IN OLD ST. JOHN'S.

I.

Day is dying fast away,
And the twilight shadows, gray,
    Deeper grow.
On the breeze of evening stealing,
Old St. John's sweet bell is pealing,
Blending with my every feeling,
    Joy or woe.

II.

Ah! how oft its iron tongue,
From the tower where it swung,
    Spoke to me
In the years that now are numbered
With the past, My heart then slumbered,
And, with care, unencumbered,
    Life was free.
III.
Backward flows the stream of time
Borne by that sweet silv’ry chime,
And I too
With the tide am drifting, drifting
To the past, whose veil uplifting,
Gives the scene, forever shifting,
To my view.

IV.
Once again, a child, I kneel
Low at mother’s knee and feel
Reverent there.
All my heart seems filled with singin
As, with simple child-faith clinging
To my God, I heed the ringing
Call to prayer.

V.
Would such moments might remain;
Would I were as pure as then;
But, alas!
Tyrant time knows no repenting,
And we needs must bow, assenting,
To his will tho’ unrelenting
On we pass.

VI.
See! the scene has changed, and now
Comes a shadow o’er my brow,
While the bell
Tolls in grief for the departed.
E’en the crowd—the hollow-hearted—
From its apathy is started
By the knell.

VII.
But its echoes die away
Through the leafless trees that sway
In the blast.
Earth reclaims her clay—the mother
In whose breast, some time or other,
All shall lie, and sorrow smother
There at last.

VIII.
Now the scene has changed again;
Spring has painted hill and plain
Em’rald hue.
Every slope is daisy-dotted,
Every field is clover-spotted,
Even the old trees, gnarled and knotted,
Bud anew.

IX.
And once more I seem to be
As of old, my love, with thee
    By my side.
Though the silence is unbroken,
Though no word of love is spoken,
Thy blue eyes betray the token
    They would hide.

X.
Ring, old bell, ring out to me!
Ring the sweetest harmony
    Thou dost know!
For nought shall our love dissever;
As we love, we shall forever;
Ring, old bell, ring now or never,
    Nevermore!

Y. J.

PROHIBITION.

Oration Delivered by W. C. James at the Contest Held by the Southern Intercollegiate Monumental Association.

It was the poet Cowper, if I mistake not, who said, in substance if not in words, that the man who is good for making excuses is good for nothing else. Having a high regard for the truth embodied in that statement, I refrain on this occasion from any apology whatever, though coming before you with a subject which has been rendered almost threadbare by armed and redoubtable athletes on arenas State and national.

Many questions of intense, of important moment touching seriously upon the welfare of Church, state, and society are now agitating the civilized world. D'Aubigne, a Swiss theologian, either in the body or in the introduction of his able and elegant treatise—"A History of the Reformation"—tells us that the sixteenth century was a period of disunion, a time of separation among men, but goes on to state from his point of view that the nineteenth century will be a period of union, a time when men shall come together. Now, Mr.
President, while we all—and most gratefully, too—can say that our own times are infinitely preferable to the period of the Reformation, when Luther and Erasmus

"Stemmed the wild torrents of a barbarous age
And drove those holy vandals off the stage,"

still, as it seems to me, it must be admitted that there are many things in the social and political atmosphere of our day which lead us to believe that the time for the fulfillment of D'Aubigne's prophecy is yet far distant.

The most casual observer of the times, the most superficial reader of newspapers and magazines, cannot fail to observe that a spirit of deep unrest has fastened itself upon and is now pervading all classes. In many lines of thought and action along which we have been accustomed to go with contentment and ease, there is now a complete upheaval, a thorough revolution of sentiment, which causes many anxious minds to inquire, "What will the end of all this be?"

Open a monthly magazine and notice the nature of the articles which are there presented. On one page you will meet with one on "The Moloch of Monopoly"; further on a few pages you will come in contact with another on "The Signs of an Impending Revolution," and one also on "The Perils which Threaten Our Republic."

Lay the article by. Look towards the nation's capital, and there we see corruption in the national capital, corruption that is repulsive to every pure heart, to every honest mind. Turn towards the North and East, and there the strife between labor and capital seems always imminent. Look toward the Southland, and here the negro problem, black as Erebus, greets the vision. Direct your eyes across the waters, and there the same spirit of discontent is prevalent. There many minor governments are being racked with internal disension, while the combined powers of Europe are cocked and primed, made ready for battle, their entire actions "portending a tempest which shall rock and convulse nations and empires to their centres." And so in view of all this we are fully conscious of the force of another's language, wherein we are advised "as men, as philanthropists, as members of a great and growing republic, to consider calmly, dispassionately, our condition, ascertain our true position, and determine our future course."

Among the live issues which are drawing to themselves a large share of public attention there is one which, as it seems to me, is of
supreme, of superlative importance—one which is not only national, but is rapidly becoming world-wide, universal in its scope. I refer to the abolition, or, as it is more frequently termed, the prohibition of the liquor traffic; and though we may now and then hear statesmen and public speakers tell how that upon the settlement of a certain question in society there rests our safety as a people and there hangs the perpetuity of our free institutions, yet we have no hesitancy in saying that the complete triumph of the principles upon which a proposed extermination of the liquor traffic is based will forever put to flight, will throw into confusion and utter defeat, the many vexing problems of the day which now rear their lurid and ghastly heads.

Abolish the sale of intoxicating drinks; what then? Then this strife between labor and capital will have virtually ceased—will be numbered with the things that were. Close the saloons and club-houses; what then? Then the ninety-nine millions of dollars which annually go to gratify sensual and debauched tastes will then beautify and enliven and brighten poverty-stricken homes; then the rich man will become richer and the poor man will not become poorer. Do away with that stuff which Robert Hall said was "liquid fire and distilled damnation," and woman's rights will be heard of no more. Indeed, my hearers, the abolition of the liquor traffic will ring a new era on the stage of time, and a new and brighter page will be begun in the world's history. My subject is by no means a barren one; on the other hand, it is pregnant with ideas, replete with suggestions, causing fact after fact to seek for entrance to our mind, argument upon argument to clamor for disposition at our hands, and picture after picture to assail the fancy, to beat upon the imagination in happy succession like a multitude of stormy waves.

My time will permit me to make only a passing reference to what might be called the emotional or sentimental argument involved in this theme. It will not allow me to dwell at any length upon the immoral, the debasing influence of strong drink; to tell you of the hearts broken, the hopes blasted, and the reasons dethroned; and how that "with one stroke it eclipsed the genius of an S. S. Prentiss and turned the poetry of Burns into a tuneless babble."

Suffice it to say the heart and mind of that man must be electroplated indeed upon whom considerations like these fall with no force.
The opponents of the prohibition movement and the advocates of the liquor saloon have been accustomed, with much *éclat* and with eminent satisfaction to themselves, to hold up to us the French peasantry as an example of a people who can indulge in drinking their light native wines as freely as we drink tea and chocolate, without becoming sots and without losing their well-earned reputation for industry and frugality.

An article, however, which appeared in *Le Petit Journal* of Paris, in July of this year, and a translation of which I have read, completely explodes—entirely destroys—this idea, and causes it to utterly vanish into "thin air and thick smoke."

