saw a sword fish off a bank,
I heard the water spout;
I saw tobacco spit, and then
I heard an eye bawl out.
I saw a fence rail at the din,
I heard a waist band play
A lovely strain—a sweet spittoon—
And then I went away.—E. J.

**OUR BOYS.**

The weather being Clement and the sky Farrar than had been for a Long time, we started to Drewry's Bluff. We went by Churchill, and on the way threatened to Lynch a fellow because he Scanlin(ized) the Dean of the College, but through deference to our Young lawyers we only made him Bowdon and sing.

After passing through a Marsh overgrown with tall Reid(s), and getting our Boots muddy, we heard the Blair of a Young Hunter's horn. He had just shot a Hart, so we Baugh(t) it and put a Skinner to work on it, and broke up some Britt(le) Wood to make a fire, which did not Burn(ley) very well. We Cook(ed) it done, but did not Burnett. Then we made Hash of a Cockerel which we Baugh(t) from a black Smith. One fellow got choked, but by Patton him on the back we got the bone out.

It was not the time of year for Robins, but soon a Laird ran up and told us that he had seen a Fox Hidden behind a Brown Hayes(tack) in some Ry(e)land. How different is hunting since the Bowe has been Dunaway with! The West wind had brought snow, and it was pretty to see the Light glittering on the Broad(us) Whit(e)field. By Heaton and Melton some of the snow we obtained water. After going through a Wood which abounded in Redwood and Har(d)wood, and crossing a Branch, we came to a White house, where we stopped and rested awhile. Going through the Chambers of this house we found and began to Read the story of a Young Duke who got to Loving a poor girl, but it is not in our Provence to talk about Loving. Here we saw a steam Hatcher, which is said to beat the old-fashioned hen all to pieces. As we started home
one of us tore his coat, and had to
get the Taylor to sew it up.
It was a long day's journey we
took, and as the Street cars had got-
ten Hurt, and none of us were Walk-
ers, we fared rather hard; and ere
we reached the campus the Rudd(y)
Light of the sun had ceased to shine,
and not Dew, as formerly, but Frost
was upon the ground. T., JR.

THAT'S ENOUGH, DON'T YOU THINK?
The students at College are happy this year.
That's enough, don't you think?
The professors to us are all very dear.
That's enough, don't you think?
They've seen to us getting new cottages and
all
The new sidewalks which we had not last
fall;
If I ask what's the matter with Lombardy
Hall,
That's enough, don't you think?

When I speak of the mansion which is next
to Broad street,
That's enough, don't you think?
It's English, you know, and exceedingly
neat.
That's enough, don't you think?
The occupant thinks he has the best of the
set,
But when fish were being caught he fell in
the net;
The students have the best house by far, you
can bet.
That's enough, don't you think?

If I mention the house which we call "num-
ber two,"
That's enough, don't you think?
It's Roman, you know, and perfectly new.
That's enough, don't you think?
The resident boasts of the shade of the trees,
Which in winter will cause him almost to
freeze,
And in summer the students will get all the
breeze.
That's enough, don't you think?

The next is the white house, in order num-
ber three,
That's enough, don't you think?
In which dwells the chairman, who sets the
boys free.
That's enough, don't you think?
We will call his dwelling the second best
house,
Provided he keeps as still as a mouse;
For we are the people on this large campus.
That's enough, don't you think?
The two buildings now skipped will be men-
tioned last.
That's enough, don't you think?
The astronomer's house I'm seeking quite
fast.
That's enough, don't you think?
I find as for fence there's not even one
Which had to be built ere he could come.
In his beautiful yard we seek not our fun.
That's enough, don't you think?

After this I will mention professors no more,
That's enough, don't you think?
For fear the great Grecian will get pretty
sore.
That's enough, don't you think?
He lives right on Franklin, which is quite a
drive,
Where ladies take walks to keep them alive,
While the boys in the cottage work like bees
in a hive.
That's enough, don't you think?

To the dear old cafe I will now go back.
That's enough, don't you think?
The "Rep" that "its great" is really a fact.
That's enough, don't you think?
Boss day comes to us but three times a week,
Of which the gay student often does speak,
Though the cottage boys over it are very
meek.
That's enough, don't you think?

Now for the boys who in the cottage do
dwell.
That's enough, don't you think?
They are leaders in everything, even the yell.
That's enough, don't you think?
They have all the conveniences of recent
date,
Which excels any college in this great State.
I will now wind up, for the professors are
late.
That's enough, don't you think?
Problem: If during the past football season Harvard beat Yale by a score of 12 to 6, and Yale beat Princeton 32 to 0, and Princeton beat the University of Virginia 115 to 0, and the University of Virginia beat Randolph Macon 142 to 0, and Randolph-Macon beat Richmond 6 to 4, what would have been the score if Harvard and Richmond had played? Answer published in our next.

The local editor wishes to express his sincere appreciation of the many kindnesses shown him during his recent sickness, and especially does he wish to thank the “Big Four” for the beautiful flowers sent him with their sympathy.

We regret to announce that several of the students have been seriously indisposed during the past month. Mr. J. J. Wicker has been forced to withdraw from College on account of ill health. Mr. James H. Franklin has been at home for some time with a bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and will not return to College until after Christmas.

Yells are becoming all the rage, even with the fair sex. It is said that both the Institute and High School girls have recently adopted them.

The Law Class continues to grow in numbers. There are now fourteen names on the roll, and more are expected during the year. The class would no doubt have been much larger but for the unavoidably late announcement of the committee’s choice of Professor. It is confidently expected that the attendance in this department next session will be thirty-five or forty.

