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No. 1.

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THE UNSPOKEN VALEDICTORY.

Colonel Bonnor was generous and neighborly. The poor folk for miles around testified to this fact; also, the county at large showed their esteem for him by repeatedly sending him to the legislature.

The worthy old gentleman had one fault, however, that not even the frequent expostulations of his pastor and deacons could make him confess. This was his thorough dislike for his next neighbor, 'Squire Dorning.

The old Colonel never married. Can you guess why? Certainly it was not because—as some of the old maids that knew him not in his youth asserted—he was heartless; for, had he not taken into his home poor little Howard, and did he not love him with his whole heart?

Howard was the Colonel's nephew. The boy's father had been the "black sheep" of his family, who, having sent his wife to an early grave, soon followed her, thus leaving Howard, at five years of age, alone in the world.

As we have said before, however, the Colonel pitied his wayward brother, took the little orphan to his bachelor home, and, having no one else to love, loved him entirely.

But the Colonel hated 'Squire Dorning. Can you guess why? He even taught his servants to hate the 'Squire and the 'Squire's servants. Now, Howard appreciated all the kindnesses of his uncle, and, in accordance with his wishes, thoroughly disliked the 'Squire; but there was one possession of the 'Squire's that the boy could never bring himself to hate—that he could never help from loving. This was Edith, the 'Squire's only daughter.

When the two children were just large enough to peep over the church pews they used to make faces at each other; but the higher and higher their heads reached above the pews, with each year's growth, the more kindly did the one look upon the other, until, when they were about fourteen, they used to smile at each other across the church, much to the delight of the congregation, and to the annoyance of the Colonel and 'Squire.

So much did Howard learn to love Edith, that he named the beautiful sorrel mare his uncle gave him on his fifteenth birthday after her. There were only two beings on earth that Howard loved more than he did this beautiful creature. They were Edith herself and the Colonel.

The two young people must have had tastes very much alike, for they invariably chose the same beautiful wood and drive-ways for their daily horseback rides, and, always meeting on these occasions, they laughed, raced, and gathered wild flowers.

The Colonel was not ignorant of Howard's fancy for Edith. He saw them becoming more and more attached to each other; and so he decided to send the boy off to college, consoling himself with the thought that there he would soon forget.

Howard had begged his uncle to let him carry his mare to college with him, but of course the Colonel would not allow it.

On the last day before his departure, he was riding slowly along to meet Edith. Young as he was, he felt sad at having to leave the

old farm and the Colonel—to give up his beautiful sorrel, and, above all, to say good-by to his playmate.

He soon met her whom he was seeking for, leaped to the ground, placed the reins over his arm, and walked along by her side. She was bright and cheerful, he sad and silent. By-and-by Edith became sad also, and thus they walked on silently until they came in sight of the old church. When they arrived at the walkway he felt the pressure of her hand, let fall the bridle reins, and followed, she leading him into the church.

They walked up the aisle to the altar, where they silently stood, Edith with her eyes fixed upon the floor, Howard looking sadly around on the old church. When he looked upon her again, there were tears in her eyes. She knelt down, crying, like a spoilt child, "O Howard! it certainly is mean in him to send you away from me." "I am coming back to you, Edith," he said. Then he kissed her, and, as if ashamed, went quickly down the aisle.

* * * * *

Five years at college has changed Howard from an awkward country lad of seventeen to a handsome, refined young man. He has been a little wild, fond of all the tricks of college boys, a good, sociable companion; and, withal, he has shown that frankness and manliness that always attracts. Nor has he been idle, for this is the close of his last session, and to-night, in the brilliantly decorated hall, he is to deliver the valedictory before the *élite* of the town.

As he whiles the morning hours away in his little room, made so dear to him by five years' occupancy, various emotions take possession of him. Memory does not bind him, however, for he rarely ever thinks of the past. The old farm, the Colonel, the little trembling figure that he left at the altar in the old church are only faint pictures now.

He thinks of the future, of the event to-night, and his face flushes as he sees in his imagination the brilliant assembly, as he hears the applause, and, above all, as he sees the smile of Imogen, the fashionable, proud belle, whom all the boys have loved and courted, and whom Howard won last evening.

But he shakes off these happy thoughts and commences to pack his books and other articles that he is to carry home with him.

As he takes up each familiar article, he becomes sad, and now memory does begin to overshadow him. Rumaging around, he

finds a little morocco-bound Testament. He brushes the dust from it, looks at the delicate writing on the fly-leaf, and then quickly shuts it again. He stands irresolutely a few moments, and then walking slowly to a little niche, he takes from it a dust-covered picture that, as a bashful boy, he had placed there to shield it from the gaze of other students. He sat down at the table, brushed the thick dust from the photograph, and, as he gazed at the dark tresses and soft, brown eyes of the sweet, childish face, his head gradually sank to the table.

Thus he sat until a knock at the door aroused him. The janitor entered, spoke respectfully, placed a telegram on the table, and disappeared. Howard wonderingly opened the envelope, and uttered a groan as he read the following:

“Edith died to-day.”

Without looking to see who the sender of the message was, he grasped his already-packed valise and staggered out of the room.

* * * * *

The hall was full of happy faces. The band discoursed lively strains. The old Colonel was there, seated close to the platform, and looking proud and happy. Near by him sat Imogen, more beautiful, more proud and triumphant than ever.

But time flew by; the audience, tired of the music, became restless. At each noise in the rear of the house all turned, expecting to see the valedictorian enter, but each time they were disappointed.

Finally, when the patience of all had been exhausted, the aged president mounted the platform and stated that on account of an unforeseen accident there would be no valedictory. There was nothing else for the audience to do but leave the hall, which they did very much bewildered.

* * * * *

Where was the valedictorian? When he left his room, Howard went directly to the railway station, caught the desired train, and after travelling all night, arrived at the station nearest to his old home. Strange to say, he was recognized by the old postmaster, who offered to lend him a conveyance, but Howard declined.

He walked quickly along through the hot June sunshine, and at last reached the old church. He walked around through the old graveyard; but there was no freshly-dug grave there. Then he entered the church, walked up the same old aisle, and knelt down at the same old altar.

Kneeling there, he thought of her whom he in his boyhood had left kneeling there; he remembered his forgetfulness, and then, as the thought rushed over him that she could never again speak to him—that she was dead—he groaned aloud.

Suddenly a sweet, rich voice filled the church, and the words of “Rock of Ages” vibrated through the building. He sprang up and Edith stood before him—not the little girl he had left crying so long ago, but yet the same Edith, for there was the same pure face, the same dark hair and beautiful eyes. Howard said nothing, but handed her the crumpled telegram.

“O, Howard!” said Edith, her brown eyes filling with tears, “it is your poor, beautiful horse that is dead. She broke her leg and had to be shot.”

Howard heaved a sigh of relief, but still with a touch of sadness in his voice, said: “I have come back to you, Edith.”

[To Miss Annie Grace Hosler, by her grateful friend, N. J. Allen.]

A THIRSTY TRAVELLER.

A lone and weary traveller
Stopped at a well one day,
To slake his thirst, for he had trudged
A long and dusty way.
This well was on a thoroughfare
And near its owner's cot,
The oaken bucket did invite
The thirsting to the spot.
The traveller would have eased the pain
Felt in his parching throat
With a quaff of the coolness pure,
When the cottage mistress spoke.
The traveller heard the woman's voice,
And paused a while to see;
But he was told that Nature's drink
“Was not to strangers free.”
This “stranger” was not richly clad,
But he was not uncouth;
His face, though bronzed by August sun,
Bespoke naught else but truth.

RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

Then, too, there beat within his breast
 A heart as true as steel—
 A heart that valued others' love,
 For others love could feel.

No wonder, then, that through his breast
 A painful tremor ran,
 To think that any one could be
 So harsh to thirsty man.

But yet no plaint his dry lips spake.
 Leaving the well curb's side,
 A voice most kindly he heard, which
 In childish sweetness cried :

"Come over here, stranger,
 And here with freedom drink;
 At our well-side you are welcome
 If driven from that one's brink."

The "stranger" turned and looked across
 To a lawn of velvet green;
 A youthful maid he saw—a gem
 Of purest ray serene.

The "stranger" now with gladdened heart
 Of truth's pure emblem drank;
 Cup after cup from Annie's hand
 He took with many a thank.

O that this stranger on each heart
 Could write in words of pearl:
 "When'er poor strangers you can sooth,
 Remember this kind girl."

And now this stranger hopes to meet
 Before a Father's face,
 Where none shall ever thirst again,
 This sweet-souled Annie Grace.

THE HEROINE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The *history* of France for the past five centuries we might call a tragedy, each century representing an act, each decade a scene. And, as people naturally love tragedy, this history will ever be read with an eager and intense interest. Wars and rumors of wars,

ghastly and bloody battles, valorous deeds of noble men and women, heinous crimes of hellish fiends—all of these so abounding in this tragic history, give to it a fascinating and luring charm which impulsive man cannot resist.

But as varied as are the details of its history, never before nor since was the prospect of France so unpropitious and disheartening as in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The humiliating defeats of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt had not only made the English the possessors of a great part of France, but had so dispirited the French soldiers they were almost worthless in battle. "The very sight of an English regiment," it is said, "would put to flight a French army." So France was now virtually at the mercy of a nation which had but little mercy for her.