We give credence to this article because a journal which commands such an immense circulation as does this one, and which, as in this case, is dealing with domestic affairs, must surely tell the truth. In this article we are told that "alcoholism, the development of which within the last thirty years has been marked, and the deplorable effects of which are everywhere visible, is to-day the gravest danger which menaces the peasantry of France. The habit of saving, which for so long a time has been their strength and glory, is now gradually disappearing. The money-box of the liquor-seller now swallows up, sou by sou, the wages which were formerly hidden away, and which, when accumulated, were brought forth to buy a little piece of ground. The peace and harmony of families is now seriously impaired. The wife is now compelled to go to the door of the wine-shop in order to waylay her husband and obtain money for the bare necessities of life before he goes within and wastes it in drink." And this is the deplorable condition into which the peasantry of France has fallen; and let us remember they are the ones who "have ever been her stability and the foundation-stone upon which she has reared the magnificent structure of a mighty nation." They are the ones who, with quick and eager step, followed the Man of Destiny wherever he led; who went with him over Africa's burning sands and Russia's frozen snows; who carried the eagles of France and unfurled them victorious upon the fields of Hohenlinden and Austerlitz. "They are the ones who, going to their secret hoards, poured into the lap of the nation those millions of francs required for the war with Germany, and, in addition to this, were forced to pay the unexampled, the unprecedented, war indemnity which that country exacted as the price of peace. The United
States recuperated with singular rapidity from the effects of the civil war, and in a short time paid off the larger portion of her immense war debt," but her action, fortunate as it was, must be regarded as a mere bagatelle in comparison with what the French peasantry did for France at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. But see what a change.

Now prostrate on the earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Is'rel's beauty on the mountain dies.

How are the mighty fallen! "From a nation of thrifty, frugal, and hard-working men they have become drunken and debauched. From drinking wine they have gone to drinking brandy. In place of being economical they are spendthrifts; in place of being industrious they are loafers, and the consequences, it is not too much to say, will prove fatal to France." How applicable are the following lines:

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
Were the whole world of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To paint the horrors of those woes
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky.

But we are told that prohibition is sumptuary legislation, and therefore in direct antagonism with the time-honored and cardinal principles of Jeffersonian democracy; that it involves an abridgement of, and an infringement upon, our personal rights, and therefore is inconsistent with the spirit and genius of a true democracy. We insist upon it that prohibition is not sumptuary legislation, and therefore not in direct antagonism with the time-honored and cardinal principles of Jeffersonian democracy.

It is a fact most evident that the laws against theft, gambling, and murder, against houses of debauchery, ill-fame, and dissipation, vary not one whit from any proposed legislation against alcoholism, and if it has been found necessary to restrict the former, then the duty is doubly resting upon us to limit, to abolish, the sale of the latter, for where the one has slain its thousands, the other has slain its ten thousands. But great men are not great in all things, and consistent men are not consistent in all things; for when we are called upon to consider a district, State, or national constitutional amendment hav-
ing for its object the abolition of the liquor traffic, then it is we are met with the appalling cry: Sumptuary legislation, personal liberty, and private rights.

It is a principle peculiar to an enlightened civilization that the rights of one cease where those of another begin; that if in the pursuit of happiness you encroach upon the rights and liberties of another, then and there your pursuit must have an end. A recognition of this principle, which is a Christian product, causes us to refrain from doing many things which are lawful, but which are not expedient. Disregard this idea, expunge it from the category of principle, exclude it from the hierarchy of First Truths, and the result will be subversion of government, demolition of society, and anarchy will reign supreme. Carried to its ultimate analysis, such I conceive to be the logical, the inevitable result of that way of thinking which refuses to subscribe to the abolition of the liquor traffic, but perchance it involves our personal rights. Such action might be worthy of Edward Gibbon, of the Earl of Rochester, or of John Hobbes, who made a man's desires the rule of his conduct; but it hardly becomes those of us who breathe a purer air and to whom there has been shown "a more excellent way."

Several years ago in the city of St. Louis an epidemic prevailed by virtue of which many people lost their lives. The doctors and the health commission decided the scourge was caused by the bursting of river pipes and the consequent discharge of excrement into the various cisterns of the city. Therefore an edict went forth that every cistern in the city of St. Louis should be closed. Did the owners of those cisterns which, as they supposed, contained pure water make any intervention? No; they sacrificed private interests to the public welfare and the cisterns were filled in. And yet when the scourge of intemperance is conceded to be the gravest danger which to-day threatens our civilization; when the prison-houses, pauper-houses, and insane asylums receive large recruits from the influences of strong drink; when sixty thousand men and women annually fill drunkard's graves, and when we propose bringing the strong arm of the law to bear upon that which causes this ghastly picture, then it is that good men, liberty-loving men, and some of them professed adherents, too, of that faith which teaches us to "shun every appearance of evil," then it is that they exclaim: Sumptuary legislation, personal liberty, and private rights. We fail to
see the consistency, and, in the dying words of Madame Roland, say: "Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Again, we are told prohibition is a Northern idea, and therefore must be regarded with suspicion by us of the South; taking us, Mr. President, to be the fossils of a by-gone age, the relics of an ante-bellum period, desiring to keep alive sectional strife and sectional hate. We look to history for a confirmation of their assertion, and quite the reverse is found; for a perusal of the colonial history of Virginia discloses the fact that in the early days of Virginia—in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry—a law was passed prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors throughout that Commonwealth. Coming a little further down the stream of time, and a little nearer home, we find that a Democratic Congress, led by a Democratic President in the person of Andrew Jackson, enacted a similar law prohibiting rum on Indian reservations. And so history is our authority for saying that prohibition, as it regards this country, is strictly and essentially a Southern—yea, a Virginia idea. But if it were not a Southern idea, if it had its origin on Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand, even then we will not complain, but rather will we take to our minds and hearts the words of a poet—

"Seize on Truth wherever found,  
On heathen or on Christian ground,  
'Mid summer lands or frozen snows,  
The plant's divine, where'er it grows."

Finally, prohibition has come to stay. It is not one of those ephemeral somethings wafted into existence on the breath of fanaticism, and which will ere long perish of its own weight. On the other hand, it has its source in the convictions of the hearts and minds of men, and its object is to raise this world's inhabitants higher on the scale of moral excellence, to lift them up on a higher plane, to put them, as it were, on some Nebo's summit where a glimpse can be had of the better times coming. It has come to stay; and when it goes down in eternal defeat; when it sinks to rise no more; when the lips of its advocates shall be forever hushed; when they who have hurled at it the shafts of their calumny and the missiles of their criticisms shall have sunk into their merited oblivion, then the principles on which prohibition is founded will continue to exist; it will be found that they "still stand strong," for, in the language of another, its base is justice, its shaft is law, and its capstone—God.
UNJUST RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

From some unaccountable cause, much enmity has sprung up in the breasts of some people, particularly the agriculturists and Farmers' Alliance agitators, against the railroads, the great highways of commerce, upon which the travelling and-shipping public are so dependent. Rustic legislators, seeing this state of affairs, take advantage of it in every possible shape and form to further their own private ends and if possible to secure promotion or re-election from their constituents, whom they appear to have been trying to benefit in the legislative halls. The most absurd laws are enacted, and the amount of "cheek" exhibited by some of these grasping greenhorns is at once astonishing and mirth-provoking. Some of their enactments are so tyrannical and their motives so palpable that the only wonder is that the railroads do not raise some objection to their just rights being trampled on in that way. But where could they find relief? Whenever the "solons" feel called on to express publicly their views on the subject, or attempt to explain their objectionable actions, they invariably hide behind the magic, but alas! too often deceptive word—Liberty.

Let us cite an instance: The latest is the most striking exhibition of pure, unvarnished, unadulterated "gall" that it has been the experience of the writer to hear of.