The literary societies have decided to give a Joint Orator’s Medal. This has long been needed, and ours is the only college of prominence, we think, which has not had such a medal heretofore. Now that all the colleges in the State have them, why not have an intercollegiate oratorical contest between the medalists of the different colleges?

There are now eleven tennis courts upon the campus. This sport has not been actively engaged in by many of the most prominent players on account of the all-absorbing football, but as the latter has nearly reached its goal, the ladies may soon expect more would-be partners than they can accommodate.

The gymnasium classes, under the guidance of their competent instructor, Mr. C. T. Taylor, are progressing very satisfactorily. Besides the daily drill, some outside work upon horizontal and parallel bars is given. At the first of the session about seventy-five students enrolled themselves as intending to take the classes, and most of them have continued regularly to do so. There will be a good many additions as the winter approaches and out-door sports are ended. It is to be hoped that the boys will soon go to work in earnest preparing for Field Day, that we may not fall behind the records of last year.
The Glee Club has held weekly meetings for practice since its organization, and with the accompaniments on the fine piano hired by its members shows marked improvement. There is decided talent in the club, of which the public will soon have the benefit. The boys have been cordially invited to take part in the Bazaar now in progress at the Grace-street Tabernacle, and have consented to give some selections there at an early date. It is their purpose to give a concert in the chapel before many weeks have passed, to which all of their friends will be invited. The present roll of the club is: W. H. Anderson, H. C. Burnett, Jr., J. M. T. Childrey, W. Ralph Clements, F. W. Duke, James H. Franklin, John S. Harrison, James C. Harwood, N. Heaton, Ernest Jacobs, L. James, J. L. McGarity, W. M. Redwood, W. Gay Smith, J. A. White, G. H. Whitfield, and S. J. Young.

The Baptist General Association of Virginia met in annual session, at Leigh-street church, November 11th, and continued for three days. This body is vitally connected with Richmond College; therefore much interest was shown in the meetings by both professors and students. Many of the delegates present were alumni of this institution, and the campus was alive for several days with her noble sons revisiting their alma mater. Among the best speeches made at the Association were those by former Richmond College men. Seldom have we heard a more heart-stirring address than that of Rev. R. R. Acree, of Petersburg, on colportage work.

On the day after the meeting of the General Association closed, the sixth annual conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the colleges of Virginia convened at Richmond College, and its delegates, about 150 in number, assembled as the guests of the local Y. M. C. A. The meetings were full of interest, and were well attended throughout the session. It was a great pleasure to many of the boys to entertain their personal friends, and numerous, indeed, were the social gatherings in the brief space during which they were present. The meeting was conceded by all to be one of both pleasure and profit, and it is to be hoped that its good influences may long remain.

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. WASHINGTON AND LEE.

On Friday, November 21st, at 4:30 P. M., the conductor's "all aboard" was heard joyously by fourteen representatives of the brawn and muscle of Richmond College, off for a match-game of foot-ball with the Washington and Lee University team, of Lexington, Va. The Richmond Female Institute girls were on the brow of Hollywood hill, and as the train sped on they waved their handkerchiefs to the boys advancing to victory or defeat. Which shall it be? On the train the boys indulged in the usual revelry of college songs, and now and then gave the R. C. V
yell, which greatly amused the other occupants of the car. Arriving in Lynchburg at 10:45 P.M., the whole party was put in two rooms in the Lynch House. After fighting with pillows until the “wee sma’ hours” of the night, the boys retired, to arise at an early hour next morning to take the 6:15 A.M. train for Balcony Falls, where they changed cars and took the Lexington branch of the James River division of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway for their destination. On arriving in Lexington they were met by the Washington and Lee boys with an omnibus, in which they rode to the hotel, where breakfast was served, and the writer can testify to the utter demolishment of everything put before them. A waiter at one table at which sat five noble representatives was asked by one to bring him a glass of water. On returning with a glass one of the others asked for the same, and on returning with a second glass the third man asked for one. When he returned with the third glass, and the fourth man asked for one, the waiter seemed to see through the joke, and before going back asked the fifth if he would have some water. The beef gave out, and they had to resort to bacon. This seems rather an ungentlemanly proceeding, but the reader must remember that the foot-ball men have to diet at the last meal before a game, and the game was to be just after dinner. They were taken to the rooms of the boys, who showed them around Lexington, visiting the tomb and recumbent statute of General R. E. Lee.

At about 2:30 P.M. the two competing teams assembled at the hotel, where conveyances were to take them to the grounds, which are about a mile from the hotel and University grounds. Arriving on the field, the visiting team took the ball and started off with the wedge. The first half was very closely played, the score being 12 to 6 in favor of the home team. The second half was not so well played on the side of the visiting team, and the score at the end was 28 to 6 in favor of the home team. The Richmond College team expected to meet men of near their own weight, but when both sides were lined up they knew their chance was very poor, yet they bore up bravely throughout, and as a result of the good work they did, Woods, the sprinter of the home team, was laid up, and could not play in the game with the University, November 28th; and Bragg, the right guard, plays no more foot-ball this season.

It was a very pleasant game throughout, as everybody kept his temper, and nobody “slugged.” The V. M. I. cadets, who were on the grounds, yelled lustily for the R. C. V., led by the vivacious substitute, who strutted about the grounds waving the “Garnet and Cream.” Throughout the visit the Washington and Lee boys were unceasing in their efforts to gratify the eye, ear, and inner self of the visitors, who unite in saying that, although they were beaten, they never had a pleasanter visit.

