Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, county of Longford, in Ireland. His father was a clergyman, respectable, but by no means wealthy. Oliver was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and at the age of seven he was sent to the village. At school he was careless, neglected his studies, stood low in his examinations—in fact, he completely failed as a student. One characteristic, which he developed, doubtless, at school, was his superficiality. His observations were always hasty, his reading desultory, his thinking careless. He observed inaccurately, he wrote inaccurately, he knew inaccurately.

Goldsmith's career was truly a checkered one. His experiences during the ten years prior to his literary eminence would make a narrative of wanderings, distresses, and dissipations. After roaming over the continent many weary months the wanderer landed at Dover, in 1756, "without a shilling, without a friend, without a calling." Vainly trying nearly every profession, he finally, under the most discouraging circumstances, turned his attention to literature. At last
he hit upon that for which he was supremely fitted and in which he was destined to make himself famous.

He died in London, April 4, 1774, and his remains were interred in the burying-ground of the Temple church.

No matter how uninteresting, unattractive, sometimes even repulsive, Goldsmith may have been as a man, as a writer he is always interesting, always attractive, always charming. With all his faults we love him. We love him always and everywhere. He was weak, yes; and that very weakness so often manifested makes us love him but the more.

The "Deserted Village" was brought before the public on the 26th of May, 1770. The work largely partakes of the nature of a didactic poem, and was directed against the widespread luxury of Goldsmith's day. The question whether Goldsmith's ideas of political economy are true or false does not in the least affect the poetic value of the work. Bad reasoning does not make bad poetry. Lord Macaulay is too severe in stating that there is "one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole poem." After calling attention to the fact that we should have a very poor opinion of a painter who would mix August and January in one landscape—who would introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene—he says: "To such a picture the 'Deserted Village' bears a great resemblance." I am willing to allow that the village in its happy days is a true English village, and in its decay it is in some respects an Irish village, but I am reluctant to concede that there is anything in the poem "bearing a great resemblance" to the incongruity of a frozen river and a harvest scene introduced into the same picture.

In diction and versification the "Deserted Village" has few superiors. Its diction is pure, pointed, perspicuous. Its versification is flowing, graceful, natural. Very few passages "smell of the lamp." The poem does not remind you of water that is being pumped out of a cistern, but of living water bursting from a fountain. The charming melody of its lines is only to be felt, not described.

Goldsmith's command of figures of speech is very manifest. He is specially fond of simile, and very skillful in his use of it. The following are worthy of special note:

"And, as an hare whom horns and hounds pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

He effectively uses apostrophe and vision throughout the entire poem. Metaphors are also frequently found. Onomatopoetic expressions, too, are happily used.

The poetic genius of Goldsmith is plainly seen in many fine touches in the "Deserted Villlage." See how vividly the utter desolation of the village is portrayed in the following lines:

"No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land."

Observe particularly the felicitous expressions "choked with sedges," "weedy way," solitary guest," "shapeless ruin," "long grass," and "mouldering wall." In the following lines observe how the absence of life in the desolate village is rendered more impressive by this particular instance of the presence of life:

"But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses s; read;
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain."

But why need I try to point our special excellencies? I could pick out diamonds from bits of iron ore, but I am not well enough versed in the art to assort diamonds. The "Deserted Village" is a collection of gems—not all of the "purest ray serene," but none the
There were some imperfections, but they are to me like the spots on the sun. I am so blinded by the brightness and beauty of the whole that I am unable to see them. Had I no other reason, I should honor Goldsmith for his "Deserted Village." In sweetness of sentiment, depth of emotion, and picturesqueness of expression, many portions of it are unsurpassed.

"Wreck."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY.

[Concluded.]

There was but one society at the College during its early history—the Mu Sigma Rho. I shall never forget the first meeting I attended. It was held in what was known as the "Academic Hall." The din and disorder that prevailed before the society was called to order were perfectly appalling to a country boy, who supposed that everything at college would be conducted with a sort of literary propriety. Ben T. G——, now a most grave and learned judge in one of our eastern districts, was darting about the room in a short-cut calico dressing gown, yelling at the top of his voice, "The society will please come to disorder! The secretary will read the roll and call the proceedings of the last meeting," while P. S. H——, now a learned doctor of divinity in the greatest city of the great Northwest, was standing on one of the benches delivering himself in some such style as "Romans! countrymen! lovers! lend me your ears. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." For many terms I had the honor of presiding over the society, and Grover Cleveland never assumed the presidential robe with more satisfaction than fills the breast of a college boy when he is called for the first time to such a position. He may be a "Merry Andrew" on the campus, but he is a Magnus Apollo and a Jupiter Tonans in the chair. One evening this same H. came into the society with his face all blacked up, with a full suit of whiskers and moustache, and a large pair of green goggles astraddled his nose, and attempted to address the chair. He was my room-mate, and I had a great struggle within between my sense of the dignity of my position and the ludicrousness of his appearance. I called him to order, and put fine after fine upon him, until at last he strode out of the door, which he slammed behind him, and at once went to work to organize a rival society. The scheme, however, fell through. He returned to his allegiance, and
continued, as he had done, to thrill us with his youthful oratory. At the time concerning which I write much attention was given to declamation. At regular intervals, perhaps as often as once a week, the students were required to declaim before Dr. Ryland in the chapel. These exercises were highly improving, and occasionally very entertaining, especially when some mischievous fellows would prepare a ridiculous dialogue, or declaim some humorous pieces, which convulsed the assembly with laughter, in which our severe critic joined as heartily as any of us.

During the winter of 1847, ten of us were selected to deliver speeches, original or memorized, at the Second Baptist church. Great were the preparations made for the occasion. We styled ourselves "The Decemvirs." We made the chapel ring with our rehearsals. Up the railroad we walked in pairs, and, separating, thundered our oratory to an audience of one. And when the evening came at last, and we saw the great audience gather, and watched our sweethearts as they took the front seats to cheer us with their smiles and thrill us with their applause, our hearts beat high with ambitious hopes, and every fellow did his best.

Vain college lads! We thought the reputation of the institution was established from that hour.

I did not suppose for a moment that I could find, except in the columns of a newspaper of that date, the names of the students who figured on that momentous occasion; but, rummaging among some old college matters, I found a programme made out at the time. The exercises were held December 17, 1847, and I give below the names of the speakers and their subjects:


In some way the soubriquet of "Lunatics" was fastened on the
students of the College at this period. It is said that some passing
marketman, who had been teased and worried by the students, finally
jumped down from his cart, pulled off his coat, and, throwing it to
the ground, declared that "he wasn't afraid of every lunatic in the old
asylum, and he defied the crowd." The boys adopted the name,
and it was in common use for many years.

Politics often ran high at the College. Most of the students were
Henry Clay Whigs, and held themselves ready to take part in
public gatherings and political demonstrations.

