A year has fled,  
And over hill and vale  
The wintry snows have fallen thick and fast;  
The flow'rs lie dead,  
And springs and streamlets fail,  
And bare gray boughs bend to the whistling blast.  
And yet, deep down within its frozen bed  
The fast-imprisoned germ of life is laid,  
And but awaits the sunny smiles of spring  
To break its icy bonds and let it bring  
Both bud and leaf from seed wherein each lies,  
As phœnixes from their dead ashes rise.

A life has fled,  
And o'er a wrinkled brow  
The snows of age have silvered raven locks;  
Life's joys are dead;  
The heart, so frozen now,  
Scarce feels death's awful summons when he knocks.  
But lo! the Master smiles, and forth there flies,  
Upborne on airy pinions to the skies,  
A soul immortal from that lifeless clay,  
Re-born to dwell in realms of endless day.

Y. J.
SUBMISSION.

The ways of God and man do not always agree,
And that His ways are best I do not always see;
My plans were so correct, my purpose was so true,
I felt, and deem'd that God would surely think so too.
My future I had reasoned out (although unknown,
Since God to us our coming lives has never shown) —
Now, my conclusions reached, I thought must be correct,
Nor thought that these, when viewed by God, he could reject.
And so I fell to work with all my might and main
My cherished hopes and all my brilliant ends to gain;
But God saw from the first how all my life should go,
And what I thought was best, He did not deem it so.
Thus, then, for good to me, my hopes He dashed away —
In ways that now are plain to me, began to say:
"My child, you’ve erred; your purposes were not the best;
So leave them now, and trust to Me for all the rest.
Your life I see — to you will show — I can employ.

Far better for My glorious honor and your joy,
In channels else than those that you have thought was right,
For you have viewed your life not in its truest light."
The hand that dashed my hopes aside at first seemed wrong
To me, unconscious that twas He to whom belong
All love and wisdom, changing thus my course of life,
And so I yielded, not without a bitter strife.
But now it is all plain, and I can see the right
Of God's design my once exalted hopes to blight,
And now I gladly yield to what I once would not,
Since wisdom, after time, and grace, from Him I've got.
Nor may I e'er forget the lesson hard to learn;
But now my mind and heart to Christ, my God, I'll turn,
And when the Lord to me His will shall now reveal,
I'll recognize His voice and at His feet will kneel,
And learning there to place in Him unfaltering trust,
Obey because I will, and not because I must.

C.

HOPE.

"Hope never spreads her golden wings but on unfathomable seas." — Emerson.

There are moments in the lives of all when the wonted composure of daily life becomes unaccountably restless. Mutations such as are incident to human existence come upon us with overwhelming force, so that tranquility, the citadel of all hearts, is liable to disturbance by impending storms. By means of some invisible link we are coupled to a dim uncertainty whose influence we dislike, whose revelations we fearfully anticipate. Our temperament is such that we are susceptible of many of the diverse influences woven around our lives. In our composition there
HOPE.

is an innate something, there are delicate sensibilities which enable us to deal with certain accuracy with our surroundings, and to behold them with the eye of appreciation and complacency.

Endowed with acuteness of perception and environed by the clangor of many vicissitudes, the mind sits enthroned upon an indisputable pinnacle overlooking that illimitable field in which both the transporting influence of pleasure and the distracting pang of pain are felt, and joy and sorrow stand side by side.

Every life is encompassed by an horizon in whose mazy depth there twinkles the star of hope, dissipating the gloom of despair. Directing the attention toward a source whence cometh much information—that is, observation—where in its broad realms do we behold a being so utterly wretched that hope finds no habitation in his breast? Hope pervades the gilded corridors of wealth and smiles on those whom fortune favors. It becomes the companion of humility and abides in the huts of the lowly. It is to hope, bright gem of inestimable value, we now tender the willing glauce of recognition and pay the tribute of a devotee. Let every one into whose life its rays have shone benignantly now testify, and long and loud will the anthem be which proclaims hope the brightest vision in adversity, the mildest assuager in grief, the wisest monitor in suspense, and the sweetest panacea in disappointment. We can safely assert that no life is without some of these grievances, and, indeed, there are many lives around which adversity and grief have worn deep furrows, and through which have stalked the dark shadows of suspense and disappointment.

Pen will never fully portray the depth of intensity which has its home in the human heart. Adversity and grief may well be likened unto great moulds, separating and collecting the purest traits of manhood and womanhood, while discarding the dross of human imperfections. Suspense and disappointment may be termed mortal afflictions soothed by no remedy surer than hope.

In consideration of our subject, three evidences of the existence of its power impress us:

First. Hope surmounts fear. It lights up the dark background of many lives upon which figure the phantom forms of uneasiness; it unmasks the taunting spectre that holds revel over human failures; it severs the chain of fear, and stands askance at no barrier. There is no night, however dark and drear, in which uncertain shadows linger long and present their portentous mien, that is not succeeded by light—magnificent day, in which nature's beauties are shown in God's gracious sunlight. Just so sure does hope follow in the wake of fear and rout the misgivings that disquiet even the bravest. Despair would characterize ever-lingering gaze that seeks the unrevealed amid the intricate windings of futurity, did not hope brighten the vision and magnify objects in the dim distance.
The highways of life are crowded with eager pursuers answering the beckoning call of hope. See the mighty throng as it passes on with outstretched hand toward the goal! Each day of our lives we see this throng—we hear the clamor of those in it. We, too, are in it, and with the rest going forward and counting the days that intervene between the present, with its hopes, and the future with its unrevealed store. Hope is the predominant tendency of every life, and a priceless allotment it is. It is the oasis from which is wafted the fragrance of rare flowers to render more hospitable the waste of the desert.

Life is pervaded both by hope and by fear, and happiness depends upon which has the supremacy. Fear can never dethrone rest while hope requires a passport from every invader that seeks entrance into its guarded domain. How many examples there are attesting the power of hope! A mother's fortitude, together with the hope that she may clasp her boy again, enables her to give a parting caress to her eldest born whom duty calls to the defense of his country. Her prayers will be his shield while his breast is bared in the forefront of battle, and when night intermits dread carnage and the weary seek repose, fair visions of home and hopeful mother greet the sleeping soldier boy.

Dark as the night through which he wanders are the forebodings of the lost and benighted huntsman as he penetrates the gloom of forests lone and wide—the path of the venomous, the haunt of the ferocious. He would give up in despair and find a lonely grave did not hope arm him even for such an emergency and speed his footsteps from dangerous ground. So many would halt on life's dreary main and become the victims of fear and delusion were it not true that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Many are the evidences that hope surmounts fear. It is shown in every field of action in which determination prompts endeavor and victory crowns effort.

Observation teaches that life without hope is but a miserable thralldom through which reverberates the muffled tread of its hapless subjects as they journey aimlessly to the grave—the boundary line which all must cross into the endless beyond.

Second. Hope sustains the wavering. If we give credence to the voice of individual experience—as indeed we should—we find that there are times when circumstances dictate to the wavering choice between resolution and irresolution, between acceptance and rejection. Such periods, transitory as they are, we recognize as the supreme moments of life, upon which rest the weal of the determined and the woe of the irresolute. They are the crises which, sooner or later, test man's independence and require the exercise of judgment. If we turn our attention upon time's decipherable tablets we find that men, individually and collectively, have moulded their future and shaped their ends by the forethought exercised in the supreme moments of life when destiny trem-
bled in the balance opposite to action. In the checkered career of those who have risen, flourished, and fallen we more often discern failure to discriminate than ability to perform. For this reason empire and nation have stood wavering on the brink of downfall and toppled into ruin with hope and heart irretrievably mangled.

Some one has well affirmed, "great hopes make great men," a truth that has been exemplified in every generation from time immemorial. For he who is actuated by worthy aspiration and sustained by the tractive power of hope often attains an enviable position among the number whom the world calls great. In the lives of men who make the world better, wiser, and purer by their examples we trace the impress of seasons of wavering and moments of uncertainty. Victory—ever welcome victory—the income of honest endeavor, usually compensates where compensation is due. But when we witness the failure of good plans well executed, the blighted fruit of praiseworthy effort, and hear the comfortless cry of the unrequited, we would with the intensity of our souls cry out: "Tell us why it is so, thou inexplicable myriad of sensation which the world calls human nature." Alas, that so mighty a truth be enshrouded in mystery!

Propitious sunbeams, with overpowering influence, break through the morning mist, and to the great delight of storm-tossed mariners put to flight the treacherous vapor. So hope's brightest rays penetrate the dark recesses of undying souls, offer inducements to which its longing is responsive, and tend to the restoration of the faint.

Third. Hope stimulates endeavor. Every spark of industry must be kindled into a flame by hope, or an accumulation of lifeless embers—even human sluggishness—will ere long drag men into a listless attitude. The voices of all make an unceasing echo to the entreaty:

"Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind, But leave, oh! leave, the joy of hope behind."

Fiery youth and steady age alike, with suppliant knee and importuning voice, renew the petition and seek an hearing above time's enduring clamor. Dr. Johnson said: "Where there is no hope there can be no endeavor." The words of a man of his ability are well worth consideration. However, the truth contained in his assertion is as old as man himself, and though it has been sprinkled by the dust of many centuries none of its lustre is dimmed, for it is as bright to-day as it was when man began its demonstration.

What timely accomplishments would have wrought an elevating influence and made the world resonant with the hum of progress, where now would be the symmetrical bronze and the chiselled marble that hand down to all posterity the venerated effigies of departed greatness; and what would be the fruits of the efforts put forth by noble men of past ages, had not hope stimulated endeavor and held up incentives?