The names and positions of the Washington and Lee team are as fol-
lows: Bridges, right end; Morrison, right tackle; Bragg, right guard; Barnes, centre rush; Pirout, left guard; Poindexter, left tackle; Allen, left end; H. Jones, quarter back and captain; Woods, right half back; Lorraine, left half back; and McCall, full back. Opposed to these were: F. W. Duke, right end; Luttrell, right tackle; Charles Clement, right guard; Trumbo, centre rush; A. D. Louthan, left guard; Laird, left tackle; Wicks, left end; Robert Nelson, quarter back; Boggess, right half back; Rucker, captain and left half back; and Athey, full back.

The features of the game were the running of Woods and the interfering of the whole Washington and Lee team, and the coaching of the captain, H. L. Jones. On the visiting team D. H. Rucker, the captain, distinguished himself by his fine tackling, and Nelson by his running. The six touch downs made by Washington and Lee were: By Pirout, two; Woods, three; Bragg, one. The kicking at goal was done by Bragg for the home team. The single touch down and goal kick made by the visitors was by Robert Nelson.

Johnson and Burnley, regular centre rush and quarter back, respectively, of the Richmond team, were unable to go on account of sickness, and their places were well filled by Trumbo and Nelson.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Faculty kindly gave holiday on Thanksgiving Day, which action was fully appreciated by the students. Many observed the season as was becoming, and attended service at some one of the churches open on that day. Probably the greater part of those who attended church at all were present at the Second Baptist, where there were special attractions. Dr. Frost, of Leigh-street, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, and nearly all the Baptist pastors of the city took part in the exercises. The Richmond Female Institute attended in full force and were given seats near the front. The music was excellent and deserved the many praises which it received.

In the afternoon, on the college campus, there was an exciting game of foot-ball between the second teams of Richmond College and Randolph-Macon. The elevens were very evenly matched, though the Randolph-Macon boys had the advantage in weight. By putting the ball in play while a point was being disputed, they succeeded in making a touch-down, counting four points. As it grew dark the ball was being rapidly carried towards Randolph-Macon's goal, and the score would no doubt have been different had the game been of regular length. The crowd, by encroaching upon the field, twice prevented runs being made by Nelson, who played half-back for Richmond in his usual good style. A large number of Randolph-Macon boys and other visitors were present, and the game was much enjoyed.

THE LIBRARY.

The worth of this one of the many advantages which surround the students of Richmond College is gradu-
ally becoming more appreciated and the importance of making use of it more fully realized. Constant additions are being made to the library, among the most valuable of those recently made being a large number of books donated by Dr. Curry, and the valuable law library of the late Senator Heaton, left the college at his death.

The library is noticeable for the large number of handsome portraits it contains, the most prominent being those of the venerable Dr. Ro. Ryland, first president of the College; Dr. Jeter, for many years president of the Board of Trustees; Dr. A. E. Dickinson, editor of the Religious Herald, and a most untiring worker in behalf of the College; Dr. John A. Broaddus, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; J. A. Bostwick and John B. Stetson and wife, liberal benefactors of the College. To this handsome lot we hope soon to see added one of our lamented and beloved Professor Smith. It is eminently appropriate that this be presented to the library by his old scholars, who will be only too glad thus to show in what high esteem he was held by them.

The Art Museum is being gradually ornamented, and the models for the Lee statue and the handsome paintings add much to its appearance. The number of visitors to the library this fall has been unusually large, and we are confident in saying that it is always a great pleasure to the boys to show their friends around.

A sad duty, indeed, it is to announce the loss of another of the truest friends and staunch supporters of Richmond College.

Hon. Henry K. Ellyson, President of the Board of Trustees, departed this life November 27, 1890. He was truly a self-made man. Beginning life as a printer's boy, he rose to a position which demanded the respect and admiration of all around him. His courage and foresight always exhibited themselves whenever occasion demanded. Above all, he was a most consecrated Christian, and continually proved his faith by his works. A leader in all denominational enterprises, his worth was recognized by his fellow-workers in the bestowal upon him of the highest honors at their disposal. His was an example truly worthy of imitation. He was a godly man.
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF F. C. JOHNSON.

It is with painful and grieved surprise that we learn of the death of our beloved fellow-student, FRANK C. JOHNSON. This sad event occurred at his home, in Lynchburg, Va., at 11:20 P. M., November 30, 1890. He was ill only two weeks, and confined to his bed not more than ten days. On Thursday, November 27th, he received a telegram to come home, and with cheerful and hopeful face he bade us good-bye, none of us thinking for a moment that this would be our last earthly parting. He reached Lynchburg about 11 o'clock Thursday night, and, though a little tired, had no fever. Until the morning of his death his family and physician were hopeful of his recovery, but it did not please God to spare him, and on Sunday night he peacefully breathed his last.

FRANK COOKMAN JOHNSON was born at Culpeper, Va., April 19, 1867. His father subsequently moved to Lynchburg, where most of FRANK's later years were spent. FRANK was nearly all his life blessed with excellent health, and was, perhaps in consequence of this, very enthusiastic and active in everything he undertook. This faculty of energetic activity brought him into contact with many people, and his pleasant, winning manners, his exquisite tact and perfect gentlemanliness, everywhere won for him friends.

For several years before his entrance into college he was engaged in business with his father, and by his methodic industry and steady habits he proved himself an invaluable assistant.

When quite young he united himself with the First Baptist church of Lynchburg. With earnest and pious spirit he entered zealously into the Christian work of his church, giving all the more effect to his efforts for the Master by his business-like methods in his labors.

At the age of twenty he entered Richmond College as a student for the ministry. Here his sweet disposition and manly bearing soon won him many friends.