The Hon. John Minor Botts, then in the zenith of his power and
popularity, lived on Broad street, near the College, his residence hav­
ing but recently been pulled down to make way for the march of
business. He was a great favorite among the students, and reward­
ed our admiration for him by occasional invitations to his house. On
one occasion, after his triumph over Leake for Congress, when a
grand torchlight procession moved up Broad street from the old City
Hall to his residence, the students bought a large number of tar-bar­
rels and illuminated the whole upper end of the city. Mr. Botts
came out, shook hands all around, and, taking us into his house,
gave us more wine than was safe for young heads.

What is now known as Hollywood cemetery—sweet resting-place of
our sainted dead—was at this time a dense forest of oaks, with but a
single grave. Through these valleys and over these hills the boys
wended their way, in the months of May and June, to bathe in the
canal or the river, and, returning by moonlight, made these groves
ring with college melodies.

The tone of public morals has always been high at Richmond
College. What institution of learning with one hundred and fifty
students within its walls, and contiguous to a city, ever presented
such a record of good order and gentlemanly deportment? And yet
boys will have their fun, and the college is no exception to the gen­
eral rule. The traditional practices of toe-pulling, ringing the college
bell at midnight, or cutting the rope so that it could not be rung for
prayers next morning, putting a goat or a goose in the lecture-room,
etc., were faithfully kept up. One singular freak was indulged almost
every session. Dr. Ryland had a milk-white mare named Clara.
Every now and then some of the more mischievous boys would shave
her tail of every hair; and when, to show his independence, the
Doctor would have her brought out and saddled, and mount her to
ride to town, the spectacle would be so ridiculous that even the graverest "ministerials" could not suppress their laughter.

The walk from the city to the College at night was often attended with danger. "Screamersville," with its fierce dogs and low groggeries, was a point at which no one lingered. It was related of Dr. Ryland that as he returned late one night from a meeting at the First church, he heard rapid footsteps behind him, and at once suspecting danger, quickened his pace. It happened to be a student who was following him, and who, recognizing the quick and elastic step of the Doctor, and knowing his timidity at night, determined to join him. Looking around, and seeing that the man was rapidly gaining on him, the Doctor hurried on until, almost exhausted, he stopped on the College stile to catch breath. As the pursuer came up he recognized in the fancied highwayman one of the oldest and most pious students at the College, and exclaimed, "Well, T——, you have frightened me almost to death."

At this period the College classes were divided into Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. As students approached the senior year they left the institution for business pursuits, or entered other colleges to take their degrees. At the close of the session of 1848-'49, however, it was determined that the degree of A. B. should be conferred upon the students who had completed the curriculum. The first commencement of the College was to have been held the latter part of June, but the cholera made its appearance in the city, and the students left at once for their homes. At the beginning of the next session, however, on the evening of the 14th of October, Richmond College held its first commencement, at the Second Baptist church. This novel occasion brought out the friends of the institution in large numbers. The programme was necessarily a short one. After the usual introductory exercises, addresses were delivered by the graduating class as follows:

"Baccalaureate Address," President Ryland.

There seemed to be a sort of satisfaction in the heart of our alma mater that, after so many years of toil and patience, she could at last send forth two sons to bear her name and wear her honors; and one of them at least has sometimes indulged the thought that if he accomplished no other good at college, he helped as an humble pioneer to blaze the way for that long line of noble men who have since filled her halls and borne her honors.
COURSE OF READING IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

The following course of reading was prepared by Dr. John A. Broadus for a young man who wished to employ in systematic reading the leisure intervals of an active business life. Its first possessor has furnished copies to a number of friends, but it has never before appeared in print. At the request of several of our readers we reproduce it just as it came from the Doctor's pen:

HISTORY OF ENGLAND:

Green's Short History of the English People.

A. D. 1066, Bulwer's Harold. Reign of Elizabeth (latter part).
1194, Ivanhoe. Scott's Kenilworth, Abbot, Monastery.
1200, Shakespeare's King John. Reign of James I.
1390, Richard II. Scott's Fortunes of Nigel.
1400, Henry IV, 2 parts. Civil Wars, Scott's Woodstock.
1420, Henry V. Reign of Charles II.
1450, Henry VI, 3 parts. Scott's Peveril of the Peak, and Old Mortality.
1483, Richard III. 1715, Scott's Red Gauntlet.
1745, Waverley.

Read through the period to which a drama or romance refers; then read the drama or romance; then go over that period of the history again, and so on to the next.

A great deal of work, and a great deal of pleasure; and the truest pleasure always comes in connection with work.

AN HISTORIO BOUQUET.

The history of our present College campus chronicles the fact that it was the site of two handsome suburban residences. One of them, "Columbia," which constituted a part of the original purchase in 1832, was the country seat of the Haxalls, one of Richmond's oldest families. The other was "Bellville," the home of the Mayo family, equally as prominent and rich. The latter was burned, but about its ruins there lingered for years traces of former beauty. The former, from which this incident receives its inspiration, is yet left with its representative mansion-house. It is the present residence of Pro-
fessor B. Puryear, chairman of the faculty. Few visitors fail to notice the tall, stately, beautiful spruce trees and the more lowly, yet not less rare and attractive mimosas, which remain to mark the spot which was regarded as one of the most beautiful gardens in the vicinity of the proud capital of the Old Dominion. In 1835, when two famous English Baptist ministers* visited America to bear fraternal greetings to their brethren, they came to Richmond, in the late spring, to attend the "Triennial Convention." The authorities of the "Seminary," as it was then called, arranged for a public reception of the distinguished strangers on the grounds. The afternoon was balmy, and, though the institution was distant a mile from the corporate limits, there was a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen to witness the ceremonies and hear the addresses. Student J. Lewis Shuck, afterward missionary to China, whose portrait hangs in the library, spoke for his comrades, and at the close presented the honored guests "with a bouquet of beautiful flowers from the gardens." He assured them that the gift was a fragrant though frail token of the gratification of the students in greeting fraternal messengers from the land of their sires, and that whatever might be thought of the value of the flowers, he could safely assure them that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." C. H. R.

LOST—A THOUGHT.

I lost a rare thought to-day,
A queer and curious thought;
Have you heard of it anywhere; pray?
To find it, I've vainly sought.

For I would have clothed it fair
In verses of lightest strain,
But it sped away on wings of air;
'Twould not a moment remain.

And if, as my thought may stray,
Wandering pathless and free,
It should tarry with you on the way,
Return it; will you, to me?

K. C.

*Rev. Drs. Cox and Hoby.
OUR ELECTION SYSTEM.

In a few months our country will be again in the midst of the fight and fire of a presidential election. Already the forces are being marshalled for the coming battle. It is an event of great interest and import. Nearly sixty-five millions of sovereign people choosing their own ruler is a significant and sublime spectacle. It is a conspicuous example of the triumph of popular government.

