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My idols are all crumbling. In youth, how many shrines—each dedicated to a cherished opinion—do we rear in our hearts; but, alas! how short is the season that we worship before them. As each storm of experience rages, one by one they crumble until nothing but rubbish remains. Thus Beatrice mused as she looked with an expression of sadness across the beautiful little lake. The lake was at her old home,
and the spot where she sat was the prettiest on its margin. All around water-lilies were floating, while overhead a large cypress towered.

Beatrice was certainly a girl to be envied. Not only was her family one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic in the State, but the girl herself had been very much favored by fortune. Beautiful, educated, and proud, yet she was unaffected; pure as a Greek statue; kind and generous to everybody—just such a girl as this frivolous, rapid age stands so sadly in need of.

His life had not been full of pleasure. Nothing but a hard, cheerless struggle. If he was ever possessed with noble aspirations poverty had smothered them long ago. The little education that he possessed he had acquired by his own exertions. Now, he was only general-utility man on the place, and he was fully conscious of his humble position, too; but yet he was so calm and dignified in all his actions, so respectful to both his superiors and fellow-workmen, that everybody, from master to stable-boy, liked him. He had few acquaintances, and no friends, for he seemed to find no congeniality among those whom his position allowed him to associate with. He passed most of the evenings alone in the little cottage near the mansion, and on Sundays he occupied a back seat in the little church.

Every day he saw with despair that he loved Beatrice more and more. She had been home just a year now. Some of that time had been passed in entertaining her fashionable friends, and on those occasions her education, her refined manners, her aristocratic bearing, had shown him that she belonged to another world than his. But much of the time she had been free from visitors. He had been her attendant on all her drives; under her directions he had planted and nursed the flowers. He had seen her works of charity, how everybody loved her; and he could not help loving her also, only his love was different from theirs. Though high above him, yet he saw in her all that was good and pure, and when she lent him
books, when she spoke kindly to him, he could hardly keep
the blood from rushing to his face. On most occasions, how­
ever, he managed to preserve his customary calmness.

A few days after her arrival home he was repairing a horse­
rack on the lawn. Beatrice and a visitor were conversing on
the porch. The visitor was Mr. Stewart, a prominent young
lawyer. Highly educated, handsome, and manly, he was
bound to be admired. The conversation was quite spirited, and,
although some steps away, he plainly heard Beatrice as
she replied to her companion: “Schiller said, ‘He deserves to
find himself deceived who think to find a soul in the unthink­
ing man.’ I agree with him, Mr. Stewart. I could never love
an humble, uneducated person.”

“Much learning doth make you mad,” replied Mr. Stew­
art. “Nobility is born in the heart; not in the mind.”

A year has now passed since that conversation. Both the
lawyer and the other listener love Beatrice, but the love of one
is hopeless. He sees how noble and aristocratic George Stew­
art is. He also remembers that conversation; and so when he
sees the young lawyer and Beatrice happy together he feels
very painfully his own unworthiness.

We do not known exactly what this year has wrought with
Beatrice’s heart, but we do know what her musings are as she
sits by the lake’s side.

The general-utility man had accompanied her as she rode
around the farm this morning. They passed by one of the
laborer’s houses, in front of which a rough man was beating
and cursing his little daughter, all unmindful of the mother’s
entreaties. Before Beatrice could say anything he turned his
flushed face toward her, and receiving a look of approval, he
jumped down from his horse, snatched the trembling little
creature from the rough hand and placed her in her mother’s
arms. He stood between them for a moment, and then con­
temptuously exclaiming, “Coward!” he remounted, and fol­
lowed Beatrice as she rode away.
Probably this little incident, along with many similar ones, had somewhat to do with Beatrice's musings.

She soon left the lakeside, however, for she remembered that Mr. Stewart was to spend the evening with her. She also remembered his looks, his words, when they parted last evening, and she was led to believe that he would declare his love to-night. This thought was pleasant to her.

He was tired from the hot afternoon work, so he cast himself upon the green sward, where he lay with a look of weariness upon his face. An expression of sadness appeared also, as he saw Beatrice walking up and down the porch, her face beaming with a smile of expectancy.

Thus he lay—and thus she walked. Suddenly the noise of flying hoofs was heard. Beatrice uttered a sharp cry, and he sprang up in time to see an infuriated horse plunging madly up the long avenue beyond all control of its rider. Nearer and nearer the mad steed came, until it was seen that the unfortunate horseman was Mr. Stewart. "O, save him! save him!" cried Beatrice. For a moment he faltered, then he looked at her, and in that look revealed all that had been hidden so long. The thundering steed was about to dash by, but at that moment he threw himself forward, caught the dangling reins, and, after being carried some feet, threw the animal upon its haunches. The rider fell heavily to the ground; but at that moment the unconquered horse made another plunge, threw his fore-feet wildly in the air, trampled down the figure barring his way, and passed wildly on, thus leaving two figures lying unconscious upon the ground. All was over in a moment. Beatrice turned deadly white, smothered the sobs that came to her lips, and rushed out to one of the prostrate figures. It was not the young lawyer, however; it was the other one, poor fellow. She took his head in her lap, and looked a moment at his bare breast, where the blood was flowing from an ugly wound, but the sight sickened her. Then she brushed the matted hair from his white forehead, and wiped with her handkerchief the blood from his pale lips. She caressed him,
sobbed over him, called his name, but his lips, though a smile played on them, refused to open.

They carried him to the little cottage, where every possible thing was done for him. The family physician attended him. Beatrice prepared all kinds of delicacies for him. She fanned him throughout the long days, and at night she wept and prayed for him. All was in vain, however. The iron shoes of the horse had mashed his chest too badly. He became weaker and weaker every day. One afternoon the old doctor shook his head, and said with a sigh: "Poor, noble boy, he will be gone before sunset." Little did he know the pain that this remark gave Beatrice. Untiring in her efforts, a slight ray of hope had always buoyed her up, but now the wearied, hopeless girl was completely crushed.

She went to her room, but there it was suffocating. In a little while she went out, walked across the lawn, with a look of anguish upon her face, and entered the cottage. The sufferer smiled as she approached him. The smile deepened as she sobbed: "I love you. Why must you die and he be left? Once I was so proud, but now you are king, and I the beggar. O! I love you; I love you!"

Not long before sunset Mr. Stewart arrived. Since the accident he had made several attempts to see Beatrice, but each time he had failed; and now, with an anxious look on his face, he was seeking her. He entered the cottage just in time to see the poor sufferer breathe his last. Beatrice was not there, however, and he walked toward the lake, while the tolling farm bell was announcing the death. He went to her favorite spot, but all seemed deserted there. The faint chirping of birds, and the subdued murmur of the sunlit waves, were the only audible sounds except the distant tolling of the bell. At last, however, he saw a white figure lying very close to the water. The yellow waves were almost kissing her feet, and the last rays of the sun, shimmering through the trees, revealed the sad, white features of Beatrice.
IMMANENT REALITIES.

Not everything that touches the world is fancy. The momentary expansion of every brilliant idea is not always a reality.

An excess of brilliant conception has created a world of excessive fancy, in which many minds have been spoiled—have become dreamers instead of thinkers. Reality brings within the range of finite conception those things which exist. Fancy brings to us those things which have only a possibility of real existence. There are some things which, while they may exist, cannot be demonstrated. These doubtful possibilities concern us only in so much as they shall give necessary play to the imagination.

There are many things in the world of Fancy which attach themselves very closely to those light and frivolous ideas which are not what they seem.

An idea which is seen by fancy, but which cannot be grasped by the mind, is a wandering idea, with only a possibility of existence.