He at once took a high stand in all matters pertaining to college life—a stand, it may be said, which he kept throughout all his college course. The College Young Men's Christian Association is to a great extent indebted to FRANK C. JOHNSON for much of the useful and self-sacrificing work done by that organization. He inspired it with new life, for he was a living, active Christian.

In athletics, also, he took a very prominent position, carrying into his sports that same zeal and enthusiasm which characterized everything he did. Yet at the most exciting moments of the play his comrades were treated with the most considerate and kindly courtesy.

In his classes, too, FRANK, in spite of his numerous other duties, ranked among the highest. It was to him the puzzled student would go for the solution of a hard problem. His advice in regard to studies was always to be treated with respect, and had always a great weight.
In him his fellow-students found a friend in the highest sense of the word. He always had a word of kindly sympathy for those in distress; a word of encouragement and cheer for the depressed; a friendly, inspiring smile with which to greet a fellow-student.

His fine physique and courteous, dignified bearing would strike the most casual observer; his frank, open, manly face, upon which was an expression of earnest purpose, inspired his associates with confidence and respect; his kindness and consideration won their love.

In his death the College sustains a great and irreparable loss, which comes alike to professor and student. In the language of one who knew and loved him:

"If I were to be asked, who of all men here at college could least be spared to the Church and the world, the answer would be ready—FRANK C. JOHNSON."  

C. M. L.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

At 2:05 P. M., December 1, 1890, there assembled in the College Chapel a sad gathering of professors, students, and friends to adopt suitable measures in reference to the sad and unexpected death of our fellow-student, FRANK C. JOHNSON.

Mr. Jesse M. Burnett, of Tennessee, presided during the exercises. Our chairman, Professor Puryear, after reading some letters containing particulars in regard to the sickness and death of our lamented friend, paid high and deserved tributes to the character of the departed.

A committee of students, who had been appointed to draw up suitable resolutions, soon prepared and submitted a tribute of love, respect, and sympathy which met with the approval of all present.

A committee of six students was then, as a mark of sympathy and respect, chosen to be sent by the College to Lynchburg to be present at the last sad rites.

Professors Harris and Harrison then followed with touching references to conversations held with the deceased shortly before his departure for his home. His character and aims were affectingly referred to. Dr. Ryland then, among other things, said: "I thank God that I have known such a noble young man." Dr. Frost, Dr. Landrum, Dr. Hatcher, and several others also made remarks in keeping with the sad occasion. The exercises were then closed with prayer by Dr. Hatcher, and the gathering dispersed, filled with the feeling that because of his influence while with us the life of FRANK JOHNSON was not lived in vain.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

The Funeral Services of the Lamented Frank C. Johnson.

[Lynchburg Advance.]

No similar event of recent years has cast a more profound gloom over our community than the death at his home on Court street Sunday night of Mr. Frank C. Johnson, and no obsequies have been more impressive than his.

The funeral services took place from the First Baptist church at 10
Locals.

O'clock this morning. The edifice was thronged with those who knew and loved the deceased, and the large congregation listened in awed silence to the glowing eulogies pronounced upon his life and character.

At the hour appointed the solemn cortege filed into the church and the services began with the beautiful solo, "I Would Not Live Always," sung by Mrs. W. O. Hurt. The choir then sang very sweetly, "Abide With Me," after which Rev. C. G. Jones, of College Hill church, offered prayer. "Lead, Kindly Light," was then sung; and Rev. Dr. Felix rose and made a very feeling talk, in which he paid a high tribute to the deceased. Letters breathing the deepest, keenest grief were read from the young man's Richmond pastor and from Dr. H. H. Harris, of Richmond College, which he was attending.

When Dr. Felix had concluded, Professor Harrison, who had been requested to represent the college faculty at the funeral, bore testimony to the universal and profound grief which pervaded the institution—trustees, faculty, and students.

Professor Harrison said, in substance, that he had come as the representative of the Faculty to express their sorrowful interest in this sad scene. * * * When the telegram announcing that Frank Johnson was no more was received at Richmond College, the entire community was stunned by the blow. A solemn stillness that betokened great personal grief pervaded the place. With heavy hearts and hanging heads faculty and students went mournfully about. * * * Unusual, indeed, is it that the death of one absent at his home in a distant city should have given such universal sorrow to youth from all parts and of all stations. And yet, though strange, it is not hard to explain. Around him had gathered the affection of all hearts. * * * He was the embodiment of physical beauty, had a vigorous mind, a warm heart, a gentle spirit aglow with love to Christ and humanity. And then, so delicate and sensitive was his courtesy and politeness. * * * He was a recognized leader among his fellows in athletic sports, college exercises, religious matters—in whatever might interest, instruct, or benefit. A holy ambition filled his soul and nerved his hand, enabling him to make all occasions, sportful or serious, contribute to that Christian influence which his presence exerted upon those about him. * * * Truly the ways of God are inscrutable. Had the question been asked which one of all the one hundred and seventy-three young men could best be spared by the Church and the world, F. C. Johnson would have been the last to be named. * * * God thought otherwise. The Scripture that furnished me comfort amid the mysteriousness of the providence I give to you: "The Lord reigneth, let the people rejoice"; and that other passage, "The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble." * * * Our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes. His infinite wisdom works out his purposes of love and grace in this, to us, inex-
plicable event. * * * The scene at the College chapel, when the young men with tearful eyes and softened hearts were recalling the life and character of their friend "Frank," was, to my mind, the suggestion of our interpretation of the mystery. He was speaking there to a select audience with a power never before exerted, and his Christly example and fidelity was entering with enduring force into the very souls of those who hereafter will speak for him.