In the field of invention, where research has been active and discovery wonderful, there would reign chaos
instead of success did not hope hover over it. Where destiny has sealed its lasting impress upon nations, where valorous men have won the plaudit, "Well done," where brave leaders have become fit objects for the lavish gaze of admiration, and where pluck and persistency have won unfading chaplets, without hope despair would have settled and failure resulted. He who asserts that sordid ambition and desire of dominion nerved to action many great warriors whose recorded deeds will ever be resplendent, needs patriotism, and mistakes greed for hope. Avaricious deeds have darkened many pages of history, but say, oh! say, not that hope thus far has detracted from its natal brightness. As long as life has cloud, as long as heart has woe, and as long as foot-sore pilgrims journey over the Saharian sands—through which a part of life's journey may be said to extend—reverential pauses will be made at the shrine of hope, for

"The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray."

GRADIVUS.

MYTHOLOGY—ITS VALUE.

"They wove bright fables in the days of old
When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings;
When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told in song its high and mystic things."

Ours is an age of fact and progress, not one of poetry and musing. In these days, when science predominates, the fancies of other times are more and more forgotten. The mists that hung over every subject, giving it a half mysterious charm, under the dim light of ancient knowledge have cleared away before the rising sun of later investigation. Many things seen once only "through a glass darkly" are now viewed openly, and are scrutinized and comprehended in all their most intricate details.

If in the change we have gained much, it is equally true that we have lost much. While we rejoice at every advance of science, join the great host of truth-seekers and exult in each new conquest, we cannot but sometimes lament the necessary sacrifice of much that is most gratifying to our highest sensibilities.

Our progress is like the ascent of some lofty mountain. We gaze in delightful awe at the broadening landscape, with its diverse beauty and grandeur, but we must sometimes pause to think of what we are leaving in the valley beneath—fruits and flowers, birds and bees, murmuring brooks and "tangled wildwood."

We recognize an ever-increasing basis of truth in the words of the poet:
"Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth;
And those debonair romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phæbus' chariot course is run!
Look up poets to the sun!"

The tendency in an age like ours is to disregard, if not to despise, the "mythic fancies" of earth's early-born peoples. Many forget that even the wild imaginings of unschooled minds may hold a real worth. Few ever suspect that such things can be of any value to a practical people in a progressive age. But mythology is of great importance to-day, though all belief in the myths has long since perished. Though for us the earth turns on its axis, presenting successive sections to the sun and planets and stars, where for the ancients Apollo drove his flaming chariot through a realm filled with monsters of various form and name, these "rude guesses at the truth" are worthy of being treasured up for more than a mere curiosity to know what men once believed. The cold, bare moon for us goes a regular course in a known orbit, reflecting in the most imperfect manner what few rays of the sun fall within its range, where for the ancients Diana looked gentle beams of love upon sleeping Endymion; but the legend still lives in literature. Woods and waters are no longer peopled with nymphs and fairies, but the stories of these imaginary beings have suffered little loss of beauty and have gained much of interest by being crystallized in poetry and song.

In this time of search after knowledge, the mere desire for information should induce us to study the myths. The inborn spirit of inquiry can find no more satisfying field for investigation than here, nor any yielding richer contributions to useful spheres of knowledge. The most pleasing chapter in the history of ancient people is that which tells of their traditions of heroes, their legends of love, and their conceptions of divinity. It reads like the most charming novel. Their theology has little philosophic value, and no religious interest beyond that of comparison; their legends and traditions, tested by the destructive standards of careful criticism, have largely lost their truth; but the end of their usefulness in one direction has left them another sphere of interest not less worthy. It is valuable to know the mythic origin of the names by which we designate the days of the week. Many of the months owe their appellations to Roman myths. Our Christmas is a perpetuation of the old Saturnalia, to which it bears many striking and unworthy resemblances. The origin of convents is found in the ancient religious rights of heathen people.

Many of our current names and expressions are really understood only by the help of mythology. "The Pillars of Hercules" and "The halcyon days of yore" have only an imposed meaning until their origin is known. Frequent references to Castor and Pollux, and to Phoenix, rising from her dead ashes; designating wild fabrications, "cock and bull stories," afford illustration of terms whose meaning must be sought in the fancies of mythical ages. So,
too, when "Ossa is upon Pelion piled," or when one "runs upon Scylla wishing to avoid Charybdis," as in scores of kindred expressions, there is a beauty and force of meaning hidden under the terms employed.

The study of mythology cultivates the aesthetic tastes of man. Utilitarianism is constantly aiming, consciously or unconsciously, at the suppression and destruction of the aesthetic sentiments. In grasping for gold a man crucifies his aspirations for art. While he is amassing wealth the poetry and music of his soul perish for want of cultivation. There are those who, in their extreme practical tendencies, would gladly convert our roses into radishes, our tulips into turnips, and our callas into cabbages. They would plough up our flower gardens to plant corn and peas. For such the twinkling stars are useful only as a substitute for the moon; trailing vines and blooming flowers, babbling brooks and singing birds, rugged mountain and secluded vale, are superfluous works from which the Creator might have spared himself the pains. Most people, however, love nature's beauty, and have in the harp of the soul chords that respond to the artist's pencilling and to the poet's song. Such will seek the satisfaction of the aesthetic desires, and will find it nowhere else better than in mythology, created when the world was young and sterner things had not engrossed so much of our attention.

It is granted that these ancient stories are not always perfectly pure, but they are not less so than the literature and art of our own day. In most of them there is nothing with which the most fastidious could find fault. No means, to however great an end, is entirely unmixed with difficulties. Everywhere opportunity is afforded for the development of our tastes and tendencies. Mythology can freely be accepted as a most valuable means for cultivating the love of the beautiful. Under its influence music and art; forest and field, lake and river—all things in nature—assume a new phase and grow in interest. The laurel whispers the story of Adaphne's escape from Apollo's pursuing love; the hyacinth tells of the beauteous youth who fell by Apollo's hand; the narcissus warns against pride and vanity; the sunflower becomes the emblem of Clytie's constancy. To one versed in myths the echoes of the mountains have a meaning, and the nightingale sings her sad, sweet song over the buried bones of the chief of musicians. The dewdrops are diamonds of brighter lustre when we see in them Aurora's tears for her fallen son. Falling asleep in Morpheus' arms has a new meaning when we are acquainted with the classic conceptions of the god.

Most standard works of art have a mythological basis, and so a volume on mythology is the truest guidebook to the proper application of the masterpieces. The most beautiful paintings and the stateliest statuary find here a common source. Not only, then, must the artist seek his models in the conceptions and productions of the Greeks, but as well must every
one who would intelligently admire art know the stories on which it is founded. What meaning has the Laocoön group for the rustic who never heard of the Trojan war? The recumbent Ariadne has no superior merit in the eyes of one who has never read the story of Theseus. The crowning characteristics of the Apollo Belvedere are but ordinary or wholly uncomprehended features to one unacquainted with the Greeks' ideal of the sun-god. Venus de Medici is only a symmetrical piece of chiselled stone until we have learned the nature of the goddess of love and beauty, as presented in the stories of her relations to mortals. Every museum, every art gallery, has its stock supplied from remnants or models of Greek art, the subjects of which are mythological.

If mythology is an aid to art, it is indispensable in literary study. Much that is best in literature deals directly with ancient theogonies and traditions, and an acquaintance with them is absolutely essential to a full understanding of almost any poetry, and of much standard prose. So, too, must he who aspires to literary fame be thoroughly versed in those stories which are the rarest products of the richest imaginations of the world's most poetic age; not that we would have an author follow the examples of his predecessors in literary work, simply because it is an example; but that he will find here the most fertile field for illustration, as well as the most striking portrayal of the human emotions, together with the means for stirring those sentiments. For whatever else may be true of the Greek and Roman myths, they contained, in bold relief, the truest pictures of love and hate, envy and jealousy, pride and ambition—in a word, of all the passions that stir our hearts.

It is hardly necessary to say that the ancient classics cannot be read with any degree of appreciation without a complete knowledge of mythology; or such a constant reference to a classical dictionary as will deprive the task of all its pleasure. This fact, perhaps, more than any other, explains why so many students find Latin and Greek authors so dry and so difficult. The Iliad and the Odyssey, the Æneid and the Odes of Horace, ought to be among the most charming works which the student reads; and that they are not is largely due to ignorance of the source of their beauty. But it is with English literature that we are chiefly concerned. Critics have given Milton the honor of crediting him with combining in himself the excellencies of both Homer and Virgil. He was a man whom centuries were required to produce. Yet many, by no means illiterate, readers of Paradise Lost complain that they find it dry and tedious. This is partly due to his depth of thought, but more to his many illustrations drawn from a subject with which the average reader is unacquainted. Milton represents the fall of Satan by that of Vulcan; Eve is described by comparison with Pandora; on every page are references to ancient tradition, until all the gods and goddesses, myths and
legends, are reduced to the poet's service. How can we appreciate him if we do not understand the illustrations that are intended to throw the truest light upon his subjects. If all this be true of Paradise Lost, even more does it apply to the Comus and the Nativity. An ordinary volume on mythology finds occasion to quote more than forty passages from Milton in illustration of the relation of mythology to poetry. Lord Byron is hardly less profuse in illustrations drawn from the same source. No one can read Childe Harold without first reading some extended account of mythology. When in his writings he calls Rome "the Niobe of the Nations," or says of Venice, "she looks like a Sea-Cybele fresh from the ocean," he paints, for one familiar with our subject, pictures more vivid than pencil could give, but which are lost on anyone else. Spenser's Faerie Queen must be classed with Paradise Lost and Childe Harold. Longfellow and Keats did their best work in telling legends and stories of the gods. Cowper and Tennyson sought in the same field the most pleasing flowers that deck the garlands they wove. Young's Night Thoughts read in the pale-faced moon, in the twinkling stars, and in the rising constellations the stories of the gods whom ancient fancy placed in the upper world. All poetry borrows its illustrations from this common source.