But do we not hold these elections too often? The very enormity of the event makes a too frequent recurrence inexpedient. Why should the country be thrown into such violent agitation and excitement every four years? It is a very serious disturbance to the business interests of the people. It creates a damaging feeling of unrest and suspense. It keeps everything in an unsettled state. Uncertainty as to tariff and financial policies must have an injurious effect upon the business world. Indeed it tends to produce commercial convulsions.

Let the President be elected every six years. Let the House of Representatives be chosen every three years. Then if the States would arrange to have their governors and legislators chosen at the same time and for a corresponding term, the country would be relieved of the baneful effects of a political storm nearly every year, as the case now is. Every three years is fully frequent enough for anything like a general election. What is gained in an annual expression of the popular will? Does it change as often as that? There is no necessity for a verdict from the people every year or two. No conditions or issues are apt to rise in so short a time to call for an expression of popular opinion.

If it be objected that six years is too long an interval between presidential elections, that the will of the people ought to be known more frequently, it may be replied that there will be an opportunity for an expression of the national will at the intervening congressional election.

There is a further reform in the matter of presidential elections which is being considerably agitated now, and which is coming more and more into favor. It is that the president should be chosen directly by a majority of the popular vote. This proposition certainly has two very strong arguments in its favor.

In the first place, it would prevent any one State or faction in a
State from holding the key to the situation. As it is, New York city practically rules this country. The Democratic party is well nigh under necessity to nominate a candidate acceptable to the organization in that city. After he is nominated his election depends upon the gratification of their wishes and whims. The success of the Democratic candidate is hardly possible without New York State, and this cannot be carried if there is dissatisfaction in the city. This gives a few thousand voters far more than their proportionate power and forces the rest of the country to submit to their dictates. The unreasonableness and injustice of this state of affairs is too plain and potent to need emphasis. Such a situation would be entirely impossible.

As the election depended upon the popular majority, then a thousand voters in New York city would have no more influence and effect than the same number in Texas. A second invaluable reform gained by such a course would be the elimination of the influence of money in these elections. It is needless to say that this practice is one of the most growing and alarming evils that threaten the success and stability of our free institutions. Aside from the effect of fraud and bribery upon the result of the election, and the consequent defeat of the popular will, it has a very debasing, demoralizing, and debauching influence upon the voters who are thus bribed. The widespread use of money in elections is, perhaps, the most corrupting and cankerous evil that corrodes the very vitals of popular government.

Now, if the President were chosen by a popular majority, there would be no pivotal States that could be bought up. States may be purchased, but the nation could not be, for the simple reason that a change of a few thousand votes in some of the close States would easily determine the result; but it would be impossible to buy enough votes to materially affect the great popular vote of more than ten millions.

Another remedy proposed is the choice of electors by districts instead of States. But this would afford the same opportunity for the concentration of money in the close districts, besides the vitiating consequences of the "gerrymander."
A TRIP THROUGH WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

It was a very unexpected appointment that made it necessary for me to visit the beautiful town of Asheville, N. C. With only a few hours notice I prepared for the journey, and plodded a wet way to the Richmond and Danville depot, whence I began my travels at 2:55 A. M., March 27, 1891. It was dark and dreary. Rain fell incessantly from about 9 P. M. on through the night. Umbrellas and ulsters were very necessary articles at Danville, where we stopped for breakfast and changed cars. We left the Old Dominion with falling rain and entered the Old North State with roaring floods. A few minutes after we pulled out from Danville the sound of pelting rain was hushed and the morning sun appeared. The smaller streams were creeks, while the creeks had grown to the size of rivers. We were soon delighted to see wheat fields already green, with blades from four to six inches high, and fruit trees, some red, some white, with early blossoms.

Thus we sped on to Salisbury, where we bade adieu to the Piedmont Air-Line, and boarded the Western North Carolina train. This train took us one hundred and forty-one miles almost directly west to Asheville. A short time after entering the Western North Carolina car your scribe was very agreeably surprised to meet an old college mate—S. T. Dickinson, a popular Pullman conductor on that line. I saw little of him until after we dined at the famous Hickory Inn. Upon returning from this fine hotel, "Sam Dick," as the college boys call him, invited me to be his guest for the remainder of my journey. I accepted his kind invitation, and found the pleasure of my ride greatly increased. He was kind enough to explain all the places of interest along the line.

Dashing on from Hickory, we soon passed Connelly's Springs and came to Morganton, where we had a very good view of the Western State Insane Asylum, said to be one of the finest buildings in the State. From this point on we had very fine views of the Blue Ridge mountains, first at a distance of eighty-five miles. Perhaps the two most noted peaks to be seen from the track are Cæsar's Head and Table Rock. This latter is high up on the summit of the mountain. The rock itself, rising almost perpendicularly for about two hundred feet, is almost square, and perfectly flat on top.

Along the route there are numerous little saw-mills. Many of them
manufacture shingles. We were particularly struck with one at Bridgewater, which had a tramroad on which to convey the shingles to the side of the railroad. The whole arrangement was quite a curiosity. The truck was an odd-looking machine. The wheels, which were of wood, were not more than fourteen inches high. The motive-power was an old horse of perhaps some ten or twelve summers, harnessed as though he were a fine Texas steed. The ground was very wet, and the motive-power of the truck had placed his cloven hoofs so often in the same places that the bottom of the track seemed to be a zigzag row of miniature wells, all overflowing from excessive rain.

The next place of special interest was Old Fort, just at the foot of the mountains. This place takes its name from the fact that the Indians once had a fort there, which commanded the pass through which the railroad now runs. Here very frequently a second engine has to be employed to carry the train up what was once an Indian footpath, then an old stage road, now a railroad. From this point we could see many peaks capped with snow, while many others concealed their heads among the flying clouds.

From Old Fort we began to climb the mountains, and soon came to Round Knob Hotel. This is a lovely place, and is very extensively patronized as a resort for rich Northerners, who can pay from four to six dollars per day for accommodations. In plain view of the hotel is a fountain fed from a mountain torrent. The water is brought down by a pipe four inches in diameter and let out through a nozzle one inch in diameter. It is said to throw a stream of water one hundred and fifty feet high. We were not privileged to see that grand sight. The railroad at this point is very crooked. There is one view which shows seventeen points. Big Fill, near Round Knob, is a place where the track turns and rises so that after making a curve of one and a quarter miles and rising one hundred and fifty feet the two portions are so near together that the dirt dumped in to fill up what was once a trestle rolled within a few yards of the lower portion. From a point just above Round Knob a passenger can get off and walk up the mountain side three hundred yards to meet the train, which must run six miles to reach the same point. In another place, near the head waters of the Catawba river, the road makes a curve very much like a horse-shoe.

Besides numerous very narrow cuts and some small tunnels, we
passed through Burgin tunnel, five hundred and fifty-two feet; Lick Log tunnel, five hundred and sixty-two feet, and Swannanoa tunnel, eighteen hundred feet.