Intelligence was created for a destiny—a destiny as high, as glorious, and as real as itself. Intelligence is not the evolution of something below it. It is not the mere refinement of animal life. It is the essence of the Infinite Intelligence. Its law of existence is, that “Infinity alone can cancel what Infinity has done.”

The product of intelligence is the world of thought and ideas—the finite conception of the universe. The constructive genius of refined intelligence has imprinted an idea upon everything.

We look upon the flower as it blooms in spring-time; it suggests an idea; this idea associates at once with our conception of the beautiful. We look upon the stars; they, too, suggest an idea; this idea at once associates itself with our conception of the sublime. Thus constructive genius, which is the evolution of refined intelligence, has given to the world its proper meaning, and imprinted upon everything a sublime destiny.
Is there anything permanent? Yes, you say, the pyramids are permanent; the planets are permanent. Is this all? Some say “yes,” many say “no.”

There are three pyramids which will never crumble. There are three planets which revolve around the great centre of finite intelligence that will never be thrown from their orbits and hurled into nonentity. These are: Life, Mind, Thought. These are Immanent Realities. It is of these realities, of which man, the “Vicegerent of Jehovah,” is the centre, that I would speak.

You will indulge me if in this discussion I shall pay too high a tribute to man. I am partial to him because I hope to be one myself some day. I honor him because he is created “a little lower than the angels,” and endowed with greater capacity.

All constructive and all destructive forces have their common centre in the Life, Mind, and Thought of man. The destiny of human intelligence is the destiny of the world.

Man represents a trio of forces which reflects the thought of the universe and the essence of all immortality. He, together with the forces which he embodies, is the product of that grandest of all inventive ideas, which was formulated by the Divine Mind when the “Eternal Three, in uncreated glory, dwelt alone.”

The force of the divine idea, and its expansion in the creation of man, shines forth in human life. It is ennobled by the human mind and its possibilities.

Life, Mind, Thought! What is Life? I know not what it is. It underlies all reason and all philosophy. It is the cause of great effects. It is the end of all destiny. Doubtless, though, its deepest philosophy is what it really is: Life is duty.

Ask the immortal student, who stands upon the verge of the dim unknown, reflecting upon the difficulties and victories that have attended his college life; he will tell you that life is duty, and that the highest life is the sternest devotion to duty. But, after all, is it real? Is it only a circle of follies without a meaning?
"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Are not the dramas of Shakespeare real? Do they not portray that which is true to life?

How much more real the great drama of human life, in which is imaged forth the blackest tragedies and brightest accomplishments of the human soul!

Can it be that men can live, send out forces from their lives which shall touch the lives of all other men, and there be no reactive force?

This is impossible.

Every life is the complement of some other life.

The aggregate of all human forces is the unity of all lives and all minds.

You cannot effect a part without effecting the whole.

Every life that is lived is the part of one great whole, and the contraction or expansion of this life is felt throughout the universe of mind.

Goethe, though he trifled with his fellow-men, was the profoundest intellectual force of his age.

If it were possible to destroy this one life, what would be the loss to German thought. Yes, what would be the loss to the world of thought and intellectual inspiration.

One of the principles of physical science is that no force, however small, can be destroyed; hence the smallest life-force is as indestructible as the great aggregate of which it is a component part.

But does life reach beyond the world of matter? Does it pass away simply to become a "brother to the insensible rock"? No; we should say not.

When the human body shall have decayed, the life of its constructive particles will not be held in reserve, but will be
given out to exist in some other form of life. The flowers and
the grass will embody a part of our lower life. But the higher
intellectual life will exist in every thought and idea that we
have "turned loose upon the world." These thoughts and
ideas may be dispersed throughout infinite realms, but they are
stored up somewhere. They cannot be destroyed. They are
tangible, too, and are felt by the world. When our lower life
shall have been purified, ennobled, and immortalized by the
touch of the Divine hand, to this life will be reunited those
thoughts and ideas of our higher life, thus forming that ideal
existence, which is the destiny we seek.

There is an application of this truth to us who shall live and
think in the twentieth century. It is this, young men, we
cannot afford to shine in splendor that is borrowed from spirits
kindred to our own. But we must shine in that splendor
which is borrowed from our own lives, refined and brightened
by the touch of higher education.

This introduces us to another idea.

Life is the embodiment of something that ennobles it.

Mind gives to life its force, its beauty, its greatness, its de­

What a magnificent faculty of man! The immortal mind,
"bright emanation of eternity's Father," is the brightest star
in the constellation of an infinite existence. The mind has
comprehended the finite thought of the universe. It has
demonstrated the truth of scientific laws that were formulated
by the mind of Him "in whose bosom law was born."

Upon a world of darkness and mystery the mind has said :
"Let there be light," and there is light.

A passing remark on the product of mind.

The inherent power of mind is not derived from its relation
to external objects.

The greatest effect is the result of the greatest cause.
Thought is the greatest effect in the intelligent world; mind
the greatest cause. I can never speak of thought as it really
is. It's nothing but greatness. It's the reasoning of Heaven written upon the soul.

Every created thing has a complement in human thought.

Every star, every planet, every flower, every plant, every rock, finds its complement in that intelligent conception which first gave it meaning. Our highest conception of thought is that it is indestructible. It is coexistent with the fastest flights of time, and has a destiny beyond the stars. Thought is immaterial; it cannot be touched by any attrition of time.

Time has not marked thought, but thought has marked time. Thought is the pen that has marked the ages.

The thought that has been given to us by the inventive minds of the past is the living force of the present. It will be the living force of all the future.

The thought of Virgil and Homer has passed beyond the age in which it was born, and is now striking the deep undercurrents of a new age and a new life.

The thought of the sublime Milton, which gives to us our utmost conception of the mind's possibilities, is now breaking upon the golden age of literature. That thought was his when first his inventive mind conceived it; that thought is his now; that thought will be his in the realm of his "Paradise Regained." These are the possibilities. This the destiny of human life, mind, and thought.

Immortal man, indeed thou art created in the image of an Omniscient God, and the brightest jewel of all worlds.

J. E. Hicks.

AURORA LEIGH.

The best production of the greatest poetess, is the opinion of the critics.

In the realm of fiction George Eliot surpasses all other women; in the realm of poetry Mrs. Browning is easily the first. Aurora Leigh is her masterpiece.

It is accorded a high place in literature—perhaps the highest place accorded to any poem of this century—certainly the
highest place ever accorded to any literary production of woman in any age.

Attention is invited to its many praiseworthy features as well as to a few of its flagrant mistakes.

It has not won its enviable place in literature because of its style.

Mrs. Browning is very much the inferior of Longfellow and Tennyson in unfailing flow of thought and feeling. She has not the finished elegance nor the heart-moving power of her two great contemporaries. Yet, in Aurora some of the deepest pathos is found: "'T'would almost make the stones cry out for pity" to see the widowed father nursing "the unmothered child of four years old"; "Mothers have God's license to be missed"; Aurora in infant days gazing upon her mother's picture; in the first years of womanhood looking out in melancholy mood from the window of the green room; blind Romney pleading with love's eloquence—these are scenes most touching.

Indeed, the deepest thought and the noblest sentiment are found in the poem, but the flow is not continuous.

The purpose of the poem is above reproach—to reveal "the philosophy of life and art," both of which were so fully known to the writer.

Life was a serious thing with Mrs. Browning, hence the high moral tone so much superior to that of George Eliot.

The life of Aurora, with its changing fortunes, may be adequately represented in three separate periods: (1) The formative period, (2) the period of active effort, (3) and the period of travel and contact with the world.