A single reference to prose literature must here suffice. A single article from Macaulay contains twenty allusions to our subject. This is only an instance of what, to a greater or less extent, must be found true in all standard literature. Unless a man is versed in mythology, what to him is the meaning of such expressions as "the hatred of Juno," "the decree of Parcae," "that starred Ethiop queen," or that line from The Raven: "Quaff, oh! quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore."

Nor will it do to say that authors must write for the understanding of the masses, if by that is meant that they are to eliminate everything that cannot be immediately understood. Thus should we deprive them of their richest storehouse, and leave upon their pages a deplorable sterility. We should take away their highest function—that of educating and elevating the masses.

Let the ordinary reader devote a few spare hours to the study of this subject, and much of literature that has been found "harsh and crabbed" will become "musical as is Apollo's lute."
WILL THE DRAMA REVIVE?

In looking back over that wealth of literature known as the drama, one cannot help contemplating, with regret, the fact that such a fruitful and popular mode of expression is no longer used with its former force.

The drama, which more than all else, has contributed to the universality of English literature, suddenly burst forth, apparently (at that time) reached the limit of its possibilities, and practically died in the short space of the Elizabethan period. Is the sad thought true that the drama has fulfilled its part in our literature? Is that field closed which furnished scope for the genius of Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher and Shakspere? Have conditions so changed that some other medium must be sought for conveying those lofty sentiments and for thrilling the people with those enthusiastic emotions which once were in the exclusive sphere of the drama? A careful investigation of the history of the drama will scarcely justify such conclusions. We may yet hope for productions more appropriate, for our time, than any hitherto presented. There are fluctuations in the quality of literature, just as in other products. We should not be discouraged if just now we seem to be in the trough, rather than on the crest of the wave. We have themes now, equally as interesting, and as capable of dramatic expression, as existed in the times of knighthood in its palmiest days. If we do not use the themes, it is chiefly because of prejudice, and of men's dislike to violate the conventionalities of the past. Such influences cannot always last. Men are inspired by the same passions—they have the same loves and hates and fears that they have always had. The best method of appeal to these emotions has probably somewhat changed, but the emotions are the same. To open men's souls we must simply change the key, like the singer, who, to accommodate his voice, does not differ the tune, but merely alters the pitch to another note.

The drama of the ancients was adequate, so far as the needs of those peoples were concerned. But although the English revival was at first on the ancient basis, nevertheless it was more advanced because their condition was more advanced. The unflinching adherence to the three unities, which the ancients maintained with a uniform constancy, was for the first time discarded by the dramatic writers of the Elizabethan period. At first the English drama was a mere translation. In this, of course, the ancient system of the Greeks was preserved. Shortly after beginning his literary career, the great master of the drama was found swinging off from those tenets which were considered essential to dramatic perfection. He began to follow human nature, which is nowhere restricted to any rules. It was Shakspere's keen perception of the vagaries of humanity which made his dramas excel all others. We then perceive that the most im-
important—the indispensable—quality of the drama is its observance of human nature. The test of whether or not a dramatist strictly observes this rule is the popularity of his productions. It is, therefore, away from the débris of artificialities, with which the drama has so often been cumbered, that dramatists must forge on in the pathway towards true dramatic revival.

The decline of the drama was due, not to any inherent weakness, but to the weakness of humanity. It was observed that there had spread over the stage a considerable taint of vice. This vice was no more an essential concomitant of the drama, than are the impurities of water, which trickle through a defective water-pipe. Instead of aiming its efforts at removing or preventing the impurities, the Church, aware of her opportunities in a popular cause, attacked the drama itself. All the agencies of superstition and blind dogmatism, with which the Church assailed her chosen enemies, were employed to crush what was, perhaps, the most potent factor for the civilization of that period. The struggle was an unequal one. The drama, the offspring of the Church herself, sank beneath the brutal attacks of its mother. Strange to say, notwithstanding the tremendous advance of civilization, a part, at least, of the odium attaching to an institution so beneficial, still remains.

It is clear that the same civilizing scope is not now open to the drama which it had in earlier times. The spread of literature among all classes, as well as the increased diversity of excitement for the masses, have somewhat supplied the place of the drama. But as a method of popular, innocent, and even elevating amusement, nothing ever has, and it is doubtful if any agency ever can, adequately supply its place.

For our dramas we are compelled to go to the literature of past ages, written for people who existed centuries ago. Is not this a commentary on our civilization? Can it be true that the requirements of the present age have not advanced over those of the sixteenth century? We can hardly answer "yes." The true answer must be found in the fact that the Elizabethan dramas are the best we have, and we employ them because there are no better.

For the period in which they were written, one might almost say the Shakspearian productions were perfect. Perhaps no author will ever exist again with a genius so far-reaching and so complete. Shakspeare was universal in his tastes. His genius was not tied to any particular realm or school. Inspired by that love for nature which has kept his fame undimmed, he appreciated beauties wherever he found them, and scaled the whole gamut of nature in drawing from her the sweetest strains the world has ever heard. Shakspeare thoroughly understood the characters he represented. This same acquaintance with human nature must have made him equally familiar with the tastes of the people, before whom his plays were produced. Undoubtedly his plays were remarkably success-
WILL THE DRAMA REVIVE?

ful. They lifted him from a station of the lowest menial—holding horses at the play-house doors—to the highest rank in the theatrical profession in London. Suppose Shakspeare's brilliant intellect were alive to-day; is it likely that he would employ it in writing the same kinds of plays that he wrote to be produced before audiences of the sixteenth century? It is with reverence that we say aught, in a spirit of criticism, about the sublime efforts of Shakspeare, but let us pause for a moment, and ask ourselves if we are entirely justified in giving such unquestioning confidence to a writer who wrote for times necessarily so different from our own? Shakspeare wrote for gain, not for fame; for the present, not for the future. May it not be that we are following Shakspearian models, with that same blind obsequiousness, by which other schools have erred in following the ancients? We must first determine whether the taste of this age is suited for the production of the drama. If it is, then the conclusion clearly follows that dramatic works should be characteristic of our times.

It has been argued that the present age is too utilitarian to give sufficient stimulus to dramatic effort. If this argument were made to explain the decline of painting and of sculpture we should readily acquiesce. The tendency of civilization from symbolism to abstractions accounts for the substitution of ideas for objects. But this is pre-eminently an age of ideas. At no period in all history has the literary spirit been so predominant as in the present. To account for the stagnation of the very best sort of literature, in a period when the arts of civilization afford more time for literary pursuit than ever, will require an explanation more reasonable than to say we have outgrown the relish for such literature.

One great advantage which the drama had in the Elizabethan period was the fact that its authors were actors. Such men as Munday and Marlowe, and Wilson and Shakspeare did not disdain to act upon the stage. Learning in this manner the demands of the people, and becoming acquainted with the practical details of their art, they adapted their productions all the better to the public taste. Perhaps, in order to reach the highest point of dramatic perfection of which our age is capable, dramatic authors will have to undergo a schooling something like the masters before them. Why should they not? When the present purifying process of the stage is carried a little further, and with the veil of prejudice lifted, there is no reason why the most lofty minds should hesitate to strive for laurels on the stage. Eventually we must find ourselves in about as favorable sentiment, for the production of the dramas, as existed among the Elizabethans. We shall, however, have the advantage of centuries of experience—of maturity over childhood.

The drama is a reflection, if not a positive expression, of the national life of a people. A race which has vast power and which has attained brilliant progressive achievements is
necessarily rich, both in material and in motives for dramatic expression. Remembering these facts, we clearly understand why the English-speaking people excel in this branch of literature. But the excellence of their productions dates back from a period long before they had attained their present pre-eminence among races. Their most heroic advances, their most brilliant achievements, remain unrecorded in any worthy dramatic form. We are apt, at first, to attribute this result rather to the absence of authors of sufficient genius, than to the want of proper themes. But when we look further, and enquire for the cause of this lack of authors, we realize that there have been depressing influences which have discouraged writers, and which, perhaps, have stifled many a dramatic genius into quiet. When the influences of prejudice, of puritanism, and intolerance of change shall have passed away, which they now seem to be rapidly doing, we shall need have but little fear for lack of authors. They will be forthcoming in season, just as great military leaders come forth when needed to meet the exigencies of war. It is with peculiar pleasure that we hail the day when we are being absolved from the prejudices of the past.

At present a period of fresh and brilliant development seems to have begun. The opera is the kind of drama which is particularly in advance. In this the Germans appear to be in the lead, with the Italians following closely after. The musical faculties of the people everywhere are being cultivated, and the time seems fast approaching when the melody of music, more effective because better understood, will be added to dramatic narrative to excite the interest and soothe the intellect. Hence, it seems that the crude beginnings of the ancient Greeks, in their choral songs, were made on the very plan which is destined to develop the drama to a point of perfection hitherto unattained. The present tendency of dramatic exposition seems to be towards a fusion of those elements which appeal to the emotions of mankind. But although dramatic representations are to be embellished with music and scenic display, and perfect grace and naturalness of diction in the actor, it still does not seem probable that the drama will ever be confined exclusively to the opera, nor that improvements will be of a merely external nature. In good time, authors of the highest type will strike the key-note, when, like Shakspeare, they employ their genius with fidelity to human nature. Once freed from the obstacles which have long kept the drama back, the subject-matter itself will be brought squarely up to the demands of the age, and, standing upon its own literary merits, the probable drama of the future will be better suited to that period than any time-worn productions of the past.