Down Royal Gorge one can see to South Carolina, over one hundred miles.

As we passed Water Divide the little streams were trickling down into the railroad cut, and we could see very distinctly where the water separated and flowed—some east into the Atlantic ocean, and some west into the Mississippi, and thence into the Gulf of Mexico.

All these places of interest were viewed from the rear of Conductor Dickinson’s car.

We then began our descent, and were soon at Black Mountain station, near Mount Mitchell. The hotel at this station is named from this lofty peak.

In a little while more we were at Asheville. Just a little way from Asheville is Mr. Vanderbilt’s elegant mansion, which is expected to cost four million dollars. Mr. Vanderbilt has also tile works and brick kilns, and is putting large tracts of land into a very high state of cultivation for the purpose of raising flowers and shrubbery for the grounds immediately around his house. He employs between five and six hundred men on his buildings and lands.

Kenilworth Inn, which is now being erected, is expected to be the finest hotel in Asheville. The largest one in operation at present is Battery Park. This is near the centre of the town, upon a very high hill. Asheville has at present about twelve thousand inhabitants and is growing very rapidly. It is said that in order to obtain accommodations at any of the hotels it is necessary to write at least thirty or forty days ahead. The town has a large furniture factory, machine shops, and an ice factory.

Your scribe was very handsomely entertained by a family who boast that Richmond is their native city. Their home was thrown open to two of the delegates. We soon felt at home and enjoyed our stay very much. Most of our time was employed with the work for which we were sent. We had only two chances of a few minutes each to view the town and the surrounding mountains. We found that Asheville, which is itself twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, is in a little nest in the mountains. In every direction can be seen peaks raising their lofty heads and keeping watch over the busy town.

Rolyat Iche.
This number of the MESSENGER has been made up under many difficulties. Hardly had the student gotten over the homesickness incident upon his return from the Christmas holidays before he was called upon to pass through that "Valley of the Shadow" of student life, the long-dreaded season of intermediate examinations. No longer has the voice of the literary editor, whether he employs the direst threats or the sweetest pleadings, any effect upon those from whom he was wont to demand a monthly tribute. Our most constant contributors are now absorbed in following the path of the compound pendulum or wandering aimlessly through the mazes of "Dialectic Evolution." The poet has side-tracked his muse, and lets his imagination play only around the beauty supposed to be found in Intermediate Math.; and even the "rat" banishes from his mind his accustomed longings to see his effusions in print. The local man responds in despair that "there is nothing going on on the campus," when the editor-in-chief persistently demands "more copy." And be assured, kind reader, that the editors need all of your sympathy in their efforts to prove the falsehood of a well-known law in physics, by filling their limited craniums to overflowing with Greek or English, as the case may be, and then seeking room for a varied assortment of ideas for the columns of the MESSENGER.

Remember all this, and give us your heart-felt pity until the ordeal is over.

* * * * *

About this time always goes up a howl against the examination system as at present in use among us. The cry is made that examinations are unjust; that some cannot do their best when put down in a room with a blackboard full of questions before them; that it encourages students to slight work during the term and study up in two or three weeks before the day. It is well to notice where a considerable part of the "howl" comes from. It is from those who do not succeed under this, and would not under any other system, and who are inclined to blame the system for their own faults.
Perhaps examinations are to some extent unjust, for some may be in such a condition physically or mentally as not to do good work on the appointed day. But what is offered to take their place? It is proposed that students be rated upon their monthly grade. In what respect would this be better? It would give yet a better chance for unfairness. Though not often openly urged, this is one great advantage of the examination, that it is universally regarded as dishonest to receive help on an examination, while in a daily recitation many who are supposed to have some principle and honesty do not hesitate to "compare" exercises or to receive help from their neighbors. If examinations were abolished, the only means of finding out a student's real knowledge of the subject would be lost, for generally when one works a math. "original," all hand it in; if there is one good exercise in the class, there are apt to be several. Class standing is proverbially unfair. This is said with all respect for the professors. They are not at fault, because they have often little opportunity to judge, as is the case in large classes, and what they have to judge from may be another man's work. But on an examination we have "every man for himself." What each one puts down on his paper is as near as possible his own. It is true that some cannot do their best on an examination, but as many cannot do themselves justice in the excitement of the class-room. Examinations do to some extent cause undue spasmodic efforts during a few days preceding them, in order to make up for slighted lessons in the first part of the term, but few there are who can make an examination without doing the regular work from day to day. In making a careful review we bring together our otherwise disconnected knowledge. We have often heard students remark that they had learned more in the review for the examination than in all the rest of the course.

If recitation grade were made the test, it would almost necessarily lead students to prepare for the day only, without caring whether to-day's lesson should be remembered to-morrow or not. This kind of knowledge is of little use to any one. As it is, we must study to remember one session at least.

Examinations are hard, for they are a real test. Many there are who are averse to being tested. But why shirk the inevitable? They have received the hearty sanction of those who are wiser than we, and, in all probability, when we see them from the other side, in the calm
judgment of after years, we shall heartily approve of them. As yet
nothing any nearer perfect has been offered, and until it is let us
hold on to our time-honored system of semi-annual examinations.

In almost all colleges and universities the graduating class takes pos-
session of and conducts a large part of the commencement exercises,
the graduates are brought before the public, the invitations are sent
out in their name, and in various other ways they are made promi-

Partly from the fact that we have no curriculum, and hence
no regular graduating class, our practice is far different. All the
audience sees of the graduates, as such, is their backs, for about
twenty minutes, when the chairman of the faculty reads them a little
speech as they come up to receive their diplomas. Can it be that
the College is ashamed for the public to see and hear the men upon
whom she bestows her much vaunted honors? In the programmes
and newspaper accounts, and in the catalogue, ample mention is
made of these names, so that the public may know who the gradu-
ates are, but that they may see them and hear them there is no op-
portunity.

It is only after long years of privation and toil that students arrive
at this distinction, and they should not be allowed, or rather forced,
to go out with as little public honor as when they came. This Col-
lege does as much as any other in honoring her alumni. They are
students before, they are "distinguished men" after, but what are
they at graduation? A college can do a real service to the cause of
higher education by bestowing upon its graduates more attention in
public, and thus brightening the goal that others may be stimulated
to press on more diligently and perseveringly. For though the
worth of an education would be just as great were there no com-
mencement at all, yet its attractiveness is greatly enhanced in youth-
ful eyes by the honors that should properly be shown those who
have obtained it.

The expense of the two most attractive nights of commencement
are borne by about one-half of the students. This cost is very heavy,
for, besides invitations, flowers, and programmes, there are the ex-
penses of the speakers, who always come from a distance, and the large
bill for music to pay. Except this paying of bills, the members of the
societies take little prominent part in the exercises. This certainly
is not fair, since the whole college shares equally in the pleasures and the credit of the celebration. "Sharing each other's joys" is very nice, provided it is not long one-sided.