The English were still making advances—town after town was falling into their hands, till at last Orleans, the best fortified stronghold in the land, saw itself surrounded by a splendidly equipped British army. Both despair and hunger seized the people. Death stared them in the face with an awful and menacing gaze. The King sent no relief. Clermont and his army had forsaken them. What should they do? Should they rush out upon the English army, and scatter it to the four winds? No; they had neither the power nor the courage. Should they remain till hunger delivered them into the hands of death? Should they surrender the stronghold to the English, and thereby give up that which was so near and dear to them—even France, their native land. What should they do; whither should they flee? The "abomination of desolation of Babylon" surrounded the city, "and except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved."

But who comes yonder riding that snow-white steed, followed by that great army of men? What means those priests 'neath that white banner? How beautiful is the white charger of the leader. How stately his tread. How radiant and serene is the face of the rider. Deliverance! Deliverance! It is Joan of Arc with the army she begged from the King—Joan, "the messenger from heaven."

Oh, woman, "many a time and oft" hast thou revived the drooping spirits of man, and filled his soul with a new hope.

As Deborah of old didst inspire the children of Israel, and place in the black cloud of despair hanging above them a rainbow of hope,

so Joan of Arc aroused the national spirit and pride of the French soldiers, and stirred the dormant fire of patriotism within their bosoms, and made it again glow as a living flame. But not only did she inspire the French army, but her very name struck terror into the hearts of the English soldiers.

The first sortie made after Joan's arrival was made without her knowledge or consent. The result was not at first favorable to the French. But Joan, hearing the noise of battle, hastened to the scene of action. Her very appearance made the French fight more desperately, and at the same time chilled the ardor and courage of the English. The bastille fell into the hands of the French. The English looked upon this victory as something supernatural. They could not believe that French soldiers could fight with such courage and bravery. They said it was a wicked miracle brought about by the aid of the black arts.

The next effort of the French was of still more importance. The English must be driven from the bastille of the Augustines. "At one time," says the historian, "the defeat of the French seemed certain. But when the English saw the witch of France riding down upon them, her charmed standard flying, her eyes flashing with fire and terrible wrath, panic and terror, as it were, congealed their blood; they were but men, and needs must flee."

But still another bastille must be taken before the English would raise the siege. Fiercer was this battle than the two previous ones, "for if the French fought for the deliverance of Orleans and their kingdom, the English, who had suffered defeat in the two previous onsets, felt that they must redeem their ancient glory," while the French were inspired by the presence of Joan and the two victories just won. The memory of the great victories of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt set aglow the fierce spirits of the English. Now they must sustain the attack of the French against the bastille of Tourelles, or they must abandon the city. "Under cannon-fire, and through flights of arrows, the French, led by Joan, leaped into the fosse around the fortification, and swarmed up the encampment as if they believed themselves immortal." The brave and dauntless English met them at the top, and again and again drove them back. Again and again the maid cheered them on, crying, "Fear not, the place is yours." She seized a scaling-ladder and set it up against the wall. As she ascended this ladder for the purpose of urging on

the soldiers an ignoble arrow pierced her between the neck and shoulders. But this checked the onset only for a short while. With her own hand she drew the arrow from her neck, and when her wound had been hastily dressed, she again mounted her steed, and bade her soldiers to renew the attack in "God's name." They obeyed her command. The bastille was taken.

The next morning that great English army, which only a week before appeared before the walls of Orleans so splendidly equipped, with hearts so full of hope, now shattered and torn, weakened and dispirited, reluctantly departed.

Joan had saved Orleans, but her labor was not yet ended. Her mission was only partially fulfilled. The victories of Patay and Troyes must be won; Charles must be crowned according to the customary rites and ceremonies at Rheims. All this she accomplished, and, be it remembered, under very adverse circumstances. Not only did the English hate her, but among her own officers there was much jealousy and envy of her. Even the King did not repose proper confidence in her.

One more battle, and her career as a soldier must end. This last fight was at Compeigne. There she was most ignobly betrayed into the hands of her enemy. "What remained," as one has well said, "was to suffer."

The English were more highly elated over the capture of this *one* little maid than they would have been over the capture of five thousand strong and stalwart men. Now in their hands, they would wreak vengeance upon her to the satisfaction of their cruel souls. In order that this might be done the more effectually, they gave her over to the church authorities. This would also give a religious sanction to their inhuman injustice. For fifteen long days she was subjected to the most rigid and fatiguing examination. When carried back to her prison at night, during this trying period, she did not spend her hours on a downy bed. No courtesy is shown her; she must sleep in chains, guarded by base and unprincipled men. The Bishop of Blauvais, a man utterly void of principle, and also filled with a deadly hatred for Joan, conducted this trial. His name will live as long as the name of Joan, but not for his nobility or grandeur of soul, but for the shameful and diabolical manner in which he became the real murderer of Joan of Arc, hiding his fiendish cruelty under his clerical robe.

Thirteen articles, setting forth the charges brought against her, were drawn up by this bishop and his associates, the preamble of which we will give. It claimed that she was a sorceress, a false prophetess, an invoker of demons, a practitioner of magic arts, she was superstitious, schismatic, sacrilegious, idolatrous, an apostate, a blasphemer of God and the saints, scandalous and seditious, disturbing and preventing peace, inciting to war and bloodshed, shameless and immodest, abominable to God and man, a law-breaker, a seducer of princes and people, a usurper of the honors due to God, and a suspected heretic. Well does De Quincey say: "Never from the foundation of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense and all its hellishness of attack." "Oh, child of France!" exclaims he; "shepherdess! peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee! how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as that lightning to its mark; that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! Two-edged questions were proposed to her, questions which not one of themselves could have answered without, on the one side, landing himself in heresy (as then interpreted), or, on the other, in some presumptuous expression of self-esteem." No counsel had she in this mock tribunal, no defense against such engendered foes. Oh, gentle maid! thou whose heart was so full of pity and compassion; thou whose sympathy could be so aroused by the groans of a dying enemy that thou wouldst leap down from thy steed and minister comfort to him! Oh, heavenly maid! couldst thou now find no one to pity thee? Ah, if earthly friends forsook thee at this dark hour, methinks the angels of heaven must have been hovering over thee, and have wept in that such cruel injustice was practiced on one so innocent, and so undeserving it.

The day of execution arrives. See the great crowds of people on their way to the scene of execution. As lively and mirthful they are as if about to witness a coronation. Behold the great, high scaffold, well supplied with fagots. But suddenly the loud laughter and noise is hushed! Why this cessation? There comes the cart in which sits the prisoner. She is dressed in a simple gown; pale is her face, "yet a certain heavenly smile she wears." The executioner binds her high up on the stake. Oh, what a

dreadful function is his! He strikes fire to the fagots. Slowly arises the winding smoke, partially obscuring her from the gaze of the great throng, but soon it disappears, making way for the licking flames, which are rising higher and higher, wrapping themselves around her delicate form. Oh, gods, 'tis strange! Those who came to scoff and jeer preserve a death-like silence. "Ten thousand strong weep!" As she lived, so she dies, trusting in Him who is a friend even to the friendless.

As history records no life more noble and pure, so it records no death more beautiful and sublime. Am I sacrilegious when I say it reminds one of that scene on Calvary?

But, gentle and tender must have been the hands of the executioner that bound her to the stake; soothing must have been the fiery flames as they slowly and painfully consumed her body, in comparison to the sharp pangs caused by the neglect of her own countrymen. Charles, whom she had placed upon his throne, for whom she had made so many sacrifices—where was he, that he offered no ransom for her? Could life be sweet to him, "even though living in the arms of pleasure," while Joan, his great benefactress, was roasting in the cruel flames? Where were the citizens of Orleans whom she had aided in the time of need, and had wrested out of the jaws of death? Did they make no attempt to rescue her?

Ingratitude, thou hell-born quality of man, sharper are thy pangs than a serpent's tooth! "Thou marble-hearted fiend that shows most hideous," may I say, "in a thankless nation"!

But many a noble man and woman whose memories we now cherish and love were not appreciated by their own age and generation. So, if Joan's pure character was stained and polluted by the prejudice and calumny of her enemies, time has long since removed this prejudice and envy, and justice now asserts itself. Like that woman who annointed the head and feet of the Savior, Joan "did what she could," and, though she knew it not, she reared for herself a monument more lasting than bronze, more durable than marble; one which even the sons and daughters of her most bitter and avowed enemies are constrained to admire. Such a monument as the eyes of angels delight to behold. Let the towering Pyramids of Egypt, as they stand frowning on the earth beneath, proclaim the name of Napoleon for the great victory he achieved in their sight; let the plains of Austerlitz and Marengo say: "We, too, will boast

his name." Yea, let the battlefield of Waterloo say: "Here, also, though the fates had sealed his doom, the lion fought nobly and well"; but let every man, woman, and child of France shout with one triumphant voice: "Maid of Orleans, it was thou that didst save our land from English thralldom. Let the river Seine, whose waters bore her ashes to the sea, ever murmur her name; let the great and bounding ocean, whose waters now contain her ashes, proclaim her name to the nations of the earth." Some one has said no worthy production has been written on her character. No, nor are we surprised, for—

"What skillful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in the dyes of heaven."

M.

TRUE MISSION OF THE COLLEGE.

Read at the Inauguration of the President-Elect of Richmond College, September 19, 1895, by Prof. Otis H. Mason.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are met to install the new president of Richmond College, and I have been invited to make some remarks appropriate to the occasion. I have chosen for my theme, "The True Mission of the College." Before commencing, however, I may be indulged in a few personal observations.