Simplex.
Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September, 1709. Though diseased and deformed, he early showed those remarkable powers of intellect for which he afterwards became so distinguished. Though scarred by scrofula, comical and uncouth in appearance, he always commanded the respect and admiration of his fellows. Receiving his early education at the schools in Lichfield, he went, in 1726, for about a year, to Stowbridge, after which he returned to spend two years at home with his father, a bookseller, and a man of considerable strength of mind as well as of body. Young Johnson seemed to have profited considerably by his father's bookshop, for when, in 1728, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, it was said of him that he was the best prepared of any that had ever entered there. Though he read desultorily and spasmodically, he was enabled by his remarkable memory to acquire in a short time an immense store of classical knowledge. He never read a book through. He paid no attention to particulars. He had the tact of seizing at once upon the salient points of a book; nor did he ever lose them. The effect of this kind of reading we see in his criticisms and reviews. He either utterly ignored those delicate tints and touches which are so attractive to modern readers, or else he contemptuously denounced them as utterly nonsensical. In 1731 he was compelled to quit college before obtaining a degree. Upon returning home he was met, in his father's death, by poverty. Thus thrown upon his own resources, he began to look around for some means of a livelihood. At last, after much trouble, he secured a teacher's position, but after a few months' trial gave it up. These months, he says, were the most miserable of his life. Afflicted by some dreadful disease like St. Vitus' dance, he afforded only amusement to his scholars by his strange antics and comic gesticulations. In 1736 he married a widow of nearly double his own age, and, according to Garrick, as to her physique, not a whit more attractive as a woman than he was as a man. However, Johnson seems to have loved her dearly, and in latter life some of his noblest sentiments were uttered with reference to his "dear Lady," as he called her. Resolved on a literary career, in 1737 he removed to London. Here, for many years, a literary drudge and inhabitant of Grub street, he passed a miserable and wretched existence. Of the particulars of his life during this period we know little or nothing, but to know that he lived on Grub street is to know enough of squalor and rags and hunger, and a thousand other wants of poverty. Johnson himself sums up the matter in the lines of Virgil, in which he describes the entrance to hell, where

"Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell, And pale diseases and repining age, Want, fear, and famines unresisted rage; Here toils and Death and Death's half broth-er, Sleep— Forms terrible to view—their sentry keep."
In 1738 he wrote for the Gentle­men’s Magazine “The Senate of Lilli­put,” a series of speeches or debates purporting to be delivered in Parlia­ment. These speeches exhibit, per­haps, better than anything else the grasp of Johnson’s intellect. Al­though, in all probability, he had never been inside a Parliament, he so skillfully composed the speeches of the different orators of the oppos­ing factions that many were deceived as to their originality. “But,” said he, characteristically enough, “I al­ways saw to it that the Whig dogs got the worst of it.”

In the same year he published his “London,” a poem which at the time was received with considerable enthu­siasm, and even elicited a compli­mentary notice from Pope. After this we find a long list of essays, re­views, and biographi­es, the most im­portant of which is the “Life of Richard Savage.” In ’47 he pub­lished the prospectus of his Diction­ary of the English Language, but it was not till seven years after that it was complete. During this time, however, he did much other work, the most noteworthy being the pub­lication of the Rambler, a bi-weekly paper something after the plan of the Spectator. It ran for two years, but had quite a narrow circulation and created but little enthusiasm. It was filled principally with practical essays on moral subjects.

In 1749 appeared the “Vanity of Human Wishes.” This is Johnson’s theme everywhere. A hypochondriac and a pessimist, he saw only the evil and never the good. To the hopeful scholar he says:

“Yet hope not life from grief and danger free, Nor think the doom of man reversed on thee; Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, And pause awhile from letters to be wise; There mark what ills the scholar’s life assail— Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.”

It was in this year also that his tragedy, “Irene,” was brought out at the Drury Lane Theatre, but it was such a complete failure that he never again attempted that kind of work. In 1755 the appearance of his Dictionary set him as dictator of English letters. At the accession of George III he was granted a pension of three hundred pounds, which placed him out of the dread of pov­erty.

In 1781 he finished the “Lives of the Poets,” which is generally con­sidered his greatest work, though judged by the standard of to-day his criticisms are generally unjust and worthless.

But it is not as a poet, essayist, or biographer that Samuel Johnson lives and is known to-day. Nobody save the curious and patient student ever is able to drag himself through the pages of the Rambler. But few manage to find either interest or profit in his best and most carefully­prepared productions. He never wrote except from necessity. So in­dolent was he that it was only under the pressure of poverty and want (and sometimes that had to be very heavy) that he roused himself up sufficiently to write. “Nobody but a block­head,” said he, “will write, except for money.” With this nature and
this principle it is not strange that his work was unenduring.

But it is Johnson at the club, Johnson at the table, Johnson in conversation, in society, as we know him through Boswell, that interests and fascinates us of the present day. He was the king of conversationalists. Nothing afforded him so great pleasure as to cross swords in a contest of wits, and he seldom failed to come off victor in these contests, so quick were his thrusts. “Mr. Johnson,” cried Boswell, upon being introduced, and remembering Johnson’s prejudices, “I am, indeed, from Scotland, but I cannot help it.” “That, sir,” was the first thing Johnson ever said to him, “is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help.” He was a man of strong prejudices. He was a high churchman, a tory, and a Jacobite. He had no confidence in a Whig or a Scotchman, and he never missed an opportunity to give them a cut. “Sir,” said he, speaking of Burke, “he is a fine fellow, but a bottomless Whig.” And at another time he said: “Scotch learning is like bread in a besieged town—every man has a mouthful, but no man a bellyful.” And, again, when Strahan retorted to some of his abusive remarks, “Well, sir, but God made Scotland.” “Certainly,” replied Johnson, “but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen; and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell.”

Johnson was not only very religious, but just as superstitious. He would discuss ghosts and hobgoblins with as much concern and interest as anything in literature. He accused Hume and his class of liberal thinkers of hypocrisy and cant. One of his favorite maxims was, “Clear your head of cant.” “Truth,” said he, speaking of such men as Hume, “will not afford sufficient food for their vanity, so they have taken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, so they have gone to milk the bull.” And again creeps out his orthodox prejudice when, upon some one’s speaking of having a Quaker woman preach, he replied: “A woman’s preaching is like a dog’s walk-on his hind legs—it is not done well, but you are surprised to see it done at all.”

But, notwithstanding his apparent roughness, he had a tender and sympathetic heart. It is said that he gave away more than two-thirds of his pension to beggars and needy persons. Says Mrs. Thrale: “He loved the poor as I never saw a man love them.”

The last few years of his life he did little else but try to escape from himself in society and conversation. With a “God bless you, my dear,” to a young lady who begged his blessing, he peacefully passed away on the 13th December, 1784. He was laid by the side of Goldsmith, in Westminster Abbey. “The names of many greater writers,” says Stevens, “are inscribed upon the walls of Westminster Abbey, but scarcely any one lies there whose heart was more actually responsive during life to the deepest and tenderest of human emotions.”
REPLY TO "OLD VIRGINIA."

I am sorry I was forced in my reply to "Old Virginia," in the March number of the Messenger, to suggest the sparsity of common sense in his article on the College Student and the Sweetheart. It is quite evident that "Old Virginia" is sensitive on the question of "common sense," and well he may be, for I have never observed a less tenable position than that taken by him in his last reply to F. C.

He says: "As the sun was sinking to sleep and the katydids were beginning their twilight chant, she who sat by our side said that she would be our own. * * Since that time our barque has glided peacefully over the once troubled waters." Poor girl! If "Old Virginia's" picture is not a fiction, I pity you. Learn to swim, because your "Old Virginia" says the advisability of taking a sweetheart for ballast depends entirely on the boat.

The first part of the reply of this connoisseur in amatory affairs is taken up with a restatement of his old argument about bright college student who had sweethearts. I suppose he insists on this argument to explain his own proclivity for the fairer sex. I admit I never looked at the question in this light before.

Continuing with his unsupported statements, our love veteran prophetically observes: "Put off your love until the last, and you will be another Senator Jones, of Florida, vainly walking the streets of Detroit and 'wasting your sweetness on the desert air,' etc. This proves nothing. Different men—young as well as old—go crazy upon different subjects. It would be just as sensible to argue that Senator Jones is a maniac because he hasn't the possession of a sweetheart, as it would be to argue that "Old Virginia" is a lunatic because he has one. By this I do not mean to say that "Old Virginia" is a lunatic. I simply wish to demonstrate how absurd it is to say that if we wait until we get in a position to have a sweetheart we shall go insane in a vain search for one, when it is a well known fact that the question what to do with a sweetheart after we get her, is far more serious and perplexing than the question, how to find one when we are seeking.

Either "Old Virginia" has a bad case, or he is not competent to support the one he has. I presume the trouble is the former, for my adversary is an able man. He never finds grounds to prove any of his statements, but leaves them hanging idly in the air.

To conclude an already too attenuated controversy, let me say that I still adhere with a firmer conviction than ever to my original proposition, viz: that a college student is better off without a sweetheart. I cannot help thinking this more and more about "Old Virginia." F. C.
This age is intensely practical. The utilitarian spirit pervades all pursuits. There is a disposition to measure everything by dollars and cents, and a tendency to ignore whatever falls short in this measurement. Gain is the motto. Gold is the criterion. Utility is the standard value. Whatever finds favor with this age must subserve some practical end—must offer some material advantage. On account of the prevalence of this spirit much that is refining and elevating is discarded. Our higher nature is subjected to the lower.

The philosophy of the age is materialistic. The purpose of life is to accumulate wealth. The only questions that agitate the political mind are financial. Our Government is forgetting its fundamental limitations in its efforts to foster various enterprises. Under the guise of protection homes and pockets are invaded and unjust discriminations made. The principles of government are lost sight of in the clamor for governmental aid in securing wealth.