Each of these has its moral lessons.

In the first, love of mother, influence of parents, and early associations and of contact with books are shown.

In the second, Aurora's untiring perseverance commends itself.

We need to remember that in Aurora Mrs. Browning would impersonate herself; and surely we have no better example of
womanly perseverance than is afforded us in the life of Mrs. Browning.

Though a delicate child she was a most laborious student, mastering the Greek and Latin languages.

And as in early life "illness did not keep her from her books," neither did it prevent her in later life from accomplishing what seems for woman the impossible.

In the third period of Aurora's life catholicity of spirit is manifest.

Notice her willingness to admit the real greatness of foreign nations and institutions—a lesson not yet learned by Americans.

In this period of life Mrs. Browning shows her own love for Italy:

"My Italy, my own hills;  
Are you aware of me, my hills,  
How I burn toward you"?

Mrs. Browning's ideas of "life and art" are worthy of our best attention.

Her idea of life itself, as already indicated, is, in some respects, praiseworthy. Perhaps she is a little gloomy. This is due to her own suffering:

"I wonder if Brinvillers suffered more  
In water torture, flood succeeding flood,  
To drench the incapable throat and split the veins."

The foundation for success is laid in indefatigable industry.

"I worked with patience, which means power."

Yet there is more than mere sarcasm in her statement,—"Mankind accepts it if it suits, and that is success."

Her idea of the relative position of man and woman is rather hard to determine, but it pervades the entire book.

At first Aurora turns lightly away from Romney, indicating in many ways her idea of woman's independence.

Later she confesses that woman is man's inferior:
AURORA LEIGH.

"After all, we cannot be the equal of the male,  
Who rules his blood a little."

In the end Aurora yields to Romney—in some respects the weakest of men.

In the early years of womanhood Aurora "stopped not to think whether Romney loved her."

Once only is she honest enough to confess that she was "hungry for love"—for man's love.

She makes a scathing, perhaps a just, criticism on the love of "fair, fine ladies" (of society) in the words: "We catch love—and other fevers—in the vulgar way."

When at last the omnipotent in human life conquers, when she yields to Romney, she does it without an apology. She needs not to apologize for being conquered by love, but she should confess her early folly. Then she makes woman's life with man too much a drudgery.

Mrs. Browning's highest ideas of art appear in her estimate of poets and poetry: "Whosoever writes good poetry looks just to art."

Poetry—what nobler art is there than this?

The poet, in an important sense, represents the author at large.

——"Am I one with you,  
That thus I love you, or but one through love?"

* * * * * * * *

"The only speakers of essential truth,  
Opposed to relative, comparative,  
And temporal truth." * * *

"The only teachers of mankind." * * *

She makes poetry the product of the mature mind. Those who wrote young—"profaned nature"—or else "wrote old."

Keats "Ensphered himself in twenty perfect years,  
And died, not young." * * *
We need to remember, however, that some of our best poetry was written by "beardless" youths.

* * *

Her estimate of good books is commendable: "Good aims do not always make good books. Only one of an author's books is really good, viz.: the one in which the author puts his own "life blood." "Each prophet-poet's book must show man's blood!"

The real author "will not suffer the best critic known
To step into his sunshine of free thought
And self-absorbed conception, and exact
An inch-long swerving of the holy lines."

The description she gives of how the world treats its great authors is full of pathos and truth. Again, we may learn from Aurora what and how to read.

There is danger in reading—

"Sublimest danger, over which none weep,
When a young wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
The world of books."

Read for memory, hope, and love—read for knowledge and discipline.

"It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

Another commendable feature—one to which reference has already been made—is the catholicity of spirit displayed as Aurora (Mrs. Browning) is brought in contact with other people and with foreign institutions.
A brief mention of this is all that can be attempted here. Those who read this article would do well to begin at the sixth book, and read the rest of the poem with this end in view.

At first Aurora was adverse to England—loving only her home "above the Pelago." Later she learns to love England; but when at last she starts on her tour of other countries she is not blind to the defects of her own land nor to the beauty and worth of foreign lands and institutions.

Young Americans would do well to imitate this liberal-minded woman.

Some of our people do not have sufficient respect for American institutions. This is strikingly illustrated in the egotism of our young men, who, having graduated from American colleges, go to Germany and spend a few months and return thinking themselves head and shoulders above the young men who have taken Ph. D. from our great American universities.

But for the most part we are blinded to all that is not American.

He is indeed a bigoted American who thinks his own country the superior in every respect of all other countries.

And once more, may I venture a bold criticism on one feature of this sublime epic?

Mrs. Browning makes effort for reform a failure.

If there be any praiseworthy features in the character of Romney they are his sincere devotion to Aurora and his unselfish effort to lift up those who are his inferiors.

It does seem that Mrs. Browning makes such effort worse than a failure.

Her morbid nature caused by her intense suffering will not excuse her here. In this respect Mrs. Browning almost resembles George Eliot.

Man is weak, but God is strong, and what part of man is so divine as a strong and holy purpose to give himself to the work of lifting up the fallen and degraded. Cannot—does not—the divine afflatus that begets such a purpose in man sustain him under the strongest temptations?
Could not "Romney, who stood calm and fed his blind, majestic eyes upon the thought of perfect noon," control his passions and carry out the Christ-begun mission?

We would not expect a woman so pure and noble as Mrs. Browning to even intimate that a purpose so sublime and holy could fail so completely. Were it a George Eliot we would expect nothing better.

E. F. Garrett.

THE ROMANCE OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

In this age of push and peace the world is yearly startled by the news of many great inventions. Some of these threaten to entirely revolutionize certain old and accepted customs. In our progressive age men have first begun to look about them and introduce reforms, which operate for the good of the whole world. But to the nineteenth century is especially due the great improvements in modes of travel, which, up to 1800, had remained the same with few alterations.

We have seen almost an entirely new life wrought by the invention of the steam-engine, and closer communication has become a powerful stimulus for peace and prosperity. The puffing engine, with its long trains of cars, now seek almost every corner of the civilized world, while the "ocean greyhound" has penetrated every port on which the all-beholding sun looks down.

But now, they tell us, the decree has gone forth that the locomotive must go. They say that we must soon look to the motor to carry on the work so grandly begun by steam, and that in the future our great trunk-lines will be operated by electricity. This is but the second act in the drama of progress.

The picturesque stage-coach, around which cluster so many memories, has long since graced the dust-heap, and only its romance remains. The post-horn, the leathern curtains, and the six rollicking horses are but memories of the past, and now they tell us the cylinder-box and piston-rod are doomed to
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bear them company. The trolley is cheaper and more effective, and that tells the story.

But there is a romance of the railway as well as the stagecoach, and some day it will be written. It will tell how life-like and picturesque was the locomotive; how singularly human were its puffings, with its heart of fire and stentoriam lungs. When the grade was heavy and the train long, how singularly human was its labored breathing, as if gasping for the very power with which to make the ascent, and then, the top being reached, and the down-grade begun, how joyful and free were its notes as it bounded away to its destination with redoubled energy. How irresistibly fascinating it was in its very ugliness; yet it commanded respect as the embodiment of great power. And then the fascinating, popular names of the fast trains: "The Flying Dutchman," "The Fast-Flying Virginian," "The Cannon-Ball," and "The Exposition Flyer." What a distinction it was to have been a passenger on "999" or the "Big 4." Yet science demands that all these shall go, and the change is in logical accordance with the spirit of the times. Yes, some day the romance of the railroad will be written, with its weird story of runaway engines, misplaced switches, the midnight "hold-up," and the terrible accident. In these the grim-visaged engineer and fireman will pose as the heroes in the place of the romantic driver, who, with his "six-in-hand," used to bring over the mails on the "Frisco route," and who, when attacked by Sioux and fatally shot, held on to the reins, and guiding the frantic mules to the station, expired only when he knew his precious freight was safe.