When one remembers that the societies give several costly medals, besides having many necessary current expenses, it is seen that this burden is quite heavy. It cripples the societies for the whole year by keeping them always more or less in debt, and by making the dues unnecessarily high.

These society celebrations are no private affair, but are an integral and indispensable part of the commencement. We wish the trustees would take this matter into consideration and see if something cannot be done to share with the societies the expense of these entertainments. A comparatively small appropriation by them each year would considerably lighten the load. By making it they would greatly increase the efficiency of these most beneficial organizations.

* * * * *

There is a simile much insisted upon that words are bricks, and we are masons who are to build them into structures of strength and beauty. This is apt to lead to a misconception of the task, and young writers especially should be on their guard against it. Words are stones hewn in the quarry of men's minds and polished by a million mouths. Each is different—each has some peculiar shape and especial beauty. They differ in size, in weight, in strength, and in degree of ornamentation. No one will take the place of another. They are not bricks to be trimmed at pleasure by the mason's trowel; as they come to us they must be built into a temple upon which no iron tool can be raised. With them are to be constructed arches and walls and towers whose parts, though placed without sound of hammer, must be so exactly joined as to leave no crevice where destroying Time may enter a wedge.

Then let every word be weighed and measured, that it may fit exactly into its right place. Almost any one can heap words together; but to fit them so that they will make a complete well-rounded whole is a task worthy of the greatest minds.
Examinations.

"Well, I'll make it up on the final."

The prominence of our College is further illustrated by the fact that the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has put in an application for a loaf of our Mess Hall bread.

Big Boots marred the effect of that renowned simile in Chemistry called "The Battle of Life," by putting it down "The Bottle of Life."

One of the Institute misses, after a visit to the museum of the College, wrote home to her mother that she "saw the mummy, but did not see Big Boots or Little Doon, or any of those more famous celebrities, not even Tricky, Jr."

It may be "the same old 7 and 6," but 76 won't graduate you.

Mr. (Tidewater) J. was recently called on to ask the blessing at the Mess Hall, but he happened to have his mouth so full of crackers and other debris that he could not perform the duty.

Mr. T., upon hearing one of our young elocutionists "get off" Carlisle's "Victory of Truth" in the middle of Broad street at 1 A. M. Christmas morning, wants to know if "S. was drunk."

No, dear personification of innocence, he was not drunk; he was reciting it for practice.

Mr. H., at Downing's "Julius Cæsar," pointing to the Capitol at Rome in the scenery: "Say, is that the Union depot?"

"A horse—a horse; my kingdom for a horse!—the whole Senior Latin class.

THE STUDENT AND THE EXAMINATION.

Just for curiosity, we would like to know how many pet names and terms of endearment are applied to our faithful Mess Hall dignitary, Ben, every morning at breakfast.
The Exam. came on the 25th.
What was it that kept so many of our usually very devout students from church on January 24th?
"'Twas English, 'twas English, you know."

Messrs. A. and H. have recently perfected a "washerwoman escape," a contrivance somewhat similar to the fire-escape, by which they have for several months successfully evaded their "wash ladies."

Before:
Vanity.

During:
Inanity.

After:
Profanity.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

We wonder—
If Corey will ever grow any more;
If it is really true about leap-year, and the girls, and all that;
When Hudson is coming back;
When we’ll have a decent gymnasium;
Why it is that everybody thinks they can run the MESSENGER better than the editors;
How the professors get on to all the devilment that goes on;
How Big Boots escaped from Barnum’s.

The final celebration committees of the two literary societies have been appointed by their respective presidents, as follows:

Philologian—W. M. Jones, Virginia (chairman); E. E. Reid, Maryland; R. E. Lambert, Alabama; D. H. Scott, Virginia; H. W. Provence, Florida; J. D. Hart, Tennessee.

Mu Sigma Rho—R. E. Chambers, Maryland; W. F. Long, Pennsylvania; T. C. Skinner, Virginia; J. C. Harwood, Virginia; W. E. Thayer, South Carolina; Harvey Hatcher, Jr., Georgia.

On January 26th Hon. Thomas Whitehead, Commissioner of Agriculture of Virginia, was present at the meeting of the Society for
Historical and Geographical Study of the College, and greatly pleased and edified those present by an address on the "Valley of the Upper James." Mr. Whitehead said that during his long life of sixty-six years he had not been a citizen of any place more than thirty-five miles from where he was born, and after so much experience he is still convinced that it is the best country on earth. He then went on to show that there are more kinds of wood grown in that section of Virginia than in the States of Illinois, Florida, and Ohio combined. Mr. Whitehead closed by advising young men to stick to the country, and not to follow the ever-increasing tide of immigration to the cities.

The literary societies of the College, in joint session, January 15th, elected Mr. W. W. Henry, of Richmond, Joint Final President, with Dr. James Nelson, of the Richmond Female Institute, as alternate. Hon. W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, was elected to deliver the society medals on the same night of commencement.

The first of the series of public lectures by our professors, of which mention was made in the last MESSENGER, was delivered by Professor H. H. Harris, of the school of Greek, on Tuesday evening, January 19th. The extreme inclemency of the weather prevented a large attendance, but those who did go were amply repaid. The Professor's theme on this evening was "The Theatre of Dionysius."

On January 26th he delivered his second lecture, treating upon this evening "The Attic Dramatists."

We are very sorry indeed that our limited space prevents a more extended notice of these lectures, which were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them.

EXAMINATIONS.

Since our last issue Richmond College has been paid another visit by those abominable pests to all student-kind known as intermediate examinations. In consequence, everything has been exceedingly quiet. King Tennis has not held such absolute sway over his erstwhile loyal subjects; the library has been frequented less; also the prayer-meetings; the theatre has lost some of its valuable student patronage, and, with few exceptions, the boys have almost forsaken their "girls" and have been "hard at it" endeavoring to pass their
old enemy, but with how much success no one but the uncommunicative professor knows.

An examination—what is it? Well, patient reader of the Messenger, we will tell you about it, from a student's point of view.

For about two weeks (including Sundays) before the examination you "cram" up everything you can on the subject you are to be examined on. On the appointed day, you hie your angelic self over to the neighboring store and purchase the materials necessary for writing. Students sometimes draw a picture of the professor on the tablets. This is quite a good idea. Then you secure a board, of dimensions about 1x3 feet. Some of these boards remain in the school for years, and are literally covered with ink, poetry, and other refreshments. On yours, you will probably find "Cicero is an old fool," or "Phil. is very hard," or something like that, and a faithful picture of each professor in the College.

But to proceed: The examinations commence at 9 A. M., and are usually held in the chapel. It occurred to us during our Phil. examination that this is very peculiar, for if there is anything on earth that is inconsistent with devoutness and other such paraphernalia, and conduces to make a pious young man (such as you and we are) violate the fourth commandment, it is an examination.