This practical spirit of the times has greatly enhanced material prosperity, which has made such rapid strides in recent years. It has quickened industry; it has built cities; it has planted factories; it has developed resources and opened foundations of wealth. But it has not been so beneficial in all respects. Material advancement always promotes the coarser elements of civilization, but often subverts the more refined and intellectual. Culture gives way to materialism. Men absorbed in practical pursuits are apt to neglect mental culture. They are concerned more about enlarging their barns than about improving their brains.

This materialistic tendency is making serious inroads upon education. Students are selecting only those branches that will be of "practical service" to them, and disregarding the others as irrelevant and unimportant. "Men of affairs," who estimate values on business principles alone, are the ruling class today. They would limit and lower education according to their contracted views of its object and meaning. Indeed, some of them are raising the question as to whether it pays at all or not.

It is due to these utilitarian ideas and tendencies that the classics are coming into disfavor with a good many students and educators. They tell us that Latin and Greek must not occupy the important position that they have hitherto held. And why? Because it is maintained that they are of small practical value, and contribute very little to one's material success. Even if this be a fact, it would be a very narrow conception of education to exclude them on this ground. Study is not to be confined to the practically useful. All knowledge is valuable in itself and is worth seeking for its own sake. Is education a mere equipment for business? Is culture worth nothing in itself? Is there no satisfaction in attainments apart from their utility? Is thirst
for knowledge limited to that which has a practical bearing? Education is not a mere means to an ulterior end. It is not only the power with which we gain wealth, but it is wealth itself; it is not simply the instrument with which we dig for the gold; it is the gold itself. Business principles belong to business enterprises, not to education. They would eliminate much that is valuable. It is a misconception of education, or of any branch of study, to enquire whether it pays financially or not. Mental culture is more than material acquisition—a thought is more than a thing. Great thoughts yield a higher enjoyment than large possessions.

Shall we, then, abolish the classics on this practical theory of education? A wider application of the principle would make this a very dull world. What would become of poetry? It has never contributed very much to the food and raiment of the world. Where would music be? It subserves no practical end. Then are we to impeach the wisdom of Him who started the planets on their course to the music of the world's morning song? Did he make a mistake when he hung the forests with harps and gave all the birds a musical voice? Is music useless because it doesn't pay financially? On this principle, of what value would be the world's masterpieces of art? And who would pay much attention to sculpture? A dwelling would be of just as much practical service without its architectural finish. Is this an idle waste? All the arguments used against the study of the classics may be employed with equal force against the cultivation of the fine arts. Why take away from education its poetical and æsthetical side? These have a wonderful refining and civilizing power.

Nature is not constructed on any such strict utilitarian principle. If so, how do we account for all the beauties filling the world around us; for all the splendors spread above us in the skies? Nature could perform her functions without these. The flowers that delight us with their fragrance and charm us with their beauty do not administer to our necessities. Must they on that account give place to vegetables? Peaches might have been produced without their lovely blooms. We might have had hills without their graceful slopes and curves, trees without their symmetry, and mountains without their scenery. The ocean could have been devoid of its pearls and gems. The clouds could have served their purpose without their beautiful tints and golden hues. The sun could have set without filling the western skies with his blazing brilliancy. The stars that bespangle and beautify the firmament and pierce the darkness with their gleam might have been without their radiance. Shall we complain of nature that the useful has not been substituted for the beautiful? Those who have no use for anything except the practical must object to the plan upon which the world is built.

This ultra practical tendency which is militating against the classics is
one thing that has caused the decline of poetry and oratory. These spring from the cultivation of the aesthetic taste, which is hardly practical enough for these times. Much of our rapid advancement in material prosperity and our great progress in science has been at the expense of the fancy and imagination which are necessary to the production of real poetry and oratory. The age is too busy for these men to deal with facts and don’t deign to fool with fancy. They speak more to be read than to be heard. Speeches are didactic rather than oratorical. The speaker proceeds to his object by the shortest route, without stopping by the way to gather any flowers for embellishment. Nothing is more helpful to the poetical and oratorical spirit than a study of the classics. The age of great orators and literary men in England was when most attention was paid to the classics. They are invaluable in cultivating the imagination and the art of pleasing dictation. We can find better thought in other literatures, but no where else such beautiful forms. In some respects the classics can never be equalled, because the conditions that made them possible no longer exist. With the ancients everything was endowed with life. The earth and the sky, the crystal streams and the sylvan solitudes, were peopled with mystic beings; nymphs and fairies lived in ocean, and mountain, and spring; sleep had its god, and song its muse; thunder and lightning was not a current of electricity, but a dart hurled by Jupiter. With us the sun rises by a revolution of the earth; with them a rose-fingered goddess opened the gates of the morning for the golden chariot of the god of day. The under world, with its river and boatmen, was no less real to them than the upper. Their history was adorned with beautiful legends and stories which always play such a prominent part in literature. All these things afforded a field for fancy’s play and a scope for imagination’s flight which can never be surpassed. Whatever the great loom of the future may bring forth, we can hardly look for another Iliad or Æneid. If this is the age of science, that was the age of song. The classics should be studied for their wealth of imagination, the cultivation of which greatly promotes literature and oratory. It discovers beauties in everything; it enables the speaker or writer to take advantage of the love of the pictorial. None so delight and dazzle their hearers or readers as those who give them pictures. A word picture is an approach to the concrete, which is always more pleasing than the abstract. The sight of a rose charms us more than a description of beauty.

The translation of the classics, with their nice distinctions, is a most improving exercise. The transference of thought from one language to another gives facility and accuracy of expression. To say that Greek and Latin ought not to be studied because in many cases they are soon forgotten, is to overlook the value of this mental training. Knowledge lost to memory is not lost to mind.
The shower may dry up, but the growth and vigor imparted to the plant remains.

The classics are not dead languages. They live in modern tongues, live in science, and live in literature. The Greeks and Romans were the most remarkable people in the world's history. Their influence will never cease. Their literature is imperishable. It will live as long as poetry is loved or art admired; as long as beauty has its charms. It will influence the literature of all nations. It will ever be the study of scholars. No man can claim high culture without a knowledge of the classics.

Quidam.

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**Editorial.**

**EDITOR: FRANCIS F. CAUSEY.**

By a previous arrangement, the present editor, will, after this issue, go to the literary department, and the editorial department will be conducted by Mr. Duke.

We are sorry to say that great pressure of matter upon the literary department of the Messenger this month necessitates a serious abridgment of the editorial department.

It is with pleasure that we announce the appointment of an editor-in-chief for the Messenger. We had hardly expected to see such a change made so soon after our article favoring the appointment of an editor-in-chief, in the last issue of the Messenger.

There seems to be nothing now in the way of the success of the Messenger, and we can but hope for a degree of prosperity even greater than that which our magazine has already attained.

**THE THOMAS MEMORIAL LECTURES.**

A more beneficent provision could scarcely have been made for the College, than Mr. James Thomas made, in providing an annual series of lectures. These lectures not only contribute to the information of the students, but they are a positive benefit to the citizens of the community. Each year these lectures are given by distinguished scientists, before large audiences. The lecturer this year is fully up to the high standard of the past. The College is to be congratulated upon having secured so famous a man as Professor Clarke.

**THE ATHLETICS OF THE COLLEGE.**

During the past few years there has been a very decided advance in the athletic interest of the College. One of the most obvious results of this advancement is the establishment of field-day. No one who saw the
great variety of events, and the enthusiasm of the contestants on field-day, can doubt that there is a strong athletic sentiment among our students. A few years ago, almost the only exercise the students had, was got in scrub games, in afternoon walks, and in “taking calico.” Now, there is a gymnasium instructor, and some effort towards the formation of College teams.

While a comparison of the present with the past athletic condition of the College is gratifying, we must confess there is still great room for improvement. Indeed, the steady advance of Richmond College demands that a higher stand be taken in the department of athletics. We cannot console ourselves by a comparison of athletics here with the athletics of neighboring colleges. Because the old-fashioned idea that athletic sports serve only for pastime and amusement, and not for serious development, is prevalent among our neighbors, is no excuse for our nourishing the same sentiment here.

The first obstacle in the way of the higher athletic development of the students is the incompleteness of the gymnasium. The expenditure of a comparatively small amount could greatly improve our gymnasium equipment, and at the same time stimulate the athletics of the college.

The second obstacle (and this seems to be the most serious disadvantage of all) is the unwillingness of the students to train. No very great interest is taken in any athletic team, when it felt that the team can only attain mediocre results. Now, no team can expect to attain any great degree of excellence without faithful training. Such training, we are sorry to observe, is seldom found at Richmond College. Without regular training, good teams are entirely accidental. Last year the College happened to have a good team in base-ball. This year our base-ball prestige seems to have vanished with the winds.

We trust that the students will soon awake to the efficacy of faithful training, and with the superior advantages which the city affords for numerous contests and for exhibition games, we hope Richmond College may win the championship many times, not only in base-ball, but also in other sports.
Locals.

Field-Day.

Athletes and Athletics.

"The sun is hot, the boys are lazy; If this continues we'll go crazy."

Professor to Mr. B.: "What relation do your clothes have to the cloth?"

Mr. B.: The cloth makes the clothes."

Mr. D. to Mr. B.: Why, B., what is your nose doing so red?

Mr. B.: "I have a boil under the skin."

Mr. Van B., in Int. Eng.: "Professor, what do they do about the inheritance in England when the oldest sons are twins?"

Although the trees are leaving, they will probably not stay very long, for they have left their trunks behind.

Big B.: "I like the girls that use the adder of roses."

Mr. B., in Int. Eng.: "Professor, when a word terminates in Greek, what does it end in?"

What is the difference between a Dutchman and a tube? One is a hollow cylinder and the other is a silly Hollander.—Noah's Ark.

Extract from Mr. H.'s Theory of Love: "I believe that falling in love is like falling in a hogshead of soft soap; you get in and can't get out till helped out."