We think with deep regret of these changes, and wonder if we shall ever become accustomed to the new order of things. We wonder if the electric train will be as picturesque as the engine of the old regime; if we shall miss much the screech of the steam-whistle and the subdued whistle of the air-brake. The sooty engineer and fireman will be represented in the uniformed motorman, and the clouds of smoke, which have
lent so much to the beauty and detracted so much from the comfort of our trains, will be no more.

Yet, perhaps, there will come a time in the distant future ages when men shall see the steam-locomotive on exhibition at the Word’s Fair in Yokohama, or at the “Central African Exposition,” and probably they will wonder that man should have ever entrusted his sacred life behind such an ungainly monster. So that when we board the trolley train at San Francisco for distant St. Petersburg via Bering Sea and the great “Trans-Liberian railway,” how dull and prosaic will become the age of steam.

Then why should not the curtain of time rise on another act of this “drama of progress” and reveal to our eyes the perfected aéroplane and flying-machine? Then will the trolley in its turn succumb with its hideous gong and hissing motor, and then will the unsightly posts and wires be seen no more, and perhaps some sentimental mortal will write a paragraph or two on the romance of the trolley, and speak in derision of those long ages in the world’s history when man was content to restrict himself to the earth’s surface for transportation from point to point.

J. F. Ryland.

CHRISTMAS.

The old year is fast nearing its end, and Nature’s garments have grown undoubtedly shabby; nothing seems to be left now to shield her from the frosty winds that sweep cruelly over the snow-covered fields and valleys; everywhere the same monotonous, almost oppressive, quietude! The singing birds, the blooming flowers, the warm and sunny days, the calm and tepid summer’s night—where, where are they? Gone? Vainly the eye looks over the vast fields for a sign of rural life; only here and there in the distant horizon the smoke from a chimney rises slowly to vanish into the bleak atmosphere like the last, dying hope of a heart closing itself forever to the incentive of a noble enthusiasm. But, hark! From a far-away
steeple comes a gladsome ring; joyful carols are filling the chilly December air, and

The herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

It is Christmas, and every one bids it welcome, for it brings a measure of joy to every one. Yet Christmas belongs primarily to the children, and these days are essentially the holidays of happy childhood. Long before the hours of sunrise on this day millions of children in this great broad land may be seen running about the house in their bare tiny feet, holding whispered consultations. Their innocent hearts beat very rapidly, as the white-robed figures look with trepidation and dismay at the stockings, half afraid lest old Santa Claus, whom they have seen in their last dream, might have forgotten and left their stockings as empty as when they hung them there the night before. Full of joy, of pride, and of surprise, they gather around the family Christmas-tree, almost doubting the truth of what they see. Dolls and cradles, horns and drums, fruits and cakes, and books of fairy tales form the realizations of their childish dreams—are the only and highest conception of infantile happiness.

It is not only the children who love and welcome the Christmas holidays. Nearly everybody bids it welcome, for it affords an opportunity to look over the ground of the past, and to cherish its pleasant memory, gathering them like blossoms for a day, although it be to see them withered in our hands as time speeds on. We all love Christmas; we love these holidays, for they are the embodiment of joy, of peace, of love, and of religion.

Still, these are meditative days; and I believe in reflections at Christmastide. Surely, the cup of joy is overflowing, sparkling, and intoxicating; the spirit of good-fellowship is abroad in the land—yet, let us admit that there are people in this wide, wide world who are suffering; that there many unfortunate beings to whom this day brings no joy, to whom this
day is the most sorrowful of all, because greater is the con­
trast between their misery and the happiness of others. And
I think of the many whom the pitiless waves of desolation roll
across their overburdened souls; I think of those whom the
dark shadow of adversity over above their defenceless heads;
whom grim poverty has stripped their homes of all the com­
forts of life; I think of the homeless and friendless multitude
shivering from cold, and want, and hunger, longing for a word
which would imbue their weak nature with new courage.
Who knows their number?

Look! There is a young man—his age about thirty—his
features womanlike; in his eyes the softness of a gaze which
renders him sympathetic at once. He is walking along the
country road, ankle-deep in the snow, and poorly dressed. How
is it that he finds himself alone, tramping the country on Christ­
mas day? Has he not a home, a family, a mother, a friend?
Poor young fellow! Who can read the secrets of his heart?
Who knows, who cares to know, whence he comes—whither
he goes? Society calls him a tramp and an outcast. Perhaps
there was a day when he, too, full of hopes and enthusiasm,
entered the arena of life, dreaming a crown of laurel, whilst
Fate reserved to him a wreath of thorns. Perhaps he, too,
has experienced one of those fearful disillusions which can
wreck an existence and crush the strongest nature, unless a
friendly hand lift you out of dark despondency, saving your
last remnant of faith in God and man!

And now, as he walks along the snowy and muddy road,
maybe the thought of his mother, of his home, and of his
friends, reminds him that it is Christmas, and brings tears to
his eyes.

Follow me, if you please, as I wend my way through a nar­
row and dirty street. Where are we? We are right in the
heart of the slums of a big city. I see you wish to know its
name. Call it New York, or London, or Paris, or Berlin,
whichever you wish—it matters little; every city has its slums, its huts, as well as its palaces. Come with me; we shall enter that old, quaint-looking, half-decayed house. Pray, be careful, because the stairs are dark and unsafe. Ah! here we are. A knock, and the door opens. Outside it is snowing, and the north wind is blowing with terrific force; the cold is intense, and yet this room is without a fire. A table, two chairs, an old bedstead, and a cradle is all we see in the way of furniture. A small boy lays on the bed, and a woman is leaning over him. She is covering the little creature with a blanket, and, kissing him, bids him sleep. Down in the streets below the notes of a rough and obscene song breaks the stillness of the hour; it is the song of a drunken man, of one of those wretched beings who, thinking to drown their sorrows, spend their time and squander their money in the lowest dens, little realizing that some day they may end in a hospital or in a prison’s cell.

At the sound of that voice the poor woman thinks of the father of her child and burst into bitter tears. What a change has been wrought in her life! But a few months before, and the bright, golden light of domestic felicity and peace was shining down upon her with all the radiance of a mid-day sun. She was happy then. Her husband owned a store in a country town, where, by thrift and industry, he managed to provide her and her child with a comfortable living. Then, one day, the officers of the law came and took possession of everything; all their belongings were sold under the hammer to satisfy the demands of her husband’s creditors.

Afterwards they had moved to the metropolis, where he hoped to find work. Days after days he made desperate efforts to secure employment of some kind—always without success. At last he grew despondent, nervous, and unkind towards her and her child; he began to drink, absenting himself for weeks at a time, until he deserted her altogether. Left alone, friendless and unknown, in the midst of a strange city, she had pawned all she had in order to provide a scant suste-
nance for herself and her offspring. But now all was gone, and she is left absolutely destitute.

Perhaps to-morrow—

"Mamma, mamma!"

"What is it love?" And as she stoops to kiss him fondly, passionately, the boy, opening his eyes, whispers faintly:

"Mamma, I am hungry."

From a far-away steeple there comes a gladsome sound; joyful carols are filling the chilly December air. To-day is Christmas, the feast of family joys, of peace, of love, and of religion. But I am thinking of the homeless, of the friendless, of the many who are suffering from cold, want, and hunger, and my prayer to-day goes up to God for them.