Lastly, Mr. E. T. Dadmun, Assistant State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, paid a warm tribute from that body, of which the deceased was a prominent member.

An earnest prayer by Rev. T. M. Carson, of St. Paul's P. E. church, and the singing by the choir of Moore's beautiful hymn, "Come, Ye Disconsolate," closed the sad services. Many eyes were wet with tears when the services were ended.

The Lynchburg Young Men's Christian Association, the College, and the Kappa Alpha fraternity—all of which the deceased young man was a member—were represented by delegations.

The floral tributes were many and of exquisite beauty, among them being one from the Association and others from the fraternity.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. E. M. Pilcher, H. T. Burnley, A. B. Gwathmey, Jr., and F. W. Duke, of Richmond College, and Messrs. E. F. Sheffey, of this city, and H. O. Williams, of Richmond.

The flower-bearers were Messrs. J. G. Pollard and G. Ryland, of Richmond College, and J. R. Millner, G. A. Diuguid, Jr., G. W. Weldon, L. P. Collins, and others.

The remains, followed by a long cortege, were borne to Spring Hill cemetery, and there interred.
The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the students of Richmond College, December 1st, 1890:

WHEREAS God, in his all-wise providence, has seen fit to remove from our midst our friend and fellow-student, FRANK COOKMAN JOHNSON; therefore, be it

1. Resolved, That while we would always bend in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, knowing that his every dispensation is not only prompted by his wisdom, but tempered by his love and mercy, we can but recognize that in the death of FRANK COOKMAN JOHNSON we, his fellow-students, have suffered individually the loss of a warm and faithful friend—one whose every act was characterized by kindness and self-denial—and collectively a fellow-student whose life was an example of Christian character and of devotion to Him whose cause he had espoused as his life-work; that we recognize further, that we have lost one who always took the lead in every department of college work, and one who was universally respected and loved.

2. That while sharing largely ourselves in the grief occasioned by his death, we would extend our heart-felt sympathy to the family thus bereft of a son so noble and true, whose life in its beginning gave promise of such a glorious future.

3. That these resolutions be published in the RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER, and a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

C. T. TAYLOR,
GARNETT RYLAND,
JAS. C. HARWOOD,
Committee.
RESOLUTIONS.

Eta Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity,
Richmond College,
Richmond, Va., December 1, 1890.

Whereas it hath pleased our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things for the good of His children, to take unto himself our friend and brother, Frank Cookman Johnson, of Eta Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, be it therefore

1. Resolved, That we, his brothers of Eta Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, have, in his death, sustained a deep sorrow and the loss of a true friend and noble Christian.

2. That we extend to his stricken family and relatives our tender and heart-felt sympathy.

3. That as a tribute of respect to his memory we wear the badge of mourning for thirty days.

4. That these resolutions be sent to the family of our lamented brother, and that they be published in the Richmond College Messenger and the Kappa Alpha Journal.

C. M. Long,
B. T. Gunter, Jr.,
D. H. Rucker,
J. S. Harrison,
Committee.

Hall of Rho Chi Chapter, Phi Gamma Delta,
Richmond, Va., December 1, 1890.

Whereas God, in his inscrutable providence, has taken from us our beloved fellow-student, Frank C. Johnson, be it therefore

1. Resolved, That we learn with sorrow of his death, and mourn in him the loss of a dilligent student, a perfect gentleman, and a true friend.

2. That to the parents of our lamented friend, and to the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, we extend our most heart-felt sympathy in their bereavement.

3. That these resolutions be published in the Richmond College Messenger and a copy of them be sent to Eta Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity.
WHEREAS Almighty God, in his overruling providence, has sent fleet-footed death to our midst and snatched away one whom we loved and honored, therefore be it

1. Resolved, That we learn with sorrow inexpressible of the death of our esteemed fellow-student, FRANK C. JOHNSON, whose pure life and Christian example so reasonably won for him the lofty position in our affections which he never ceased to occupy.

2. That to the afflicted family and the sorrow-stricken members of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, of which the deceased was so faithful and devoted a member, we extend our deepest sympathy in this sore bereavement.

3. That these resolutions be published in the COLLEGE MESSENGER, and a copy be sent to the afflicted family and the Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

WALTER H. RYLAND,
WM. J. WEST,
M. ANDERSON,
W. H. ANDERSON,
S. J. YOUNG,
C. H. BAUCH,
N. HEATON, JR.,
J. A. WHITE,
W. R. CLEMENTS,
HARVEY HATCHER, JR.

A. K. HALL, BETA THETA PI

Since in the course of Providence our fellow-student, FRANK C. JOHNSON, has been removed from among us by death, be it

1. Resolved, That we, the members of A. K. Chapter of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, express our deepest regret at the loss of so noble a friend and generous a rival, who, as a member of a rival fraternity, by his upright life and honorable dealings, elicited the respect and love of us all.

2. That we extend our most heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family and to his fellows in the K. A. Fraternity.

3. That these resolutions be published in the COLLEGE MESSENGER, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the K. A. Fraternity.
Mr. C. S. Dickinson is requested to act as treasurer of our Y. M. C. A. during the absence of J. H. Franklin. All members will please pay their dues to Mr. Dickinson.

Our College observed the week of prayer for young men. We have three classes in Bible study.

There are four mission stations in this city in which our young men do Christian work.

The sixth annual Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Colleges of Virginia convened at our College on Friday night, November 14th. The College chapel was packed. Many of the city pastors were present, and other prominent citizens, including the Mayor.