Here comes the Georgia Legislature (which has shown itself to be viciously opposed to these great agents which have helped more than anything else to make her the great State she is), and introduces a bill which provides that the sole power to issue free passes over the railroads of the State shall be vested in the State Railroad Commission! In other words, the railroads shall not have the authority to give away the only "article of merchandise" which they have. Oh, much-vaunted, much-loved Liberty! Art thou asleep? Has thy proud statue in New York harbor taken a vacation, or is she coquetting with the McKinley bill? Are not these corporations to be protected just the same as individuals, or, at least, the same as other corporations?

Another instance may not be amiss: A few years ago, in the State of Iowa, a "monopolistic, blood-sucking corporation" chose, for reasons best known to itself, and with which nobody had anything whatever to do, to change the name of one of its stations. It happened that the name selected by the company was not satisfactory to
the "inhabitants" of the station, and their request to have the old name restored being denied, what did they do? They go before the State Railroad Commission of Iowa, whose sole business is to "regulate the traffic of the common carriers of the State," and request that the company be "compelled" to re-dub their station. This the triumvirate of commissioners were very ready to do, and the company was ordered to restore the old name. This they very wisely did, and the matter was dropped.

Other cases might be mentioned, but these will suffice. I think we ought to consider the railroads as benefactors rather than as oppressors, and while, of course, wise legislation in this regard is proper and just, such actions as those just cited, if kept up, will eventually cripple and weaken a system of rapid transit which seems to have approached as near as possible to perfection.

These facts ought to afford substantial food for thought for our legislators, and I wish that some more effective pen than mine would bring them to the attention of the law-makers.

Never was anything more truly said than what the Atlanta Constitution says on this subject: "It is just as wrong for the people to oppress the railroads as it is for the railroads to oppress the people," and I think it would be well for some of our legislators to bear that fact in mind in making their laws.

H. H.

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LOVE'S WHISPERINGS.

When first I saw my darling fair,
With eyes so blue and gold her hair,
My heart for her began to pine—
To hope some day she might be mine,
And whispered, "This is love."

And as the days flew on apace
I did but think of her sweet face,
Did long for her approving smile,
Did live upon it all the while,
And whispered, "This is love."

One summer's eve, amid the trees,
Which rustled in the passing breeze,
'Twas then I asked her to be mine.
Her lips responded sweetly, "Thine,"
And whispered, "This is love."
What joy, what happiness, what bliss,
To seal the compact with a kiss!
While love was beaming in her eye,
Eureka! did my heart reply,
And whispered, "This is love."

Yes, yes, my darling, thou art mine,
And truly, truly, I am thine;
No storms in life's tempestuous sea
Can separate my soul from thee,
Nor part me from my love.

X. Y. Z.

THE SOUTHERN INTERCOLLEGIATE MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

This organization is the product of the patriotic energies of the students of the college of Charleston, S. C., and its object is, by means of the students of the various Southern colleges and universities, to rear a monument to show their appreciation of the name and fame and honor which attach to Davis, Lee, Jackson, and the Confederate dead in general. Let it be understood that this enterprise pertains solely to the young men of the South, and it is to be hoped that the erection of the proposed monument will be largely due to their efforts.

The students of the above-named institution having received liberal encouragement from their faculty, and also from the citizens of Charleston, sent out invitations to the various seats of learning in the South requesting most earnestly that at least one delegate be sent from each institution to consider the idea. In order to secure as large a delegation as possible, the citizens of Charleston agreed to pay two-thirds of all railroad fare exceeding $10.

Thursday, October 29th, at 12 A. M., found representatives from the universities of Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas; from Davidson College, N. C., and Richmond College, Virginia. Without entering into details, suffice it to say that a permanent organization was effected, with president, vice-president, recording and corresponding secretary, and executive committee.

The earnest desire and expectation of the association is that local organizations be established at the various schools in the South, and that our efforts do not cease until the monument is reared.

The local associations are to use all honorable means in order to secure funds for the monument. It is urged, however, by the gen-
eral convention that once each year an oratorical contest be held and a small fee charged for admittance; the proceeds will go to swell the general fund, and the successful competitor will be allowed the privilege of contesting for the gold medal championship at the general convention.

The Executive Committee has not yet decided upon place for next convention. Some central point will be chosen—either in Tennessee or in Georgia. The time is the fourth Thursday in October, 1892. It is not necessary to enter upon any justification of this movement; it speaks for itself, and proclaims the fact that the "fire of liberty" and a high regard for our Lost Cause is still alive in the bosoms of the young men of the South.

W. C. J.

THE FIRST ARTISTS.

Side by side, as the sun went down, our foreparents sat before the doorway of their rude shelter, and mused.

Eden had been lost, and labor and weariness was their lot. Children had been given unto them, and years had dropped swiftly into the gaping past. Their still beautiful faces—once fresh and perfect from the Master's chisel—were now writ over with the tired lines of care. The heaped-up burden of their days grew ever heavier upon their bending forms. Their steps—once light and swift in Eden—were sluggish now and painful. The almond tree was shedding its blossoms upon their brows.

They lifted their eyes unto each other, and, though they spoke not, they instinctively knew that their thoughts had, hand in hand, been treading the self-same cheerless way. Together they gazed out toward the autumn-stricken woods, and they both grew pale, as if a spectre had stood before them. Fearfully their eyes sought each other's again, and as the truant flush of life returned unto their faces, the mutual love of those first two hearts gathered in their tender and mingling glances, like the last bright flare of a dying flame. The farewell glow of the clear sundown for a moment illumined their faces, then the after-following twilight softly fell about them. A breeze from out the dusky wilderness rustled by them, and lightly shook the dry leaves at their feet, and their hands, clasped in each other's, grew cold; their heads bowed heavily upon each other's shoulders, and in the shivering silence, each one knew that both had
felt the clammy hand, and seen the ghastly face of death. Thus a long time they sat.

Then they rose up silently, and sought the couches of their slumbering children. They slept so softly, it almost seemed as if they did not breathe; they slept so soundly, it seemed as if they might never awake. Our parents stooped down and kissed the twin sister of Death, as they pressed the lips of each dear son and daughter. Then silently they sought their own bed. There they knelt and prayed that, when Death should lead them from the face of life and earth, their children might not wholly forget them. Then sleep came upon their eyes—eyes already dim with the mist of tears.

Next morning, spoke the man: "Let us make an image of ourselves—a lasting image in the during stone—that our children may look upon it when we are gone, and not forget us; for the blood grows sluggish in our veins, and youth has left us forever."

Replied the woman: "We are wrinkled and stooped and gray. Let us not carve the figure of age; but let us look into the mirror of memory, and copy the creatures of Eden, ere we were driven thence."

"Nay," said the man, "it is best we leave behind us the truth. So we will hew the bending forms from out the rock; but in the faces thereof we will carve immortal hope and love. Our frames may bend and break and die, but love and hope are of Him who made us, and must last as long as our souls shall live."

So they hewed the stubborn stone, and the aged pair stood figured forth. But from the faces thereof, an everlasting hope and an eternal love looked forth. And thus did years and youth, form and feeling, mortal and immortal, time and eternity, stand hand in hand in the lasting rock. But, day after day, as the chips had fallen away from the thought-growing marble, the hands of the carvers had ever grown feebler; and when the task was finished, the sands of life were very low in two hour-glasses.

After a little, the aged pair lay down, and their children could wake them no more—for the silver cords were loosed, and the golden bowls were broken. But so long as the marble should endure, so long at least should the carvers be unforgotten by those whom they had left behind.

And ever since man has begun to die he has had this longing to leave something behind, to keep fresh with those who still abide, the
GOOD ENOUGH.”