Louis Casabona.

Editorial.

XMAS.

Our anticipations have at last turned into realities. Christmas holiday is upon us. Many are the mothers throughout the State who will welcome home their darling boys; many are the fair and anxious maidens who will gladly see their—

We wish you all a merry Xmas. May old Santa Clause fill your stockings right full, and not forget to put in an extra apple for you to bring back with you to the editor, who has labored so hard to get this issue of the MESSENGER out in time for you to carry it with you home.

THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

Since our last issue the great statesman, Allen G. Thurman, has passed away.

Though an adopted son of Ohio, yet it was in Virginia, the mother of States and presidents, that he first saw the light—that he spent his early childhood days. But we would dispute
not with Ohio over him, for not to Virginia, not to Ohio, did he belong, but to the entire Republic.

Our country has brought forth few men on whom she can bestow higher praises than Allen G. Thurman. Of him we can truly say:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man'!"

He is gone from us, yet his pure, noble, and useful life will ever be an inspiration to the youths of this land.

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RICHMOND COLLEGE.

A correspondent of the Standard, of Chicago, says:

"Of the Baptist institutions of the South, Richmond College is easily in the lead. Its record, made bright by the many honored men who have issued from its halls, seems destined to become brighter still in the future. Within the last few months Prof. F. W. Boatwright has been elected to the presidency of Richmond College. He is an alumnus of the institution, and brings to his exalted position youthful vigor, progressiveness, and a comprehensive and profound scholarship, to which is added a familiarity with the educational conditions in Virginia. His association with the institution—first as a student, then as professor—affords him the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the needs of Richmond College. The present prosperous condition of the institution seems to justify the action of the Board of Trustees in placing Professor Boatwright at its head."

Surely we delight in seeing such notices concerning our College by papers published at such a distance from us. We rejoice to see that the reputation of this College is becoming more and national.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on December 10th, plans were devised for the better accommo-
dation of the Law Classes, with provision for extra attendance upon the forthcoming lectures by Judge Simonton and Mr. John B. Minor, Jr. The School of Chemistry is to be provided with a laboratory, and the fitting up of a room for student work is to be begun at once. It was also determined to provide at an early day for a lectureship in History, and the employment of an instructor, who shall give his time to the relief of overcrowded classes in Latin, Mathematics, and Modern Languages.

The Endowment Committee is to make suggestions to an adjourned meeting, to be held during Christmas week, for a spirited effort to increase the endowment—especially to raise the money necessary for a scientific building and to equip the same.

We are glad to see the trustees making such strenuous efforts to add to the already great facilities of the College. May their efforts be crowned with success.

ORATORY.

Since entering upon our duties as editor of the MESSENGER we have been struck by the difference of interest manifested in oratory in our Southern colleges on the one hand and the Northern and Western colleges on the other.

Now, it is hardly questionable that so far as native genius goes, the South is much the superior to the North in oratory. But the North more than makes up this deficiency in native genius by the cultivation of this power. It is often remarked that our Southern orators no longer have the control in legislative halls that they once had. And why is this so? It is because we are neglecting the cultivation of our oratorical powers.

It is sometimes said that orators, like poets, are born, not made. This is only partly true. Certain inborn qualities are necessary, but unless these qualities are cultivated we will come short of the true orator.
Oh, that we could awaken a new interest among the students of our Southern colleges in this wonderful power of man. "Knowledge is power," goes the old adage. This is true, if we understand by knowledge something that we can impart to others. But simply to have our heads full of learning, without the ability to impart it to others in a forcible manner, is of little use to us, and still less to our fellow-men.

There are some who insist that this is an age of facts and figures; that oratory is dead, and we need not cultivate our powers of expression.

Oratory will never die. So long as we have noble and patriotic men we will have orators, and oratory will be an effective power. For as the harp is obliged to give forth music at the deftly touch of skillful fingers, so is the soul obliged to respond to noble sentiments uttered by eloquent tongues.

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A. C. Durham and R. W. Neathery, Editors.

"Rats!!!" Xmas!

"Make way for Liberty!"

"When will the Messenger be out?"

"Have you read the Chisel?"

And we are getting tired of: So much talk about bloomers. The New Woman!

WANTED.

A musician to find the tune to that song that Mr. H—t—n greets us with constantly.

The boy who turned those goats into the local editor's office while he was gone to church.
A lady, to inform some of our boys that cranberry sauce is to be served with turkey, and not with cake.

A volunteer, to inform us as to what became of that eagle which Mr. St—n—ll gave such a wonderful account of in the literary hall; also, some one to give us information concerning the whereabouts of that snake.

SOME THINGS WE HEAR NOW AND THEN.

"Snow-ball!!" "Who hit me?"

"Did you pull his toe?"

"Have you read that Latin?"

"How did you come out on your written recitation?"

"Mr. R., will you begin there and read, please?"

"Excuse me, Professor. I am not prepared."

"I am sorry about that. Mr. C., please."

"I could not make it out."

"Mr. B."

"I can’t read it to save my life. I worked on it for an hour."

"Mr. J."

"A hum! Er—er—he—he—er—"

"Mr. L."

"I could not get it straight."

"Who will please read it for us?" ——

Silence reigned supreme.

Rat D——s says he is trying to take a B. L.

We wish you all the Luck there is in it, old boy."

"Mr. G., what is N₂O used for?"

"It is used to pull teeth with, Professor." Next.

Mr. McD——: "Shakespeare could tell some wonderful ghost stories, couldn’t he?"

Mr. S—r—t: "He could that. ‘The Witch of Endor,’ for instance."
Prof. of Math.: "Now, Mr. C., how many times will \((x+y)\) go into \((x^3+y^3)\)?"

"Three times."

"Mr. J-n-s, where was Milton reared?"

"In Virginia, Professor."

"Say, N—y, what is the matter with that fellow's tongue?"

"Oh, nothing much. He just has an epidemic in his speech."

Mr. C—b was very much surprised, recently, when we informed him that the sun rose in the east in the days of Cicero. He emphatically denied it; and it was with much argument and many illustrations that we convinced him that "toward the rising of the sun" meant "toward the east."

No one derives more benefit from ladies' society than our old friend S—ll—n. We can account for this when we remember that he only goes with those who can help him by giving him a spicy bit of information now and then. On the evening before Thanksgiving he called on one of his favorites, who actually announced to him that the day following Thanksgiving would be Good Friday. S. makes more frequent visits now. Perhaps some day he will look back on that evening and call it Good Wednesday.

COLLEGE AND ALUMNI NOTES.

Rev. C. T. Taylor, M. A. '92, paid us a short visit while attending the B. Y. P. U. in this city.

A number of the boys attended the General Association held in Petersburg.

Messrs. A. C. Durham, W. G. Dearing, and John E. Johnson are attending the Atlanta Exposition this week.

Rev. W. Y. Quisenberry, '82-'84, was to see us during the B. Y. P. U. Convention.
Mr. H. P. East left us several days ago. We were sorry to part with him. We wish for him much success in whatever he attempts to do.

Revs. L. R. Wright, Jack Ryland, R. H. White, and R. E. Vellines were among the old faces that greeted us last month.

Pres. B. L. Whitman, of Columbian University, stopped here on his way from the General Association and treated us to a good speech on Modern Higher Education. Pres. Whitman left many good impressions on our minds, and we will not soon forget his face nor the good words he spoke to us.

Rev. S. W. Melton, '92, pastor of Franklin Square Baptist church, Baltimore, visited the College a few days ago.

Rev. C. L. Laws, '85-'89, of Baltimore, was to see us during the B. Y. P. U. Convention.