When the professor arrives, you rush to the most desirable seat in the room, and confidently think that you "know it all" for about fifteen minutes. However, the professor has been studying for the last two weeks how best to puzzle you, and has doubtless found a sufficiency.

After writing for about an hour, you will want to know whether "conceit" is "ceit" or "riet" (for all of that commodity has left you by this time), and so you go up and ask the professor. He of the infinite wisdom will turn upon you with a savage smile and inform you in indelible terms that "you ought to know that." Then you feel very, very small.

After another pause your next neighbor will overturn your ink bottle, knock your pen off on the floor, punch you in the ribs, and coolly ask you to "excuse" him. This will occur about thirteen times during the examination; so you had just as well get accustomed to it.

Just about this time some fellow will get up, fold his paper very carefully, march up, smiling disdainfully at you as he passes, and
hand his document to the presiding deity. At this don't be alarmed, dear reader, for he is not done—he has finished, but is not done. In him you will probably recognize the fellow that advised you not to study last Sunday. His paper contained his pledge and his name—that's all.

After making several more inquiries of the dignitary on the platform, and feeling smaller and smaller each time, you, who are burning and thirsting for knowledge, give up in despair, fearing that ultimately you will be reduced into the proverbial mathematical point.

If it is an English examination, you will probably be told, just as you are finishing the tenth black-board full of questions, to trace the word "jimjams" in its various adventures from the garden of Eden down to the "English as she's spoke to-day," or something of that sort; or if it is mathematics, you will perhaps be expected to work out the equation of the north pole. At questions like these we would look very much bewildered if we were in your place; for if the professor should see you in that state, it would make him feel very happy. Under no circumstances, look intelligent during the examination.

When you think you have answered all the questions, you poor, tired, wretched being, fold up your paper and hand it up. You have scarcely left the room before you get scared; for you begin to remember questions to which you appended a wrong answer.

Presently you go back, just for curiosity, and see your former fellow-sufferers wading through what you have just finished, for it makes them feel very good to know that you have finished.

Students are not notified of their success or failure until the following June.

This is the way in which examinations at Richmond College are conducted. Are not the boys to be pitied? Is the system just? Can that be right which compels a student to think? Is not the sight of some poor young man with high-water breeches and low-water intelligence vainly trying to extort from his torturer some "light on the subject" enough to furnish material for a poem on the irony of fate?

We think so, and on these accounts primarily we are opposed to the present system of examinations. Secondly, we don't like 'em, because we don't ever make 'em.
Next June will probably see twenty of the present students of Richmond College become alumni. Of these, three hope to receive the Master of Arts, eleven that of Bachelor of Arts, one of Bachelor of Sciences, and six Bachelor of Law. It may be interesting to the readers of the MESSENGER to know who will graduate this session, and we therefore append a list of the graduates and a short sketch of each:

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Ebenezer Emmet Reid: Born at Fincastle, Botetourt county, Va., June 27, 1872; attended Homestead Academy prior to his entrance to Richmond College; entered Richmond College in the fall of 1888. Here his course has been unusually brilliant. His fondness for physical and mathematical studies has earned for him the sobriquet of "Tricky, Jr." Mr. Reid is instructor in the preparatory classes of Mathematics and Latin. He is a member of the Phi Theta Psi fraternity and of the Philologian Literary Society. In the latter he was elected editor of the MESSENGER for the present term, where he has charge of the editorial department.

Garnett Ryland: Born in King and Queen county, Va., December 17, 1870. Previous to his entrance to Richmond College, in the fall of 1886, Mr. Ryland attended McGuire's school, in this city. He is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and of the Philologian Literary Society, of which he has been vice-president. In 1890 he was elected term editor of the MESSENGER, and is its present editor-in-chief. He has been chairman of the Tennis Committee of the Athletic Association for two years, and also a member of its executive committee. In 1891 he won the Steel medal for reading, and also won the gymnasium medal in the Field-Day of 1890.

Charles Thomas Taylor was born in Chesterfield county, Va., October 21, 1867; entered Homestead Academy in October, 1883; entered Richmond College in the fall of 1886. Mr. Taylor is a member of the Philologian Literary Society, of which he has been president, final president, and in which in 1891 he won the best debater's medal. Mr. Taylor was editor of the MESSENGER in 1890; president of the College Y. M. C. A., and in 1889 he won the gymnasium medal. For the past two sessions he has been gymnasium
instructor. He was a member of the first foot-ball team of 1889-'90. In 1890, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Robert Edward Chambers was born at Locust Grove Farm, Bedford county, Va., April 24, 1870. He was engaged for four years in the building business with his father in Lynchburg, Va., and removed to Baltimore in 1884. Entered Richmond College in the fall of 1887. Mr. Chambers is vice-president of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, has been editor of the MESSENGER, and was, in 1891, president of the College Y. M. C. A.

Joseph Melvin Taylor Childrey was born in Richmond, November 26, 1872, and is consequently but slightly over nineteen years of age. Mr. Childrey was engaged in business for one year, and afterwards attended the Richmond High School. In the fall of 1888 he entered Richmond College, where his foot-ball abilities as well as his brilliant intellect have won for him an enviable reputation. Mr. Childrey is a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

Harry Sanborn Corey was born in Richmond, April 14, 1872; attended the Richmond High School, and entered Richmond College in January, 1887. Mr. Corey holds the college record for 100 yards dash, having covered that distance in eleven seconds in 1890, when he won the Field-Day medal for short-distance running. In 1891 he was presented with a medal for regularity in attendance, he not having missed a recitation for four consecutive sessions. He is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society. From the latter he was, in the fall of 1891, elected editor of the MESSENGER for the present term.

Edward Farmer Dillard was born in Fluvanna county, Va., on the 12th of January, 1865, and was engaged in farming until the fall of 1885, when he entered Richmond College. He remained but one session, but re-entered in the fall of 1888, since which time he has been a student at this institution. Mr. Dillard enjoys quite a reputation as a minister, and has charge of several flourishing churches. He is a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

Frank Williamson Duke, born in Richmond, October 8, 1871; attended Norwood’s School, and was for two years prior to his entrance at Richmond College engaged in the railroad business. Mr. Duke entered Richmond College in the fall of 1889. He took the
gymnasium medal in the Field-Day of 1891, and is the present president of the Athletic Association of the College; has also served on the base-ball and foot-ball committees of the association, and for the past two sessions has been a member of the first foot-ball team. Mr. Duke is a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity and of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society. From the latter he was, in 1891, elected editor of the MESSENGER.