We live in an age of activity. Men think faster, act quicker, live more now than ever before in the history of the human race. This spirit of activity has produced many commendable characteristics; but some have been developed that are not in the least praiseworthy. It is our purpose to discuss in a plain, practical manner one of the latter, that is to be clearly observed in the use now made of the expression, "Good enough."

Often we hear it uttered in a careless manner, and are struck with the falsehood that it almost invariably bears upon its face. On all sides and among all classes we hear men say, relative to some act performed: “Oh, well, that’s good enough,” and they go on utterly unmindful of the results that follow. The pernicious effect of the careless and delusive use of this expression can scarcely be overestimated. Let us notice some of the ways in which it is hurtful:

A superficial character is developed. This is specially the case with students. One who mingles constantly with them must certainly notice how frequently they make use of the words “good enough.” With them what do the words mean? What is their aim? “Good enough” means merely that they are prepared to get along somehow or other, and their only aim is to get through the daily recitations and pass the examinations. They fail to grasp the idea of what an education is. They do not realize that they are preparing for life’s work. No thought of the future ever enters their poor, deceived, “good-enough” brain. Their minds are entirely too superficial to pierce beneath the surface, and they become possessed of only so much
as obtrudes itself upon them. They study mathematics by rule and not by principle, taking what the book says merely because it does say it. They study Greek and see something of its outward beauty, the concrete, while they fail to perceive and are not at all influenced by the spirit of love for the beautiful that underlies it all. They study Latin and learn the cast-iron rules that govern the construction of that language, but they fail to see and become impressed by the principle of exactness that was a moving power in the life of every Roman. So in the study of almost any subject, having gotten the language in which it is treated, they deceive themselves into the belief that they have mastered it. Their work, if anything at all, is one of the memory, and not of the mind as a whole.

Again, he who continually, whether mindful of the fact or not, has as his motto "Good enough," becomes less and less mindful of the so-called little things of life. The harm that must inevitably result from this is not to be exaggerated. It would be well for the "good-enough" characters to heed the immortal reply of the famous sculptor, Michael Angelo. Upon being asked why he took so much pains over the little things, finishing with such great care the fingernails, the veins, and the wrinkles, he said: "Little things, do you call them? They are necessary to make perfection, and perfection is no little thing." Truly there is a great lesson to be learned from the familiar lines:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the wondrous land."

He who is carefully mindful of the little things of this life will surely accomplish something that the world will be forced to call great.

Again, "good-enough" characters are never in earnest. Their actions are half-hearted. They never influence the world. The man who speaks or acts in a listless, don't-care manner will surely find his efforts, if such they may be termed, utterly fruitless; his life not a life, but a mere existence. Just such a man is he who terms duties half performed "good enough." It is the man dead in earnest who moves the world. It is the man dead in earnest who accomplishes something.

Again, one of the most hurtful fruits of a "good-enough" spirit is satisfaction with one's surroundings, and as a result of this no pro-
"GOOD ENOUGH."

gress is made. Frequently such an expression as this is heard: "You had better let 'good enough' alone." Perfectly satisfied with the advancement that has been made in the past, men become inactive; their surroundings are good enough for them. Such a spirit kept Terab out of the land of Canaan, and ever since men have been dying "in Haran." The beautiful lakes, the green hills, the pleasant vales, have afforded them satisfaction, and they have failed to gain "the land flowing with milk and honey." But there have lived Abrahams who have pressed on and on, not being satisfied with good enough. The temptation to "rest on our oars" is stronger now than in any period of the world's history. We look around us, and on every hand we behold the wonderful achievements of man, and the voice of "Good Enough" speaks and says: "Is it possible that there is yet more to be done?" It does seem, even after a more than careless survey, that the answer must be returned negatively. But the spirit that asserts the inexhaustible resources of man speaks and says: "There remaineth yet much land to be possessed." If the people of the eighteenth century were called back to earth again, they would view with immeasurable astonishment the achievements of the past one hundred years; and yet man's powers go on, coming to view in increasing ratio, and the progress of the coming years promises to even surpass that of years gone by. The summit of the Mount of Man's Possibilities has not yet been reached; the pyramid of man's greatness has not been completed. To allow the spirit of "good enough" to obtain possession of us now would be to stop scarcely more than half way up the mount's rugged sides—would be to leave the pyramid an unseemly structure. True it is, our horizon has widened, and we behold such a panorama of beauty and grandeur as man's eyes never before feasted upon; true it is, that the structure stands magnificently magnificent, but the summit is yet to be reached. Much, very much, work must be done yet before the crowning-stone is put into place. "WRECK."
The departments of the Messenger have been divided among the editorial staff for the present term as follows: Literary Department, H. L. Corey and J. R. Murdock; Editorial, E. E. Reid; Locals, Harvey Hatcher, Jr.; Y. M. C. A. News and Personals, W. R. Keefe; Exchanges and College News and Notes, E. M. Whitlock.

We are sure that our readers heard with pleasure of the formation in Charleston, S. C., of the Southern Intercollegiate Monumental Association, having for its object the erection of a monument to that illustrious patriot, Jefferson Davis. A prominent feature of the meeting was an oratorical contest between representatives of the leading institutions of the South.

At a joint meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies Mr. W. C. James, of Texas, was chosen to represent Richmond College; and well did he do it, for it was only after much discussion and hesitation on the part of the judges that they decided that he was but a close second.

While we could have wished for a different result, we congratulate the victor, Mr. J. Talbot Jackson, of Central University, Kentucky, that he obtained the medal over so able and polished an orator as our delegate.

Mr. James' article, in another column, describing the meeting, its results and purposes, will attract general attention and interest to this praiseworthy movement.

The College of late has manifested quite a disposition towards public lectures by its professors and others. This is a good move, and it is to be hoped that it will be long continued. These lectures have done, are doing, and will do good.

While the instruction of the students is the main duty of a college, the enlightenment and advancement of the adjacent community is not much less important. Here is collected, for perfecting the few, a vast amount of talent. As talent is a gem which loses nothing of its brilliancy by its oftentimes sparkling, may this not be employed also for the recreation and improvement of the public?
There are also available, in the city and elsewhere, eloquent and instructive speakers, and where can be found a more appropriate place for the general dissemination of knowledge than a seat of learning?

It should be a great recommendation for our College that we have a regular annual course of endowed lectures, besides many irregular, though not less interesting.

There is one feature of all entertainments at the College which deserves to be censured and abandoned: that is the indiscriminate and unseemly applause which is bestowed upon the speaker, professors, ladies, and any one else who in any way attracts attention. If it has any effect on the speaker, it is to confuse; if any on the professors, it is to annoy; if any on the ladies, it is to embarrass and almost insult. How much more respectful is an attentive listening to what a speaker has to say, and if he says anything amusing, a smile, than this senseless pounding of the floor. In the name of propriety, respect, and decency, let the head and not the feet applaud.

Our literary societies have opened this session with large numbers and much interest on the part of the members. The College is to be congratulated upon the continued efficiency and success of these organizations. In many institutions the literary societies have either died or maintain only a feeble existence.

With ministers and lawyers speaking is a necessity; with teachers it is almost as important to be able to convey ideas and impress arguments as it is to know the subject taught. At least all educated men should be able to state intelligently in public what they think and why they think it. Skill, as here obtained, in making and judging arguments will outweigh almost any amount of practice in discovering fallacies in stock syllogisms in logic. Here carefulness of statement is cultivated, since one knows that every word will be weighed by practiced minds, and if inaccurate or untrue will be immediately turned against him. Quickness of thought and readiness of utterance are fostered, for a good debater must be on the alert to seize new points and developments of the question, and answer arguments before they are uttered. No man who desires to have his share, in after life, in moulding the thoughts and ideas of the world around him can afford to do without the training of that unique institution—the college literary society.
We have provided for us at great cost a library of more than eleven thousand volumes—the only independently endowed library in the South. It is run by its own invested funds, and no charges whatever are made to the students. This should be used and searched for its hidden treasures, else what use has been the labors of those who have had our interest so much at heart as to place these books within our reach?