D. K. Walthall, B. A. '98, is now business manager of the Union Seminary Magazine.

W. M. Redwood, '91, has recently gone to Kobe, Japan, to engage in mercantile business.

Rev. A'. T. Robertson, D. D., of Louisville Theological Seminary, while returning from the General Association, stopped a short while at Prof. Mitchell's. Many of us accepted Prof. Mitchell's invitation to meet Dr. Robertson, and enjoyed very much the remarks he made to us concerning the Seminary and its surroundings.

Judge H. P. Cole, of Marion, Prof. C. L. Cocke, of Hollins Institute, and W. L. Fisher, of Lynchburg, Va., were among the recent visitors to the College.

W. E. Farrar, B. A. '87, Professor Ancient Languages at Southwest Baptist University, Jackson, Tenn., will be married to Miss Clara Bond, of Brownsville, Tenn., December 19th. We extend our congratulations.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

There have been two regular meetings of the Society since the last issue of the MESSENGER.
On November 26th the study of Virginia was begun. Mr. R. E. Loving introduced the subject with an instructive talk on the Geography and Topography of the State. Mr. Loving was thoroughly familiar with his subject, and brought out with good effect many of the minor points, which every Virginian should have well at command.

A paper on the "Outline History of Virginia" was read by Mr. W. F. Rudd.

On December 10th the Society was called to order by the Vice-President, Mr. R. E. Loving.

Isle of Wight County was the subject for study, and Mr. J. E. Johnson, a native of that county, gave the Society an apt geographical description of his boyhood's home.

The papers for the evening—"The History and Historic Places of Isle of Wight," by Mr. W. B. Daughtry, and its "Productions, Industries, and Trades," by Mr. J. T. Bowden, also natives of this county—were well prepared, and pictured to the Society in such glowing terms the Isle of Wight of the past, the Isle of Wight of the present, and the Isle of Wight of the future, that some of us—for a time—lamented the fact that fortune had not cast our lot in that favored county; but the spell was broken when we remembered that the lands of our birth—Chesterfield, Fluvanna, Louisa, etc.—are not without glory.

Three new names were added to our list of members during the past month—Messrs. Fred. Gochnaur, of Fauquier county, J. Coleman Motley and Frank T. Sutton, Jr., of Richmond, Va.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The attendance upon morning devotions is on the increase. President Boatwright or one of the professors always conducts them.

The week of prayer was duly observed. Meetings were held in the chapel every evening, and were participated in by nearly
all present. We are convinced that this step, which is observed by nearly all the colleges in the world, is a good one. It comes nearer making all have the same common interest than anything else we know. Each college praying for the spiritual uplifting of its own Christians students, praying for the conversion of its own unsaved, and not only for its own, but for those of every other college as well. Such is ennobling, self-sacrificing, and much toward helping evangelize the world. Our week of prayer was attended with good results.

Dr. George B. Taylor, missionary to Rome, Italy, and a great lover of our College, was here some time ago. The address he gave us was very instructive and entertaining.

Dr. Robert Ryland, chaplain of the Southwest Virginia Institute, Bristol, also paid us a visit a week or two ago. Dr. Ryland was once President of Richmond College, and he says that the College is still near and dear to his heart. He gave us some excellent advice. We shall ever cherish his visit as a bright spot in our lives.

A very interesting revival has just closed at Grove-avenue Baptist church. The church was thoroughly revived, and a large number came out on the Lord's side. Quite a number of our students attended regularly. The meetings were conducted by Dr. L. G. Broughton, of Roanoke. It was our great delight and pleasure to have Dr. Broughton with us one evening. He spoke before a large body of our students in the chapel, and greatly endeared himself to us. Dr. Broughton has only been preaching four years, but God has so abundantly blessed his labors that he is now considered one of the best evangelists in Virginia.

Last week our Mission Band Class was treated to a delightful talk by Mr. Levi, a converted Jew from London. He seems truly to be a consecrated Christian.

The work at all of the mission stations is in a flourishing condition. The Y. M. C. A. is to be congratulated on having such an excellent corps of young men at the head of such
work. The time that is given and the sacrifices made by these young men is commendable, and worthy of imitation.

It is with pleasure that we heard of the marriage of Mr. F. S. Brockman, College Secretary of the International Committee. He married Miss Clarke, of Columbia, S. C., on November 21st. We extend congratulations. Mr. Brockman was in our midst several times, and always made fine impressions.

On December 12th Rev. E. Y. Mullins, Associate Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, delivered an able address, the first of a series of three on the subject "The Missionary Interpretation of Christianity: 1. As Reflected in the Life of the First Great Missionary; 2. As Revived in the Beginning of Modern Missions; 3. As Embodied in the Triumphs of Modern Missions." His address was characterized by breadth of view, scholarly finish, and missionary zeal. He spoke of the danger that Christianity incurred in the first century of becoming for all time a mere phase of Judaism, and how, humanly speaking, it was saved from this by the educated, broad-minded Paul. This apostle, declared Mr. Mullins, was chosen of God with more care than a lapidary could expend in selecting a perfect instrument to cut a priceless gem. This world was the gem in the hand of the Divine Lapidary, and Paul was his chosen instrument.

These lectures are open to the public. Richmond College is, we believe, the first college to inaugurate a series of addresses on missionary topics.

Rev. A. B. Rudd, M. A. '84, missionary to Mexico, visited us a few days ago. He will address the students some time in January concerning the work in Mexico. We shall be glad to hear him.

W. B. DAUGHTRY.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND YOUR CHRISTMAS?

[We subjoin some of the replies received from professors and students to the above question.—Eds.]

Pres. Boatwright: "The first part developing plans for the College; the latter part chasing turkeys and rabbits in Buckingham."
J. H. Binford: "At home with my family."
N. J. Allen: "Deer-hunting in my native county, Buckingham."
J. T. Bowden: "At home, in a family reunion."
Eugene Carroll: "Visiting in Baltimore."
John A. Coke: "Visiting in Manchester."
Geo. H. Cole: "With my church people in Goochland."
Prof. Winston: "I don’t know; in the laboratory, I suppose."
W. B. Daughtry: "Scratching ‘goobers’ and attending sociables."
W. W. Edwards: "Now, you don’t know, do you?"
W. D. Evans: "Studying."
H. M. Fugate: "Visiting a friend in Southwest Virginia."
R. S. Garnett: "Trying to learn some of the ‘poetry’ in Int. Math."
W. E. Gibson: "Quilling ‘Billy’ Edwards’ Southampton girls."
Prof. Thomas: "At home."
A. J. Hall: "Tracing Senior Math. curves."
John J. Hurt: "At College until the 25th, then I’m going—well, you know."
W. C. Hurst: "I am going back to Tennessee."
Prof. Hunter: "Well, I haven’t heard from my girl yet."
J. B. Kaufman: "Going home to get some good oysters."
E. S. Ligon: "Doing ‘most any old thing.’"
R. E. Loving: "Visiting friends and relatives in Fluvanna."
J. B. Martin: "Hunting and quilling."
M. A. Martin: "With my people in Caroline county."
Prof. Gaines: "It is reported around the campus I’m going to Atlanta."
C. G. McDaniel: "Reading Shakespeare, eating fruit-cake, and quilling."
J. W. McNeil: "I would like to go to Roanoke."
Ernest Mosby: "I haven’t formed any plans."
R. B. Munford: "At home, I guess."
J. D. Myers: "Papa writes to know if we want to come home."
Prof. Carroll: "Hunting."
R. W. Neathery: "Teaching a music class."
O. L. Owens: "Trying to catch a rabbit."
R. B. Pace: "Preaching in Caroline county."
E. W. Provence: "I made a mash on some people in the country last summer, and you know what that means for Christmas."