The Conference was called to order by Rev. C. A. Miller, of Salem, Va. A service of song and prayer for the work in all parts of the world was held. Then came the address of welcome by Professor H. H. Harris, of our College.

After a collection, Dr. Moore, of Union Theological Seminary, delivered the address of the evening on the subject, "The Efficiency of Christian Work." His address was much enjoyed, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he spoke. He was unwell when he spoke.

Dr. Moore urged the young men present to strive to win the students of Virginia for Christ.

The Conference met again on Saturday morning, 15th. The following was the programme for that day:

**MORNING.**

In what spirit do we come here?—Rev. Collins Denny, University of Virginia.

Reports of the Associations conducted by the State Secretary; How to awaken and maintain an active interest in Bible Study—J. R. Mott, college secretary, New York city.


**AFTERNOON.**

Social reception and dinner served by the College.

Experiences of the College of Colleges; Day of Prayer for Colleges—F. C. Johnson, Richmond College.

Claims of General Secretaryship upon College Men—E. T. Dadmun, Assistant State Secretary.

A conversational, conducted by the State Secretary.

**NIGHT.**


Young Men in the Foreign Lands—J. R. Mott.

The Conference met Saturday morning at 9:30.

The delegates were out in full force, bright and earnest.

Rev. Collins Denny, chaplain of the University of Virginia, made a
stirring speech in regard to "The spirit in which we should enter into the work of this Conference."

After this came the reports of the college associations, showing 2,346 students in the colleges and universities of the State, of whom 1,243 are members of college associations.

All the seventeen associations of the State were represented.

It was not long after opening the morning session that the vacant seats in the chapel had been filled by ladies and gentlemen from the city.

At 10:30 o'clock Mr. J. R. Mott, secretary of the International Committee of College Associations, made a thoughtful and suggestive address on Bible study, followed by an interesting and instructive lecture on the first book of Samuel, by Mr. F. K. Sanders, editor of the Intercollegian.

After a delightful social reception and dinner in the dining-hall of the College, the Conference met for the afternoon session.

Mr. J. G. Scott, of the University of Virginia; Mr. F. C. Johnson, of Richmond College, and others spoke of the benefits resulting from attendance upon Moody's School for Christian Workers at Northfield, Mass.

Assistant State Secretary E. T. Dadmun presented the "Claims of the General Secretaryship upon College Men."

The claims of the ministry on the young men in our colleges were earnestly advocated by Mr. McCall, of Hampden Sidney; Mr. S. M. Sayford, of Boston, and Rev. J. William Jones, of Atlanta, Ga.

An interesting conversational on various topics closed the afternoon session.

At the night session a very large audience was assembled to enjoy one of the most enthusiastic and inspiring sessions of the Conference.

After a bright and delightful praise service, the subject last discussed in the afternoon meeting was continued in an earnest, practical, and impressive address by Mr. Stiles, of the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria.

Rev. Dr. McBryde, who had been appointed to make the principal address of the evening, announced as his subject, "Soul-winning Our Distinctive Work." His earnest words made a deep impression on his audience.

He was followed by Mr. J. R. Mott, who spoke on a kindred topic, "Foreign Mission Work."

The Sunday meeting was the great day of the feast. The first meeting of the day was a consecration service, held in the College chapel at 9:30 o'clock. There was a large attendance of young men at this meeting, which was one of the most inspiring meetings of the Conference. The meeting was conducted by S. M. Sayford, the college evangelist, who infused fresh zeal in the young men by his earnest words.

At the close of the consecration service, in which several unconverted men expressed a personal interest in religion, a brief missionary conference was held by the young men especially interested in foreign missions. Quite a number of the volunteers for the foreign field was present, several of whom spoke briefly
of the reasons that influenced them in deciding to give their lives to that department of Christian work.

The Conference adjourned at 10:30, to give the delegates an opportunity to attend services at the several churches in the city.

In the afternoon, at 3 P. M., in the College chapel, Mr. F. K. Sanders, of Yale College, conducted an interesting and instructive Bible study, followed by a suggestive blackboard study, directed by Mr. J. R. Mott.

Mr. Sayford then made a strong and earnest address for men only. At this meeting many of the young men resolved to live better lives.

At the close of the men’s meeting the Conference adjourned to meet at the First Baptist church Sunday night for the farewell service.

Closing session Sunday night at 8:00. The delegates assembled in the First Baptist church for the final session of the Conference. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. On the platform were the pastor, Rev. George Cooper, D. D., Rev. Dr. McBryde, of Lexington; Rev. Collins Denny, chaplain of the University of Virginia; Mr. S. M. Sayford, of Boston; Mr. J. R. Mott, and others.

After the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the pastor, Rev. Dr. McBryde explained the origin and object of the conference, and introduced Mr. J. R. Mott as the chief speaker of the evening.

Mr. Mott’s subject—“The Possibilities of Young Men’s Christian Work in Institutions of Learning”—was one of the most interesting of the conference. He called attention to the results already accomplished by the Young Men’s Christian Associations in institutions of learning, and as he spoke of the grand possibilities of the work in the future, all were filled with enthusiasm and zeal in the great work. But he spoke more especially of the startling needs of the work in other parts of the globe. All were amazed by the astonishing figures which he brought forth.

At the close of the meeting a collection was taken for the work of the International Committee. The collection amounted to about ninety dollars.

This sixth annual Conference was considered the most complete of any yet held at any of the colleges of Virginia.
We are glad this month to know of the following "old students":

W. F. Kerfoot, of '73-'74, of Clarke county, has an important position in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Rev. Julian Broaddus, a student in days that are gone, was with us during the Baptist General Association. He is now pastor of the flourishing church at the new city of Berryville, in the Shenandoah Valley.