It is not all of an education to get a diploma. It is well, as we do, to read Latin and Greek, and so come in contact with the thought and polish of the ancient masters; but it is not less needful to come in close touch with the thought of to-day. We study the classics mainly to perfect our powers of expression. We must frequent the library if we would have much to express.

Now is the time to begin to prepare for that great and awful day that trieth the muscles of men. Some think that about a month before is time enough to begin training. This is a mistaken notion. We should begin now. Begin now, train all session, and it will be more beneficial and lasting in its effects, and will not take so much time all at once. Our former field-days have been successful; this should be still better.

We have made good records, but let us break them all. Many medals have already been offered by friends of the College, and others will be secured. So if you desire to win a medal, or if you should like for all the sweet misses to clap their fair hands and waive their handkerchiefs at your triumphs, enter now and train all along throughout the session.

One of the needs of the College for several years past has been a good glee club.

The annual jollification of by-gone days served to some extent to foster the development of our musical and dramatic talent, but of late years this time-honored institution has seemingly fallen under the displeasure of the faculty.

Last session quite a promising start was made, and a glee club organized which gave promise of becoming a credit to the institution; but for some reason the interest of its members flagged, and before the end of the session it had practically ceased to exist. Yet even its ephemeral existence aroused much enthusiasm, and brought to
light the fact that we had many voices in College needing only training and practice to make a good chorus. As it was they were much in demand at various festivals in the city, and the singing of the quartet on "Alumni night" was one of the most pleasing features of Commencement.

This session not only has no organization been attempted, but the students individually seem to take no interest in this direction. Rare, indeed, is the sound of an impromptu chorus, while the notes of a banjo or guitar are almost unknown on the campus.

This state of things should not continue. Several of our musical men are already favorably known as such even beyond the walls of the College, and among our two hundred students there must be many whose latent talent only waits development. Let these get together and work up interest in a glee club. Of course the formation and support of such an organization will take time and trouble, but surely men can be found whose love of music, combined with their college spirit, would induce them to undertake it.

The glee club should include the best musical talent of the whole college. The possession of vocal or instrumental ability should be the sole criterion in the selection of members, so that it would be considered an honor to belong to it. It should be permanent and self-perpetuating, like the other College organizations.

The advantages of a glee club are as obvious as they are numerous. In no more innocent and enjoyable manner could the student spend his leisure hours and find rest and relaxation from his studies. It would certainly prove a source of enjoyment to our guests on public occasions, instead of the small string band, which can't be induced to play more than the stipulated number of brief selections; and if the faculty would lay the imaginary spectre of neglected lessons which haunts them, we might be permitted to give occasional concerts in the city and vicinity which would prove a good advertisement for the College, and by joining forces with the Athletic Association would help to fill its usually depleted treasury.
Locals.

The Fair!
Half fare to the Fair!
'Tis rumored that several of our "sports" dropped some money on the races.

Prof. P. (in chemistry): "Did you ever bathe, Mr. B. ?"

A philosophical question: "On which side does Prof. part his hair?"

Prof. P. to Mr. N. (in English): "What are the parts of speech?"
Mr. N. (hesitatingly): "Nouns, adjectives, verbs, etc., and indigestions."

Big B. (in society): "Napoleon by the sword conquered the whole of France." (Great applause.)

Mr. Pete J. wants to know "if they are getting up a prescription for the boat crew."

'Tis said that Mr. W. is such an entertaining young man that recently a young lady actually went to sleep under the powerful effects of his conversational powers. (Fact.)

Mr. G., having recently received a barrel of delightful apples, has all at once leaped into enormous popularity, and his room is made a place of daily reconnoitre by his numerous friends. We do not know the gentleman, but are seeking an introduction to him (?)

A gentleman recently insulted us by calling us "sawed-off." Now we are too peaceably disposed to fight, and so will submit that we stand six feet without our shoes, while the gentleman who applied the odious name to us measures only something over three feet, and will leave it to an impartial public to decide who is "sawed-off."

Local Editor to Mr. E. (a very soft rat): "Say, Billy, are you going to the theatre this afternoon?"
Mr. E. (innocently): "No, I am going to the matinee.

Prof. P. (in chemistry) recently extorted the reluctant confession from Mr. M. that "water is the best beverage in the world."
Mr. H. to X. (who was appointed to declaim in Expression class): "Why don't you declaim 'Paul before Agrippa?'"

X. (who doesn't read his Bible very much): "Who is the author of it?"

It was Mr. G., we believe, who went to the chairman to obtain an excuse from the gymnasium class, and Mr. N. who was made to believe that he would have to wash his face before entering each class.

Mr. S., since his recent adventure with the light-fingered gent who pilfered his watch, says that he is just now beginning to see what college life is. Ah?

Mr. H., who used to be very much conceited on that score, has never been heard to boast of his tennis playing since a young lady of his acquaintance remarked that "Mr. H. must be about the best tennis player at College, for he hits the net almost every time."

From the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, from sunny morn to dewy eve, yea, from Sunday to Sat'day eve, we hear the pitiful but unavailing wail emanating alike from students, professors, and even from the most distinguished of them all, our indispensable jack-of-all-trades, Gilbert, born away by the gentle zephyrs of a mild November Sabbath morn to every nook and cranny of the broad and beautiful campus, which give back the sound with redoubled energy, 'Give us, oh, give us, a rest on 'Comrades.'"

[Just as we were writing this and were in deep meditation as to how we could "curl" most effectively, some malicious person, without any respect whatever for our editorial dignity and gravity, and evidently with malice aforethought, broke loose at our door with "Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys, Sharing"

Just here it was that we interrupted the songster by wildly and madly dashing at him, with all the energy which our righteous and justifiable indignation could summon, one of our russet-leather shoes, which we immediately followed up with the remnants of our only rocking-chair, and some beautiful language which it is not worth while to repeat. Hence the hiatus above.]

On Tuesday night, October 27th, Professor Hamberlin, of the School of Expression, delivered an address on the "Art of Expres-
sion.” Professor Hamberlin showed himself fully the master of his subject, as he is also complete master of his art, and added to the effect of the address by the most graceful and attractive delivery. After his address Professor Hamberlin delivered several recitations—humorous, pathetic, and tragic—and, taking applause as an indication, the audience was greatly pleased.

SOCIETY FOR GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDY OF RICHMOND COLLEGE.

Unveiling of Bust of the late President Ellyson.

The first meeting of the Society for Geographical and Historical Study of the College was held Tuesday, October 13th. The chapel was well filled with an audience attracted both by their interest in the work of the society and the desire to hear the orator of the evening, Mr. R. A. Brock.

Professor F. W. Boatwright, president of the society, called the meeting to order, and in a few words gave a general outline of the objects, work, etc., of the society.

The Society for Geographical and Historical Study of Richmond College was organized one year ago for the purpose of encouraging geographical and historical research among the students, and in the hope that at no distant day the interest in this branch of study might induce the trustees to establish a School of History in the College. The most sanguine expectations of the founders have been realized, and the society has a membership larger than that of any other organization in the College. It meets monthly, and at each meeting a paper is presented and read by some student or students on the geography, topography, and history of their respective counties.