George Ragland: "Old boy, I am going to see my girl."
W. N. Roper: "Collecting bills for books."
W. F. Rudd: "Not in the library."
J. F. Ryland: "Hunting 'possums and coons in the broom-sage of old King William."

Jacob Sallade: "In Fredericksburg."
C. E. Stuart: "Quilling."
Prof. Mitchell: "Quietly at home; reading, I suppose."
J. A. Sullivan: "I am going to sustain my reputation."
B. H. West: "Visiting and hunting, and having a good time generally in Louisa county."

R. D. White: "Making snow-balls for use after Christmas."
Montie Rea: "I don't know what all I'm going to do. Good-night."

E. H. McEwen: "I am going home. That is all I know."
C. M. Graves: "I shall hunt some, quill some, eat some, and do whatever the occasion suggests."
J. F. Ragland: "Following the crowd."
H. V. Taylor: "I don't know."

Athletics.

W. Bonnie Daughtry.

Nothing helps a college like college spirit. Without it a college does not come before the public often; without it a college is merely a place for grinding out knowledge. College spirit,
it seems to the writer, is one thing in which Richmond College is deficient. The majority of the students may have their college's welfare at heart—may want their college to be first and foremost in everything—but they do not show it in their daily walk and action. We do not know how it is in other institutions, but in ours few, compared to the number we have, take an active part in the Athletic Association, or in general athletics. This is to be deplored, but such has actually been the case. We are pleased to see, though, a new awakening along this line, and predict for the future bright prospects.

**FOOT-BALL.**

The record of our foot-ball team for the past season is by no means an enviable one. But, taking everything into consideration, we think the team deserves credit.

Our *great* hindrances were three—viz.: Scarcity of finances, lack of a trainer, and such little interest manifested among the students. No team on the face of the globe can get along well, nor be successful, unless they have all the needed equipments. This has been a great drawback to us this year. A trainer is of inestimable value to any team. If a man is secured who thoroughly knows the game, and who can easily get the players under his control, and keep them there, the team, although it may be defeated, will make a creditable showing. Every team can’t be successful in every contest, but every team can uphold and lift higher the standard its college has already attained, and reflect honor upon it. Our greatest drawback during the past season has been the little interest manifested by the majority of the students. No enthusiasm at all. When asked to put on suits and go on the field, so as to give the team practice, “No, I haven’t the time,” would invariably be the answer; and yet those same boys would stand around and kill time for an hour or two. Many of the boys have seen this mistake, and promise to do better, *because* we must have more successful teams hereafter than we have ever had before.
We have played six games this season, winning none of them. One game—the one with Hampden-Sidney College—was a tie; in the others we were defeated. We are sorry to see that Hampden-Sidney seems inclined to gloat so much over her game with us, giving all the glory to herself, forgetting even when she goes beyond the bounds of propriety. All our team has to say, is that they were not treated fairly, and can prove the statement.

Our last games were with V. M. I. and the University of Virginia—two days in succession. The team was in no condition to play, as no training had been done in two weeks; so consequently we were beaten by large scores—the largest for a number of years.

The management of our team this year has been good in every particular. Heretofore, the team has been coming out behind, financially, but this year the books have been squared, and there is still something left to our credit. We congratulate Manager Ryland on his successful management.

The contest between the Universities of Virginia and North Carolina, on Thanksgiving Day, for the foot-ball championship of the South, was a spirited one. The day dawned clear and bright—a model day for foot-ball. West-End Park, where the game was called, was filled to overflowing, with the Orange and Blue and the White and Blue nearly equally divided. During the first half neither side scored, North Carolina decidedly having the advantage. She kept the pig-skin in Virginia's territory nearly the whole time, and would have scored but for several fumbles. In the second half Virginia braced up some, and the playing was better. By a trick Virginia's right half-back succeeded in getting around North Carolina's right end, and made the only touchdown during the game. Then the Virginia delegation went wild, and there was much rejoicing among her adherents. The greatest disadvantage of the game was the non-control of the spectators.
At times the gridiron was completely covered with the surging masses of the people, who greatly retarded the progress of the game. The game was free from the roughness which generally characterizes such big contests.

We take the following from the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette of December 8th:

"The champion teams of the country—East, West, North, and South—are as follows: Yale and Pennsylvania in the East; the University of Virginia in the South; University of California and Leland Stanford in the West; University of Michigan in the North."

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**BASE-BALL.**

The outlook for base-ball next spring is very encouraging. Several of last year's players have returned; also, among the new students there is good material. For the past two years we have claimed the championship of the State, notwithstanding the fact that the University of Virginia declined to meet us both years. Next season we want to put the best team on the diamond we have ever had. Mr. W. S. McNeill has been elected captain pro. tem., and Mr. B. W. Montgomery manager for the ensuing season.

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**TENNIS.**

If there is any one phase of athletics that our students participate more in than any other, it is tennis. A score or two of players can be seen every day engaging in this delightful sport. Dr. Ryland, Superintendent of grounds, has had several new courts laid off and skinned. They are open to all students.

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**GYMNASTICS.**

The gymnasium, under the efficient instructorship of Mr. O. L. Owens, is doing some good work. Of late the classes have been largely augmented and the interest renewed. Mr.
Owens has secured some new apparatus, and says that he is going to do all that he can to make the gymnasium a success.

The following is a clipping from the Richmond Dispatch of December 14th:

"At a meeting of the Athletic Association of Richmond College yesterday afternoon it was decided to change the college colors. The matter had been brought up in a previous meeting, and a committee appointed to look into the advisability of making a change. The committee reported that they had gone over the matter thoroughly, discussing it pro and con; that for many reasons a change seemed advisable, and they unanimously recommended that the colors be changed, and suggested that crimson and navy-blue be adopted. A number of the members did not want to give up the olive and orange, but, after some discussion, the report of the committee was adopted.

"Now that the change has been made, the boys seem to feel that they must enter their contests with renewed vigor in the future, and carry the Crimson and Blue to victory, and, indeed, the prospects are bright for them to float triumphant on the base-ball field next spring.

"The boys seem to be entering upon a new era of athletics at the college. They are taking more interest in this department of college life, and the trustees are beginning to realize the importance of it as never before. At their semi-annual meeting this week they made an appropriation to the Association, and in other ways expressed an interest in athletics."

There is no reason why our athletics should not be on the increase. Everything is favorable towards it, and our opportunities are equal to those of other colleges. The whole matter rests with us.
The first journal we take from our liberal pile of *exchanges* is the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, which, on account of its various resources, presents a pleasing fullness in its make-up. "Mag" is quite a very creditable story. We hope to see more articles of this kind in the *Monthly*.

The October number of the *Southern Collegian* affords an inviting mental repast. Its variety is relishable, but the course of poetry is rather long. We are glad, though, that W. & L. has such a wealth of poetic genius.

We have read with care nearly every page of the *Chisel*, and pronounce it, on the whole, a commendable edition of this breezy magazine. *Beside the Bounnie Brier Bush* is too much of a Sunday-school article, though, and the *Chisel* also displays a readiness in the use of Scripture quotations which arouses the envy of the pious Jasperian element of Richmond College. *Her Reply*, is a juicy bit of verse, having a significant vividness about it. It is so wonderful that people can write thus, without having been present and participating, when "the son of the Sunny South" was sipping the ripe, ruddy dew from the ruby lips of "maiden fair."