We were honored with a visit by the following "old students" also: Tom Corr, Watson Dorsett, H. H. Street, G. Y. Bradley, W. Y. Quisinberry, A. J. Fristo, J. A. Barker, J. H. Pearey, Sam Jones (who is now principle of the Female school at Glade Spring), M. L. Wood, J. H. Wright, and others.

Mr. A. L. Stearnes, of '84, is now residing in Salem, Va., where he has been very successful in dealing in real estate. We hope to see him one of the millionaires of this State.

We were delighted by a visit from Mr. D. H. Johnston, of '89.

We were glad to meet a few days ago Mr. Samuel L. Lacy (a student of a part of this session) and his wife.

Mr. J. W. Reams, of last session, is also married. He expects to go to the seminary next year. A good idea to let his wife have the advantages of seminary training.

Mr. G. Y. Bradley, of '86, lately pastor of churches on the Eastern Shore, was to see us not long since. He is considering a call to a church in Georgia.

Many persons have inquired about Mr. C. B. Tippett. Does anybody know where Zukety is, and is he still "dogging his cats."

Mr. C. C. Yarbrough, of '89, is in Mountain City, East Tennessee, dealing in chestnuts. "Old boy," many thanks for the bag of chestnuts which you sent us.

Mr. R. L. Motley, of '89, is pastor of a church at Ripley, Tenn. "Old Mott," are you not married yet?

Mr. J. R. Long, B. A., of '90, was with us a few days not long since.

Mr. A. J. Reamey, of '81, was with us a few days during the convention of the College Conference.

Among the prominent men in attendance upon the College Conference we noticed the following: Rev. Dr. J. W. Jones, of Atlanta, Ga.; Rev. R. R. Acree, of Petersburg, Va.; Rev. Dr. George Cooper, Rev. Dr. A. E. Dickinson, and Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va.

We are glad to have with us again Mr. H. O. Wicks. He will remain this session at least.

Mr. J. J. Wicker recently left College on account of sickness. Perhaps it was heart trouble, and we may soon receive an invitation.
“Boys at college ought not to get sick until they leave college.”

Mr. J. R. Fizer, of ’80, late of West Point, Va., visited the College not long since. If any of our churches want a man to do good preaching, he is the man.

J. P. Baker, of ’90, is studying law with a lawyer of this city. “Wonder if he wants a picture?”

Mr. J. R. Bagby, Jr., of ’89, made us a visit at the beginning of this session.

Mr. A. F. Hardy, of ’89, was lately ordained, and is pastor of some churches near this city. We trust he may verify the latter clause of this, his own expression: “I can’t do much with my classes, but just put me on the platform or by the side of ‘calico,’ and I can just ‘get there.’”

We were glad to have with us not long since Mr. C. W. Jones and Mr. J. H. Whitehead, who were students here last session, now of the University of Virginia.

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Exchanges

EDITOR: W. H. RYLAND.

Let him who supposes that the editor of this department has an easy task, and one soon disposed of, take a seat in the chair just once and find himself confronted by a prodigious stack of college papers whose outside appearance, variegated in all the colors of the rainbow, is beautiful to look upon, but whose contents promote sleepiness and dazzle discriminative abilities, and the present incumbent ventures the assertion that his conclusions will be reversed.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to make a general criticism on the average college monthly. First, we hope it does not contain all the matter that its editors can collect during the period of a month; if so, then their own minds are too readily exhausted. Let’s see that our paper contains more reading matter and fewer advertisements, if necessary. Then, secondly, we observe a growing tendency to neglect the literary department, which is, or ought to be, the nucleus around which all our interest gathers. Also, and lastly, we think it would be expedient to extend the exchange department. There is no law prohibiting salutations, criticisms, or even discussions among the colleges of America, and there is no other convenient vehicle for the transportation of such freight than the college paper; so let’s hear from you, brother exchange editor.

Since last we went to press we note the arrival of the following magazines, which were somewhat tardy in making their first report:

The Vanderbilt Observer is an honor
to the South. We receive exchanges from all parts of the United States, and quite a number from Canada, and without prejudice, ill-will, or malice aforethought, do not hesitate to pronounce this the best of all our exchanges. A paper of its size is not to be condemned for inserting such an article as "Old Em's Story," especially if such excellent pieces as we find in the Observer precede and follow.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine was also late in reaching us, but came at last as a worthy representative of its college. It has lately been the pleasure of the students of Richmond College to entertain a delegation from Hampden-Sidney, as well as all the other colleges of the State, but especially is the writer glad to have had as his guest one from the Hampden-Sidney delegation. We trust the stay of all who were in attendance upon the Y. M. C. A. conference was pleasant and profitable.

From the Roanoke Collegian we should like to imbibe some of the good effects of the bracing atmosphere under whose inspiration its contents were penned.

The Niagara Index has lately donned a new apparel, and so has the Messenger. We think yours quite neat and attractive. How do you like ours?

We welcome with pleasure the Wake Forest Student, and among other things we notice the announcement of the marriage of our friend and former foot-ball antagonist, Riddick. We extend, through rather an indirect means, our congratulations and best wishes, together with the hope that the change may prove at least an improvement on foot-ball.

The Dartmouth, of October 31st, is edited by eight men, and contains not a single literary article! May be it would be to the interest of the paper to reduce its publications to once a month and double its corps of editors. We cannot imagine that a college paper without a literary department can even hope for the respect that every college paper ought to demand.