Professor Boatwright, in a few well-chosen, graceful words, introduced Mr. Brock, the secretary of the Southern and Virginia Historical societies, who had been chosen by the society to deliver the address upon this occasion.

Mr. Brock, after recalling the history of such well-known organizations as the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, Philosophical Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and others, went on to speak of the customs and habits of the Colonial Virginian, mentioning especially the Henrico Quakers, telling of Bishop Meade’s work, the race elements, and giving the evidences of Christian character of Virginians of the Eighteenth Century.
We regret that limited space prevents a more extended sketch of Mr. Brock's address, so carefully prepared and delivered to the pleasure and edification of his entire audience.

After Mr. Brock's address, President Boatwright announced that Dr. Tupper would preside for the rest of the evening, and that the elegant bust of Henry K. Ellyson, late president of the Board of Trustees, which stood upon the platform, would be formally presented to and accepted by the trustees.

Dr. Tupper stated that for the office of tendering to the trustees this work of art from the hands of the famous Valentine, no one could have been found who was better fitted than the pastor of the beloved Ellyson, and introduced Dr. W. W. Landrum.

Dr. Landrum paid eloquent tributes to the character of Mr. Ellyson, as a public officer, as a man, as a Christian, and as a husband and father, and stated that the children of the honored dead had desired to erect some memorial to their father, and thought that the presentation to the college of this bust, from the hands of Richmond's famous sculptor, was the most fitting and appropriate manner in which this could be done. Dr. Landrum then stepped forward and withdrew the veil, exhibiting to view the well-known features of our late distinguished president.

Dr. Curry, on behalf of the trustees, accepted the gift, and said that the bust would be placed in a prominent place in the library hall of the College, where future ages can see this monument to the fidelity to duty and stainless character, pure as the white marble itself, of one whom it would be ever the pleasure of the trustees to honor.

After a few appropriate remarks by Dr. Tupper, the exercises were closed.

The bust has been placed in the east wing of the library, where it is the object of admiration and praise of all who visit the College.

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**ALMOST AN OUTRAGE!**

Just to think of it! If it had been done it would have been a shame, an indignity, and a "reflection on the College"! That a big-footed, brass-buttoned "copper," with murder in his eye and the proverbial "billy" in his hand, should have had the impudence to call upon our beloved and honored chairman, with his famous "Ha, ha," and pleasant smile for everybody, possessed of the love and admiration of all and enjoying an abundant wealth of avoirdupois,
and actually attempt to place him under arrest, is something of which we had never dreamed. Such a thing we would have thought not only improbable, but quite impossible, but we are informed by reliable authorities that it is a fact.

The story is that one night as our honored chief executive was enjoying one of "madam's" best "two-fers" after tea, this imper­tinent cop, with the cheek of a census enumerator and the gall of a sewing-machine agent, called him out, served a warrant on him, and actually wanted to "pull" him. Think of it! Imagine the expressions of righteous indignation to which the dispenser of excuses would have given vent had the diabolical plans of the cop materialized! However, preserving his aequam mentem in arduis re­bus, he demanded the cause of this intrusion upon the quietude of his peaceful life, and after much delay and "juggling," the guardian of the law and sampler of peanut stands informed him that it was for non-compliance with the law recently enacted that fire-escapes should be attached to all buildings over three stories high, and that as our college-building came under this list, and as no fire-escapes had been put up, the law had been severely violated. The matter was speedily adjusted by "our own" promising the immediate erection of the escapes, and as a result, the west end of the College is now adorned with a series of ladders the color of "Pete" Jackson's brown hat, and we hope that our Jasperian friends will experience no trouble in quickly and safely descending to the ground in case of danger.

HELPFUL LITERATURE.

At our earnest solicitation, our well-read, well-informed friend from Barton Heights, Virginia, has prepared and given to us a list of "literature that has helped him." We would recommend to our readers that they all take advantage of the experience of Mr. B., and read the following well-known books, periodicals, etc.:

Hoyle on Poker, etc.
Life and Letters of Lorimer Beans James, or the Wandering Min­strel.
Deadwood Dick, or the Dandy Dark Detective; price 5 cents.
Billy Black, the Butcher's Boy, or the Mystery of the Bucket of Blood.
Old Physics Examination Papers.
The Virginia State Fair Association held their annual Fair on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of October. The exhibits were fairly good, the crowd quite satisfactory, the races exciting, but the (to us) most interesting feature of the Fair was the abundance of the "fakirs," which were to be seen on all sides, each industriously plying his own particular "fake" with a kind of vicious satisfaction closely akin to that which we think we see in our professors' faces when they give us zero. Alas! how many times did we see young men—young, beardless men—plank down their dollars in order to be given the privilege of selecting the "lucky card," only to be suavely informed by the man who had just pocketed their money that they had drawn a "small one"; how many tried, but tried in vain, to knock down the two pins at one roll; how many "played the little wheel of fortune," and dropped great lumps of their hard-earned stuff; how many have we heard bewailing their imprudence, and making laudable resolves "never to do it again." These were by no means all the "fakes," for everything that inventive genius could devise for abstracting change from the pockets of unwary, unsuspecting, unsophisticated humanity was there, and the evening of October 30th found, we suspect, several persons sadder, but wiser, than they had been four days before, and resolute in the intention not to be taken in again by the fakirs.

Upon application of Professor Puryear, and through the courtesy of Colonel Buford, president of the Fair Association, the students of Richmond College were admitted to the Fair at half rates. Not to say that these courtesies were appreciated would be to forget the enormous quantities of peanuts, candy, pop-corn, etc., which our boys consumed during the Fair, and which they were enabled to purchase by the reduction above named, and we desire to hereby express the appreciation of all the students for the favors shown.
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

In addition to the officers elected at the first of the session, and published in the last MESSENGER, President Duke has appointed the following committees:


TENNIS.—Garnett Ryland, Harvey Hatcher, Jr., W. H. Pettus, Jr.


FIELD-DAY.—Prof. F. W. Boatwright. (Two vacancies to be filled.)

BASE-BALL.—W. D. Duke, chairman. (Two vacancies to be filled).


Mr. E. C. Laird was elected business manager. The team has played no match game as yet, but is practicing constantly, and we hope that it will be in good shape to play in the games for which, Mr. Laird informs us, arrangements have been made.

TENNIS.

The opening of this session has witnessed great interest in this, the mildest, but none the less, therefore, most enjoyable of our sports. The southern side of the campus is literally covered with courts, which are at every possible time (that is, when classes are not in session) peopled with four contestants each, all eager for the vanquishment of their opponents. Indeed, so attractive is tennis that our old and respected friend, croquet, has been crowded out, and we never now, as formerly, see a group of the Knights of the Mallet-jabbering to each other in terms wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated in regard to some knotty point in the law; but every "croqueteer"
has either resigned or joined the majority in favor of tennis, so that
now it is recognized as the most popular sport at the College.

Not only the boys, but the girls also, have caught the contagion,
and every evening, when the weather will permit, there may be seen
almost every one of the twenty-one (we beg pardon; we believe
there are only nineteen now) with their rackets in hand, and be-
decked each in highly-colored but very becoming costumes, making
vigorous but generally ineffectual lunges to "return" some hard-
hit ball, each and every lunge being generally accompanied by a
loud (but, beyond this, indescribable) scream, which will have to be
heard to be appreciated.