Mr. D. says that the principal literary men of the time of George III were Scott, Maria, and Edsworth.

Mr. L., when asked if Gen. R. E. Lee's son was dead, replied, "No, but he will die if he lives long enough."

In a conversation on political matters Mr. R. wished to know whether Secretary James G. Blaine was a Democrat or a Republican.

Mr. B. wishes to know if "As You Like It" is not one of E. P. Roe's works.

Mr. S. to Prof. P.: "Is poorly a niggerism?"

Flies are flees, but flees are not flies; for if you disturb a fly he flies, but disturb a flee, he flies not.

Why is logic like a school-girl of fourteen years? One is characterized by silly giggling and the other by silly(syllo)gism.

Prof. of English to Mr. S.: "What would a pure white sheep remind you of?"

Mr. S.: "It would remind me of purity."

Prof.: "Well, Mr. S., what would a black sheep remind you of?"

Mr. S.: "A black sheep, sir."
Mr. G. and his best girl were passing a soda fountain, when he asked her if she would have a glass of soda-water. "No," she replied; "I prefer limeade." This being settled, they enter, and then the tug came. Mr. G. had never heard of limeade before she mentioned it, and the name had slipped his memory.

Clerk: "Well, what will you have?"

Mr. G.: "Give me some, some, ah—"

C. again: "What will you take?"

Mr. G.: "I'll take, I'll take; oh, pshaw!"

C.: "We don't keep it."

Mr. G. (irritated): "Well, give me some of that stuff, then."

Mr. G. now has a list of fancy drinks committing them to memory.

NOTED NICKNAMES.

The following are the students who bear "distinguished" nicknames:


THE LATIN STUDENT.

I worked and toiled a year or more
With rules, exceptions, cases,
Derivatives, stems, compounds, roots
In all their different phases—
A labor that was long and dry,
An ever-torturing bore.
And thankful am I now to feel
I'll tackle it no more.
Then Caesar came with legions brave,
And marched with wondrous speed;
And soon I found to keep up I
Should have to get a steed.
So, purchasing a trained war-horse,
I rode him all the way.
He carried me safely through the war,
And brought me back O. K.
Next Virgil, introducing Troy,
Brave heroes, war, romance,
Came tripping on the green with some-
Thing like a mystic dance.
I traded off the war-horse
For a Trojan steed much fleeter;
He rode quite easily, but didn't
Understand the metre.
Now Cicero as orator
Appeared upon the scene;
I rode the steed so hard he got
Comparatively lean—
For Cicero was eloquent,
And used to curl so high,
In one short paragraph he leaped
From earth up to the sky.
And scarce was Cicero complete,
When Livy's history—
More difficult than all the rest—
Seemed but a mystery.
In vain I tried to climb the steeps,
And march through narrow pass;
For the Alps were quite impassable
Without a mountain ass.
At last, when Carthage fell, and all
Was peace and joy again,
The poet Horace tuned his lyre
And played a gentle strain—
He sang of warriors, women, wine,
Of chivalry and grace;
But the horse, untrained to march by muˈsic,
Often lost his place.
For horses trained in other things,
However fleet and strong,
Have little ear for music,
And they disregard the song.
And now old Cicero returns,
And makes a lengthy talk
On moral questions; but, without
A horse, I had to walk.
The journey was a tedious one,
The rate of travel slow,
And when reports came out, you should
Have heard "my tale of woe."

Next came his letters, followed by
His work on "Oratory";
And many a shameful flunk I made
In both—but to our story.
We'll take a glance at Ovid
And the patriotic Tibullus,
And passionate Propertius,
With the love-sick bard, Catullus.
Lucretius, too, the sceptic, with
Materialistic view,
To whom the theories of modern
Atheists are due.
To each of these great bards I owe
A debt; for, though I learned
To translate little with ease; yet that
Was honorably earned.
Now Tacitus, with pages squeezed
In half their proper space,
Required a horse long-winded, with
Extremely rapid pace.
And, purchasing a racer from
The blue-grass of Kentuck,
I rode him in the daily race,
And had unusual luck.
Now when the final test was nigh,
I thought I'd try and "spot him";
I rode a hundred nags or more,
And thought, "Well, now I've got him."
And entering on the battle-field,
I read the Latin o'er;
But, to my sorrow, not a line
I'd ever seen before.
I handed in my paper, but
My heart within me "sunk";
For, just as I expected then,
I made a hopeless flunk.

Take warning, fellow-soldiers! better
Walk than ride, I say;
For if you ride, you'll surely flunk
Like me on "Judgment Day."
R. C. V., May 1, 1891.

AMONG THE OARSMEN.

Our Crew—The Trainer and Men—The New
Boat—Race With Washington and Lee—
Boating Notes.

"Hurrah for R. C. V.!!" came
across the water on Tuesday evening,
April 28th. It was the yell of a
Richmond College boy, as he watched
from his freshly-painted boat the
College crew training under Mr. James C. Lamb.

Duke was pulling No. 1; Lutterell, No. 2; Clement, No. 3, and Rucker, stroke, while Etchison, who is laying off on account of a sore neck, supplied Anderson's place as coxswain. The crew started in actual training on the 27th.

The following eight men constitute the crew:

F. W. Duke—Weight, 151; height, 5 feet 10 inches.
H. M. Lutterell—Weight, 158; height, 5 feet 10 inches.
H. M. Jones—Weight, 161; height, 5 feet 10½ inches.
J. E. Etchison, Jr.—Weight, 165; height, 6 feet ½ inch.
Charles Clement—Weight, 180; height, 6 feet 3 inches.
L. B. Samuels—Weight, 168; height, 6 feet.
D. H. Rucker—Weight, 165; height, 5 feet 10 inches.
Maury Anderson (cox.)—Weight, 110; height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Duke, at No. 1, pulls a steady oar and blades well, but is rather light. He will, however, make a good oarsman.

Lutterell, at No. 1, has good strength and speed, but is faulty in handling his oar. He is improving, however, and seems to be a hard worker.

Jones, at No. 2, pulls a steady and telling oar. He shows he has been on water before, and will make an excellent oarsman.

Etchison, at No. 2, has not, as yet, been tried in his place, owing to a sore neck. He ought to be able to attend to No. 2 very well.

Samuels, at No. 3, pulls a good oar and bids fair to be an expert.

Clement, at No. 3, has a powerful swing and reach, but needs practice. He will make a phenomenal oarsman.

Rucker, at stroke, pulls a steady oar, and has plenty of nerve. He will make an excellent man.

Anderson, with the proper attention to training, ought to steer with a "good eye."

Mr. James C. Lamb, the trainer, is one of the best boating critics in Virginia, and our crew may consider themselves fortunate in having him. The writer noticed him several days ago as he was starting out with the crew. He watches everything, requires strict obedience, and at the same time infuses all with confidence. He is very popular with the members of the crew, who speak in the highest terms of him. One of the hardest rules for the boys to obey is to keep their eyes on the man in front of him when there are several boat loads of "Richmond's fairest" on each side. The order, "eyes in your boat," serves to keep their heads straight.

The boat which the crew will race in will be built by Blakey, of Cambridge, Mass., and will reach here the latter part of May. The crew will go to Lexington about the 16th of June to race with the Washington and Lee crew. Trainer Lamb will accompany the boys on this trip. The practice suits of the crew are brown shirt, with red letters R. C.
on breast; dark pants, and blue and white caps. The regular uniform of the crew will be cream shirts and garnet caps and pants. It is very probable that a benefit concert will be given for the boat crew at the College on the night of May 22d, and there will doubtless be a large crowd. Judge R. T. Gregory a few days ago made the boys a handsome subscription.

BOATING NOTES.

The river now presents a gay appearance between 4 and 7:30 P. M., with the racing and pleasure boats filled with the brightly-uniformed occupants.

Broadnax and Pegram will be the only old members of the Virginia crew to row in this year's race.

The Washington and Lee crew christened their new boat Mildred Lee on its arrival last Saturday, and escorted it to the boat-house with great eclat.

The Richmond College boat will probably be christened Winnie Davis.

Indications point to a large crowd and a successful regatta on July 4th.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

On the third of April the literary societies held their elections for the ensuing term. The following gentlemen were elected by the Mu Sigma Rho Society: President, H. T. Louthan, of Clarke; Vice-President, W. F. Warren, Texas; Censor, T. S. Dunaway, of Loudoun; Recording Secretary, W. H. Pettus, Mecklenburg; Corresponding Secretary, H. S. Corey, Richmond; Chaplain, J. Garland Pollard, Richmond; Treasurer, W. M. Redwood, North Carolina; Critic, J. M. Childrey, Richmond; Sergeant-at-arms, B. T. Gunter, Jr., Accomac; Hall Manager, F. F. Causey, Hampton; Monthly Orator R. T. Gregory, New Kent.

The Philologians chose the following officers: President, C. G. Trumbo, Rockingham; Vice-President, Garnett Ryland, Richmond; Recording Secretary, R. H. White, Hampton; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas Gresham, North Carolina; Treasurer, G. F. Hambleton, Louisa; Critic, W. H. Ryland, Middlesex; Censor, M. J. Hoover, Bath; Chaplain, G. F. Cook, Spotsylvania; Sergeant-at-arms, D. H. Rucker, Fauquier; Hall Managers, G. F. Cook, Virginia, and H. W. Provence, Florida.

Final Presidents.—The "Mu Sigs" elected as their Final President, Harry L. Watson, of Richmond. This gentleman is an excellent speaker, and no doubt will sustain his well-earned reputation in the delivery of the valedictory in June. "The Philogs" are to be congratulated upon their choice of C. T. Taylor, of Chesterfield, as their Final President. He will deliver the salutatory at the societies' final celebration.