We note with regret the discontinuance of the weekly visits of The Politician, a Republican organ published in Washington. It is a strange coincidence that since the 4th of November we have been denied the pleasure of reading its columns; for it did really tickle us to note with what confidence and faith the editor made his assertions and invented his jokes. Do not be discouraged, brother; come again. We will be glad to see you.

The Messenger has decided to make a change in the date of its publication, and will hereafter appear near the first of each month. Consequently during the short time that has intervened between the November and December issues but few exchanges have reached us; so we are compelled to be somewhat elaborate in this department.
The number of American students reported as in attendance at the University of Berlin for the last semester is 185, representing seventy-one of our colleges and twenty-nine of our States.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, has placed at the disposal of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, the sum of $500,000, wherewith to build and endow an institution of learning for the education of aspirants to the priesthood.—Ex.

One of Ann Arbor's students has been appointed to a professorship in Heidelberg University. This is the first instance in which an American student has been appointed to such a position in a German university.

The faculty of the University of Wisconsin have inaugurated a radical innovation in college government by the abolition of examinations and of all excuses for absences, except when the class standing is below 85 per cent., or the absences more than 10 per cent.—Ex.

Yale's professors and graduates have been prominently identified with the work of preparing the edition of Webster's Dictionary that is soon to be issued, ex-President Porter having been the chief editor.

Columbia College pays her president more than any other college in America.

The Northwestern University began in 1855 with $1,000 and ten students. To-day it has an endowment of $5,000,000 and 1,700 students.

Gladstone has kept up his college studies all through life. His library contains about twenty editions of Homer and between thirty and forty translations.—Ex.

The University of Michigan in forty-six years has graduated ten thousand students.

The phonograph is being used in teaching elocution at St. Joseph's Academy, Greensburg, Pa.

At a recent political meeting in Ohio, which Speaker Reed was to address, the students of the University of Wooster created a sensation by appearing in a body, each provided with a gavel and a block for applauding.

H. W. Grady, Jr., has entered the Freshman class of the University of Georgia, located at Athens.

A national university is to be established in New York city, modeled after the great institutions of Europe. It has already an endowment of $20,000,000.

Carey, of Princeton, recently broke the world's record for 100 yards—making the distance in 9½ seconds.

Princeton.—The students feel much chagrined because of the rejection by the Athletic Committee of Luther Carey's wonderful run. They
feel it is an injustice to the college, but a greater one to Mr. Carey himself. Although Carey has never expressed the fact publicly, he has always thought he could run the 100 yards in 9½ seconds, and the fact that his first successful effort has been rejected will only hasten the day when he will do it again. The foot-ball outlook becomes more and more promising as the date of the final championship game draws near. In spite of the fact that Princeton’s eleven has met with several bad accidents, the team is working well, and while the rush is heavy Captain Poe seems inclined to play a game of tactics.—Mail and Express.

Assyrian is among the languages taught at Ann Arbor.

Williams, of Yale, has lowered the 100 yards hurdle record to 13½ seconds.—Ex.

The University of California receives from the State one mill on every $100 of property valuation—this source of revenue alone footling up $100,000.—Ex.

The amount to be distributed as aid at Harvard in 1890–’91 will amount to about $70,000.

Daniel Webster was the editor of the first college paper.—Ex.

“I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?” “Of course I can.” “Well, how?” “By the teeth.” “Chickens have no teeth.” “No, but I have.”

POLITICS.

“What’s this I hear about Free Trade, As if by it the world were made, While others say that true perfection Is only gained through pure Protection?”

I kissed her, then she kissed me, “That’s Free Trade, my dear, you see.” Then around her waist, with true discretion, I placed my arm, “And that’s Protection.”

“It must be that I’m weak of mind, Perhaps ’tis so of womankind, Between the two at an election ’Twould be quite hard to make selection.”—Ex.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Her eyes were hazel gray and bright; Her tresses black as Egypt’s night, Her form like that old Queen of Art Who raised the beats of Cæsar’s heart. Just seventeen a year ago, She said she was—but she wasn’t though.

If you had lots of cash in town And didn’t mind to plank it down; If you would hang around and do Just everything she told you to, She would say she loved you; yes, you know, She would say she did—but she didn’t though.

And when the summer months had fled, And you went round and gushed and pled, And kissed her, vowing love like mad, You were the only one who had Done this sweet thing! Exactly so; She said you was—but you wasn’t though.

THE CREED OF THE PLAGIARIST.

He writeth best who stealeth best, Ideas great and small; For the great soul who wrote them first From Nature stole them all. —Exchange.

“What hundred books are best, think you?” I said, Addressing one devoted to the pen. He thought a moment, then he raised his head; “I hardly know—I’ve only written ten.” —Ex.
A TOUCH DOWN.

A Senior nursing his first mustache,
A Vassar maiden on the "mash."
Quoth he, to chaff her, "I've heard they row,
Play base-ball, swim, and bend the bow,
But, really now, I'd like to know,
If they play foot-ball at Vassar?"

He smote a smile that was sharp and keen,
She blushed a blush that was hardly seen,
And thought him just a little mean,
Thus trying to surpass her.

But she straightway blushed a deeper red,
While the sunlight danced on her golden head,

With an artful look in her eye, she said,
Gazing modestly on the ground—
"'Tis awfully rough to tackle and run,
And one's complexion is soiled by the sun,
But once and awhile, for the sake of the fun,
At Vassar we do touch down."

The senior nor left, nor fled his place,
But "tackled" her gently about the waist,
She whispered "held," with winning grace,
And then touched down for safety.

—Exchange.