Verily, verily, tennis is on a "boom" at Richmond College.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

Mr. C. T. Taylor, Instructor, reports that the gymnasium work
is in a very prosperous condition, and that nearly twice as many
men are now attending the classes for regular drill as have ever be-
fore attended. These are also making very rapid progress in their
work, and the friends of the gymnasium have cause to feel very much
encouraged.

Two medals have been offered this year for physical development:
the first by the members of the class, and the second by Mr. C. M.
Hazen, of Bon Air, Virginia, an M. A. of our College, who is now
attending the Medical College of this city. Mr. Hazen's services
have been secured to do the measuring for the awarding of the
medals and assigning special work, and he also agrees to teach a
class in physiology, with special reference to exercise. Mr. Hazen
does this latter work with no remuneration other than the mutual
benefit to be derived therefrom, both by himself and the students.
Quite a number have taken advantage of his kind offer, and it is ex-
pected that by the time the class is organized that the membership
will be quite large.

MISSION BAND MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Mission Band was held Saturday even-
ing, October 31st. After religious exercises attention was given to
China, which was the subject for discussion. Mr. R. E. Chambers
read a well-prepared paper calling attention especially to the religious condition and needs of this densely populated country.

An interesting feature of these meetings is that one member previously appointed reads a biographical sketch of one of our prominent missionaries. At this meeting Mr. Wade B. Brown read a brief but thoughtful paper on the life of Mathew T. Yates. Speaking of the heroic deeds and skillful generalship of this veteran of the cross, he said: "When monuments of marble to the heroic dead have crumbled into dust, ten thousand Chinese as monumental attestation to the living influences of Mathew T. Yates will rise up and call him blessed."

Each member was allotted a part of the New Testament in which to find all passages bearing on missions.

Messrs. N. J. Allen and J. B. Childress, as active members, and Mr. R. E. Lambert, as an associate member, were received into the Band.

The Mission Band was organized as an auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. about a year ago with twelve members, and at the close of the session it numbered twenty-three.

FOOT-BALL GAME.

Randolph-Macon College, 12; Richmond College, 4.

The long-looked-for game of foot-ball between the Randolph-Macon and Richmond College teams took place at Island Park, Richmond, Monday, November 9th. Much interest had been centered in this game, and many were the conjectures, although few the wagers, on the relative merits of the two teams.

The R. M. C.'s came down in their brown suits, with yellow jacket, stockings, and caps to match, and while their suits gave them an appearance a little too "tough," yet that was soon overlooked. Our boys wore white suits, with black stockings, and caps to match all colors of the rainbow. The two teams lined up as follows:

R. M. C.—Stevens, centre rush; Givens, left guard; Jolliffe, right guard; Whitesell, right tackle; Pilcher, left tackle; Newbill, left end; Coleman, right end; King (captain) and Richardson, half backs; Nettles, quarter back; Odend'hal, full back; Zimmerman, substitute.

R. C.—Hoover, centre rush; Marstella, left guard; Bosher, right
LOCALS.

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guard; Moffett, right tackle; Grove, left tackle; W. D. Duke, left end; Pilcher, right end; F. W. Duke (captain) and Read, half backs; E. Harrison, quarter back; P. Winston, full back; H. Bagby Mercer, and Warren, substitutes.

R. C. won the toss and took the ball, working up-hill. The game started at 3:35 P. M., with a V-wedge by them, by which, however, very little was gained. King, of the R. M. C.'s, was hurt early in the game, but pluckily resumed play and continued throughout.

At 3:45, after a series of centre movements, the R. M. C.'s forced the egg across the R. C.'s goal, which was immediately followed by a beautiful kick by Odend'hall. Score, 6—0.

Play was resumed, but both sides were blanked until time was called.

In the second half Winston was replaced by F. W. Duke, Duke by Moffett, and Moffett by Bagby. Early in this half, after a series of beautiful runs by the R. C. half backs, Moffett and Read, a touch-down was made by Moffett; no goal. Score, 6—4.

The R. M. C.'s made a great fight here to gain ground, but the splendid tackling of Read, Moffett, and F. W. Duke rendered all their efforts, except when they tried the centre, of no avail.

Once more the R. C.'s got possession of the pig-skin, and the distance to victory seemed but short, for our agile half back, Moffett, had the coveted sphere, and he had been playing the game of his life, and had just made our only touch-down, so that our prospects were bright. But he was tackled before he reached the line, and in the scrimmage which followed was so badly injured that he had to be taken out of the game. Then it was that the R. M. C.'s, by successive pushes through the centre, forced the oval back over the R. C. goal, followed by a goal by Zimmerman, netted them six more points. Score, 12—4.

No more points were made by either side, although there was some fine playing by both teams.

The R. M. C.'s were heavier than our team, but some of our men showed up in particularly good shape. The tackling of F. W. Duke was very fine indeed; Moffet distinguished himself by his beautiful half-back play, while the general work of Read was the finest ever seen at Richmond College. For the visitors, Newbill, King, and Nettles distinguished themselves. The guarding, blocking, etc., of both teams was especially fine. Our team was badly crippled by the
absence of its stalwart centre rush, Clement, and the disability of Moffett also weakened it for the last part of the game. All of the substitutes of each team were called in, as men on both sides were hurt, and were forced to retire.

Just as we go to press we are informed that Dr. D. C. Gilman, Ph. D., president of Johns Hopkins University, will deliver an address on "The Relation of Geography to the Study of History" before the Society for Geographical and Historical Study of the College, on December 10th.

**Personals.**

C. C. Yarbrough ('89) has been elected professor of chemistry in the State Medical College, at Knoxville, Tenn. "Good, old boy." The MESSENGER extends congratulations.

C. M. Long, B. A. ('91) and Greek medalist, is teaching in Amherst county, Va.

R. W. Grizzard, alias "Kickapoo" ('91), is teaching school in Southampton county. His ill-health would not permit his return to college.

W. M. Wood ('91) is engaged with his father in the Commercial Bank of Bristol, Tenn.

W. E. Hurt ('90) is now pastor of the Baptist church at Bramwell, W. Va.

Willie Smith, Philologian improvement medalist of '89, gave us a call a few days ago. He is one of the successful merchants of Pittsylvania county.

J. M. Burnett, B. A. ('91), has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky.

H. E. Frost ('90) is attending Vanderbilt University.

W. J. West, B. A. ('91), is pursuing the regular course at the Medical College of Virginia.
H. T. Burnley, B. A. ('91), who is teaching in Marion, S. C., has recently gone through a severe spell of malarial fever, but we are glad to hear he is now able to resume his duties.

W. M. Redwood ('91) has gone into business in Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Samuel W. Hobson ('89) has settled in the thriving town of Newport News, and will enter at once upon the practice of his profession.

Alfred Bagby, Jr., B. A. ('85), won his Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins last session, and is now a professor in the University of South Carolina.

A. B. Rudd, M. A. ('84), who is located as a missionary at Parras, Mexico, on sending a contribution towards the Smith Memorial Scholarship, writes that he is making up a collection of Mexican curios for our museum.

Wheeler Boggess ('91) is attending Columbian University, Washington, D. C. He has evolved from his active mind an invention which has been patented and is thought to be of great value.

Dana H. Rucker, B. A., and foot-ball captain ('91), is teaching in Kable's Military School, Staunton, Va., of which he is an alumnus.

H. L. Watson, the graceful valedictorian of last commencement, is practising law with Smith & Lamb, of this city.


Charles H. Bauch ('91) is taking a course in electrical engineering at Johns Hopkins.

A. B. Gwathmey, Jr. ('91), has successfully passed his entrance examinations at Yale University.

Henry T. Louthan, assistant business manager of the MESSENGER ('91), presides over a school in Rappahannock county, Va.