A few years ago, when I touched the half-century line, I had a great melancholy, in view of the future of the Baptist Church and the Baptist institutions of learning. Figuratively, I went a day's journey into the wilderness and came and sat down under a juniper tree, and fell asleep. In my dream, I must have said something about having been very zealous for the Lord of hosts, for a good angel whispered to me that there would be thousands of young men full of love and zeal when I had departed; so I picked up my haversack and canteen and went on my way to the mountain of the Lord. Since then I have been converted; I have heard a still small voice, and it tells me that the future is safe. Colgate is safe with its young president, Columbian is safe with a young president and almost an entirely young faculty, and Richmond is safe in the hands of the learned, loyal and zealous men who assume its affairs.

As I look into your bright faces, I am renewed myself. The Apostle Paul gives expression to these beautiful words:

"But we all with open face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." I imagine the apostle holding a mirror in his hands and looking on his wrinkled, sorrow-engraven face therein. Meanwhile a divine person comes behind him and looks over his shoulder into the same glass. The apostle fixes his gaze upon this lovely person. By-and-by, when his eyes return to his own face, the wrinkles and hard lineaments are gone, and he is a new creature. Now, we of the passing generation are looking at your faces in the same way, the juniper incident is ignored, our hair does not appear to me to be so gray, care has fled from our foreheads, and we seem to have grown young again. The college, also, is a mirror of the mind, where new faces are made from old ones and all pass from glory to glory by looking.

The word "college" in this presence stands for a clearly defined, comprehensive and highly organized social unit, and as this unit embraces all perfected and verified knowledge and symmetrical culture, we could not not spend our time more profitably than in the examination of its real structure and the normal functioning of its parts.

I need not inform a Richmond audience that there are such things as knowledge and culture and progress in the world. The very first human beings that stood upon this planet were dissatisfied with things about them and began to discover and to invent. They discovered substances and forces and laws, and invented means of enjoying them. They invented language, society, and government, and they were religious beings. The lives of their descendants became more and more artificial, their wants increased, their desire to know expanded, until now the world and the cosmos are ours. The possession of the earth is coupled with the knowledge of the earth. The mind is at the back of all. Knowledge underlies all possession. The progress of the world is not founded upon railroads and steamships and electric lights, upon factories and art galleries, upon legislatures and courts and governments. These are the results and servants of the progress of the world; they are "the works of the men of mind." They are inventions founded upon science and knowledge. Culture is the child of knowledge. We do not need to

possess more, but to know more and increase the number of those who know; and the college is the place where men learn to know.

To speak after the manner of science, the college is an organized being with definite structures and functions, all having reference to knowledge.

1. It is an organized body of overseers and teachers, living and dead, present and absent, who together have encompassed all verified knowledge.

2. It is an organized assemblage of young persons acquiring that knowledge, with a view to their own perfect development and to their participation in the making of new knowledge.

3. It is an orderly administered treasury of truth, with its buildings, lecture-rooms, library, apparatus-rooms, expert and special tests, its bookkeeping and posting for reference. It opens an account with every man who has a nugget of knowledge in his possession.

4. It is a sacred companionship, a mutual bond, a central office of all cultured minds within the sphere of its influence. It is the common platform of all sciences, the cross-roads and middle-ground of professional men and specialists.

Permit me, therefore, to address you—

1. As an organization of learned teachers and patrons of knowledge.

2. An organized body of students or seekers after knowledge.

3. An organized Athenæum of truth.

4. An association of men and women all vivified and ennobled by the same ideal of culture. In this last class I include the living and the dead, the present and the absent—every man, woman, and child that ever heard of Richmond College.

AN ORGANIZATION OF LEARNED TEACHERS AND PATRONS OF KNOWLEDGE.

In America, the college is an incorporated body of trustees and teachers for imparting instruction in the higher knowledge. In ancient Rome, any corporate body was a college. There are no colleges in Germany, the gymnasiums taking their places. The college of France is a government institution supplying lectures of the highest sort. The English colleges are always attached to universities, though there are as with us, professional colleges—such as Herald's College and the College of Surgeons. But the American

college is, as I have said, a body of teachers and trustees banded together to teach all that is known, to be the guardians, the friends and the keepers of the Athenæum. It is not merely a number of individuals, like guests in a hotel, each a brilliant gem, a bright particular star. Alone, in such capacity, each man is only a pedagogue, and may work selfishly to the injury of the entire organism. The college is, or ought to be, one, from the first man who spent his life to found it down to the last men who work in it and are willing to sacrifice their lives for one another and for the whole.

What I now insist on is, not the separate, discrete forces of knowing, but the correlation and conservation of intellectual forces of making known; not the star that differeth from another star in glory, but the constellation, more brilliant and complicated than any stellar object; not the lustre and preciousness of any element or study in a curriculum, but the infinite variety of combinations possible among all elements; not the flower or fruit of a season, but the whole tree, continually enlarging and furnishing shade and joy as the ages roll on; not the eye, nor the hand, nor the foot, but the whole body, "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part."

Let us take an example or two from the natural world. In the lowest forms of life, a single cell may perform every function of living. It is born, runs the course of its existence in a few hours, and dies. But in the highest organic bodies there is the greatest multiplication of parts, coupled with the greatest differentiation of functions—all parts co-operating, however, and making the work of each possible and efficient. Again, in the world about us there seems to be three separate spheres—the solid earth, the waters, and the atmosphere—and they are so regarded. But science teaches us that each invades the other two unceasingly. Air is in the waters and penetrates the crust of the earth. Water in numberless forms of use and beauty fills the atmosphere and penetrates the earth. The earth impregnates the water and the air. Now it is not any one of these elements alone and apart that displays the processes and loveliness of nature, but the fully organized commingling of each with all, under the stimulating action of their president, the sun. The unparalleled grandeur of an autumnal sunset is due to the refractions of light

shining on the water and earth in the air. Every spear of grass and living creature is a product of earth, air, water, and sunlight co-operating to that end.

It is just so in the higher cultured life of which I am speaking. Common men and women may and do acquire a little of it. They are like the protozoans. Those that are a little better circumstanced are penetrated further by it, and themselves move about more widely in it.

You would find among the early historic nations, or among the pioneer families of our States, or in the country village, a little more of this precious refinement, a cultured mind or two, young men and young women agitated and reaching out to get possession of the treasures of knowledge until their souls have been caught in "the great waves that echo around the worlds."

This is the initiatory species of that kind of organism which comes by-and-by, in its most highly developed existences, to include all that the world knows. Of this evolution the college is the highest expression. Trustees and professors are a unit. Neither can say to the other, "I have no need of thee." Mathematics, physics, chemistry, geography, geology, biology, sociology, language, history, literature, philosophy, cannot say one to another, "I have no need of thee." Nay, those studies in the well-organized curriculums which to the utilitarian seem more feeble are necessary, and those branches which seem to the uncultured to be less honorable, upon these the endowed college should bestow more abundant honor. This insoluble compound of elements, this system of worlds of thought, this organism in which are bound up all the known, this pedagogic *esprit de corps*, constitute the brilliancy, the order, the vivacity, the glory of the true college. Where such an establishment exists, it is the best society and the pride of the community where it is found and of all who are in touch of it.

In studying the gradations of the animal world, it is found that the intellectual status is gauged by some such measures as these.

1. By the circle of activities of the species determined by monotony or variety of environment.
2. By the sphere of influence, the natural economy.
3. By contact with widespread movements.
4. By facility of getting into the currents of distribution and activity.

To use a phrase common among naturalists, the improvement of each life, and the perfecting of each structure, depend upon the variety and extent of functioning. The greater the opportunity and necessity and variety of functioning, the more highly organized must the creature be. The human being is the most notable example of this. There may be creatures that can excel man in this or that, but man is, after all, king.

You notice that in all that goes before I am comparing the college with living forms, the lowest and highest, to ascertain what is the proper *role* for the former to play. The lowest organisms dwell in the water, where temperature, pressure, and food do not vary in the lifetime. The next lowest creatures dwell partly on land and partly in the water. They are amphibians. The next higher grade are warm-blooded, aerial, and land creatures, and the highest dwell solely on the land.

In like manner, the lowest human society, such as the Indians who dwelt on this very spot, had the smallest circle of occupations compatible with existence. Each man and woman compassed the whole circle. There was little differentiation of employment. Their sphere of influence scarcely exceeded 100 square miles. Into this area obtruded little of the culture of the outside world, and upon that world this lowly people exerted small influence. Of those great, globe-embracing movements of exploration, manufacture, commerce, and consumption, which make all lands necessary to the happiness of each, they never dreamed. Much less had their minds and souls felt those trade winds of knowledge and art and social power and moral discipline which were blowing over the favored nations.

The comparison holds good of the colleges themselves. The founders and endowers and trustees of each college furnish the environment in which the organism dwells. Its circle of daily employments depends upon them. The sphere of its influence and the penetration of the world of culture into it depend upon their liberality. The extent of its participation in the great commerce of culture, the universal learning, the dissemination of truth, the manufacture of public opinion, the advertisement of science and knowledge, belong to the patrons quite as much as to the faculty. Finally, it is only through ample endowment that the books and journals and transaction of societies and the means of feeling the

current of enlightenment can come to the men who consecrate here their lives to your service. It is an honor to you that you have done so much. The world commends your sacrifice and bids you God-speed. Fathers and mothers whom you never saw bless you. Precious young lives magnify your honors and will love you "till their last breath."