FIELD-DAY.

April the 24th was delightful for Field-Day, as the gentle showers of the previous day had cooled the atmosphere several degrees. When the day opened favorably for out-door
exercise all the students felt free from
the task of mental training. Soon a
large crowd, comprising many of
Richmond's fairest daughters, assem­
bled to witness the various contests.
The students who devote attention to
physical culture and skill were ready
to enter the contest, while others of a
different turn of mind became spec­
tators.
Messrs. C. M. Hazen, of Bon Air,
Va.; W. J. King, of Randolph-Macon
College, and M. L. Dawson, of this
city, rendered kind and satisfactory
service as judges.
The mile walk, won by R. W.
Hatcher, of Virginia, in 8 minutes
and 46 seconds.
Throwing ball, won by A. D. Lou­
than, distance 98½ yards.
One-mile run, won by W. H. Ry­
land, in 5 minutes and 40 seconds.
Broad jump—standing, won by A.
D. Louthan, who cleared 9 feet 4
inches.
Broad jump—running, won by J.
H. Bagby, distance 18 feet 2½ inches.
A. D. Louthan, second, who cleared
17 feet 9½ inches. Mr. Louthan made
the best average and won the medal.
The 100-yard dash was won by W.
H. Ryland in 11½ seconds.
The sack race was won by J. L.
Bradshaw.
W. H. Ryland carried off the lau­
rels in the pole-vaulting, clearing 8
feet 6 inches.
The 400-yard run was won by A.
D. Louthan in 1 minute and 31 sec­
onds.
The high jump was won by A. D.
Louthan, making 4 feet 3 inches stand­
ing and 5 feet 1 inch running.
The 270-yard dash was won by A.
D. Louthan in 31 seconds.
The tug-of-war banner was won by
Capt. Charles Clement, and the foot­
ball banner was won by Capt. C. T.
Taylor, who won last year.
Mr. A. L. Moffett won the tennis
medal after several hotly-contested
games.
Gymnasium drill by a large class,
from which were selected H. W. Mas­
sie, F. W. Duke, J. H. Bagby, B. T.
Gunter, J. H. Read, and J. L. Brad­
shaw to contest for first and second
prizes. F. W. Duke won the first
and J. L. Bradshaw the second prize.
The medals were delivered by Rev.
J. M. Frost, D. D., to the following
gentlemen: A. D. Louthan, broad
jump; A. D. Louthan, running; W.
H. Ryland, pole-vault; W. H. Ry­
land, mile run; R. W. Hatcher, mile
walk; A. L. Moffett, tennis; J. H.
Bagby, high jump; F. W. Duke, first
gymnasium; J. L. Bradshaw, second
gymnasium.
The medal offered by the Athletic
Association to the best all-round ath­
lete was won by Mr. A. D. Louthan,
formerly of Clarke, but now of Fau­
quier.
Mr. C. T. Taylor is to be congrat­
ulated upon the fine physical devel­
opment made by his classes during
the session, and also for the excellent
drilling done in the contest by those
whom he instructed.
The prizes given to the successful
contestants were donated by the fol­
lowing gentlemen: Tennis medal by
Mr. Charles W. Tanner; first gym­
nasium medal by A. Saks & Co.;
second gymnastics medal by Dr. C.
H. Ryland; mile-walk medal by McAdams & Berry; mile-run medal by N. W. Bowe; running medal by a College professor; broad-jump medal by J. R. Sheppard; pole-vault medal by Religious Herald.

The Library continues to grow in beauty and attractiveness under the skillful management of the efficient Librarian, Dr. C. H. Ryland, who, under the direction of the Board of Trustees, has recently had published three pamphlets, viz: "The Society, The Seminary, The College"; "College Education for Business Men," and "A Tribute to Prof. Edward B. Smith."

The June issue of The Messenger will not be out until the last of the month. This will be our first Commencement number. It is to be double the usual size, and will, perhaps, contain several cuts of prominent educators.

To "F. C.'s Reply," in this issue, we do as he has done, and therefore close the "Sweetheart" discussion by saying nothing.

OLD VIRGINIA.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The first "Oratorical Contest" of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies was held in the College chapel April the 24th. Mr. W. B. Loving, of Albemarle county, was first speaker. His subject was "The Nation's Greatest Need." This gentleman made a running review of the past glories of several nations and of their present greatness. Then with more detail he pointed out the future splendor of our country, taken as "The Model Nation," provided great men came to the helm to guide the "Old Ship" of State. The speaker closed his oration with words of eloquence and power, calling for men—true men, brave men, godly men.

Mr. H. F. Williams, of Fairfax county, was the second speaker. He came forward and in a pleasing and effective manner delivered an eloquent oration. His subject was "An Era of Better Feeling, or The Decline of Sectionalism." The speaker delineated the sectional feeling from its rise until the present. Then he clearly and forcibly pointed out the dangers of intestine strife and the need of sectional obliteration. He closed with an eloquent appeal for the complete abolishment of sectionalism.

Mr. W. O. Carver, of Tennessee, with his captivating style on the "Rostrum," held the audience enraptured by his eloquence. His subject was "Woman in Ancient Myth and Legend." He made a careful explication of his subject, and one present could but imagine that the soft strains of the muses were being wafted over the gentle zephyrs. He showed that to each hero there was a heroine, and that every great deed, every grand achievement, every bat-
tle, and every victory was done, accomplished, fought, and won by the encouragement of women.

Mr. F. F. Causey, of Hampton, chose as his subject "The Communist Tendency of the Laboring Classes." This orator said that communism was an utopian scheme whose application was to relieve the woes of man. He very eloquently showed that such a scheme was contrary to the laws of nature, which requires that there must be a difference of conditions, in the classes. He also spoke of the wrongs done the laboring classes, and with powerful words advocated an adjustment of such wrongs.

Mr. C. M. Wallace, of Richmond, spoke with power and fluency upon "The Awakening of Virginia." He grew very eloquent as he told of the

The missionary meeting for March was a very enjoyable one, the subject being Cuba. The committee which had it in hand had asked Prof. Harrison to give a sketch of the geography and the history of the island: This he did well. Although his subject was apparently a dry one, yet he described it in such a clear, forcible manner that it was very interesting, adding considerably to our store of knowledge.

Prof. Boatwright then spoke of the needs of the people. The almost
dents' Volunteer Movement, visited our College.

He addressed the students in the interest of this movement, asking for the names of those who were willing to go to foreign fields when they shall have completed their studies.

He is a very forcible speaker, and the most logical one that we ever heard on this subject. He showed very clearly, it seems, that the field of labor for a young man whom the Master has called into his vineyard, possessing good health and strong constitution, is among the heathen. Here we have many lights, comparatively, shining in the darkness, dispelling and driving back the gloom of heathendom; but there, how few.

It should be the desire of every "new" creature to do all the good that is possible, and Bro. Cossum demonstrated that more could be done in those fields than at home.

This movement had its origin at Mr. Moody's school for college students, at Mt. Hermon, Mass., in 1886. It started with only a few, but since it has grown rapidly, numbering now about 5,000, from some 200 of our colleges. It is doing a grand work, marching under a banner upon which is written its watchcry: "The evangelization of the world in this generation."

**ANNUAL SERMON.**

We are glad to announce that on the 24th of May Dr. W. V. Tudor will preach the annual sermon for the Y. M. C. A. of the College, at the Broad-street Methodist church, at 8 P. M. The Association is to be congratulated for securing the services of the Doctor. Though he has been in the city but a short time, yet he is rapidly being recognized as one of the most able divines we have here. By making this request the Association showed that he has won the love and esteem of the boys. As he seldom forgets anything he sees, hears, or reads, we shall look forward to the 24th with a great deal of pleasure.

The Association has been doing good work this session, and it is eminently fitting that at the close of the session it should have one who, on account of his extensive knowledge and experience, is well qualified to give wholesome and timely advice. The Doctor is much admired by the boys, who frequently leave their own churches for the pleasure of listening to him.

**OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.**

At the last business meeting the following officers were elected: President, G. F. Hambleton; Vice-President, H. W. Provence; Corresponding Secretary, R. E. Chambers; Recording Secretary, T. C. Skinner; Treasurer, T. S. Dunaway.

The following committees have been appointed:

- **On Bible Study.**—Prof. F. W. Boatwright, W. L. Britt, and W. R. Keefe.
- **On Missionary Work.**—H. W. Pro-
vence, Prof. H. H. Harris, and W. B. Loving.


On Intercollegiate Relations.—C. C. Crittenden, F. E. Scanland, and R. W. Grizzard.


Personals.

I. B. Timberlake ('85) is pastor of the Baptist church at New Albany, Ind. Our best wishes attend you, Tim.

W. J. E. Cox ('80) is preaching at Midway, Ky.

E. S. Robinson ('78), now of Newport News, is doing well in the legal profession. He is also dealing in real estate.

Maurice Hunter ('89), who is studying at the University of Virginia, visited his old Alma Mater a few days ago.

We miss from among our number J. F. Crawford, who, on account of his health, was compelled to leave school. He returns to Charlotte county, the scene of his earlier days.

W. L. Smith has left us, too. The name of this bright boy brings back to us pleasant memories of his honored and lamented father.

George E. Lewis has told us “Good-bye,” and now is strolling over the verdant hills and grassy meadows of Madison county.

We see no longer the ever-cheerful face of R. H. L. Rudd. He, too, left on account of his health. We hope to see you again next session, Bob.

J. S. Irby ('89) is telegraph editor of the Richmond Times.

T. Greene Bush ('90) is in the cotton business with his father at Mobile, Ala.

C. W. Jones and Raleigh Martin (both '90) were down from the University of Virginia on the second instant.

Norval Walker ('89), who is now in the drug business in Baltimore, paid a visit to some of his old ”chums” a few days ago.
The time has again come when we must give our readers our opinion about the large number of exchanges that have arrived since our last issue. Some expect us to say good things about them, regardless of merit.