On glancing over the last number of the Seminary Magazine, of Louisville, we notice that four of the eight editors are Richmond College men and ex-editors of the MESSENGER. They are Eldridge B. Hatcher, M. A. ('86), Editor-in-Chief; C. T. Kincanon, B. A. ('90), Business Manager; W. B. McGarity, M. A. ('90), and J. M. Wilbur ('89). This speaks well for the journalistic training acquired by service on the MESSENGER staff.
C. H. Baker, B. A. ('89), is principal of the University High School of Knoxville, Tenn.

W. C. Foster ('89) and J. W. P. Harris ('89) touched at College as they passed through the city en route to the general association in Norfolk. The former is pastor at Keysville, Va., while the latter is preaching to churches in Augusta county.

Evan R. Chesterman ('89) is making his mark as a journalist of unusual talent on the staff of the Richmond Dispatch.

Jeter G. Dickinson, B. A. ('88), was in the city during the State Fair. He is engaged in pastoral labors in Gordonsville, Va.

G. E. Lewis ('91) is in business in the city, and occasionally gives us the light of his countenance on the campus.

Exchanges.

It is a very pleasant duty to read the many papers that have come to our exchange table during the last few weeks. The majority of them are well gotten up, and show good taste on the part of the students who have them in charge. The literary departments of many are very good, and some of the articles compare favorably with those found in the best magazines of our country. We are sure that the literary merit of our college and university papers is far better to-day than it has been in the past. If it is true that we may judge of the character of the literature that will be presented to the world during the next century by noticing the literature produced by the students now in our institutions of learning, we think we can see the dawn of a bright era for belles-lettres. We hope that the interest now taken in college and university magazines may be increased, and that ere long they may be still better than those we now have.

Daniel Webster upon one occasion, in speaking of education, said: "Two or three things I wish now to impress upon your minds: First, you cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you if you do not apply yourself with all your might. In the second place, be of good char-
acter and good behavior, of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things; have but one rule, and let that be always to act right and fear nothing but wrong-doing."—Exchange.

Young men often fail in this world simply because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things they are never promoted to the care of large things. The habit of doing work, no matter of how little importance it may be, thoroughly and conscientiously, is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his mark in this active and progressive world. With this habit a student of only ordinary capacity will, as a general rule, succeed better than one who is naturally bright and talented, but who has not this habit of thoroughness. How important it is, then, for one to acquire this habit in his youth—a habit which he will never regret, and one which will be of untold benefit to him in after years.—Exchange.

A college needs poise as well as an individual. Poise for a college means the respect that its students have for it, combined with their respect for other institutions. The proportion should be half and half. A loyalty to our college that can see no good in other colleges is narrow. A respect for other institutions at the expense of the one that gives us our education is mean. And all that poise means for an individual it means for a college. It means a dignity that is not stiff, a freedom that is not mistaken for boldness.—Exchange.

The Oberlin Review gives the following translation of two of our popular ditties, thoughtfully prepared by some student for the benefit of the Latins: 1. "Jackus et Jilla ascendebant colem ut aquam obtinerent; Jackus decadit et caput frangit et Jilla cadens sequebatur. 2. Illa est mea Annie, Ego ejus Jo sum, Illa ets med amor, Ego ejus amor sum, mox connubiemus ut mumquam dividamus. Enim parva Annie Rooney est mea Amor."

It seems like a paradox, that the person who is of the smallest calibre is generally the greatest bore.—Yale Record.

President Patton, of Princeton, has said on the question of shortening college courses: "Boys should leave the preparatory school a year earlier than they do, and should graduate as bachelors of arts a year younger than they ordinarily are. Then after three years in prosecution of special or professional study they should take their degree of Ph. D., or receive their diplomas in law, medicine, and
theology. I do not think, however, that this end could be so well attained by shortening the college course, and here I am in accord with President Gilman (Johns Hopkins). The work done in the freshman year of our colleges can be done better in college than in school. It must be remembered, too, that a large part of the college education, and in some respects the best part, grows out of the conditions of college residence and the influence that the students exert upon each other. To shorten the period of college life by taking a year out of the curriculum would be a serious loss to the graduates as well as to the college corporation.”—Exchange.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine says: “The Messenger comes to us as Commencement number. All its departments are full, and many of its articles lack that superficiality which often pervades college magazines. ‘Socialistic Tendency of the Laboring Classes’ is ably discussed, involving a question of much national importance. The Valedictory is to be commended for its originality. It requires some genius to find a new way at saying good-bye.”

Thank you.

College News and Notes.

During the last seven years Yale has played seventy-eight games of foot-ball, with a total of 3,863 points to her opponents’ 88.

Last year Harvard’s class orator was a negro, this year a Japanese.

But three of last year’s Yale Varsity crew have returned to college. They are Gould (captain), Balliet, and Payne. As Harvard’s victorious crew of last year will row practically unchanged, the Yale prospects are rather dubious.

The oldest college in North America was founded in 1851—the College of St. Jidefonso, in the city of Mexico. The next oldest is Laval College, Quebec.

Eton, or the collection of schools which constitutes what is popularly known as Eton, has a thousand scholars. This great preparatory school has just celebrated its four hundred and fiftieth anniversary.
A party of Madison (Ind.) college students hung a freshman who showed fight, and he was saved only by the arrival of a minister.

The late P. T. Barnum put the finishing touches to his generous gifts to Tuft's College by leaving $40,000 to complete the Barnum Museum of Natural History.

John S. Durham, colored, who has been appointed to succeed Frederick Douglas as Minister to Hayti, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

Foot-ball in every form has been prohibited by the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

The faculty of Wooster College has adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That hereafter no participation in intercollegiate athletic games and contests by students of the University of Wooster shall be permitted."

Out of the three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the United States two hundred and four are co-educational, and women constitute fifty-five per cent. of the undergraduates.

Vassar College has received over $500,000 in bequests during the last year.

One hundred thousand dollars has been secured for a new university building at the Ohio Western University at Delaware, Ohio.

The Harvard seniors decided at a recent meeting to wear cap and gown on class-day.

Senator Quay is quoted as saying that most of the political kickers are found among college graduates.

England, with ninety-four universities, has 2,723 more professors and 51,814 more students than the 360 universities of the United States.

The United States leads the world in number and extent of its libraries. The public libraries of all Europe put together contain about 21,000,000 volumes; those of this country contain about 50,000,000.

It is said that Oxford University has expressed its willingness to send an eight-oared crew to Chicago for the World's Fair, provided it can be assured that American college crews will be there to compete,
A heated campaign for Sophomore president has been going on at Cornell. One of the candidates has issued a circular letter to the members of his class, presenting arguments in favor of his election.

The world’s two-mile bicycle record has again been broken by G. F. Taylor, of Harvard, who has lowered it from 4.49½ to 4.48 4-5.

The receipts of the Harvard Athletic Association for last year were $3,863.88; expenditures, $3,846.27, which leaves a balance of $17.61.

More than two hundred different courses of instruction are offered Harvard students this year.

From the list of graduates last year at Yale it is seen that 51 are studying law, 8 medicine, 7 theology, 21 are teaching, 5 are engaged in newspaper work, 10 are taking post-graduate courses, and 63 are in business. This includes the entire class, with the exception of a few whose occupations are unknown.

The Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs have planned an extensive trip through the West and South during the Christmas holidays. The Glee Club will be composed of twenty-one men and the Banjo Club of twelve. They will give concerts in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Dubuque, St. Louis, Nashville, Atlanta, Savannah, and Charleston.