To the noble band of men who are here co-operating to uphold sound learning, I would say that each one is a part of all. The college faculty is a sociological unit, a body politic. In structure it is a republic. Its citizenship is based on no compulsion, but upon that willing submission and regard which is the highest form of society. Each loves all, each supplements all, each works for all in those lines wherein he is most gifted and best qualified. It is the ideal commonwealth, the ultimate form of co-operative federation, already constituted, for which reformers believe themselves to be struggling. In it the dreams of Bellemly are purged and materialized. Personal interest is merged into the common good. There are no drones, criminals, parasites, nor traitors. Parents are willing to commit to you, not their lands or money, or family plate and paintings, but their children, their best beloved, their idols. The world is willing to commit to you, not the mints for refining gold and silver, nor its humane institutions for the alleviation of misery, but the treasures of hoarded knowledge, the fortifications and arms for the destruction of ignorance. For this war both trustees and faculty are enlisted.

THE COLLEGE AS AN ORGANIZED BODY OF STUDENTS AND SEEKERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

As, in studying the faculty and government of the institution, we did not stop to investigate any one man, so must we dismiss the individual boy or girl and regard the whole band of matriculates, students, and alumni of the college as a definitely organized structure, an indissoluble company. Each elementary part undergoes many changes and the whole mass of individuals become a complex, living unit, self-perpetuating and mutually helpful through the years.

Emerson declares the world to be an "assemblage of gates and opportunities." The college has two gates—the one leading into it from the farm and the city home, from the high schools, the academies, the private instructors and the self-made phalanx, and from

all creeds and parties and conditions of birth. The rich and poor meet together, and the college is mother of them all. The journey from the home to the college gate is one strewn with benedictions. The future student is followed by prayers, filled with hopes, and received with love. I see them now trooping to the entrance-gate of Richmond College. Could any group of phenomena in nature be more heterogeneous than their previous scholastic endowment? By inheritance, by natural talents, by associations at home and abroad, by reading, by teachers, by experiences, by dress and manner, they are the synonym of difference. Each year brings a new procession of these unlike recruits to the entrance-gate, and in it, as in Peter's vision, every form and quality of mind in the world appears.

The problem for these boys and girls is the problem of culture. All the way up to this point their instruction has tended to differentiation; now comes the period of integration—I mean of social, intellectual, and moral integration—the formation of a higher complex unit of cultured souls. The Apostle Paul speaks of bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial. So there are two educations, the terrestrial and the spirituelle, which last we call culture. These youths are to be taught to guess the riddle of the sphinx, to know the answer of the problem of existence.

It was my privilege once to see Helen Keller, the blind and deaf girl, in the Smithsonian Institution. Shut out from the sensuous avenues of communication with the world, upon which we must rely, she had been taught by an ingenious teacher first to hold converse by playing upon the joints of her fingers as upon a piano, and then to speak with her lips by associating the playing upon her fingers with a set of vocal utterances agreed upon. The attendant brought her to a statue. As she stood upon a little platform, her right hand resting upon the face of the cold stone and her left hand in that of her teacher, how forlorn she looked to me, as she tried to guess the riddle of the sphinx. Her teacher, however, soon started her stream of thought in the other direction and turned her guessing into learning. Information came to the blind girl from all who stood about her, through the teacher. Her hand traced out the line indicated, her face lighted with joy, and the riddle was told. The riddle that she could not guess was revealed to her by a sympathetic world about her, of which she had not dreamed. In some such

fashion, my dear young friends, you enter this museum of the soul. How many deep questions did you ponder over and try to explain to yourselves in your homes? You painted on the canvas of your imagination pictures of things to which you were blind. But here you place your hands in those of loving teachers, to whom have been revealed the answers to your riddles. New streams of thought will course through your minds. However blind and deaf you may have been, your communion with the world of light will become perfected through these contacts. Furthermore, your contact with kindred minds of your own age will give you an accurate scale by which to measure yourself and others, and certain abnormalities and idiosyncrasies will become atrophied by disuse. You will make your contributions to a common stock of lore and humor; you will absorb and modify and copy common excellences. You will acquire knowledge that is current coin among the learned. You will at small cost be put in exchange and correspondence with every mind of the past and the present worth knowing. Every day of your sojourning you will have more to think about, and more to think about it. You will achieve a wider influence and you will have gotten into a grander sphere of being influenced.

You will hear of the Columbuses and Vasco da Gamas and Magelans of scientific exploration. The cords of your soul will be touched by the Homers and Shakespears, the Raphaels and Michael Angelos of humanity. You will be greater in every way than you were, because you will be enlarged in yourself, and because you will be in the brotherhood of learning, the republic of letters, the communion of scientific thought. You will be stamped with the image of the king. You will pass current at face value throughout the world. Nickel, copper, silver or gold you are by nature; but to this the college will add the mintage stamp and turn you from bullion into coin. No one knows where his life may be spent, but with these impresses he will find it hard to roam beyond the pale where they pass current.

The only regret I have is that there are many hundreds of precious minds whose poverty or ill fortune prevents them from ever getting into the world's currency. True, there are also in colleges those who go forth with the stamp on base metal and become counterfeits in the exchange of learning. But my pity is really awakened for any noble young man or woman who is capable of culture and longs

for it and who cannot get it. Only ore in the market of intellectual life.

As soon as you enter the academic gate, you are no longer a boy or girl, but you are a student. After passing the final examinations, you are one of the graduates, one of the alumni, and in relation to this and the whole fellowship of scholars you become the professional student, then professor, then trustee. You see at once that you can never again break away from this fraternity; you are a tone in a great symphony of scholarly affections. Hope for yourself, patience in your mutual work, pride of brotherhood, devotion to the *Alma Mater*, all the lovely expositions of the Golden Rule turned into actual life, may be seen in this holy alliance.

My dear young men and young women, believe me that it is through the college the race of scholars endures. The grave covers the heritage of thought and turns not only man to destruction, but his personal knowledge. No one can leave to son or daughter anything more than a proclivity for investigating or accumulating, intensified and refined by use and culture. It is through these gates that knowledge says, "Return, ye children of men." May the noble procession of youth continue widening as time goes on to enter the gates of this College. My blessing on you.

THE COLLEGE AS THE REPOSITORY OF VERIFIED KNOWLEDGE OR TRUTH.

The processes in the history of ascertained truths are similar to those of our common, every-day industries—to-wit:

1. The discovery and revelation of truth.
2. The manipulation, or, as we might say, the artisanship of knowledge.
3. The conveyance and transportation of knowledge.
4. The storage and commerce of truth.
5. The consumption and enjoyment of knowledge, for its own sake or as material of other knowledge.

If you will attend to these processes you will find that all of them may be reduced to three—namely: The labors of the men that are working beyond the limits of the known and verified, in order to wrest new facts and discoveries from the unknown. They are the investigators, and their legitimate work is investigation. Every moment a born investigator spends in anything else is just that much loss to research. The second class have only to deal with the known and verifiable. Their function is to test theories; to work

them, if proven, into the general scheme of all truth; to impart them to receptive minds and with undying devotion to guard the precincts of knowledge for its own sake, in order that no true word shall be lost or have been spoken in vain. The third class are entirely utilitarian. They are professional and polytechnic. Their works are industrial. It is they who command the earth, the waters, the winds, the physical, chemical, and vital activities to obey them. They are interested in astronomy for the sailor, in physics for the machinist, in chemistry for the arts, in plants for the farmer, gardener, and florist, in zoology for the stock-breeder, in men for the purpose of organizing them and instructing them to be skillful, efficient, and successful.

There can be no institution without a *motif*—one of these three. I do not mean that a proper amount of the other two shall not be in each. But it is necessary that each institution should have only one as the ruling concept. Every constellation in the heavens, every system of worlds about each star, in an especial manner the globe itself, every movement in the air and in the water, every life in plant or animal, every machine or factory or industrial system, every production of æsthetic art and genius, every family, society, church, and State has a central point or line or body or person out of which its activities spring, and around which they move.

In every association of men there is a set of unwritten laws and motives in operation, working from within and from without, that constitute the *genius loci*. The abstract principles embodied in these laws and motives are the institutional ideals. The manner of putting them into life and form is the history of the establishment. These ruling concepts soon come to be recognized and talked about in society. Men ask of banks, business firms, institutions, What sort of an establishment is that? And there are certain well-known phrases by which they are characterized—a kind of vocabulary of standing and ideals.

The college does not belong to the first class, though every college-man and boy may be an investigator in a limited sense. The investigation after truth is founded on doubt and distrust, and no one should think of making a boy's culture commence with doubt. "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side,

I will not believe"—that is the legitimate method of the investigator. It is the work of the observatory, the laboratory, the museum, the university.

The college does not belong to the third class. Nothing disparaging shall be here said of utilitarianism, since the Author of the earth has commanded men to fill up the earth and subdue it. The progress of culture has had as one of its most charming features the enlarging of the circle of human activities, the expansion of the sphere of influence over terrestrial powers and materials, the occupation of the world-encompassing streams of industry, the telling whence come and whither go those currents of human motives, so as to predict and circumvent them. But good men in all the ages past have been laying up treasures of verified knowledge and gems of thought, since all exploration into the unknown must be from the known, and all art is but the Renaissance of former arts.

The college belongs to our second class. It is a comprehensive trust and loan company for truths discovered. It is an organized body of science in the sense of all the culture of all the ages. It is the dispensary of knowledge and history. It is the creator of all-round men. It is to the student what the lexicon is to men of affairs—a living, growing, intelligent dictionary. It is the layer of foundations upon which other men will build. It is the common bond of the sciences. It is the maker of true specialists. It is a temple erected, endowed, and sustained by men who love learning for its own sake. Its ministers, together, are the priesthood of the intellect. Its students are youths who desire the artificial life of the most exalted as against the natural life of the savage and the folk. It is the landscape garden of the soul, from which are to be excluded all things that offend. It is the training ground for symmetrical and vigorous bodies, minds, souls, accomplishments. It unifies knowledges, reduces them to just proportion, and gives to every one a place. Above all—and it will bear repetition—there can be no original research in the university and the museum that is not based on good college discipline.