The exchange department is a somewhat peculiar position to occupy anyway. The writer must make up his mind to praise some and condemn others, even before he sees the different publications, for this is his business. If he should fail to criticize any he will disappoint his readers; if he says good things about his neighbors, he will be accused of courting similar praise. In fact, this position reminds one of some of the Roman writers, who were accustomed to write their introductory remarks and lay them away until they desired to prepare a volume, when they would open their box of preambles and use one for that occasion. The exchange editor who hasn't a large box of good things in store is no editor at all.

We have had congratulations lying on our shelves for the Hampden-Sidney Magazine until they have actually become rusty, so we expect to order a new supply fresh from the shop. The Magazine knows what pleases the people, and deals largely in something new—e.g., Horseback Riding (?) and a very fine article on Old Things (?). We take pleasure in saying that this paper is considerably ahead of the average.

“It is an interesting fact that of the 345 colleges and universities reporting to the National Bureau of Education at Washington, 204 are co-educational. The same thing may be said of 33 out of 48 schools of science endowed by national land grant. Women at present constitute 55 per cent. of the undergraduates in this country.”

Yes, a very prominent feature in all of our late exchanges is the discussions on admitting young ladies into colleges and universities. The idea of admitting them seems to be growing more popular every year, and many of the first institutions in the United States are opening their doors and welcoming the young ladies to help them shoulder the burdens. The Vanderbilt Observer says that they thought this question was settled with them four years ago, when the matter was repeatedly discussed; but again the question is agitating the authorities of Vanderbilt, and they are evidently on the fence about the matter. The question for them to decide is, “Shall we have co-education?”

The women have decided that henceforth man shall bring up the rear.

Even Dartmouth College and Vermont State University have admitted
them, and sixteen women graduated from the Law Department of the University of New York city April 10th. Soon they will be elected professors in our colleges, as has Professor Harriet Cooke, who has taught in Cornell twenty-three years, with pay equal to that of the male professors. One hundred lady dental students are now in the University of Michigan. The University of Leipsic now welcomes the ladies, and four American ladies attend that institution.

The women believe in blowing their own trumpet, and they have begun to blow so loud that man, the nobler animal, has heard the sound thereof. It is an obvious fact that the females of America are learning to whistle for themselves.

"The Girls" is a subject of much discussion throughout the college papers. We find one rejoicing over the fact that a certain institution has been opened to them; another declaring, in most emphatic words, that the mind of the young lady is equal to that of the young man; again we find a notice that the first place in some contest in oratory has been awarded to a member of the fairer sex; but the Messenger has brought the climax in the discussion of the very important subject, "Is a Sweetheart an Advantage to a College Student?" — Pacific Pharos.

The Richmond College Messenger indulges in more sentiment than we here in the North could risk. Still it is true that "it is possible to educate sentiment out of people." The Messenger is right; there are other things than chill penury that can chill our noble rage and freeze the genial currents of the soul. — The Manitou Messenger.

The Richmond College Messenger for February has, among other things, a treatise on the advantages of a sweetheart to a college student, and one of the most important of the writer's illustrations is an account of our distinguished alumnus, Thomas Jefferson, and the Belinda of his student days. And here we may remark that the student of to-day is a devout believer in Thomas Jefferson's policy, only we don't call them all Belindas. — William and Mary.

The Richmond College Messenger is a good paper. It has recently put on a new dress, and in other respects improved itself. Upon these improvements we congratulate it. The current number has an article upon "The Sweetheart and the Student," in which the writer endeavors to show they are "useless each without the other." This we do not believe, but we would not object if he could persuade the governing powers of Hamilton that this is true. — Monthly of Hamilton Female College, Ky.

"In the recent oratorical contest at Harvard a negro took the prize." — Wooster Voice.

Please give us a rest on this well-worn statement.

A student's directory is a new and appropriate feature of a school journal. The Richmond College Messenger is the first and only exchange in
which we notice it. As students should patronize those who advertise in their paper, this arrangement is convenient for them.—Dickenson Liberal.

It would be a blessing to the college world if every college paper would insert articles of such interest as are to be found in the Focus and Wabash. We need more of this class of papers and a smaller number of college advertising sheets.

At Harvard there is a Free-Wool Club which was organized two years ago. It is, as would be expected from the name, a political organization. This club takes a liberal stand on all political questions of the day.

We see from a recent copy of the Harvard Daily Crimson that the club has recently enjoyed a series of lectures by distinguished speakers (including Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky) on questions of present political interest.

We have the pleasure of having with us this year the first president of this club, Mr. F. F. Causey, of our law department.

There is some talk of organizing a like club at our College. This would not be difficult to do, as all of our students are Free-Wool men, except a very few who have had the wool pulled over their eyes.

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College News and Notes.

We wonder if Solomon was looking over a great heap of exchanges when he exclaimed, "There is nothing new under the sun"?—Ex.

Two hundred and seventy-one colleges out of a total of about 365 in the United States are denominational.—Ex.

A skeleton was recently unearthed in the West, holding a one-cent piece clenched in one hand. Some wicked and uncharitable newspaper has since intimated that it was probably the remains of some college editor who tried to take his wealth along with him.—Ex.

A Japanese student when asked what kind of a place Harvard was, answered: "It is a very large building where the boys play football and on rainy days read books.—The Bema.

Professor (pointing to the blackboard): "Is this the correct formula?"

Student (hesitating): "It—looks—all—right."

Professor (closely eying the ladies): "We must not go on good looks in this class, or some of us will get left."—Ex.

A Twice-Told Tale.—"I went over intending to spend a long evening with Alice some time since.
As we Saturn her Mars porch in close conjunction, I had just touched my lips to her fair cheek when the old lady, who had Orion us, came out, her brow blacker than I have ever Zenith under cloud. "Jupiter?" she said. "No, I didn't, Earth ought to, said I. You're a Lyra, Beta quarter," she said, "and I don't want you coming around to Borealis any more." If Uranus off—lI dodged and went home thinking, "A man may planet, but he can't comet."—Ex.

Washington and Lee University, the University High School, Virginia Club, and Richmond College will send crews to contest in the State regatta which comes off July 4th.

Yale, Harvard, and the University of Michigan, publish daily papers.

TWO PROFESSIONS.

HE
"You ne'er can object to my arm around your waist.
And the reason you'll readily guess;
I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist
On the 'liberty of the press.'"

SHE
"I'm a minister's daughter, believing texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not
You were making the waist places glad."

—Charles E. Ayers, in College-Man,

It is nearly midnight, dearie,
As I sit here weak and weary,
Pondering over many a volume huge of classic lore;
As I sit here merely dreaming,
Thoughts of home and love come teeming,
Thoughts of you and no one more,
And I mutter as I sit here,
Will I ever see her more?

Ah! distinctly I remember
'Twas the last day of December,
And the brightness of each ember
Made the gloom within my heart seem more;
Made my heart with sorrow swell,
For I'd come to say farewell:
And these happy days would soon be days of yore.

Straight into those dark eyes gazing
Long I sat there lingering, praising,
Saying things that love-struck mortals oft have said before.
Yes, stayed there till the firelight
Flickering in the grate burned low;
Stayed there, darling, till your mother
Wondered if I'd never go;
Your father and your mother wondered
If I would ever quit their door.

And now, darling creature from above,
Darling still, if me you hate or love,
Oh! 'twas Heaven sent, and heavenly breezes wafted you ashore.
Tell me, when at last I rose to go,
Was it a sob that shook your bosom,
Or was it cold that made you shiver so?
And till you've answered this one question,
I'll be happy never more.

—Hampden-Sidney Student.

Whilst the college men in the United States are only a fraction of one per cent. of the voters, they hold more than fifty per cent. of the highest offices.—Ex.

Yale has added to its roll a Japanese professor.

Phi Gamma Delta has recently entered Johns Hopkins University.

The students of the University of North Carolina have petitioned the trustees for the establishment of the English Bible as an elective study.

The oldest college in the world is said to be the Mohammedan College at Cairo. It was founded 1800 years before Oxford.
THE VIRTUE OF AN "AD."

For the man who advertises,
The tide of business rises
Till it covers up the last financial rock;
And it's come to be the saying,
That a man by such outlaying
Has McKinleyed all the goods he had in stock.

But the man who never uses Advertising columns, loses
Even what he'd earned in other ways before;
And the verdict, it is hinted,
When he fails, is: He McGintyed
All the goods that he had put into the store.

—Exchange.

The convention of the National Educational Association for the present year is to be held at Toronto, Canada, from the 14th to the 17th of July next, and will, on this occasion, be of an international character. The meeting promises to be the largest and most important yet held by the Association, as it will probably be attended by some fifteen thousand of those actively engaged in educational matters from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Toronto, the place of meeting, is a beautiful city of over two hundred thousand population, the capital of the Province of Ontario, and is located on a gentle slope on the north shore of Lake Ontario. It is only forty miles from Niagara Falls and is in the centre of the most romantic part of North America.

The most complete arrangements are being made by the local committees for the reception, accommodation, and entertainment of delegates and visitors to the Convention.

Fifteen colleges in our land are without a president. "There is always room at the top."

The finest college building in America is at Syracuse University. The cost was $700,000, and all donated by one man.

Canada has forty colleges; Brazil has forty-five colleges and scientific schools, and India has eighty colleges.—Ex.

Richmond College Student: Do you remember which College played the University of Virginia a game of foot-ball last fall with that big score?

Randolph-Macon Student (emphatically): No, I do not.

In Junior French—
One sad thought comes to me o'er and o'er,
For I think I know less to-day than ever I knew before. —Ex.