James Coleman Harwood was born in Richmond, on December 4, 1871; graduated at the Richmond High School; entered Richmond College in the fall of 1888. Won the Steel medal for reading, in 1890. Mr. Harwood has been vice-president of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, and he has also several times very creditably represented it in public debates, etc., and has also been on the editorial staff of the MESSENGER. In 1890-'91, he was instructor in the class in Preparatory Latin. Mr. Harwood is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

William Carey James first saw the light of day in Plantersville, Grimes county, Texas, on June 17, 1867. Was engaged in the gents' furnishing business for a number of years; entered the University of Texas in 1886; entered Richmond College in the fall of 1887, and remained two sessions. While here Mr. James was elected editor of the MESSENGER by the Philologian Literary Society, of which he is an enthusiastic member, and was also, in 1888, final orator for that society. During the sessions of 1889-'90 and 1890-'91, Mr. James taught in Belton, Texas, returning to Richmond College in the fall of 1891. Mr. James is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, and sails under the nickname of "Chippy."

David Kirby Walthall was born in Campbell county, Va., May 31, 1866; attended the Richmond High School; was engaged in the dry-goods business for seven years; entered Richmond College in the fall of 1889. Mr. Walthall is a member of the Phi Theta Psi fraternity, and was, during the session of 1889-'90, also a member of the Philologian Literary Society.

George Hillman Whitfield was born in the State of Mississippi on the 22d of June, 1873, and enjoys the distinction of being the youngest graduate of this session. Previous to his entrance at Richmond College, in the fall of 1889, he attended McGuire's school. Mr. Whitfield is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Edward Madison Whitlock was born in Powhatan county, Va., on
the 4th of December, 1865; attended Homestead Academy one session, and entered Richmond College in the fall of 1886. Mr. Whitlock is a member of the Philologian Literary Society, of which he was president in 1891. He is also the exchange editor of the Messenger.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Frank W. Duke.

BACHELORS OF LAW.

Henry St. John Coalter was born in King and Queen county, Va., on the 19th of November, 1869, and was, previous to his entrance at Richmond College, in the fall of 1890, engaged in business for a number of years. Mr. Coalter is a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

Benjamin Wilson Coleman was born in Ballsville, Powhatan county, Va., on the 1st of July, 1869; was for two years engaged in the law office of Messrs. Pollard & Sands, Richmond; entered Richmond College, in the fall of 1890. Mr. Coleman is a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

Marion Lindsay Dawson was born in Albemarle county, Va., on December 26, 1867. Mr. Dawson was at one time gymnasium instructor for the Young Men’s Christian Association of this city. He entered Richmond College in the fall of 1891, and is a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, where he has already shown himself a speaker of no mean ability, being chosen to represent the society on the occasion of its public debate in March next. Mr. Dawson is also a member of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity.

William Benjamin Cox was born in Chesterfield county, Va., April 14, 1871. Attended Pantops Academy for four sessions, and entered Richmond College in the fall of 1890.

William Henry Simms was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, October 31, 1863, and followed the printer’s trade for twelve years, including two years in Washington and four years in New York city, and he was at one time editor of the Culpeper Exponent. Mr. Simms entered Richmond College in the fall of 1891, and is a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

George Edward Wise was born in New Kent county, Virginia, on April 2, 1870, and previous to his entrance to Richmond College attended the Richmond public schools. Mr. Wise entered Richmond College in February, 1891.
IS IT WRONG?

When your Greek examination is coming on Monday,
And all of your Greek you’ve clearly forgot;
Is it wrong to utilize Sunday
In cramming it up? Well, I think not.

When, in tennis, way up at the net you are playing,
And your opponent knocks it just o’er your head,
Is it wrong; what harm can there be in your saying
Just a few cuss-words? It’s what I’ve often said.

When life seems too dull at the gloomy old College
And you have a strong desire for “the show,”
Is it wrong to intersperse pleasure and knowledge,
And go the theatre? None, that I know.

When in examination you’ve been all day,
But at last have succeeded in getting out,
Is it wrong, with three chosen comrades, to play
A game of whist? Well, I seriously doubt.

When a great game of ball is about to begin,
And you are well enough off to be “gay,”
Is it wrong to wager on which side will win;
Just a small bet? None, I should say.

When “on to you” the Chairman sees fit to alight,
He whom it is quite impossible to “fake,”
“Were you in the crowd that was shouting last night,
And for hours kept my whole family awake?”

Is it wrong to inform him? Of course; don’t fake him,
That while you were out on the previous night.
Is it wrong to tell him that you did not awake him?
Well, from my point of view, it’s perfectly right.

D. D. D.

Alumni Notes.

F. W. King (’90) is engaged in business in the growing town of Newport News.
J. L. Hunter (’91) is now pursuing an academic course with our neighbor, Randolph-Macon College.
L. Lankford (’71) is now one of the most popular and successful physicians of Norfolk. He has taken a special course under the lead-
ing surgeons of Germany, and was recently admitted as a fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain.

R. B. Collier ('73) is pastor of Broadway Baptist church, Baltimore, Md.

W. A. Henderson ('90) is making a reputation as a student at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, in Fairfax county.

F. G. Grove ('87) was recently married to a charming and accomplished Southern lady. He is in business at Luray, Va.

B. B. Robinson ('90) is practicing law in his native town in California.

J. G. May ('90) is teaching in Oakland Academy. He is gaining a reputation as a professor, and is very popular with the students.

J. J. Wicker ('91), at the request of his late pastorate in Princess Anne county, decided to leave the Seminary and accept their call.

V. I'Anson ('74) has just entered upon the duties of his pastorate at Marion, Va. Under his wise supervision we predict a prosperous future for the church.

G. H. Burke ('73) has been teaching school for several years, but is now resting on account of ill health at his old home in King William.

J. B. Cook ('86) and C. R. Cruikshanks ('88) have both returned from Louisville Seminary—the former to take charge of his old pastorate; the latter to recuperate his health by a rest at home.

Isaac Diggs ('83) and T. H. Edwards ('87) are both practicing law in West Point and the adjoining counties.

W. J. E. Cox ('82) is pastor of the Baptist church of Staunton, Va.

A. M. Carroll, M. A. ('88), will take his Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins this session.

E. L. Scott, M. A. and Greek medalist ('84), occupies the chair of Modern Languages in the Louisiana State University. The Messenger is indebted to him for many kind remembrances.

W. C. Robinson, M. A. ('87), is professor in the Mt. Lebanon University, Louisiana.

Joe Whitehead, B. A. ('89), took his B. L. at the University of Virginia last session, and is now practising law at his home, in Chatham, Va.

C. D. Roy, B. A. ('87), commands a large practice in Atlanta, Ga., as a specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, and throat.

As we casually glanced over the religious papers on file in the
library we were struck by the number of old Richmond College men who now occupy the editorial chair. Among the names noted were William H. Williams, M. A. ('61), of the Central Baptist; R. T. Hanks ('76), of the Western Baptist; C. T. Bailey ('61), of the Biblical Recorder; William E. Hatcher, B. A. ('58), of The Baptist; A. E. Dickinson, B. A. ('52), and R. H. Pitt ('78), of the Religious Herald; P. L. Henson, B. A. ('49), of the Baptist Teacher, and E. B. Hatcher, M. A. ('86), of the Seminary Magazine.