In our day, and as intellectual life is organized, all right roads out into the boundless unknown are through the colleges. It is the greatest calamity to the increase and diffusion of established knowledge that men and women still insist in running down something new by cross-country riding. The result is that the genius and best

labor of such are hopelessly lost to true co-operative research, wherein the self-made man is a misfortune. The whole universe is placarded with false statements of insufficiently equipped explorers. You read them in the telescope; you spy them in the microscope; they are written on the wind fumes of the laboratory, and natural science is everywhere labelled with them.

There can be no phenomenon of to-day that is not the child of yesterday; nothing will happen to-morrow that will not be the legitimate offspring of the past. How blessed, then, is knowledge in having one place where the past and to-day are not neglected or spurned for to-morrow. The people who build and endow colleges need not worry about the future of their sons. The men who spend their lives in these professional chairs are weaving the tapestry of the world's intellectual history; they are converting hundreds of empty minds into garners, treasure cities, repositories, sub-treasures of truth.

This perfect culture, this ideal enlightenment represented by the college system, however, must be adequate, must be wide and deep, as extensive and intensive as all knowledge. It has come to pass that the man who would know much about anything must learn a little about everything. The woodman cuts deepest into a tree who begins with the largest kerf. Canals and railroad excavations are much wider at the top than at the bottom. Even common businessmen lay up for a rainy day, and all well-managed banks carry a good sinking fund. The college fits men to work best at last in a narrow field of expert employment when it sends them out with provision against every emergency. It is farthest removed in its genius from these sectarian and utilitarian notions which lie at the foundation of many endowments.

The public school system is amply supported by law, because the measure of all values is the degree of intelligence of the people at large. Theological seminaries are abundantly cared for, because they rest at once upon the sense of self-preservation in Christian bodies. Technical, professional, and academic schools are self-supporting and even lucrative. Even the universities that are worthy of the name occupy such commanding eminences that it has become fashionable to endow them. But the college cannot become self-supporting. There never was a self-supporting college. Colleges

can be made self-supporting only by causing them to desert their legitimate functions and trespass on utilitarian schools.

No, dear friends of Richmond College, all such establishments as this are intellectual luxuries. They are the most refined of luxuries, for they do not demoralize those who indulge in them. They are the adornments which do not engender pride and vanity, the embellishments of life which we may share with others, and the more we give the more are ourselves enriched.

The function of the college is to keep within the boundaries of the known. The examination of new questions and the discussion of doubtful questions have no place in the college. It is the common carrier; it is the merchant on whose experience we rely. The men who occupy the chairs in colleges are teachers, not investigators. The two classes of men are not by natural endowment and training the same. The teacher must have had university training to know what to teach. He will always be dabbling with experiments, in order to make of himself the best possible teacher. If he be not growing himself, his pupils will not grow. He is, however, *par excellence*, a diffuser of truth. Now, there is a false notion abroad that the investigator is *ipso facto* a greater man than the teacher; that the expert and specialist, who finds some new mineral or plant or animal or star, is a greater man than the one who takes these scattered discoveries, systematizes and promulgates them. The truth is otherwise. The greatest astronomers, physicists, chemists, mineralogists, geologists, botanists, zoologists, sociologists, and on to the end, have had the title "Professor" prefixed to their names. The Newtons of the sciences were teachers. On the other hand, the born investigator is the poorest of teachers. He thinks life too short to waste on dull and unsympathetic pupils. One hour spent with them is just one hour stolen from his precious, soul-absorbing work. The investigator has come to find that a little teaching enables him to grasp his own thoughts and express them better; but let him have that experience in the university. Let him find the truth and put it into form and rest therein. As keepers of truths demonstrated, the colleges will have enough to do to hold fast to the known, to systematize it and to teach it.

How great their fortune! The tribes and nations long departed, the savages and barbarians of our day and of historic times, through the colleges, speak from their graves and their rude workshops.

The Mongoloid races have brought and are bringing rare gifts into these treasure-houses. Caucasian peoples, Hamites, and Semites and Aryans have filled their alcoves with the spoils of ancient lore. The treasures of Egypt are here, the lore of Chaldea, the splendor of Assyria, the arts of Babylon, the commerce of Phœnicia, the poetry and divine fervor of the Hebrew, the science of Arabia and Bagdad and Spain are secure here.

Occupying far the largest space, the Aryan people demand our chief scrutiny. Here are India and the Persian Empire, all their arts and industries are social life absorbed by their religion. Brahma and Buddha and Zoroaster are written upon every building, garment, tool, and weapon. This alcove belongs to Greece; and, as her islands and headlands push out into the Mediterranean, her art and philosophy and language have obtruded themselves into the learning of the whole world. The language of science is the language of Greece, and the methods of science were devised by her sages. Next to Greece is Rome, mother of nations, the dark-eyed, brunette mistress of ancient force, of modern law and order, of Latin Christianity, of the Romance peoples, and languages and culture of the moderns. There you have the Slavonic race, carving its way, like the Colorado river, into the Mongolian area and widening the dominion of the Tsar. But chief of all treasures for us are those of the Teutonic race. Fair-haired, blue-eyed and blonde Saxon and high German civilization stands at the pinnacle of human achievement. What a gallery of portraits. What a library of biographies. What a museum of results. What priceless treasures. What rare and brilliant gems. And here they are all safe in charge of skilled professors and keepers, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and thieves cannot break through and steal." Let us put off the shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground. It is the Westminster Abbey of all ages and people. It is the temple of the nine Muses. It is the holy of holies of knowledge.

AN ASSOCIATION OF MEN AND WOMEN ALL VIVIFIED BY THE SAME IDEALS.

To the intelligent public before me let me say, in conclusion, we have examined the college as an organized body of learned men and their patrons, as a body of youth, as a living and growing encyclopædia, a keeper, codifier, and dispenser of verified knowledge,

standing guard against error, but letting in all blessed truth—a kind of supreme court, the court of last resort in all doubtful knowledge. Let us now, finally, look upon it as the common ground of all thoughtful people in the community where its lot is cast.

The exit gate of the college opens, like the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, in Paris, upon all points of the compass, upon all the avenues of industry, upon all the roads of promotion, upon all the pleasant paths of culture. All these paths and roads and avenues have, it is true, cross streets by which they are connected. But the true plaza of the known, the rallying ground and forum of current thought, the *paradeisos* of the soul, is the college, the *Alma Mater*. It matters not how far a man may travel from this exit gate, even to the boundaries of scientific investigation, he can never go far enough to become independent of his *Alma Mater*. He becomes, in fact, more dependent upon her the further he journeys. Whenever he makes a fresh discovery he must come back to make his title good, to find a name for his new species, to defend his right to speak, and to commit to this venerable treasure-house his contribution to knowledge. It was here that his part in the commerce of thought began; it is here that the garnered harvests of science are rid of all chaff and tares, and are put upon the tracks and streams of universal mental activity.

To men of learning in all its branches the college is the central telephone office, through which they speak and perpetuate a common acquaintance; a kind of graphophone, into which they talk, and its records are thence distributed; a bulletin board, upon which they write their discoveries, so that he who runs may read.

You have seen them departing always in the month of June, scattering into the innumerable ways of human employment—some to exploit the earth and the seas for their harvests and treasures, some to transform these terrestrial materials into shapes best calculated for human gratification, some to take the wings of commerce and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and some to sit at the receipt of custom. In the life of the artist, the poet, the *litterateur*, the philosopher, the man of science, the lawyer and lawmaker, the physician, the statesman, the preacher, the intelligent citizen, they must needs develop specialized thoughts and a specialized language. But, if they should go on thus, there would be a Babel of intellectual trades unions without a common speech.

The newspaper, which is the poor man's college, would continue to furnish these men with the universal vocabulary. But for the results of their higher investigations, for making themselves intelligible to men of equal learning elsewhere, for expounding their researches to the world's congress of scholars, they must speak through the vernacular of the college. This is so literary true that the great majority of men constituting the staff of any great dictionary or general encyclopædia will be found to have been college-bred men.

Unless the specialist wishes to live to himself, and, alas, to die to himself, he also desires to be in touch with other men's work, to sit at least once a week in the assembly hall of science and philosophy, and in a few moments to be told the results of many years of other men's hard labor. Nothing is more instructive and delightful than to witness men of genius when they, for the first time, unveil to the public gaze the finished products of their minds.

Now, this is done by means of a language which both speaker and hearer learned in colleges, perhaps, separated by oceans. Unconsciously to the inventors, there has come about a language of science as intelligible in Japan and China and India as it is in Europe or America. So sensibly has this thought of furnishing a common medium of communication of experts with experts, of experts with the mass of common intelligence, taken possession of minds, that everywhere the college settlement is springing up. Why? That all men and women may cease to be workers, and learn to be investigators? By no means. The college settlement means the education of the ambitious and the intelligent to that point where they will want to buy your books, and read and comprehend them.

When once a man or a college or a people have made a contribution to this universal, intellectual stock in trade, it cannot be taken from them. The Arabs gave to the whole world and to all time the numerals and arithmetic and algebra. The forms of geometry belong to the world; but their discussions have had imperishable connection with different peoples. The laws of motion and astronomy must ever be associated with the names of Galileo, Newton, and Kepler, and each science and branch of literature, language, and philosophy is represented on the sky by a constellation of shining names. The Greek language, seconded by the Latin, so long as nations and investigators endure, the peculiar treasure and

trust of the colleges, will remain the universal means of communication concerning the heavenly bodies, the subtle forces of nature, the classes and conduct of atoms and molecules, the formation and movements of minerals and rocks, the genera and species of plants and animals, the parts of the human body, together with their functions, the science of mankind and all the sciences which men invent.