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is, as usual, of a very high order. "Though he were Dead, yet shall he Live," is a worthy and touching tribute to the memory of our lamented Minor. Other leading articles in the November number are: The "English Mail-Coach," "Augustin Jean Frenzel," "Forgiven," and several poems.
We regret not having time to examine all our exchanges, but must let some go by. The *Seminary Magazine*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Miami Student*, *Oberlin Review*, *Washington Jeffersonian*, *Agentian Monthly*, and even the ever welcome *Illini*, must be left unread by us this month. We took time, though, to enjoy a fascinating story in the last named journal. This story, entitled "A Bird of Ill-Omen," shows a high grade of imagination on the part of its author.

We have taken some time in examining the November number of the *Hampton-Sidney Magazine*, and, while recognizing the merit of some of its contents, we must own to being surprised and grieved that a magazine noted for its excellence should admit such matter as taints one of its local pages. We refer to the following extract from account of foot-ball game with Richmond College: "The most charming part of the audience was, of course, the delegation of a hundred "Normalites." Their school yells and plaudits of encouragement were hardly less vigorous than those of the boys on the hill. The girls, of the more plump and rosy sort, very naturally shouted for Hampton-Sidney, while those, conspicuous for the lack of these characteristics, took a pleasant revenge for the College boy's long neglect of them by siding with Richmond College."

Now, we are too ripe in years to dabble in foot-ball matters, and consequently know nothing and care less about the merits or demerits of the game in question. We do maintain, however, that, under any circumstances, the above quotation would seem more natural were it the fruitage of a "Celestial's" pen, and produced in a region where woman is on the footstool instead of the throne.

Virginia has never tired in boasting the delicacy and refinement of her daughters. If it were possible for these daughters to degenerate so far from their old-time modesty as to "yell" and "shout," "hardly less vigorous" than male foot-ball enthu-
siasts, on account of either a plentitude or dearth of masculine attention, 'twere a pity to accuse them of being in any degree a charming part of an audience. However, we beg leave to be an infidel, so far as the above extract is concerned.

We wish, also, to congratulate the “neglected Normalites” upon their being so pale of cheek and dignified of bearing as to warn off all fawning attention which would manifest itself in such coarse familiarity as that of alluding to the “plumpness” of females. To the more rosy “sort” we would lift the finger of caution. The slender, pale-tinted calla lily, with its retiring modesty, merits more admiration than the stout, gaudy sunflower which daily turns its head and adjusts its “plump” face in order to receive the sun’s coveted caresses.

To express contempt for any lady, whether she be rosy or not, ill becomes any man, but for anyone who has breathed the atmosphere of chivalry which Virginia affords, to indulge thus, seems sacrilegious to the memory of the princely cavaliers whose ashes slumber beneath Virginia’s sod. Moreover, the loud-sounding profession of contempt often has a clang which reminds one of Reynard’s soliloquy regarding the cluster of purple fruit which he could not obtain.

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**Clippings.**

**A FRAGMENT.**

Daylight that came upon the hills of Rome—
Looking upon the city’s majesty
And on the country’s loveliness without—
Saw hanging, pierced, and bleeding on the cross
A dying saint: the first pale sun-ray smiled
On youthful Julia’s face where agony
Since yesternoon had held its cruel sway:
Beamed on the form that once had burned with life,
And burned with love for one that hung before
Upon the cross; and for this love she died.
A Roman youth returning from a scene
Of nightly revel, wandering o'er the hills
To cool his heated brow—where rested still,
The wild voluptuary’s laurel crown—
Found himself face to face with her that hung
Upon the cross. No more her countenance
Bore trace of pain. The spirit as it rose
To him she loved and died for, left a look
Of triumph, holiness and joy and peace.
And the young Roman gazed upon the face
In its transfigured beauty 'til there rose
Within his soul a high and holy fear,
Thoughts of unknown and of eternal things—
And underneath the pierced and bleeding feet
In reverence he laid his withered crown.

O holy truth, the morning surely comes
When error, issuing from his nightly haunt,
Crowned from the revel meets thee face to face.
He finds thee bleeding, dying, crucified,
And yet immortal. And thou shalt not be
As some crushed martyr but a conqueror
Through suffering made strong and sanctified.
And when the glory of the dawning day
Shines on thy face, God's fear shall smite his heart,
And he shall lay his laurels at thy feet.

—Anna E. Bagstad, in the Yankton Student.

The largest gift ever made to an educational institution was
at the hands of John D. Rockefeller, on November 2d. The
amount was three million dollars, and the recipient was the
Chicago University. This makes a total gift of seven million
four hundred thousand dollars from this one benefactor to this
institution. Mr. Rockefeller, as head of the great Standard
Oil Trust, probably feels his conscience greatly relieved by this
gift.—The Wabash.
DAWN AND TWILIGHT

The blushing beauty of the rose,
The smiling radiance of the star,
The glory tint of waking morn,
    My soul o'erpower;
An heavenly anthem through me flows,
A peace all sorrow cannot mar,
And to my heart a rapture born
    Calls love a flower.

But droops the rose at fall of night;
The sun dispels the dawning blush;
The glories of the morn conceal
    The stars above;
The darkness falls o'er flaming light,
And naught remains but a solemn hush,
Naught in the heart but a pure ideal—
    And this is love!


Puer et puella,
Ambulant together.
Magna sub umbrella,
Vocant de the weather.

Very slippery via,
Pedes slide from under,
Puer non upholds her,
Triste, triste, blunder!

Cadit on the ground.
Sees a lot of stellæ,
Adolescens hastens
To aid of his puella.

"Rustice!" exclamat,
"Relinque me alone!
Nunquam dice mihi
Till you for this atone."
Non diutius do they
Ambulant together,
Nunquam speak as they pass by,
Non etiam de the weather.

—Eureka Pegasus.

"ALONE."

Long years have passed and once again I stand
And listen to the murmurs of the pine,
And mid faint odors from the jassamine vine,
I feel again the pressure of the hand
Of one who long since passed into the land
Of the immortals. Eyes look into mine
Where years ago was dimmed the love-light's shine;
My heart doth throb and quiver, and unmanned
I turn away. My eyes are dim with tears—
All nature speaks to me of her that's gone.
She's gone, and gone are all youth's hopes and fears;
One word the shivering pine trees sigh and moan,
My heart's sad echo through the dreary years,
And breezes softly whispering breathe, "Alone."

Win-Kye, in the Southern Collegian.

INCENTIVE.

'Tis well that when the goal is gained
Of one ambition strong,
There is another, not attained,
That urges us along.

—Munsey's Magazine.

"What time of day was Adam the most lonesome?"
"Just before eve."—Boston Home Journal.

SUNSET IN THE EVERGLADES.

In the haze of the dreary moor-land
Wanning day still breaks the gloom,
And the summer twilight gently lingering
Lends the sky a sombre bloom.
On the lakes dark, murky bosom
The silent lilies nod "good-night,"
And hooting, screaming night-birds
Take to wing in the fading light.

The dying gleams blend with darkness
Save the glists on the water's breast
Where the ripples kiss the lilies
And gently move each drooping crest.

In glade and glen the shadows thicken
In the dust the night winds sigh
On the air sweet odors linger
And the stars peep out on high.

The fading of the twilight
In the moor-land's tangled maze
Leaves the stars alone to light it
With their dreamy silver rays.

—M. J. H., in Danill Baker Collegian.

"John, show this gentleman the door," said the lady of the house, coldly.

"Thanks, John," said the book-agent cordially, "I noticed the door as I came in. A beautiful piece of work it is. You need not trouble yourself. Now, this great book, madam, is one which——" —Home Queen.