James H. Wright ('81) died in Petersburg, Va., January 10, 1892. He was a native of this city, attended college several sessions, and then the Louisville Seminary. He was a popular student, a genial companion, and a most useful minister of the gospel. His last pastorate was in Petersburg. Though quite a young man Mr. Wright achieved an enviable position, and passed away greatly honored and beloved.

Exchanges.

The American Protective Tariff League has made its Prize Essay Proposition for this year. The subject is, "Has the New Tariff Law Proved Beneficial?" The competitors are to be undergraduate seniors of American Colleges and Universities. The requirements of the League are as follows:

"Competing essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 west Twenty-third street, New York city, on or before May 1, 1892, accompanied by the name and home address of the writer, and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay. It is desired, but not required, that manuscripts be type-written. Awards will be made July 1, 1892, as follows:"

"For the best essay—One hundred and fifty dollars."
"For the second best—One hundred dollars."
"For the third best—Fifty dollars."
"And for other essays deemed especially meritorious, the silver
medal of the League will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the award."

It seems to us that it would be advisable for some Richmond College students to enter this contest. Some of our boys are clear thinkers, and can wield the quill with great skill. The Messenger would rejoice if one or more of our students should be successful in this contest.

The Furman University Journal is a good paper, if we may judge from the January number. The literary matter is well written, and all of its departments are gotten up in an interesting style. It shows that the students at Furman take an interest in their paper.

The January number of the Palo Alto, of Stanford University, contains an excellent address on "The Value of Higher Education." This paper will be found in the library, and our boys would do well to read it.

The William and Mary College Bi-Monthly is on our table, and it is among our best exchanges. It is nicely gotten up, and, better still, it contains good reading matter. The literary articles are not long and tiresome, but brief and full of thought. The other departments show care and adaptability on the part of those who have them in charge.

The students of the Virginia Military Institute ought to be proud of The Cadet. This paper contains lots of information concerning military matters, and will be read with great interest by the students at large.

Many of our exchanges whose faces are familiar (on our table) have not been seen this month. We suppose that examinations caused this tardiness. We hope that ere long we shall have the pleasure of reading their well-written columns.

Should we be called on to mention the paper among our exchanges that exhibits the smallest amount of skill in journalism, combined with a high-sounding title, we would say that it was the Tennessee University Student. This paper contains only five pages of literary matter, and the literary ability shown in these pages is of a very low grade. An advertisement is the connecting link between the literary and local departments. The exchanges, which consist of one-half of a page of stale college news and one-half of a page of advertisements,
in very large letters, and then one more half of a page of old clippings from other papers, shows that the exchange editor has not taken any interest in this department. The other departments show little or no merit. This paper comes from the University of Tennessee, but in our judgment is not as good as many of the academy papers.

We are always glad to see the Wake Forest Student on our table. The January number is a very welcome visitor. It contains short and well-written pieces on the current subjects of the day, and we read them with very great pleasure.

The Wabash is among our exchanges. It is a paper of no low grade. Wabash College ought to be proud of its paper.

A truth that ought to be thought of by all college students is found in this editorial taken from the Colby Echo:

"The Echo is inclined to think that our aged alumnus is nearly correct in his idea about booming college athletic associations. Outdoor games do not need encouragement so much as indoor study. Put play and study side by side before the average college man, and it is easy to see which will be most attractive. The average ball player would far rather flunk at a recitation than make an error on the diamond—and we'd rather he would, too, for that matter. How often do the representatives of our schools and colleges meet to measure wits and intellects? How many intercollegiate series of contests in rhetoric, composition, or translation! Are there any? If any, they are few, and don't get into the papers at all. Should not a college be as proud of its brains as of its muscle? Is not the primary object of the college the development of the mind? The district schools have spelling matches, in which the brightest pupils of rival towns are pitted against each other. The higher institutions should furnish analogous contests. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not talking down the college athletics, but talking up the pride in the literary work of the college. Give scholarship at least an equal chance with sports."

Among others that have been added to our exchange list is the MESSENGER, of Richmond College. It is a very neat and attractive journal. It contains a good article on "Prohibition," and also one entitled "Good Enough," in which the writer shows how, through carelessness and indifference, we let a thing pass by, saying it is "good enough," and thereby hurry through the little things of life, developing careless and superficial characters when it is our lot to do otherwise by not obeying the dictum, "'Let 'good enough' alone.'"

—The Trinity Archive.
I wonder if ever a wave ebbs out but it breaks on a distant shore,
Or fall any tears
But the faces of years
Are stained through the evermore?

I wonder if ever a day is born or an evening to twilight steals,
But they have a mark
Thro' the gathering dark
In the point of their golden wheels?

I wonder if ever a word is said, or even a song is sung,
But their souls live on
When their sounds are gone
In the Palace of Silence hung?

I wonder if ever a life is lived but its being gives sweet to some,
But its hands touch still
And its dream voice will
Speak after its lips are dumb?

And so it may be thou forgotten one, when the cup of thy life is filled,
That the world drinks up
From the shattered cup
Whatever and all that is spilled. —Southern Collegian.

Logicians say that no phrase means
At once both yes and no;
But they are not correct, it seems,
As one short phrase will show.

Where it meant "Yes."
I sat one eve with Maud, a miss
Who's pretty, sweet, and coy,
Said I: "Maud, dare I steal a kiss?"
She said: "You silly boy."

Where it meant "No."
And in a little while I said:
"Art angry, dear, at me?"
She laughed, and then shook head,
"You silly boy," said she. —Cornell Era.
IN THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

Vainly he racked his cranial store,
Seeking to find historic lore.
"History repeats itself," said he,
"Oh, now repeat thyself to me."

—Brunonian.

THE LAUREATE ON FOOT-BALL.

The sunlight falls on stuffed foot-balls
And 'sanguined 'levens fierce and gory;
The long light shakes o'er frauds and fakes,
And undergraduates howl for glory.
Kick, cullies, kick,
Send the big sphere a-flying;
Answer cripples,
Dying, dying, dying.

—Ex.

A RONDEAU OF ABSENCE.

But one short word was all that passed
Between us when we parted last
(How well sweet memory serves my steed),
The white clouds flying overhead.
The pennant streaming at the mast.
What world of sorrow seemed to blast
Our very lives! What language vast
Spoke countless tales, although we said
But one short word.

Then Time, the stern iconoclast,
Began his work. Three years sped fast,
(Alas! how rapidly they sped),
And I, returning home to wed,
Found—never mind—at him I cast
But one short word.

—Virginia University Magazine.

"I want to die!" the youth cried out;
"Things are not what they seem,
But I will not smoke a cigarette—
I'll join a foot-ball team."

—The Occident.