This speech of all nations becomes exoteric only through the medium of the dictionary and the encyclopædia, the gift of the colleges to the people. Besides this outward, audible speech, there is a visible sympathy among college-men. What brought these men and women here to-day but to see one another and enjoy the communion,

“Where thought leaps out to wed with thought,
Ere thought can wed itself to speech”?

Finally, the leading minds in any pursuit must needs be in this world-encircling stream of learning. The principals of your high schools and academies, certainly the presidents of colleges and universities, the deans and chairmen of all professional training schools, with the leaders among the clergy, and also the bright lights of the bar, as well as the influential men in legislation, even presidents of boards of trade and finance, chairmen of committees, and, in short, the dominant spirits of the world, are coming to be college-men, or they have by themselves and painfully self-taught acquired the comprehensive learning here imparted so easily.

The college is the maker and keeper of all-round men, of comprehensive minds, of broad views, of universal sympathies. If you should be travelling in the strangest place on earth to you, and should happen to meet a man, clergyman, lawyer, doctor, or pedagogue, who had been educated in any college whatever, you would find at once a sympathetic friend. He might not wear your badge nor belong to your fraternity nor know your esoteric grip, but he would soon show you that he belonged to the universal brotherhood of disciplined minds, and would put himself at your service.

As knowledge grows from more to more, the college must expand her walls. The number of business-men of wealth and success who favor learning for its own sake will increase. The men of learning who are happy only in disseminating it will grow in numbers. The

crowds of young men and young women who are anxious to be within the stream of world-encircling culture will multiply, and the demand for a central office of general knowledge will be enlarged with the further specialization of research and practice. To keep up with this increase and demand and rivalry, and to preserve from loss or detriment the treasures of the ages, will call for larger gifts, more cultured scholars, more complete organization. This is not a dead museum, like the Tower of London, where men of straw may pose in armor that once covered brave heroes. Each generation must furnish new contingents. It is a living library, where the books are men and the librarians are renewed every day; where to-morrow finds each participant a new edition of his former self.

And now, beloved President and Trustees and Faculty and students and graduates and friends, I commend to your vigilance this precious temple of science. I pray that here may ever be found the best buildings, books, men, and women that unitedly represent fairly the whole scope of knowledge.

I pray that no young man or young woman may ever knock at these doors in vain.

I pray that the numbers of those who come to worship at this shrine may ever increase.

I pray that all of you who are standing up for pure religion and the untrammelled conscience may with the same zeal contend here earnestly for pure science, unfettered and unsuspected, for it is only the daily readings of the Divine mind.

May you ever keep in mind that men professing to be the lovers of science and truth should not don the robe of teacher unless they are also infatuated with love for the Author of all truth. The mathematician, the physicist, the chemist, the naturalist, the linguist, the historian, the philosopher, or the *litterateur* has no business forming plastic minds, who is touched with no sense of reverence for the Divine Sculptor. He is not a safe guide for youthful travellers who is himself not sure of the way. Remember that the universe is the workshop of God, the elements of nature are His materials, the subtle forces of nature are His servants, His powers, His domestic animals. The suns and worlds and all spiritual beings are the products of His industry.

The movements of spheres and of atoms are His commerce and exchange, the correlation and conservation so complete that He keeps no profit and loss account.

The firmament by day and night and the atmosphere are His canvas, upon which He sets the patterns for artists to follow.

The surface of the earth is the atelier of the greatest of sculptors and landscape gardeners. The world itself is itself the Divine college out of which in some way all our learning and thought spring.

Who can worship the King of kings and not admire the palace in which He dwells and does His work?

Consecrated walls and open doors, my blessing on you. Stand open night and day for all who love the truth. Trustees and governors, my blessing on you. Guard ever this trust for science. Build here your monuments, and not in festering graveyards.

Professors and teachers, my blessing on you. Happy, indeed, are you! You are beloved by all, envied by none. But what a trust is yours! Remember that—

Man perchance may bind
Again the flower he crushed,
Or light anew
The torch he quenches,
Or to music wind the lyre-string
From his touch that flew,
But, for the soul, O tremble and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.

May coming generations rise up to call you blessed and crown your declining years with loving kindness and tender memories.

Undergraduates, my blessing on you. What would I give if I were young and had before me the promises of the twentieth century. The new sciences and knowledge and achievements will be yours, and I do sincerely wish that your names may be enrolled among those of the good and great.

Graduates of Richmond College, my blessing on you. This is your gentle mother of the mind. Every day will she need your prayers and help. When you are exalted she is exalted, for she lives in you. The character and standing and public reputation of every college is written on the lives and success of its alumni. So long as you pay your annual pilgrimage here there will be kept alive the love of learning.

“Awake, O north wind; and come thou south wind; blow upon this garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.”

For you, Mr. President, I have a special word. There come to a musical instrument spirits to dwell in it—the spirit of the maker and the spirit of the player. These dwell ever about the instrument, and whoever comes to possess it, and knows its history, must have an impervious soul if these spirits also do not take up their abode in him. If I owned a Stradivarius violin, or one that had been played upon by a master, instinctively and purposely I should be inspired thereby.

Around Richmond College are encamped the spirits of those who founded it and those who here have discoursed most eloquently in every field of knowledge. I pray that the music of those souls may be engendered in yours, and that in the handling of this marvellous instrument you may play more skillfully and elegantly on their account. The list of them, living or dead, is too long for me to repeat, but they and their excellencies are well known to you.

I commend to your good taste and patient care and untiring energy this organized body of learned men. As the latest great inventions are not the products of any one mind, but of many diversely trained minds, working together for a common masterful purpose, the composite graduate of the future in this institution must be the product of intellectual harmonies, or symphonies among many teachers. You are the conductor of this symphony, to stimulate every player to add all that he is able to the general result, and to restrain him from marring the result by over-playing.

Most hopefully and prayerfully do I commend to your loving watch-care the precious youth who will assemble here. I speak for fathers and mothers and anxious friends who become allied to this College when they give their boys to you. You are to make men of boys, cultured minds of untrained minds, gentlemen of gentlemen's sons. You are to know all the good paths through this world, all the snares that are laid for youthful feet. To each boy or young man you are to be father, counsellor, guide, friend, and protector. There will never come a day nor an occasion for your deserting any of them. Should father and mother forsake them, you are to take their part. There cannot arise an occasion in which you are to be their prosecutor. You are the one above all others to forgive them seventy times seven offences. If one of them go astray, follow him into the wilderness and bring him home in your arms. What the faithful attorney is to the estate, what the dear

old family physician is to the life, what the pastor is to the eternal welfare of the flock, you are to the culture and future happiness and usefulness of these. Their success is your success, their misfortunes are your misfortunes, their deficiencies are yours, and so are their secrets. Above all will you be their exemplar. If they love you, and it will be a great misfortune if they do not, they will imitate your walk and conversation, repeat your chance words as maxims, and regulate their gait by yours.

Especially, and with some emphasis, do I commend to your attention the college as a workshop. This will be your peculiar function, to see that the teacher has a good laboratory and apparatus of teaching, that the young men have as good facilities of eating, sleeping, playing, studying privately, reading, and cultivating good manners as they would have at Harvard or Yale or Princeton. Good work has been done with poor tools in poor shops, but most people do not want to go to a poor shop, and a good workman ought to have good tools; we owe it to him.

Finally, I desire to commend to you this splendid city, your especial clientage. It is the capital of a proud Commonwealth. Some of the best people in the world dwell here, and it will be a misfortune if ever its educated and cultured citizens do not point to Richmond College with some such pride as they point to the sacred monument in the adjoining ground. Ally yourself to the libraries, Virginia Historical Society, museums, professional schools, and form here a republic of letters. Be ever ready to answer or find an answer to every intelligent question. Gather around you here in public lectures and pleasant public instruction all the bright minds of the city. As all eyes in Washington focus on the statue of armed Liberty upon the Capitol, so may every man, woman, and child look to you for guidance in knowledge.

Lastly, Mr. President, I pray that there may ever be seen walking with you in the midst of your perplexities the form like the Son of God, that you may be taught of the Great Teacher, that the Redeemer of souls may help you to be the redeemer of minds, and that the spirit of knowledge and truth may guide you into all truth.

And now may the Framer and Conductor of the Universe and the Author of all knowledge lay his paternal hand on trustees, faculty, students, patrons, and well-wishers of Richmond College. Let us devoutly pray that this institution may be an instrument in

the production of that time when glory shall dwell in our land; an institution where mercy, or love and truth, or knowledge may meet together, where righteousness and peace may kiss, that truth may spring up from Richmond College to be allied with the righteousness that is to look down from heaven. And may the Lord give you that which is good and the land yield her increase.

Editorial.

OUR COLLEGE.

The present session bids fair to be the most prosperous in the history of the College. The number of matriculates is already hard on two hundred, and the probability is that it will reach two hundred and twenty-five before the close of the session.

Along with the highest mental qualifications, our President is endowed with a most powerful and indomitable energy—a qualification which is not only essential to permanent success, but one which is certain to make its possessor a mighty power.

Our old professors are too well known to our readers to be commented upon in this connection, but we beg leave to say a few words in regard to our new teachers.

Prof. S. C. Mitchell, the oldest of these, reminds us very much of the beloved Prof. H. H. Harris, in that he is not only a most excellent teacher in his own particular branch, but is a man of wide experience and universal information. Giving the students, as he does, the benefit of this information by way of comment upon the Latin, he makes the hours which we spend with him not only profitable, but intensely interesting.

Drs. Carroll and Hunter, though comparatively young in years, have already impressed the students with the fact that they are old in knowledge and experience. Coming to us, as they do, as graduates from the greatest university in our land, possessing lovely Christian characters, we believe that they will soon endear themselves, not only to the students of the College, not only to the people of Virginia, but to the people of the entire South.

Long live our *Alma Mater*! With such a corps of teachers, with such advantages as she can now offer, we feel safe in saying the time is not far distant when four hundred students will drink at her fountain of lore.

THE MESSENGER.

With such talent as we have among our students this session, we believe it is possible to even raise the already high standard of THE MESSENGER.

“The pen is mightier than the sword.” In no age in the history of the world was this saying of the immortal Bulwer more true than our own. In order now for a man to make an impress upon the world he must be able to write. The productions of the pen will be the *foot-prints* that we shall leave behind us on *the sands of time*.

Therefore, take advantage of every opportunity for developing and improving this most noble gift of man. Write for THE MESSENGER. And don't be satisfied with anything that will cover paper. Strive to write articles that will be really worth reading. It takes time. Yes, it does; but it takes time to do anything that is worth doing at all.

LIBERTY BELL.

On Friday evening, October 4, 1895, Liberty Bell, which was on its way to the Atlanta Exposition, was on exhibition at the Union Depot of this city. Notwithstanding the fact that Buffalo Bill was giving his Wild West performance in the west end of the city, the people thronged to see this old relic of the Revolution.

Though it is only a piece of moulded copper, yet what sacred history clusters around it! What sacrifices, what deeds of daring, what noble achievements did the very sight of it suggest to our minds! As we gazed upon it we were carried back, as it were, to the days of our forefathers. In fancy we could see its huge form swinging to and fro, we could hear its notes of freedom dying in the distance.

The *Bachelor of Arts* is the somewhat striking title of the latest addition to our exchange list. As the name would indicate, it has a decided university flavor, and is devoted largely to college and university life in its various phases. Unlike the ordinary college magazine, it is not published by any institution of learning, and is intended primarily for alumni rather than for undergraduates. It

is published in New York under the management of a Local Board of Editors, who have the co-operation of an Advisory Board composed of sub-committees, representing twenty-five or more of the foremost colleges and universities in the country. This, in connection with the fact that in the list of contributors are found such names as E. C. Stedman, J. W. Roosevelt, W. D. Howells, Rudyard Kipling, Albert Stickney, William James, and others, is sufficient guarantee that the magazine will be in all respects first-class. It is not only unique in its conception, but unusual in its size, shape, and general appearance, and is beautifully printed on good paper. The numbers that have already appeared are all that could be wished, and we predict for the *Bachelor* a decided success.

Collegiana.

Time, Mr. Editor, till Mr. H. speaks—we want some locals.

Mr. B., who has Int. Eng. and Int. Latin, represents Livy as saying “much more safer.”

Mr. H., upon being asked how much per hour he received for lecturing, replied: “I never have thus far received less than \$100 per hour.” We see now how Mr. H. can smoke cigars, and light them from the electric post.

Mr. C. (in chemistry): “Water \propto na = Sodium high-ox-dried.”

Mr. M. desires to know what is meant by the “Liberty Bell.”

Mr. M—g, after walking four miles to see the Liberty Bell, decided that it is worth five cents to ride on street-car.

Prof. T. (in Jun. Phil.): “Mr. J., where is the organ of taste located?”

Mr. J.: “In the tongue.”

Prof. T.: “In the end, middle, or all over the tongue?”

Mr. J.: “All over the tongue, I guess.”

Prof. T.: “Why not all over the mouth?”

Mr. J.: “Well, all over the mouth, then.”

Prof. P. (in Int. Eng.): "Mr. M., will you tell us some of the ways of producing epigrammatic effect?"

Mr. M.: "One way is, er—by seeming *irrillivance*."

And Mr. M. doesn't yet know why the class roared.

Mike: "Say, Charles, why is a lady that uses paint like a Southern maid-servant?"

Charles: "I don't know. Do you?"

Mike: "Why, of course, she is a colored woman. See?"

Rat D.: "Prof. B., where can I get my mail?"

Mr. Prov. (in debating hall): "Cuba should belong to Spain because a Spaniard discovered it."

Mr. B. was recently reproaching Mr. A. for not having a pedigree, and in the exhuberance of his pride of having a halo of ancestral glory encircling his own name, Mr. B. boasted that he could trace his ancestors as far back as Ham. Famous, old boy!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

I called upon my sweetheart

One evening rather late.

I saw her in the distance,

Awaiting at the gate.

She did not see me coming;

I knew it was put on.

I crept up close beside her;

'Twas only just for fun.

And while she stood unconscious

That I was very near,

I put my arms around her,

And hugged and kissed my dear.

"Go 'way, man, stop foolin'!"

I took another look.

O horror upon horrors!

It was the colored cook!

G. H. COLE.

Moral: "Look ere you leap."—ED.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

The gymnasium was opened for the session on Monday, October 7th.

The opening exercises were held in the College chapel, and the presence of a large audience serves to show the interest which Richmond people have in this department of college work.

Dr. Charles H. Ryland presided, and in his opening remarks spoke of the increase of interest in the gymnasium during the past few years, and also of the bright prospects for the present session.

An address was made by Prof. S. C. Mitchell, in which he emphasized the importance of exercise in developing will power.

Prof. Schatzel, of the city Y. M. C. A., also made an interesting address.

Other features of the entertainment were a drill by a select class and club-swinging by the new physical instructor.

President Boatwright then declared the gymnasium open for the session of 1895-'96.

An interesting feature in the Richmond College exhibit at the State Fair was the Gymnasium Drill given by Mr. Owens, assisted by Messrs. G. H. Cole, E. W. Province, W. E. Gibson, C. E. and D. M. Taylor.

Our new instructor, Mr. O. L. Owens, has taken a full course of physical culture in Richmond College, in the city Y. M. C. A., and in the University of Wisconsin. He has two gold medals for special excellence in gymnastics and track athletics. He reports larger classes than usual, and a great increase of interest in gymnastics among the students.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The Geographical and Historical Society held its first regular meeting of the session on Monday, October 14th, with President Boatwright in the chair.

No papers had been prepared to be read at this meeting.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President, Prof. F. W. Boatwright; Vice-President, R. Edward Loving;

Secretary, O. L. Owens; Treasurer, E. H. McEwen. Messrs. Wortley F. Rudd, John A. Sullivan, John E. Johnson, and W. B. Daughtry were elected reporters for the *MESSENGER*, *Times*, *State*, and *Dispatch*, respectively.

Messrs. J. B. France, of Richmond county; J. D. Gwaltmy, of Surry; W. C. Hurst, of Tennessee; P. E. Lewis, of Norfolk; P. E. Ryan, of Clarke county; John A. Sullivan, of Richmond; G. C. Smith, of North Carolina, and E. T. Poulson of Accomac, were elected members of the Society.

The Executive Committee will at an early date present to the Society plans for the year's work.

The Society counts itself peculiarly favored in having secured Hon. J. L. M. Curry to deliver the annual address. His subject will be "Italy."

Arrangements are being made to have at intervals during the year several addresses, and the Society hopes to make these public occasions especially attractive to lovers of historical research.

The members seem to be ready for work, and we hope to make this the most prosperous year of our career.

W. F. RUDD.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

During no year since the organization of the Association has the Reception Committee had more work to do than it had to do at the beginning of this year. Ever since several days before College opened some of the committee have been on the lookout for new students, meeting them at the depot, showing them up to College, introducing them to the President, to the students, and helping them to arrange their rooms. This was somewhat a new feature, but worked well notwithstanding. The committee realizing that the associations which are formed by new students during the first few days they are at College shapes the whole destiny of their lives, tried to throw good influences around them; and they trust that their efforts along that line have not been in vain.

The first Monday evening after College opened a reception was tendered the new students by the Association. Special services were held in the chapel, consisting of addresses from the President and Vice-President of the Association, the President of the College,

and by several of the pastors and laymen of the city churches. Then all repaired to the dining hall, where refreshments were served in abundance. The occasion was enlivened by the presence of several young ladies.

Our first meeting was the consecration service on Sunday morning after College opened. It was well attended both by old and new students. Mr. J. J. Hurt, president of the Y. M. C. A., led the meeting. After Mr. Hurt made a short talk relating to the importance of engaging in religious work while in college, the meeting was turned over to the new students, several of whom expressed what their purpose was while in college, and signifying their intention not to abandon God's cause as so many do every year. All of our religious meetings have been especially well attended so far. We hope the interest will not flag, but will keep on increasing until every student makes our prayer-meetings his standing engagements.

Mr. L. A. Coulter, secretary of the Richmond Association, was with us a short time ago. He addressed the students on the subject of Bible study. His words were timely, instructive, interesting, and to the point. He urged upon us the importance of knowing God's Word, saying that the men who could do the most effective work for Christ were the ones who knew Christ, and that we could know Christ only by studying Him. He gave us several methods for studying, some of which the Bible classes will take up.

The Bible classes have just organized, and we feel very much encouraged over the result. There will be five classes, each class electing its leader. The course of study is optional, but most of the classes will take up "Devotional Study." About fifty or sixty men have joined the classes. Now, fellows, let's go at this with a vim, and with our whole heart, resolving that with God's help we are going to learn something about His Word this year. God has promised to be with us, and His promises never fail.

Work at the different *mission stations* has been resumed. Last year very much good was accomplished at these stations, and we trust that a greater may be done this year. There is nothing like coming in contact with the people. Show them that you are a Christ-man, live up to your profession, and you will be respected, blessed, and will be able to gather some sheaves into the kingdom

for your Master. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The Mission Band or Class will be reorganized in a short while. Last session two men from the band joined the Volunteer Movement. We have in college now five volunteers—a noble set of young men—who say, "God permitting me, I am going to tell the story of the Cross to the people in benighted and heathen lands." Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and do all we can toward the evangelization of the world in this generation.

Mr. J. M. Broadnax, one of the travelling secretaries of the Students' Volunteer Movement, has been with us for the past day or two. He gave the students an address on the Movement, and urged each one to find out God's will respecting himself, and after that has been done, to do it. He was filled with enthusiasm, and touched our hearts. We hope much good may come from his visit to us.

And now, fellows, as we enter upon this year's work, trials, and duties, let us never forget our first duty, let us never neglect our daily devotions, let us never forget that God's eye is upon us, and let us let our lights shine with a brilliancy that knows no going out, feeling assured that God will give us the victory through Jesus Christ his Son, who died the death of the cross.

W. BONNIE DAUGHTRY.

THE KNOXVILLE SUMMER SCHOOL.

From June the fourteenth to the twenty-fifth, the beautiful hills about the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, were alive with students, hailing from all parts of our Southland. From the sunny shores of Florida to the gold hills of California, from the tablelands of Virginia to the lowlands of Louisiana. One hundred and forty-four delegates, from forty-nine of our institutions, met here to study the various phases of Christian work that may be done under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

In this limited space it would be impossible to give in detail what was done at this great gathering, or to repeat the many very valuable suggestions given by the leaders of the movement; but we will try to give some idea of the greatness of the work, and of its vital importance, especially to college-men.

It is interesting to notice the steady growth in all lines of Christian work. During the last year the number of associations increased from 445 to 513. This increase of sixty-eight new associations is the largest recorded in the history of the intercollegiate movement. With hearts full of gratitude to God, we can now look out over the student-field of North America, and say that the intercollegiate movement includes practically every prominent institution of higher rank on the continent.

The progress of the volunteer movement should be noted because of its organic relation to the College Young Men's Christian Association. This movement has been steadily advancing since its organization was effected in 1888, but at no time has it made such substantial progress as during the past year. About 400 institutions were visited by a representative of the volunteer movement, and it is estimated that 25,000 students heard the missionary appeal. Young men and women everywhere have been devoting themselves to the thorough study of the missionary enterprise, and many have offered themselves as volunteers. Realizing the need of money as well as men, these young men and women raised over \$30,000 last year for missions.

The efficiency of the Young Men's Christian Association has been steadily increasing since its organization. During the session of 1890-'91, through its instrumentality, 1,800 souls were brought to Christ. During the session of 1894-'95, 3,400 souls were won. Thus we see the magnitude of the work and its great results. Shall it continue to grow? Shall more men this year than ever before hear the missionary appeal, and shall more men give themselves to the Master's service as volunteers? Shall the students raise more than \$30,000 this year for missions? Shall more college young men be won for Christ this session than during any previous year? Richmond College has a say in all this. The association here has its part of the work to do. Fellow-students, the duties, the privileges, the responsibilities are ours. Let the great work that has been done, and that is being done throughout the land, be a stimulant to us to do our part.

Mr. John R. Mott gave us the following as the purposes of an association, which we should earnestly strive to carry out:

1. To unite all the students of the college who desire to promote the spiritual life, activity, and influence of the college.

2. To win students to become followers of Jesus Christ.
3. To guard students against the temptations and perils which beset college-men, both in the realm of the body and of the mind.
4. To deepen the spiritual life of the Christian students.
5. To increase their efficiency, both in the individual and organized Christian work.
6. To be an aggressive spiritual force within the sphere of the influence of the college.
7. To influence men as they go forth from college to place their lives where they will count most in the work of the Church to advance the kingdom of Christ.

It was strongly emphasized that our association should cultivate primarily the college field. It should not be a matter of secondary importance. An association should not go outside of its college walls to do work which others might do, to the neglect of a work within its walls which no other class of individuals can do. This does not mean that an association should not engage in outside work. It means that its primary aim should be to meet the needs within college walls. The importance of this is evident, as it is known that a very small percentage of men who go out from college without a saving knowledge of Christ ever become Christians. And when we reflect that many of these men who go out from college possess talents which, if used in the right way, might accomplish much for the Master, it behooves us to make a great effort to win them for His service. And so the all-pervading purpose of the association should be to lead the students to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior. This should be kept in mind throughout the entire session. Its members should therefore thoroughly acquaint themselves with the Word of God, and go forth in His strength to do the work He has appointed for them, recognizing the great truth in the words: "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Every delegate at the Summer School was strongly urged to carry back to his institution an enthusiasm for the study of God's Word. As some one said, Bible study should constitute the pivotal department of the association. Weakness here means weakness in every other department. Strength here means large and enduring results along the whole range of the activities of the association. This is, therefore, something we cannot afford to neglect. There should be

in every institution classes for devotional study and for practical study. We need to hear the Master's voice spoken to us in His own Word, and we need to follow the example of the great personal Worker.

One should not get the idea that with these Bible Classes and Missionary Institute, Platform Meetings, Presidential Conferences, and Life-Work Conferences (about all of which we cannot write), time was not given for recuperation. It was a significant feature, and worthy of imitation by all college associations, that abundance of time was given to exercise.

Special programs were arranged for every afternoon, so varied as to meet the inclinations of all. It was recognized that bodily strength and health lends a new impetus to mental and spiritual development.

The most important feature at this Summer School Conference, it seems to me, was the Life-Work Meetings. It is true that those powerful and soul-stirring addresses at the Platform Meetings, by such distinguished leaders as Drs. McBride, Mott, Speer, Brockman, Miller, and others, had a powerful effect on the delegates in leading them to realize the responsibilities of life; but at the Life-Work Conferences we were brought face to face with very vital and important questions as to our life's work, and at the same time were given convincing proofs of the necessity of immediate decision. These meetings were very impressive. Some of them were held in the twilight. A very beautiful sight it was to see 150 young men reclining on the green hillside, under the canopy of heaven, worship the Savior as the apostles of old worshipped Him. We could indeed hear the voice of our Master speaking to us through His servants; whether we bowed in prayer or lifted our voices in song, He seemed near. The claims of the different fields upon us were presented. We had with us distinguished Christian leaders from other lands, among the most prominent of whom were: Messrs. Richard Burgess, of Wales; Frank Anderson, travelling secretary of the Inter-University Christian Union of Great Britain; J. Butler Williamson, of the University of Edinburgh, who next year acts as secretary of the Student Volunteer Union of England. These distinguished foreigners added much to the success of the Conference, not only in this department, but in others as well.

Among other claims that of Foreign Missions was very strongly presented. We were told of the millions yet in darkness, who have never yet heard of the Savior's coming to the world to die for sinners. We were told that the need is universal, and that a universal remedy is needed. The world needs a religion that will reveal a future. Buddhism has revealed an empty future. Hindooism has revealed nothing true, and so with other false religions. There is a glorious future for us as Christians. The one remedy for sin is Jesus Christ, and the world to-day needs him. Too many of us are ignorant of the great needs in foreign fields. We need obedient Christians, who will live for Jesus Christ just where he wants them to live.

Archbishop Whately has said: "If our faith be false we are bound to change it; if our faith be true we are bound to propagate it." We should lay aside indifference and push forward to do the Master's will. Mr. Anderson, of England, closed one of his stirring appeals with the following beautiful passage, which is certain to stir the heart of every one in sympathy with the mission of Christ:

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."

He said, "Nay, walk in the town."

I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;

There is nothing but noise and din."

And He wept as He sent me back.

"There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun."

He answered, "Yet souls are sick

And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,

And friends will miss me, they say."

He answered me, "Choose to-night,

If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, "Is it hard to decide?

It will not seem hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

W. E. GIBSON.

Clippings.

A SERENADE.

Beneath my fair queen's lattice
I touch my light guitar,
And play there while the cat is
My echo from afar.

But hark! how softly stealing
From yonder window, creeps
A long, deep sound, revealing—
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

—*Rockford Collegian.*

THERE WAS.

Mamma: "I understand that you have accepted that club dude.
Is there anything in it?"

Madge: "Not much; but it's got rich grandparents on both sides,
so it's all right."

Butler University adds the price of the college paper to the tuition of each student.—*Ex.*

Professor: "Mr. Wakeup, can you tell what beside chloride of iodine is found in salt water?"

Wakeup: "Why, yes—fish."—*Student Life.*

AGREED WITH HER.

Miss Screecher: "I'm saddest when I sing."

Bilson: "So are the neighbors."

Bobby: "Our dog's name is Cicero, but since my brother's been to college he calls it 'Kickero.'"

Johnny: "I s'pose that's the way they pronounce it at college. They're all crazy on foot-ball."

His love, he said, was like the sea;
The maiden answered quick,
She thought that he was right in that,
Because it made her sick.—*Ex.*

Alone and far from home I stood
Beneath the midnight sky,
Looking upward through the gloom
To the starry lights on high.

Then to my heart this comfort came,
My absent dear ones see
These self-same stars that from above
Are watching over me.

MARGUERITE.



RICHMOND

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